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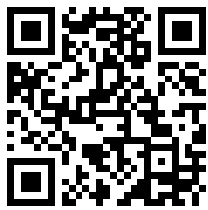

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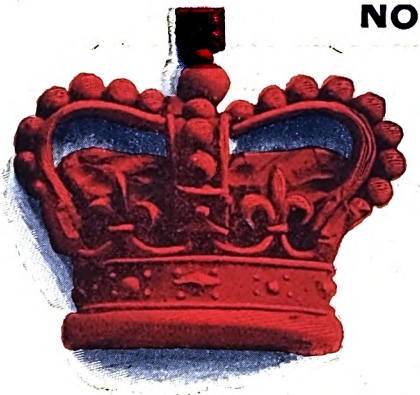

THE ROYAL

4D.

No. 37. VOL. VII.—NOVEMBER, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

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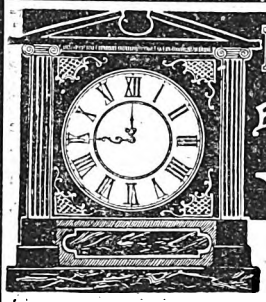

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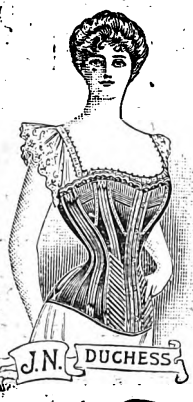

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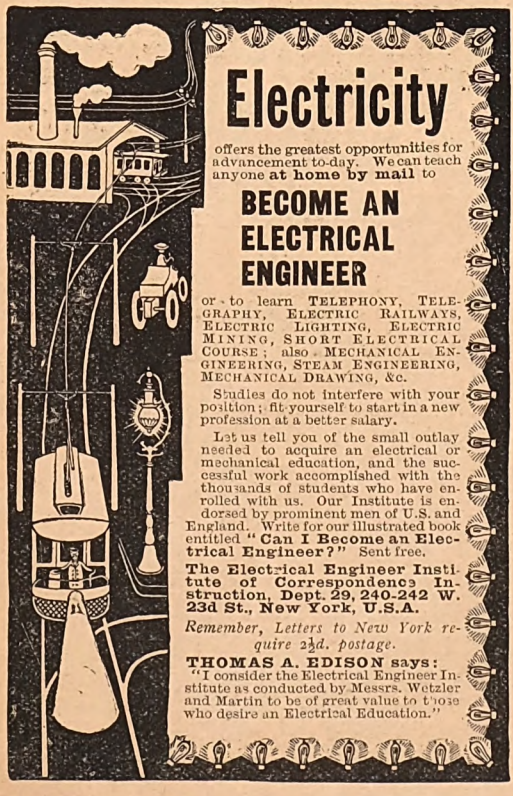

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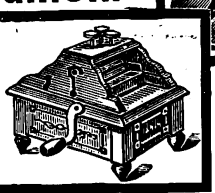

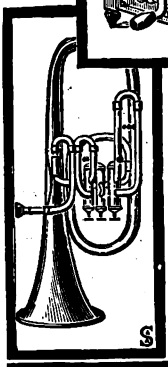

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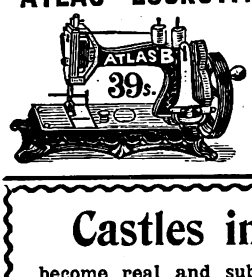

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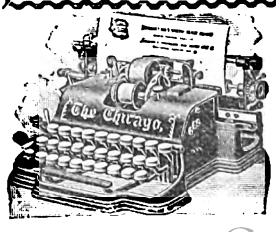

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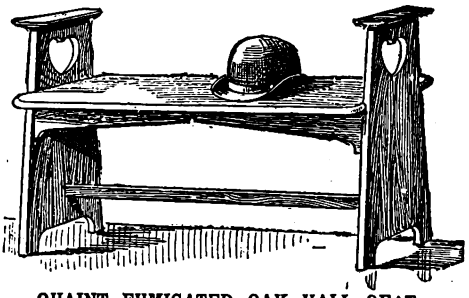

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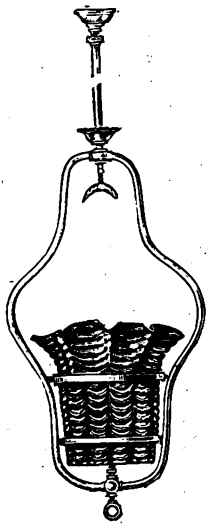

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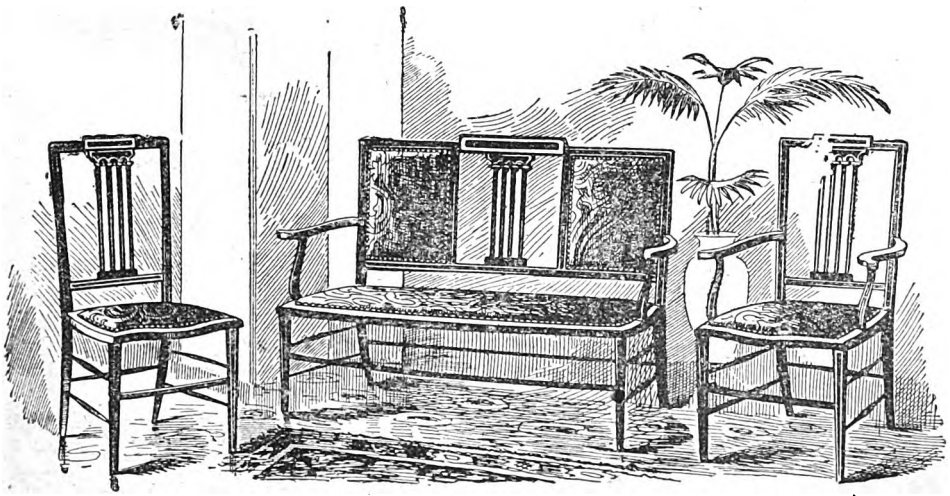

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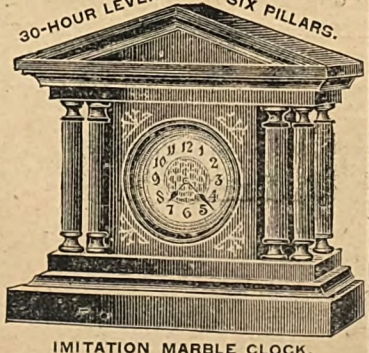

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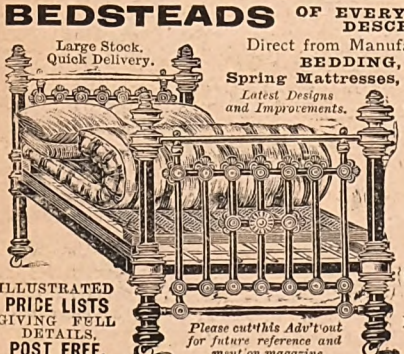

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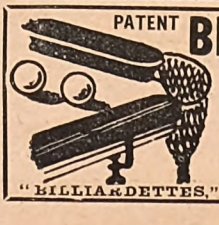

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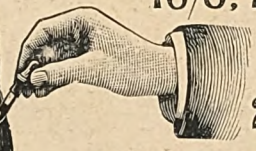

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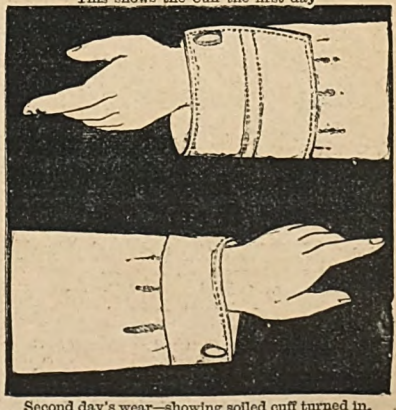

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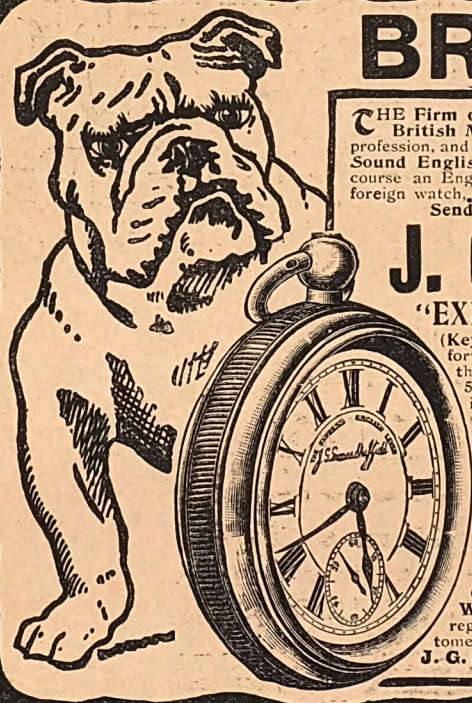

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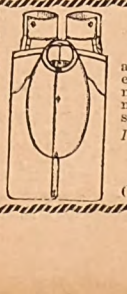

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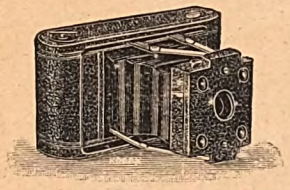

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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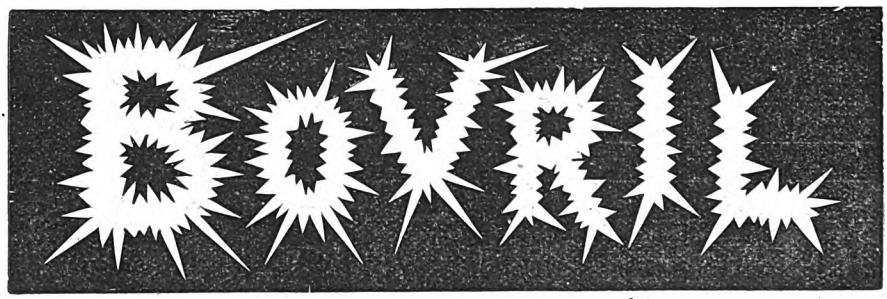

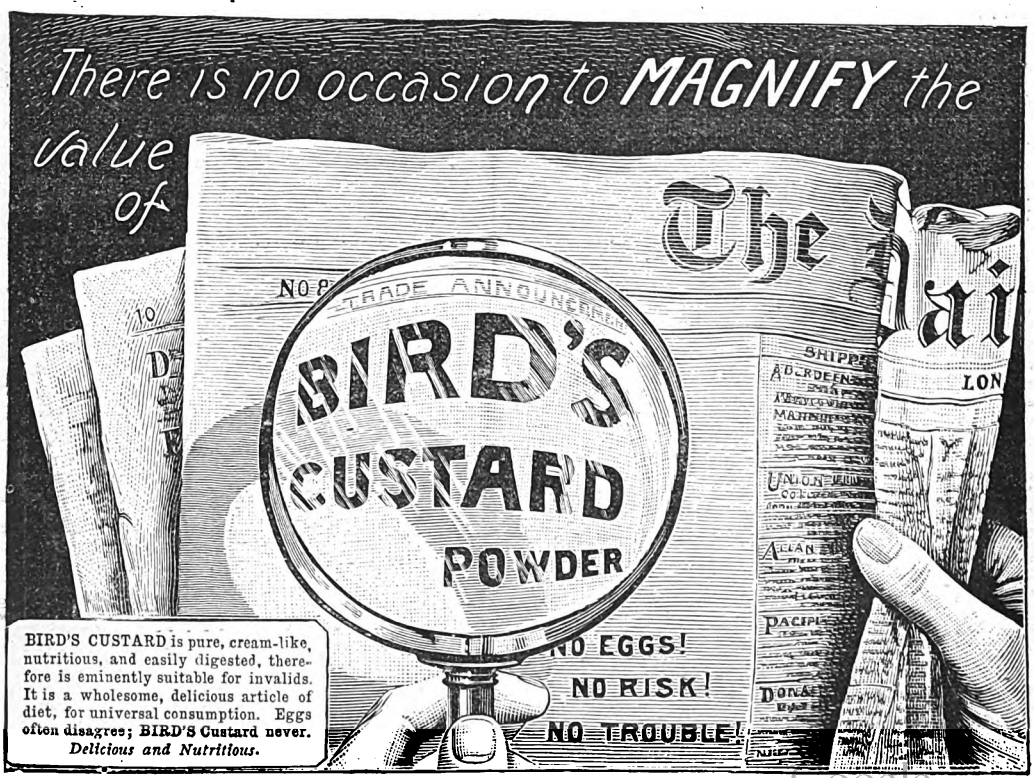
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VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1901, TO APRIL, 1902.

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Photo, Hana.

ADELINA GENÉE.

Beauty and genius are the rarest combination in the world. In Mlle. Genee they are so equally combined as to make one wonder to which she owes her fame and position: to her sweet face or to her nimble feet. Well, perhaps both may claim equal honours; but if you asked Mlle. Genée herself she would reply, in her charming foreign manner: "To neither, my friend! I owe all I am to my good uncle. When I was quite a little girl he discerned what poor gifts were mine, and gave me a training that comes to the lot of few."

Well, if Mlle. Genée is fortunate in her uncle, M. Genée is no less fortunate in his niece.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

BEATRICE FERRAR.

Have you ever found a pretty girl absolutely devoid of vanity? No? But then you do not know Miss Beatrice Ferrar. "I do not mind how ugly my make-up is so long as I carry out the author's idea," she says, and I think it is this which accounts for her success. Personally a very refined and charming girl, she is willing to play the meanest and ugliest *rôles*, and no actress is more indefatigable. Off the boards she is ready for any amusement: cycling, swimming, boating; and in all, as might be expected, she is an adept.

Photo, Hana.

MAY SHARPLES.

Pretty and bright and clever. All who saw her in "The Casino Girl" went away with the impression that America had once again provided a charming amusement for English playgoers. Will they believe it? — Miss Sharples is neither American nor has she ever set foot in that land of promise! She is an English girl born and bred, with all the charm of an English girl and of an American as well.

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Photo, Hunt.

ADDIE LENNARD.

"The thirst for excitement which every actress is supposed to possess was quenched, as far as I am concerned, by a train collision, in which I narrowly escaped with my life. I prefer the most humdrum existence to excitement of that sort!" And Miss Lennard goes on to say that "stage life (and she speaks as one who knows, considering she has been on the boards since the age of nine) is not a perpetual round of excitement, as some girls imagine, but rather work! work! work! And yet there is no life to be compared with it!" Her spare moments Miss Lennard devotes to exercise—"mostly of the Sandow kind. And then, let me tell you, I'm a great cricketer. They talk a lot of tennis and croquet. Cricket for me!"

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

BEATRICE TERRY.

Her eleventh birthday occurred this month. She has our best wishes. Did you see her in "A Man from Blankly's"? Her acting was a revelation: nothing sweeter and more natural can be imagined. No leading lady could be more self-possessed, none more effective. She is easily the first child actress on the English stage. But then you must never forget that Miss Beatrice is an old hand. She has been in the profession eight years, if you please! It was at the mature age of three that she made her *début*—with great success, I hear. The *rôle* assigned her was that of the baby in the first act of "Olivia." Since then she has played many parts and scored many triumphs. Once again: our congratulations and best wishes!

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Photo, Hana.

MAY BELFORT.

Her profession has carried her to the uttermost parts of the earth, but the London audience pleases her best. "Your Londoner," she says, "may not be very lively, but he's so easy to please. He always laughs at a song, and generally applauds. But Continental audiences are wickedly alive to the artistic points of the work, and should you make a fault they're down on you like a ton of bricks." However, she is thoroughly appreciated in Paris, and brought down the house at St. Petersburg with "Louisiana Lou," which she discovered was based on a Russian melody. She considers herself a very tame sort of person. Look at her picture, and tell me whether you agree. Her hobby is painting.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

GERTIE MILLAR.

You must not believe what this charming Yorkshire beauty says of her character, but since she said it one may as well put it down. "I am very slow to make friends and most suspicious by nature. Yes, I know it's horrid, but it's true, nevertheless, and I can't help it. It's all the fault of the terribly hard struggle I have had to make any headway whatever in my profession. I have been often so badly treated that it's made me bitter and misanthropic. Would you believe that I have sometimes known what it is to be without a penny in my pocket?"

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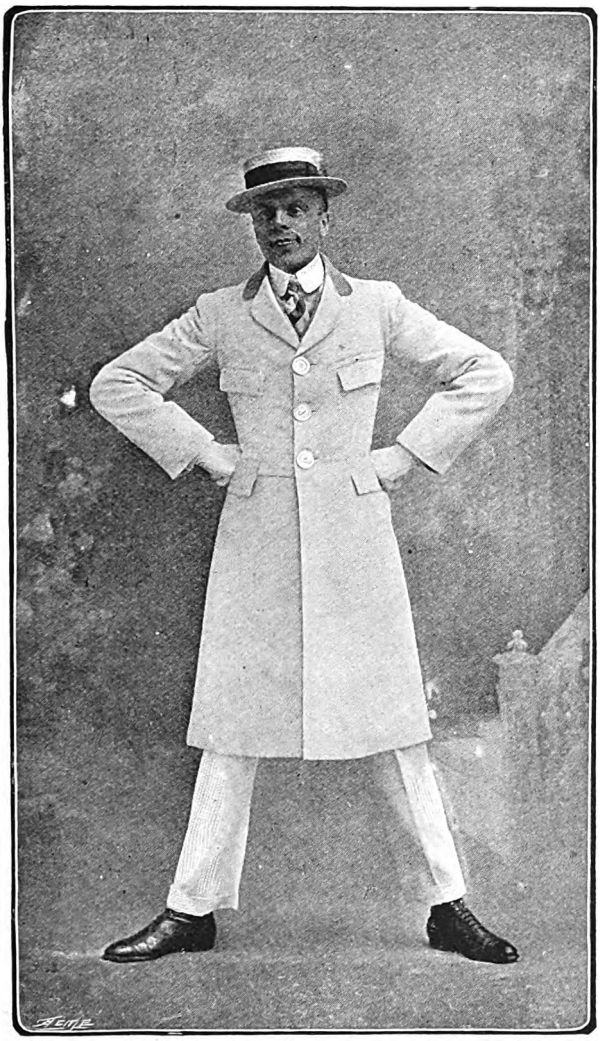
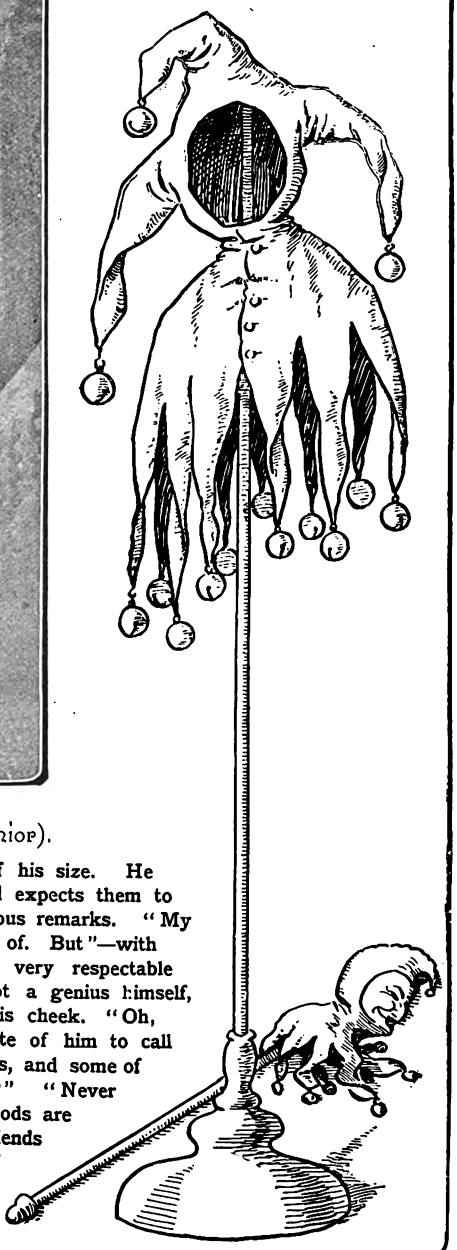


Photo, Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE GROSSMITH (Junior).

Coming of a diminutive race he is naturally proud of his size. He tells everyone he is six feet in his stockings and expects them to believe it. Indeed, he is fond of making humorous remarks. "My father has had no theatrical experience worth speaking of. But"—with condescension—"my Uncle Weedon is really a very respectable actor." Well, if this supercilious youth were not a genius himself, he would deserve a sharp rap on the knuckles for his cheek. "Oh, and speaking of my father, it is most inconsiderate of him to call himself George. He opens so many of my letters, and some of 'em contain bills, you know, and——" "What else?" "Never mind. Let me tell you about my acting. My methods are very interesting. I always study from life. My friends—the *jeunesse dorée* of Society, you know—I take off on the stage." "But don't they object?" "Of course not. They're immensely flattered."



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Photo, Hana.

PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

We all know Phyllis Broughton the actress, fascinating, bright, and graceful, but Phyllis Broughton the woman is infinitely more charming. If you have not become an old friend of her's after five minutes' talk, you have become her ardent adorer. She thinks she will never marry, and her reason is quaint. "I love all men too well to love any single one in particular." A left-handed compliment, perhaps, but, anyhow, a compliment! "And so," she laughs, "I shall wake up some fine day and find myself an old maid with a cat.'

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By Nolan of Castleknock.

Russell, assistant-engineer, was down with the Sun. Not a dangerous "touch," the Doctor had said, but sufficiently serious to provoke a night or two of delirium with a probable week in bed to follow.

He had been restless and noisy during the night, so Hendrik, the chief engineer, had sent the native servant to bed and sat up with Russell himself.

Three years lived in a foreign country, in close companionship during work and leisure, generally provokes a strong friendship between men of a common nationality.

And the bond between Hendrik, chief engineer of the North Indian and Jungle Railway, and his assistant by no means lacked depth of feeling. During those three years their work had landed them in places where English life was often at a premium, and a common tongue and a common danger had cemented their fellowship.

So Hendrik had elected to sacrifice his rest for the sake of his prostrate friend.

In India the nights feel long even when one sleeps, and he was stiff and drowsy as he rose from the bedside and stretched himself.

Russell, apparently exhausted, lay with his head on one arm, in a restless slumber. Now and then his lips moved and he muttered some words. Their refrain was always the same—"she loves me! she loves me!"

He had been muttering during the greater part of the night—something about a "woman" whom he loved, and some "chap" whom he fancied he had wronged grievously.

Hendrik had wondered just a little at first, because women, as far as he knew, had never played a conspicuous part in Russell's career; then his practical nature attributed the matter to delirium pure and simple.

Presently Russell ceased muttering—he appeared to have fallen asleep.

Hendrik stepped towards the door softly.

The sun had been up some time now, and for that hour of the morning the heat was exceptional.

Hendrik leaned against the rail of the verandah and drew a long breath.

The open air after Russell's bedroom was grateful, but he shuddered as he glanced across the dead level of burnt-up plain in front. Day by day its awful monotony grew upon him.

Always the same languid clouds of dust, the same burnt-up foliage, and the same streak of railway for ever winding its way like a huge snake through the eternal, leather-like leaves. Here and there a few scattered trucks, standing out black and grim against the brazen blue of

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the sky. That was the picture. But Ah! the meanness—the horror of it all. Hendrik shuddered, as his glance wandered along the dull streak of railway.

Men sometimes shudder at their own handiwork.

More often than not, it tells of mis-spent energies and dying ambition—of disappointed hope and the graves of unrealised dreams.

To Hendrik those black trucks, standing out grim and sombre in the sunlight, were like the skeletons of dead years.

He felt strangely despondent this morning. Something like the shadow of a great calamity appeared to overhang him.

"The sleepless night," he thought. "I must shake it off. These morbid fancies seem to have taken quite a hold upon me lately."

But the long streak of railway and the thoughts it provoked, refused to be shaken off.

So many of his best years had been absorbed by that circling streak of iron—years that were unconsciously making him hard and narrow as its own gauge.

But there! Hendrik drew himself up and threw back his head. Then he laughed a little, noiselessly, as men do who have lived much away from civilisation.

It would soon be over. The railway was almost completed, and in a few months his long contract would expire.

How long that contract had been, only Hendrik himself knew.

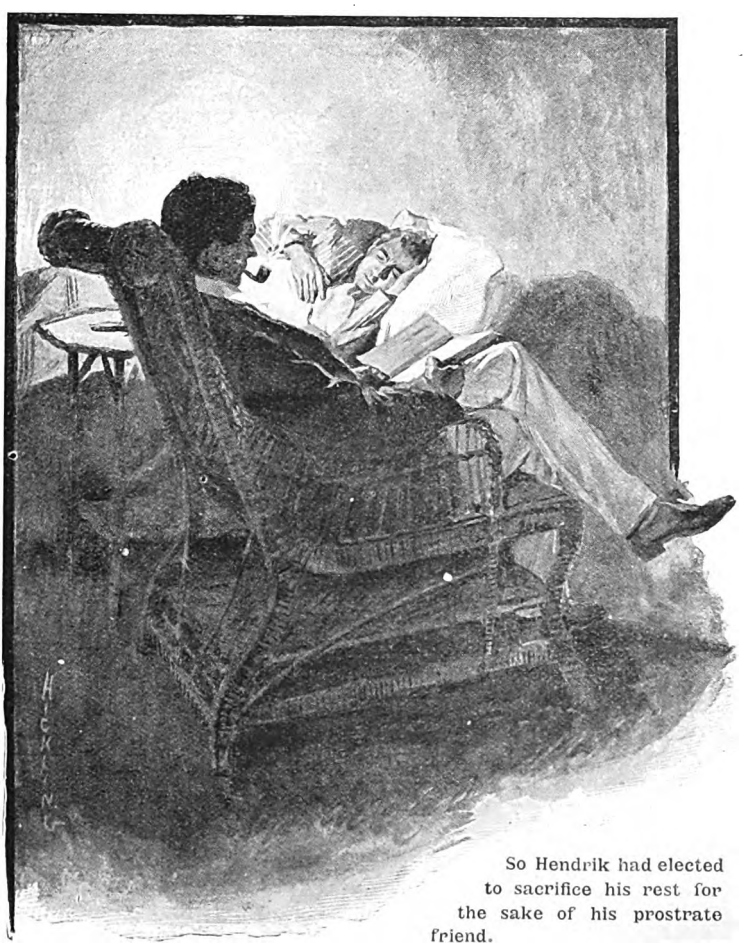
Heart-burnings and much work had checked off the days on its calendar, but the reward was coming now, swift and sure.

After the lean years, would come the years of plenty—old England with its cool vales and fresh greens and home—home.

Hendrik's lips lingered over the word, lovingly. It meant so much to him—just everything in this world. It meant Rose.

And she! She, the dear little woman for whom he had worked so hard, that men had dropped his name Hendrik and from one end of the line to the other he was known as "the man who worked."

She! His wife, the dear little woman to whom he could deny nothing—for whom he would lay down his life, if her happiness demanded it—she—she—why it seemed an eternity since he had looked into those clear grey eyes of hers, and yet it was barely two years. Two years! It seemed like twenty since those glorious twelve months in Simla. What a jolly time it had been, and how sweet and gracious everybody said she was! Why! even Russell had succumbed to her sway. Poor old Jack, who looked upon women as the one stumbling-block in a man's career, had dropped his misogyny,



So Hendrik had elected to sacrifice his rest for the sake of his prostrate friend.

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pro tem., and admitted that he, Hendrik, *ought* to be happy.

And he was *happy*, then. Great Heavens! happy was hardly the term. Then the confounded sun grew too much for her and she had to go back to England. After that, life seemed to hold nothing for him but gradients and rails and trucks and engines eternal.

In another month or two, however! Ah, after all, he could afford to be generous to that long iron snake lying so black and still in the sunlight.

For behind it lay years of rest in peaceful England—away from this awful sun that scorched and cooked a man up, body and soul—rest—rest. How few men understand the word's true meaning. Rest—rest—and Rose. . . . .

"She loved me. She loved me. I tell you she loved me, and our love was quite straight. There was no wrong, old chap, nothing—only love—love—to——!"

Hendrik started as the voice broke in suddenly on his meditations.

Russell had grown restless again. Then he listened.

Again Russell's voice travelled as far as the verandah. It had grown clearer and stronger, Hendrik thought, but in the still morning, its wail of pathetic agony, sounded oddly strange and eerie.

"There was no wrong, I tell you, nothing but love—love—lov——"

Hendrik smiled a little. Poor old Jack! That was his theme all through the long, weary night. Raving about some woman he loved and some man whom he fancied he had injured.

But the whole thing was merely a phantasy of delirium, thought Hendrik, with a smile. Why, he knew Russell's affairs almost as well as he knew his own. If there had been anything of that sort, he would have known it. Russell was not of the type that trafficked in skeleton closets, more especially where the bones were female.

No! love affairs were not much in the line of John Fraser Russell, engineer by profession and by choice misogynist, cynic and cheerful unbeliever in things generally.

"She loved me! She loved me!" again the moan of Russell's voice, limp and halting between the words, but sounding quite loud and distinct, in the morning stillness. "She loved me, but there was no wrong, and——"

A strange thrill of interest suddenly woke in Hendrik. Instinctively he craned his neck forward to listen.

"They said it was the sun, but they were all wrong! We wanted to play a straight hand with you, old chap, so she went back to England. But there was no wrong—only love, and—pain. Oh, God! the pain—the pain!"

The words with their sudden awful suggestion beat their way into Hendrik's brain like hammers. "They said it was the sun," he repeated, "but—" the cry broke off sharp in his throat. For a moment all extremity of emotion was dulled, his faculties seemed atrophied.

The vision of England faded away slowly—only the glaring plain, and the great black snake winding sinuously across the sand, remained.

Presently he drew himself together, but the movement was slow and old.

Then reason began to assert itself. The suspended thought wave joined the moving current once more and he analysed Russell's words deliberately. He tried to reassure himself—to throw mud on the great doubt that assailed him.

After all, perhaps he had jumped at conclusions too hastily. He tried pathetically to reassure himself, to explain away Russell's awful admission. Delirium builds up incongruous mental fabrics at times. Possibly this was a mere erratic coincidence.

What were the words? The exact words . . . . "said it was the sun, but they were all wrong . . . . we wanted to play a straight hand . . . . so she went back to England . . . . she went back to England."

Vainly did Hendrik try to read inconsistency into the words, but the great doubt only grew stronger and stronger. No sophistry could explain it away. Russell's ravings seemed only too coherent.

"So that was why she went back to England," he muttered, "and I—I never suspected . . . . never suspected."

Five minutes before he felt hot and stifling—now he was deadly cold. The great curling snake out yonder seemed to shimmer in the sunlight. He reeled a little.

"My God," he muttered dully, as he steadied himself against the verandah rail.

They were only two words, but they bore away the soul of a man's happiness.

. . . "Russell, of all men," he thought. "But—no—no!" he suddenly started backward, "no, no, no—it can't be true. I must be mad to-day—I must—I must. The whole thing is merely a coincidence—words without meaning, a chance jumble of delirium, and I am a fool."

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Then his hands dropped heavily by his sides again. The hysterical effort to convince himself was useless. The doubt would be always there. There was no effacing it. Always there—eating away his soul in secret. If only he could settle the matter once and for ever — be *sure*. The doubt would drive him mad—mad—mad.

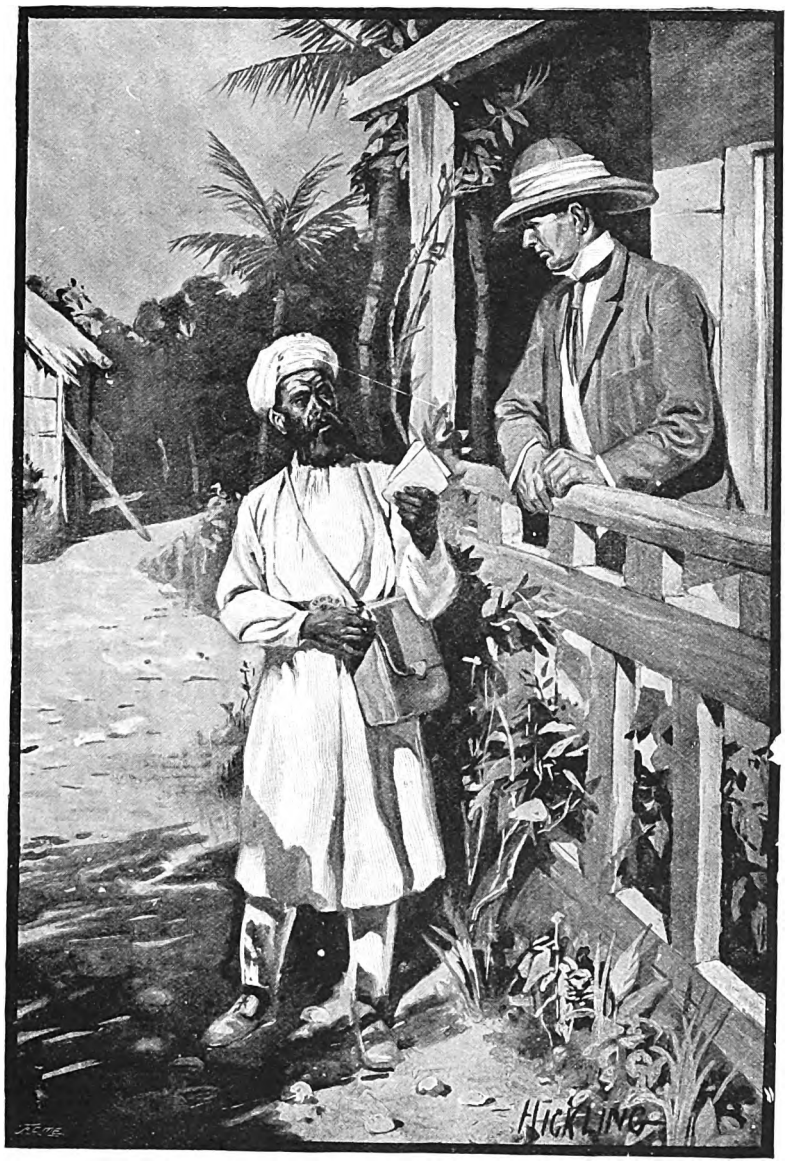
"If only"—he muttered—"if only it could be settled—if only I were sure . . . . if. . . ."

"Morning, sahib. English Mail. Letters two. One sahib, one Russell sahib."

Hendrik turned round. He dimly recognised the old native postman. The latter started as he saw Hendrik's face.

"Are you ill, sahib?" he asked anxiously, "the sahib doctor. . .?"

"No!" said Hendrik, with a queer laugh. "Not ill—no. It is nothing, only. . . ."



He dimly recognised the old native postman.

"She loves me. She loves me," came Russell's moan, once more, "it wasn't the sun—they said so, but they were all wrong. Because she loved me, she went back to England. The sun had nothing to do with it—nothing—nothing!"

Ah!

The cry came through Hendrik's teeth sharply. Then he drew his lips together.

"It is Russell sahib," he said to the old man, "the sun yesterday—head bad," he added, passing his hand mechanically across his forehead.

"Not dying, sahib?" queried the old man anxiously.

Russell was popular in the district.

"No!" replied Hendrik, "not dying. The doctor says he'll be all right in a week. He is talking about—about someone in England."

"Ah! men generally do that when they have been kissed by the Sun-god. They

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want those who love them best when they are stricken. Beware to-day, sahib. . . ."

The old man paused and glanced across the great stretch of dust with the streaks of iron lying black and grim on its surface, then on to the sky-line standing out sharp and clear in the blazing light.

"I am an old man, sahib, and have seen much sun in my time, but if your servant is not a liar, there will be heat to-day, such as my sixty years and five have never known!"

The old man looked up at the sky overhead.

"There is much death up there, sahib," he said. "Take the advice of an old man, and beware. Whom the Sun-god kisses to-day, shall never know kiss of wife again."

"Shall never know kiss of wife again," repeated Hendrik softly, as the old man walked away. "Whom the Sun-god kisses to——"

He flicked the two letters together, as he muttered the words softly. Then he glanced vaguely at their superscriptions.

The first was his own letter. The address, bold and straight was in the handwriting he loved so well. It was from Rose.

Then he glanced at the other. Russell's, and——!

Ah! Hendrik drew his lips together tightly.

"Her writing! Her writing! Her writing!" The phrase hammered itself into his brain, it painted itself on the black sides of the distant trucks—it was writ large in the glaring heavens—everything proclaimed the same thing. "Her writing! Her writing!"

His brain was on fire. The doubt had resolved itself into an obvious certainty, and Russell's delirious words had an awful method in their utterance.

What a fool he had been—a blind, blundering fool!

A savage, unreasoning impulse, begotten of restless agony, impelled him to tear the letter open, and settle the question for all time.

But something held him back. He tried hard to conquer himself—to put away the dastardly impulse. He shrank back. It was such a low-down, mean way. . . . No—no—he could not do it. . . .

"She loves me. She loves me."

For the last time Russell's voice came out through the door faintly. They decided Hendrik for ever.

With a fierce gesture he tore open the envelope and began to read.

Greyer and greyer grew his face as his eye swept the closely written pages and when he looked up, his face was like that of a man who had died and come back again.

Sorrow scratches more lines on our faces, my friend, than even the harsher years, and neither happiness nor misery can be gauged by the clock. They have neither length nor breadth—nothing but magnitude.

Hendrik stared out straight in front. His eyes saw nothing, however—nothing but the words he had just read.

No! There "was no wrong" in it—Russell, in his madness, had spoken the truth. The letter made that obvious enough.

They had loved each other, and when circumstances grew too strong for them, they had tried very bravely to "play a straight hand."

That was why Rose went back to England, not because of the sun, but to save his, Hendrik's, happiness.

But all their striving had been of no use—no use whatever.

Hendrik re-read the concluding sentences again.

"She would never, never be happy any more," the letter said. "They might never meet again, but she would love him for ever and ever."

There was no anger in Hendrik's soul as he mechanically folded the letter, and replaced it in the torn envelope—nothing but blackness and a great misery.

He felt crushed and bruised and strangely old as he looked out across the plain, with the great streak of iron marking the distance.

His work!

Hendrik laughed. It seemed so odd that he should think of work at that moment.

The great snake and all the bridges and gradients to which he had given his best years were of no avail now.

One little sheet of note-paper soiled with a woman's tears had swept them all away. Only a great blank remained.

But there was no anger, he told himself. No anger, whatever—only great sorrow that she should never be happy again.

Poor little woman, of course she could not help loving Russell. He was such a thoroughly good chap in every way, an all round clever fellow, and bound to make his way anywhere. Whereas he, Hendrik, was no good for anything, except mapping out lines of railway and handling a theodolite.

He could never have expected to keep her love—he wasn't the type of man to keep any woman's love—he was only an ordinary sort

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of chap, anyway, but—but he loved her as no woman was ever loved before.

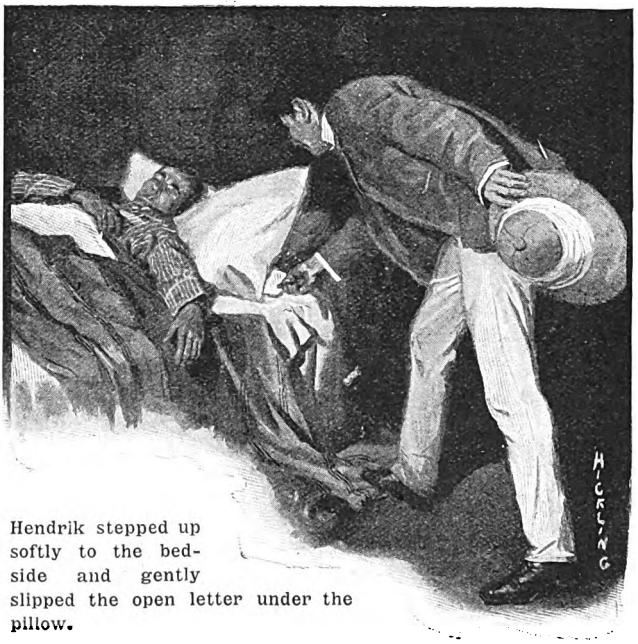
And she would never be happy again—poor little woman—years and years of misery, and lifetimes are such long times when misery checks off the hours.

And he would be the millstone, for ever holding her down under the sea of resignation all the while she craved for the sunlight above—always—always—unless—un——

"Whom the Sun-god kisses to-day shall never know kiss of wife again."

The old man's words were reverberating through Hendrik's brain again—this time with a subtle meaning.

He, Hendrik, was essentially a man of action—it was the key-note of his character, and, although beaten down with misery, he struggled hard to see what was right.



Hendrik stepped up softly to the bedside and gently slipped the open letter under the pillow.

To do something—to decide on some definite course of action was imperative.

And now, with each reverberation of the sentence that rang in his brain, one possible solution of the problem grew clearer and more definite.

And gradually with its growth there came to him a dull sense of relief—of vague gratification at having discovered the way out of a difficulty.

He looked round him dispassionately. In front stretched the mists of eternity—fathomless and appalling—behind lay the road of life along which he had sweated and striven, all so vainly. As he took his final look at its ruined finger posts, one last poor human regret stirred within him for the things that might have been.

If only it had been different—if only she had——

But, there, he drew himself up sharply. It was no use wishing—none whatever. The hour for retrospection was past—it was the hour for action now.

"And it is the best way," he muttered, "the only way. Poor little woman, it will make her happy and——"

He drew his lips together tightly and stepped back into Russell's room.

The latter, exhausted with his raving, had fallen asleep.

Hendrik stepped up softly to the bedside, and gently slipped the open letter under the pillow.

"He will think it was opened during the delirium," he muttered.

Then he stepped softly out of the room and took down his helmet.

The very air seemed pulsating with heat as Hendrik stepped outside into the glaring sunlight, but *he carried his helmet in his hand.*

The burnt-up soil scrunched noisily beneath his feet, and the sun was beating down upon his bare head with the ferocity of a furnace. Little puffs of dust, marking his footfalls, rose, lingered in the air a moment, and then sank. Presently he staggered. The sun was burning up his head. His brain was on fire. An overpowering sense of giddiness compelled him to pause for a moment. Then he set his teeth grimly, and reeled forward again, the helmet still in his hand.

* * * * *

Since its inception the North Indian and Jungle line has lost many men through sunstroke, but never such a capable one as Hendrik. He was a first-class engineer, and left behind him a reputation for much work.

Russell is now in England, married, and supremely happy, but neither he nor his wife ever knew the true story of the Sun-God's kiss.

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A marvellous portrait in fire of General Baden-Powell.

PICTURES THAT COST OVER A POUND A SECOND.

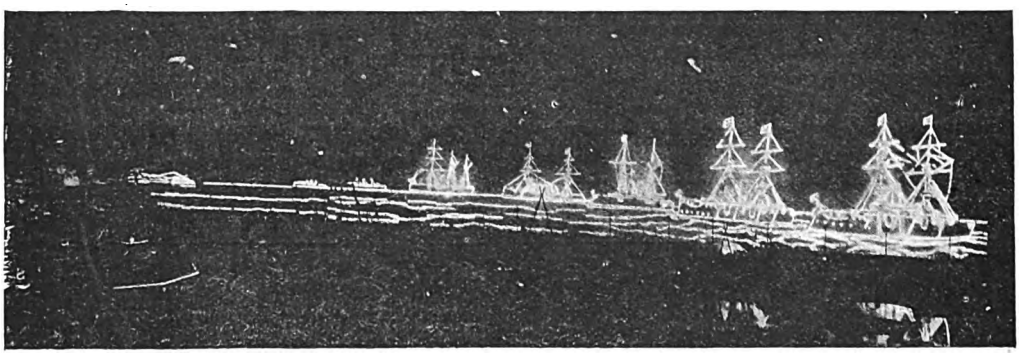
The Marvels of Modern Pyrotechny.

By Charles Banham.

Photographs by permission of Messrs. Brock & Co. and Messrs. Foulsham & Banfield.

The Chinese are the inventors of the pyrotechnic art, but in pyrotechny, as in most things, China has stood still for the last few centuries, and to-day a Chinaman, viewing a firework display in England, is astonished at what we are able to show him. Even the great Li Hung Chang was surprised and delighted beyond measure when, during his visit to this country, some few years since, he was taken, as a special treat, to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. He went, and saw, and wondered, and then invited Mr. Brock, the celebrated firework-maker, to go to China and give a few displays.

It was not the squibs and the crackers, the rockets and shells and giant catherine wheels, that aroused Li Hung Chang's admiration. It was the pictures in fire; and of these and their manufacture, and their cost—not of the making of fireworks generally—I am going to treat. While firework displays of the ordinary description rejoiced our ancestors a few centuries back, it was not until 1872, during the period of the Franco-Prussian War, that pictures in fire were introduced. Then, equally as now, the idea was to present something



No item of a firework display is more popular than a naval battle.

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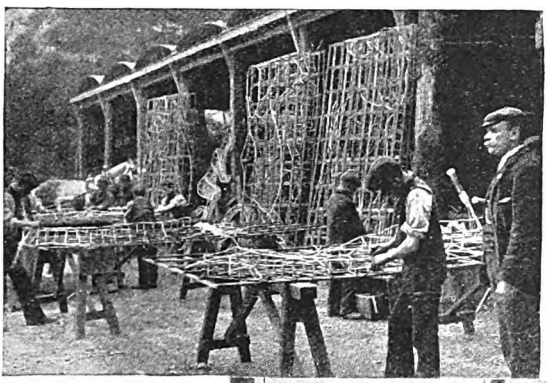
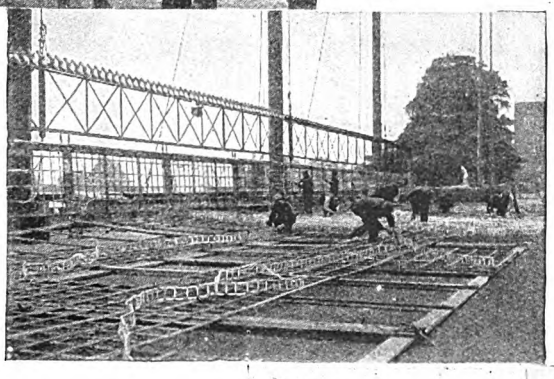
topical; so the first fire-picture ever shown represented the blowing up of a bridge by the Germans. It was a great success, a wonder; the public called for more, and amongst other subjects taken from the war was the burning of Strasbourg Cathedral.

As may be imagined, thirty years have not passed without many discoveries being made as to what it is possible to do with fire by way of providing exciting entertainment, and many improvements have taken place in the construction of fire pictures, their presentation and manipulation. The set-piece of 1872 was not the colossal affair it is to-day, nevertheless thirty-two men were occupied in merely hoisting it into position. Now, four men can hoist a much larger piece into its place in a few seconds.

The King of Denmark and his late Queen.



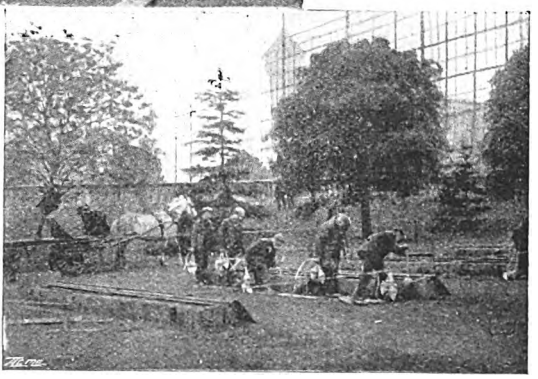
At work on a section of the huge frame.



A huge picture, almost completed, ready for hoisting.

The designing of the subject is, of course, the first step to be taken, and this is in itself no light or inexpensive labour. Whatever its dimensions are to be, the picture is sketched out the exact size on paper, not only in outline, but also in colour. It is made, in fact, much like an ordinary painting, and this is essential, as it would be impossible otherwise to determine where the various lines of coloured lights are to be placed. As an instance of the cost of these preparatory pictures, it may be mentioned that the one made for a huge set-piece of the "Battle of Trafalgar" cost over £30.

The next step is to divide this large picture up into squares of convenient size, when it is possible to estimate exactly how many feet of wooden laths and cane, what number of nails, the quantity of lances, or coloured lights, and how many miles of quick-match will be required. Then the carpenters set busily to work. The size of the wooden frame is such that it could not, of course, be made all in one piece in a workshop, so it is constructed in pieces of convenient dimensions. When these sections are ready, reference has again to be made to the large sketch, which is now carefully outlined in chalk, section by section, on the square of framework. Over this chalk outline



Laying down the shells.

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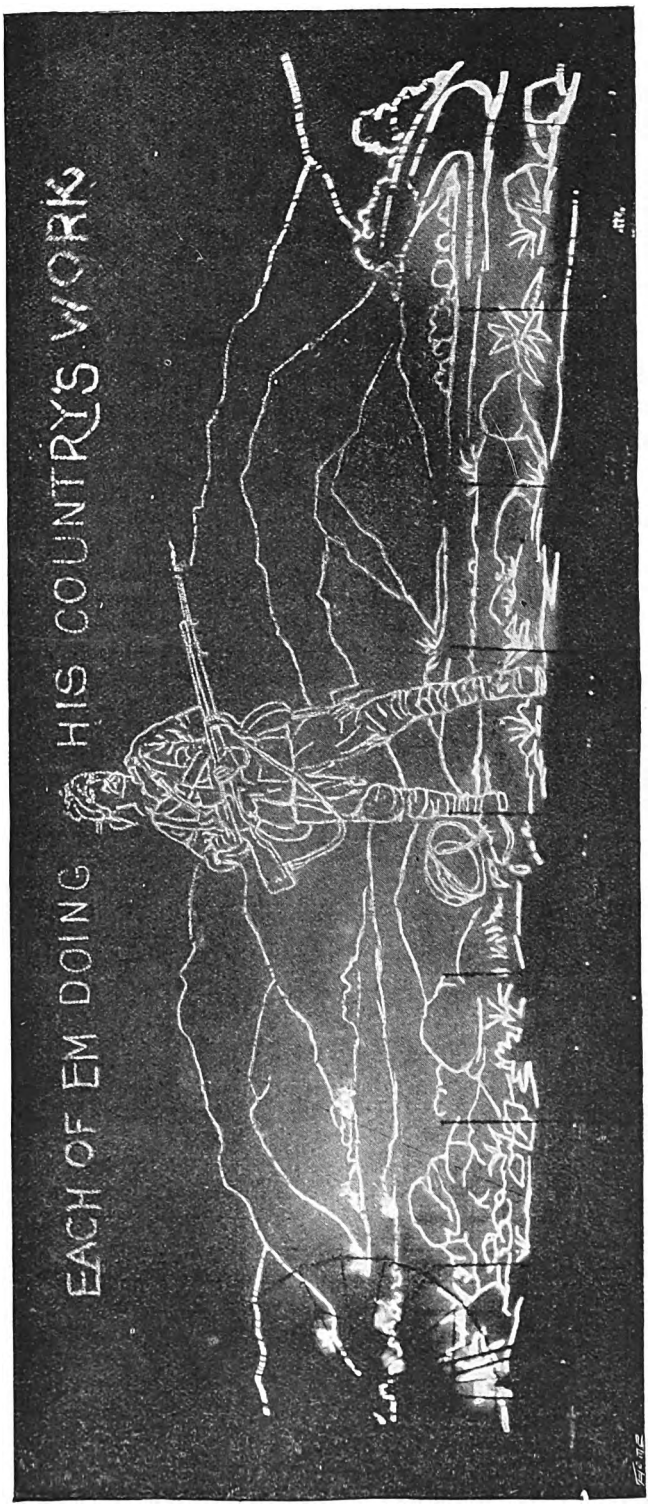

A great fire-picture recently shown at the Crystal Palace.

cane is nailed by an army of boys, and then comes the work of piercing the cane with long nails. Upon these nails are fixed the lances or coloured lights—tubes containing coloured fire—and now the picture is getting very near completion. All, indeed, that remains to be done is to connect the lances with the quick-match, fix the three firing rockets in position, and after fastening the pieces together at the foot of the scaffold, the whole picture is hauled up ready.

However, it is much easier to describe the performance of this work than to execute it, and the description is apt to convey the idea that building the picture is a light and easy task; but, in fact, it is quite otherwise. Take the size of it, for instance. It is probably 200 yards in length, and contains 40,000 to 50,000 square feet of frame work.

Imagine the immensity of a picture built up on this square, and think of the miles of cane to cover the outline, the thousands of coloured lights, the miles of quick-match that must be used! The cost of introducing a new picture is never less than £300, and sometimes over £400, for there is, of course, the material constituting the background to be paid for, as well as the labour for putting the whole together. The subsequent reproductions of the fiery scene are given at a cost of £50 to £70, according to the size.

The largest picture in fire ever produced in this or any other country was put on at the Crystal Palace at the time of the Hispano-American war. It was called the Battle of Manilla, and was built upon 50,000 square feet of framework. It had a total length of over one-eighth of

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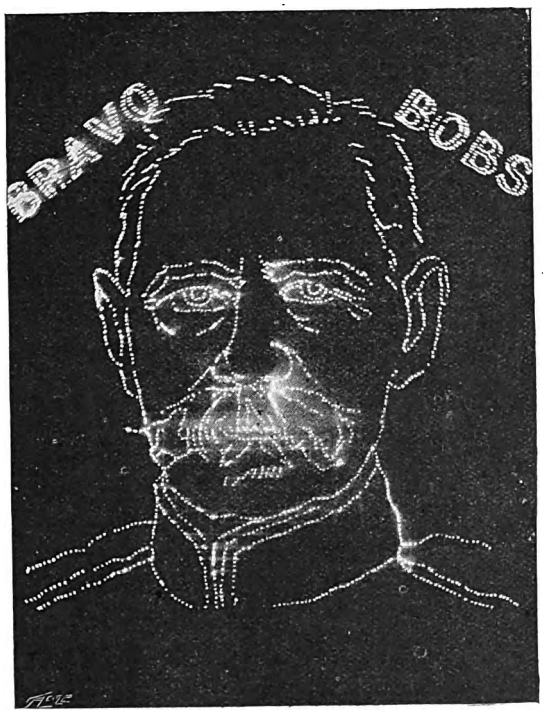
a mile. Thirteen warships were introduced into the fight, and in firing their guns no fewer than 500 shells were thrown. To give the whole picture nearly one mile of coloured lights of thirty different shades were utilised, and these were connected by no less than ten miles of quick match. It was a beautiful sight whilst it lasted, this fiery fight upon a sea of flame—shells bursting through the air and crashing into ships, and all the splendour and horrors of a naval combat intensified by the unique circumstances under which it was rendered. It cost £800, and lasted two and a-half minutes! Thus it will be seen that a first night at the Crystal Palace is a costly affair, running, in fact, into over five pounds per second!



A realistic portrait of Lord Roberts which has elicited hundreds of thousands of admiring cheers.

Marine subjects lend themselves perhaps better than any other for pyrotechnical display, and certainly are always popular. The Battle of Trafalgar was a big success, costing some 50*s*. for every yard of its 207 yards length. In this picture there were several miles of cane and quick-match utilised, while each display consumed 400 gross of coloured lights.

A very effective subject was that entitled "Man the Lifeboat." The firing rockets coursed through the blackness over the framework, leaving their trail behind them where they had kindled the torches, and in the time one takes to draw a breath there sprang up a cliff crowned with houses, at whose base rose and fell and roared the stormy sea. Then out in the wild waters sprang into view the ship in distress, and a second later was seen the lifeboat struggling out to its aid. Amidst the roaring of the storm, the crashing of thunder, the flashing of lightning, the boat struggled across the watery waste, steadily, slowly, but surely, now on the crest of a wave, now hidden from sight in the hollows, and at last reaches the wrecked vessel. Then all is darkness as before.

This brings us to the subject of the mechanical, or perhaps it would be better to say the moving parts of fire pictures. How did that lifeboat creep out from the base of the cliff? How was it rocked on the waves? Well, the lifeboat itself is only a wooden outline manned by wooden figures, the whole being illuminated with flaring lances. It runs on a tramway, and its motive power is human, for there are a couple of men behind it who, while pushing it forward, impart to it the up and down motion of the waves.

It is the same with the bicycle races, the fighting cocks, the boxing men, the dancing girl, the jugglers. Bicycle and rider are made of wood, and when alight are rushed along the track by the manipulator. It might be supposed that this is dangerous work for the man in the rear, but the only inconvenience he is likely to suffer, arises from the smoke, for he is clad from head to foot in an asbestos suit, and, as everyone is aware, asbestos is neither flammable nor does it allow the heat to penetrate. So there really is no danger.

The portraits in fire are built up in exactly the same manner as the set-pieces, and, shown in various colours, are really very effective, and, what is more, can always be readily recognised. Portraits of the Royal family and of our various national heroes are always largely appreciated. It is not often that anything goes wrong with any part of the entertainment, but on one occasion when the crowd were cheering the portrait of a well-known Royal warrior the

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cheers suddenly changed to roars of laughter, for his Royal Highness was presented to their gaze with a *green nose*. The coloured lances had got mixed.

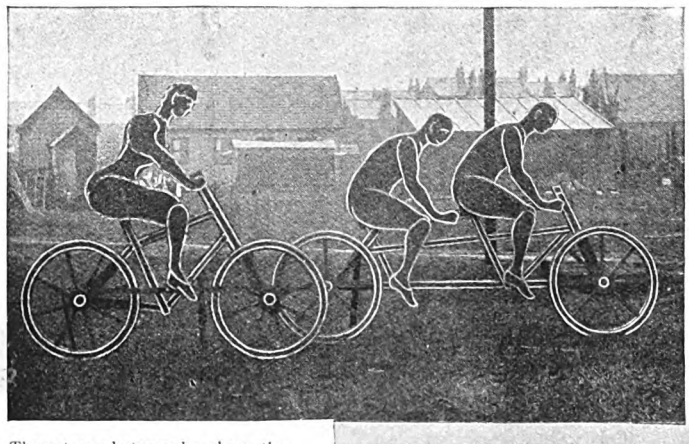
As to the sums expended upon firework displays on various occasions a few figures cannot fail to prove interesting. When we celebrate Guy Fawkes Day it is estimated we spend £100,000 every year, while on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee no less than £250,000 were expended. When Her Majesty was proclaimed Empress of India, Delhi had a display which cost £3000, and India spent in fireworks, during the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1875, over £20,000.

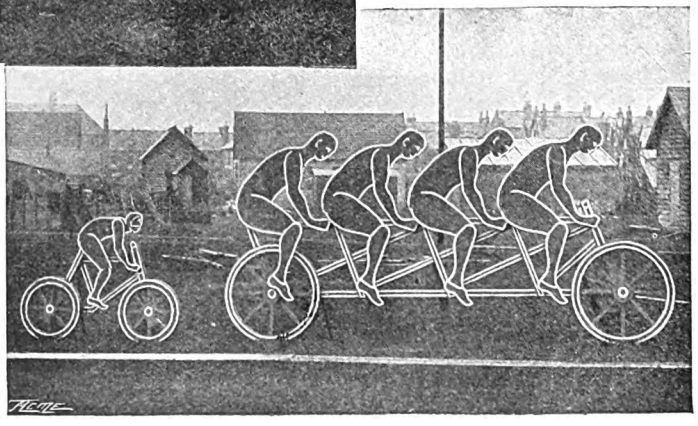
It came as something of a surprise when Mr. Brock informed me that there are numbers of wealthy individuals who annually spend small fortunes in gratifying their peculiar desires for firework displays. This constitutes their hobby, and when they devote one evening a week to it, the yearly bill runs into thousands of pounds.

Lately the factory at South Norwood has been working to its utmost limits to satisfy the extraordinary demand for fireworks of all descriptions, which will burst into a blaze of magnificence next June, when the Coronation of the King takes place. That will be a great occasion for fireworks, as most coronations have been, both at home and abroad. Then, again, Messrs. Brock have had to cope with the extensive colonial demand created by the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York; and there are still large colonial orders on hand for our sons beyond the seas, who intend to celebrate the forthcoming Coronation.

The Brock family have had a close intimacy with pyrotechnics for some seven generations past, and Brocks and the Crystal Palace have been inseparable since 1865, when they gained in open competition the position of pyrotechnists to that well-known amusement house at Sydenham. Then, of course, the output was not so large as now, when no less than 500 tons of fireworks, valued at a million sterling, represents the year's work, nor was the variety of fireworks manufactured so great as at present. For to-day you can take your choice of 600 different kinds.

Messrs. Brocks are proud of the fact that they have received so much patronage from Royalty, home and foreign. The German Emperor, as might be expected in one who delights in all things gorgeous and dramatic, is an enthusiastic lover of firework displays. He has more than once been present at the Crystal Palace show. Perhaps the most costly display ever given was that at Lisbon in 1888, on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden. It cost £5000 a month for many months to prepare it, and the show was such as those who witnessed it will never forget. But what a waste! For half an hour of superb magnificence an expenditure of thousands of pounds.





These two photographs show the framework to which the fireworks are attached for a cycle race. The cyclists ride on the machines behind the frames, and their legs, arms, and bodies being attached to the dummies, cause the fiery outlines of the latter to work realistically.

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A CHAMPION IN MINIATURE

By E. M. Jameson.

Miss Amelia Bryanston and her small nephew were seated at breakfast when the letters arrived. Geoff watched the opening of them with anxiety, and his legs now dangled impatiently to and fro while Miss Amelia assisted herself to a second cup of tea, and sipped it in a leisurely manner.

Each morning had brought fresh disappointment in its train, not only to him, but to Teddy Wynterton on the other side of the garden wall.

The sun shone in at the dining-room window, and made a splash of scarlet on the wall dedicated to the portrait of the master of the house. Geoff looked up now with adoring eyes at the *débonnaire* scarlet-coated soldier father whom he could not remember.

The frank blue eyes seemed to smile back at him, and Geoff took a fresh lease of patience. There were five letters on the table-cloth, and Miss Amelia was now opening the fifth. Then she, too, glanced at Major Bryanston's portrait, gathered up her letters and rose from the table.

"You may go, Geoffrey," she said. "Your father will be here this afternoon at five o'clock."

The next moment Geoff had vanished to seek the friend of his bosom. Aunt Amelia did not approve of Teddy Wynterton, so all intercourse had to be conducted from a perilous position on the boundary wall near the potting shed, where their respective gardeners had good-naturedly placed ladders.

Teddy's ruddy head was already bobbing excitedly above the wall, while his tattered elbows were determinedly dug into the mortar. Archdeacon Wynterton, his father, was not a rich man, and Mrs. Wynterton, with the best intentions, found it difficult to cope with more than the stocking mending. Teddy's elbows were a continual puzzle to her, but then she had no conception of the ruggedness of the garden wall. Teddy and

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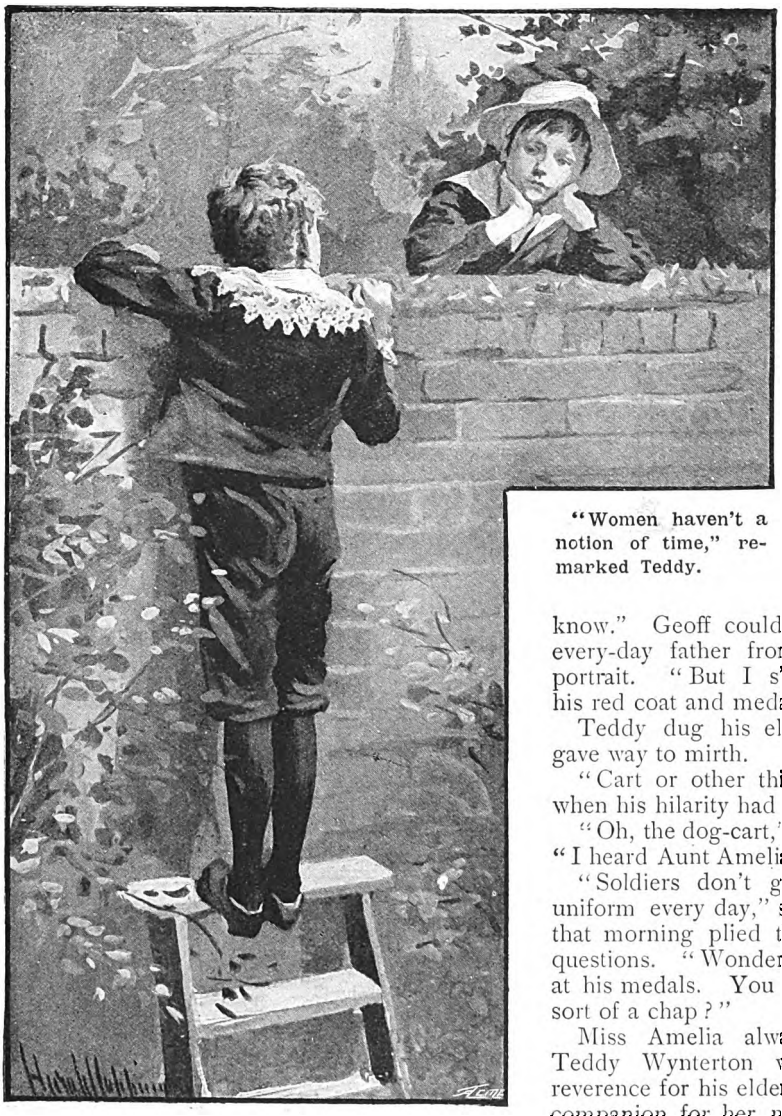

"Women haven't a notion of time," remarked Teddy.

Geoff had worked conscientiously to remove the fragments of broken bottle, but several portions were beyond their best endeavours, so Teddy went on his way, surprisingly thin in the elbow, but unashamed. The ladders were too short to allow of a sitting posture, but there are few things devoid of flaws, and in the vicissitudes of a large family Teddy had learned the benefits of philosophy.

"Well?" he demanded when Geoff had reached the topmost rung.

"Coming to-day at five o'clock," said Geoff breathlessly.

"There ain't a train at five o'clock," said Teddy with the superiority of eight years over seven.

"But Aunt Amelia——"

"Women haven't a *notion* of time," remarked Teddy—the Archdeacon had made the self-same remark at breakfast that morning—"She means the four-thirty. What's he coming in?"

"Aunt Amelia won't tell me things I want to know." Geoff could never dissociate his every-day father from the father of the portrait. "But I s'pose he'll come in his red coat and medals."

Teddy dug his elbows in harder and gave way to mirth.

"Cart or other thing?" he demanded when his hilarity had subsided.

"Oh, the dog-cart," said Geoff hurriedly. "I heard Aunt Amelia telling Bates——"

"Soldiers don't go about dressed in uniform every day," said Teddy, who had that morning plied the Archdeacon with questions. "Wonder if he'll let us look at his medals. You say he looks a jolly sort of a chap?"

Miss Amelia always maintained that Teddy Wynterton was too lacking in reverence for his elders to prove a suitable companion for her nephew, and, truth to tell, the bump of veneration was not largely developed in the Archdeacon's youngest hope.

Before Geoff could reply, the loud ringing of a bell was borne upon the breeze.

"There's the bell for me," he said, and retreated with all speed to his daily penance of lessons with Aunt Amelia. How he envied Teddy when he saw him trudging home from school with his satchel on his back and cheerful face, whose griminess caused Miss Amelia to shudder and thank Providence that she was not as others—meaning Mrs. Wynterton.

But Teddy was a hero infallible in Geoff's

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eyes, for had he not begun to learn Latin this term?

That afternoon Teddy sought ambush in a tree adjacent to Aunt Amelia's entrance gate, where he contentedly munched an apple and awaited developments, making a rough calculation meanwhile between the speed of the Archdeacon's fat cob and that of the chestnut owned by Miss Amelia.

He was softly whistling "See the Conquering Hero," when the dog-cart swept round the corner. Teddy gave one glance at the face of the man in a tweed coat who held the reins, looked again, then descended from his eyrie with an expression of blank amazement on his chubby features. He remained in this condition during tea, and did not ask for a second helping of jam, an omission which, to his mother's mind, denoted the approach of malady. As he laid his head on the pillow he solved the problem:

"That glum-looking chap can't be Geoff's father, he must have sent somebody else;" and so saying he fell asleep.

For the next day or two he watched in vain for Geoff from the boundary wall.

No Geoff appeared.

He, too, had received a rude awakening, far rougher, indeed, than Teddy's, for it went deeper in the more sensitive nature. Ever since he could remember anything he had hoped and longed for his father's homecoming, the father he knew and loved only through his portrait. He could not associate this stern-faced silent man with his father. Those were dark days to Geoff, and he deliberately cut himself off from his one friend; it was too bitter to remember all the plans they had made.

Teddy could see him in the distance walking moodily about the garden, keeping out of hailing distance, more solitary by far in his present condition than in all the years of his lonely childhood. At the expiration of two days Geoff could bear it no longer, and one morning found him on the topmost rung facing Teddy, who could not refrain from lively questionings.

"Aunt Amelia says he's my father," said Geoff, with a choke in his voice that he hoped Teddy did not hear, "and I s'pose she ought to know."

"P'raps he's jollier than he looks?" suggested Teddy, with an attempt at consolation which even to his mind appeared futile.

"He's—he's worse," said Geoff, swallowing another sob, and working out a bit of glass that had resisted the efforts of weeks; "he never smiles even, and spends nearly all day in the library smoking."

Teddy felt a prick of conscience; he remembered the time when he had envied Geoff his soldier father, and wished his own had not been born an archdeacon. "I'm jolly glad, now, he was," he said half-aloud, and tried not to see a tear that splashed on the wall between them. Geoff hoped it had not been noticed, knowing that Teddy held such weakness in abhorrence.

Teddy's tact had its limits. There were problems that must be solved.

"D'ye mean to say he's never said anything about the pony?" he asked in an amazed tone.

Geoff shook his head. The pony was a dream never likely to come true.

"And hasn't he told your Aunt Amelia to buy you *real* boy's clothes?" persisted Teddy, getting the knife in deeper, for Geoff's tuckers and lace collars and velvets were the abasement of his soul, since knowing Teddy Wynterton.

Words failed, a second tear splashed between.

"Well, I'm—*blowed!*" ejaculated Teddy, throwing refinement to the winds, "don't you ever ask him things at breakfast?"

The Archdeacon was an embodied encyclopædia at that meal.

"I'm—I'm—I'm afraid of him," sobbed Geoff, all the pent-up disappointment finding vent in a sob that almost shook him to pieces. "I wish I had a father like yours. I used to feel very sorry yours was an Archdeacon and had to wear ugly black clothes—and gaiters—and things—but he plays cricket with you and tells you things you want to know"—and Geoff laid his curly head upon the rugged mortar in an abandonment of desolation that alarmed Teddy.

"I say, *drop it*," he said remonstratingly. "You just buck up and forget all about it. I daresay he'll get jollier."

Teddy's phraseology was an unknown language to Geoff, but he felt that it was well meant, and when they parted he was the more cheerful of the two.

Teddy felt in much perplexity of mind. It was Saturday, and he had the afternoon free. He roamed about the garden with his hands in his pockets, and presently saw Miss Amelia's carriage, containing herself and a much-befrilled and desolate Geoff, turn out of the drive.

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The next moment Teddy had dashed back into the house, butting the Archdeacon in the apron *en route.*

"Halloa, halloa, what's the matter?" asked that good-natured personage. But Teddy only murmured something about washing and hands, and continued on his course. The Archdeacon held a theory that young people should be allowed free margin in assisting their own developments, but this was a little too much. "Wash his hands—and of his own accord!" he murmured. "That boy is going to be something out of the common."

Meantime Teddy made his way with a resolute step and a sinking heart up the Bryanston drive. Even he felt that the condition of his elbows detracted from his dignity, but this was no time to think of appearances.

His old friend Bates was airing his portly person at the hall door. Teddy longed to greet him in the usual manner, but felt that to do so would be fatal to his mission. Bates looked down with an indulgent smile, forgetting his place in the surprise of the moment.

"Bless me, Master Teddy, now who'd a thought of seeing *you* here; Master Geoffrey is out."

"I didn't come to see him," said Teddy keeping his eyes fixed on Bates' waistcoat buttons and longing for the old friendly converse.

Bates drew himself up.

"Perhaps it's the master you've called to see," he remarked ironically. "Do you happen to have a card with you, sir?"

This was more than Teddy could endure. "*Do* let me in, Bates—*dear* old Bates."

Bates sniffed; there was mystery in the air, but the whole Wynterton family was dear to Bates.

Perhaps he comprehended, perhaps he only surmised; but to Teddy's relief he nodded in a knowing kind of way and moved across the hall.

"Mr. Edward Wynterton to see you, sir," he said, and stood aside to let Teddy enter.

Major Bryanston looked up from his letter-writing with a frown that died away when he caught sight of his visitor. He rose. Bates had disappeared and Teddy felt very small standing alone in a wilderness of Turkey carpet.

"Did you want to see me?" asked the Major kindly, wondering who his small visitor could be, and inwardly amused at the antagonism in Teddy's sturdy figure and blue eyes. "Won't you sit down? What can I do for you?"

Teddy sat down in one huge leather-covered arm-chair, while Major Bryanston subsided into another.

There was a pause.

Geoff's father *was* very stern and unapproachable, yet there was a strength in the soldierly figure and a resolution in the keen blue eyes that roused all Teddy's boyish admiration.

"I'm Teddy Wynterton," he said at last, in desperation.

"Any relation of my old friend and neighbour the Archdeacon?"

"He's—he's my father," exclaimed Teddy, sitting erect and squaring his shoulders. "I didn't think you knew him."

"He's the best friend I ever had," said the Major heartily—"the best man living! Come and shake hands. I only wish Geoffrey may have such a friend when he needs one."

Teddy thrilled with pride. He literally went over to the enemy and shook hands, then retreated once more to the fastness of his arm-chair.

"I used to be sorry my father was an Archdeacon instead of a soldier," he said, "but—" He stopped suddenly and reddened.

"But now you're not sorry," asked Major Bryanston. "Well, I don't think you need be; a nice Archdeacon is hard to beat."

He saw that Teddy had something on his mind. "Did you come to see Geoffrey? He has gone out to drive with his aunt."

"I saw them go," said Teddy eagerly. "She—I mean Miss Amelia—doesn't let me come here."

"Doesn't let you come here?" exclaimed the Major. "Why?"

"It doesn't matter," said Teddy growing scarlet, lest he had been telling tales out of school. "I don't mind, but——" he grew desperate, then suddenly went over and stood by the Major's knee.

"It's about Geoff I came," he said, his plain sturdy face alight with resolution. "He's—he's—oh, he's so *jolly miserable.*"

"Jolly miserable?" echoed the Major. "Why?"

"He hoped when you came you'd let him do things like other boys," blurted Teddy, feeling retreat to be impossible now; "he

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wanted to ask you to give him *real* boy's clothes, not those *beastly* lace tuckers and things she makes him wear, and he wants to ride bareback like me on father's cob, and play cricket, and go to school, and—and *lots* of things——" Teddy paused, out of breath; the Major was silent out of sheer amazement. His glance went to the portrait of a lovely girl, with soft brown eyes, that stood upon the writing table.

His face contracted with an expression that made all Teddy's fear of him die away.

"But Geoff has never told me all this," he said quietly.

"He's too afraid to tell you," said Teddy candidly; "you were so different to your picture that—that—well—you—know——"

"Yes, I know," said the Major, and drew a deep breath. Then he put his hand on Teddy's shoulder: "When that portrait was painted, Teddy, I was the happiest man alive. You won't understand, but when Geoff was born the greatest sorrow of my life came upon me" —he paused, his eyes darkened, and again his glance went to the portrait on the writing-table. He drew a deep breath and walked over to the window.

"Geoff shall have his clothes and his pony, and his cricket and his school," he said, "and we'll make a man of him between us, Teddy. He shall not be afraid of me any longer. I believe Bates has some exceptionally fine apples laid by somewhere, and then we'll go and see your father and talk over old times.

"He was a big boy when I was a little chap, Teddy, and it was he who first taught me to use a rod."

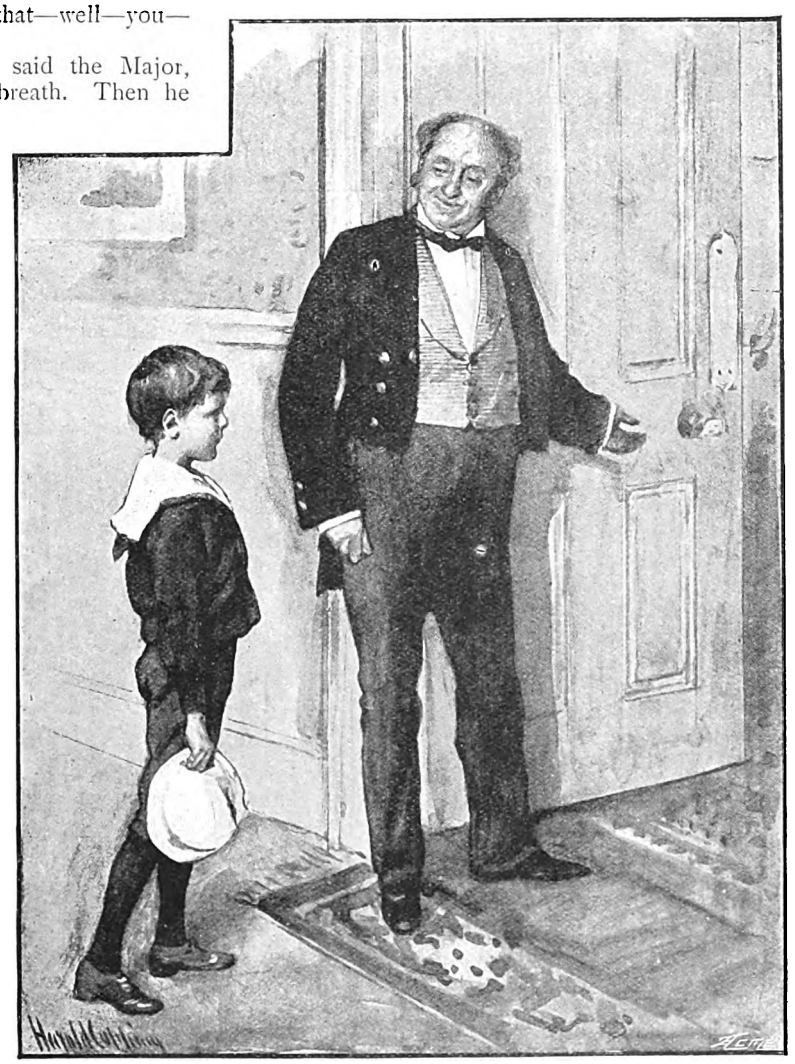
"He never fishes now," said Teddy with some resentment—"and he only lets me fish in the duck-pond."

"Do you think I'd do as well, Teddy?"

"*Rather!*" responded Teddy.

The Major patted the rough head.

"One good turn deserves another," he said, which ambiguous remark Teddy certainly failed to understand, but, nevertheless, thoroughly appreciated.



"Mr. Edward Wynterton to see you, sir."

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They smile like this when they see their rivals worsted.

"Funny? I call it simply contemptible!" and she smiles.

Is there anything so distressing as the foolish smile?

She has known trouble, and her very smile is sad.

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A MATTER OF ASSURANCE

By W. Alexander Ross

I.

"Your change, sir," murmured the deft, obsequious waiter, placing his salver noiselessly on the spotless white damask.

Horton Hoadley gathered up the little pile of gold and silver coins that lay on the receipted bill and smiled grimly across the table at his fellow diner and guest.

"What's left of my last ten pound note," he remarked laconically, as he thrust the money into his pocket.

The other man nodded and pulled hard at his moustache, as he leaned back in his chair and let his gaze drift idly round the brilliant throng of diners in the lavishly decorated restaurant of the Savoy.

"Ah!" he said at last with a sigh, "and it is good-bye to all this inside a week—the only life that is worth living."

"Yes," echoed Hoadley slowly, "the only life worth living. But suppose, Brinkworth," he went on—"I only say suppose—there was a sum of say £5000 available for either of us on the death of the other, should you think it good enough to toss for who should have the money?"

Brinkworth stared hard at Hoadley's lean, hard face.

"You always were a demon for desperate devices. What is behind your question?"

Hoadley sipped his coffee with deadly deliberateness before replying.

"Sudden death for the loser—five thousand pounds sterling for the winner."

"It sounds mad, but there is method in it. We are both men—well, we will say men of forty. We have seen it out as much as any two men in London. We have had a long innings, and now we are at the absolute end of our tether. It is a case of sandwich-boards in the near future, and a workhouse infirmary at the finish for the pair of us, unless—" and he paused.

"Unless what?"

"Unless one of us dies within a week, leaving the other to live another five thousand pounds' worth of life. How does it strike you?"

"Dying is so confoundedly unpleasant," objected Brinkworth.

"My dear chap, we have got to die to this sort of life within a week, as you so very pertinently observed just now. In a month we shall be as dead as doornails to the world that has known us all our lives. It is merely a question of degree in dying."

Brinkworth did not answer for a few seconds. He looked round him again. The crowd of fair women—their sparkling jewels—the glitter of the silver—the red glow of the candle shades—the scent of the rich hued flowers, and the silver ripple of women's laughter mingling with the wailing of the violins in the orchestra—the luxury of it all came to him with a vivid reality it had never had before.

"You are right, Hoadley," he exclaimed hoarsely, "let us get out of this—out into the air—out into the night!"

They were well out into the busy Strand, going Charing Crosswards, before either of them spoke again, and then it was Brinkworth who broke the silence.

"Let us get down on to the Embankment—it is quieter and cooler there than here," he said.

They turned down Villiers Street, and then strolled slowly towards Westminster Bridge.

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"And what fiendish plan is this of yours with death for one and five thousand pounds for the other of us?"

"Nothing fiendish at all, but, on the contrary, something disgustingly simple and prosaic. It is merely a matter of assurance."

"Assurance?" queried Brinkworth in a puzzled tone.

"Life," laconically explained the other.

Brinkworth laughed derisively.

"I thought you had hit on something brilliant," he said shortly, "Life assurance! —I wonder what life assurance office in the universe would be insane enough to accept either of us as a risk. And suppose they would, where is the premium to come from? Our joint funds would go a long way in paying the premium on a £5000 policy. There isn't five thousand pence in your precious idea."

"Got any more objections?" coolly asked Hoadley.

"Lots. How about the dying? The loser can't die to order unless you insure for a suicide risk."

"My dear old chap, your arguments are unanswerable. But they do not apply to my scheme. Let's pull up for a bit. The cool air from the river tempers the late June blast to the perspiring man. And over the way is New Scotland Yard. There is a certain appropriateness in discussing my little plan right under its very shadow."

"Hang the appropriateness! What's the scheme?" replied Brinkworth in mollified tones, stopping and propping himself up against the parapet.

"Railway accident assurance at one guinea per thousand pound policy."

"That is all right, but how about the railway accident? The man who has got to be in it may die of old age before it comes off. Seven million journeys is the average for a fatal accident to the individual. Better have a final flutter with our last few sovereigns and then go in search of the sandwich-boards straight away. Daresay they aren't half bad when you get used to them."

Hoadley did not reply for a few moments, but leant on the parapet looking out over the black river with its blinking reflection of the lights on bridge and Embankment.

"My dear Brinkworth," he said softly at last, "we must arrange the accident."

II.

"Here goes for the choice of first call and the manner of the toss," said Hoadley, sending a sovereign whizzing ceilingwards.

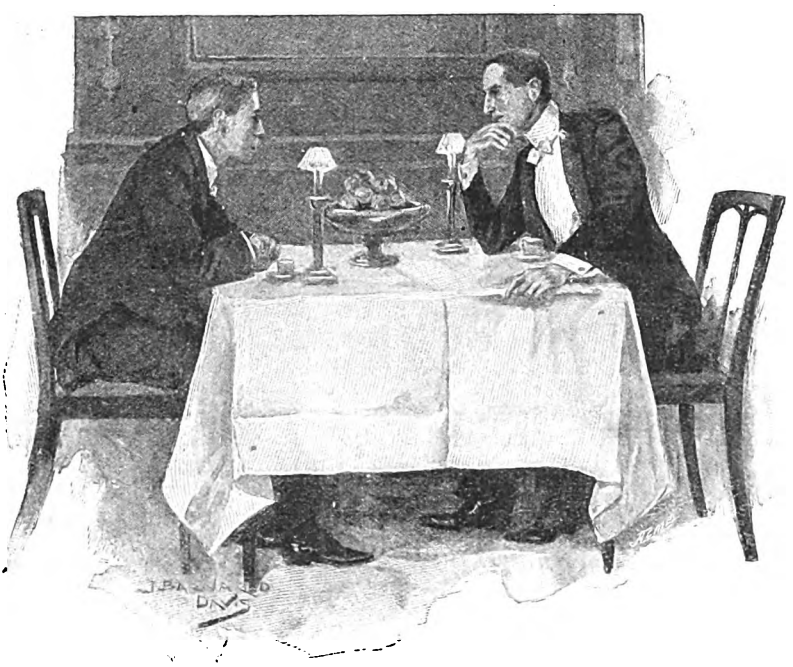
"Woman!" exclaimed Brinkworth.

The coin dropped noiselessly out of sight in the shadow of the table on the thick Oriental carpet — Hoadley's rooms were luxuriously furnished.

The spinner of the coin fumbled nervously after his vesta box. Brinkworth, impatient of the delay, pushed the table aside, and together they bent over the coin.

"Yours!" ejaculated Hoadley, his clean-shaven face a shade sallower than it was before.

"What is it to be—best two out of three,



"Sudden death for the loser—five thousand pounds sterling for the winner."

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or a single toss and sudden death?" he demanded.

"Sudden death," replied Brinkworth with an hysterical laugh; "it is more appropriate."

Hoadley echoed the laugh in a hollow sort of fashion.

He put the sovereign down on the table, went over to the sideboard and brought out a bottle of champagne.

"The last of its race—we will drink to the coin that holds wealth for one of us!"

"And death for the other," added Brinkworth, a slight tremor perceptible in his voice.

The silence of the room seemed to get on their nerves while Hoadley was fiddling about with the champagne opener, for they both started violently when the cork flew out with a report that sounded like a revolver shot. Even the gentle hissing of the foaming wine as it was poured into the glasses had its suggestiveness—at least for Brinkworth, who muttered something about its reminding him of the sound of escaping steam.

In silence they drank to the piece of gold that lay glittering dully on the table. Then Hoadley picked it up.

"Well, here she goes," he said in a shaky voice, and up went the fateful coin towards the ceiling once more.

"Woman again!" gasped out Brinkworth as they watched it rise and followed its yellow flutter downwards.

They sat gazing at each other for some moments after it had dropped. The die was cast.

"We won't look yet," said Hoadley at length.

"No!" replied Brinkworth quickly, "we'll finish the champagne first."

They filled their glasses.

"It will be a queer ending for one of us, Hoadley."

"Ah!" assented Hoadley as he brought out a sheet of paper with a roughly sketched plan on it. "We had better go through this again. It will be easier now than after—"

He left the sentence unfinished, and pointed over the edge of the table in the direction of the coin.

"Here is the plantation which runs right up to the railway line. You know the footpath leading to it from Hoadley village through Hoadley Park.

"Good lord!" he broke off suddenly, "What a screed there will be in the County papers about the tragic death of one of the Hoadleys of Hoadley if it is I.

"I wonder if my Squire brother will have me, the ne'er do-well of the family, interred in the family vault. But to come back to the plan. This is where the path turns off—hang it, you must know it well enough! We have been through it often enough in the old days with our guns."

"Yes, I know it, old chap. We didn't think then——"

"Just as well we did not. You know how the line swings round by the plantation to the mouth of the tunnel. There is a pile of sleepers always stacked at this point. You haul one gently down, place it carefully on the inner rail, and when the express comes round the curve at forty miles an hour, she jumps the sleeper and the rails, and comes off at a tangent, crash into the face of the entrance to the tunnel. The guard's van and the carriage behind it will telescope between the engine and the heavy Pullman sleeping saloon and —" he shrugged his shoulders significantly.

Brinkworth finished the sentence.

"The insurance policies will be due."

Moved by a common impulse they gripped each other by the hand.

"We have been the best of friends," said Hoadley.

"The best of friends," echoed the other huskily.

He picked up the champagne bottle and held it up to the light.

"Empty!" he said.

They got up and crossed the room to where the coin lay and stooped over it. A dull purple flush suffused Hoadley's sallow face. He clutched the other man by the shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Brinkworth, old chap," he said.

"It's all right—it had to be one of us," was the reply that came from Brinkworth's pallid lips.

III.

The next day was a busy one for Hoadley and Brinkworth. It started with a hunt through the directory for the addresses of the accident assurance companies, and the number of these was in the nature of a revelation to the searchers.

"There was more money in this than I thought," remarked Hoadley somewhat ruefully.

"I don't mind an extra thousand or two, old man," said Brinkworth, with the reckless prodigality of a man who was doomed. He was beginning to appreciate the dramatic side of his position as the loser of the toss.

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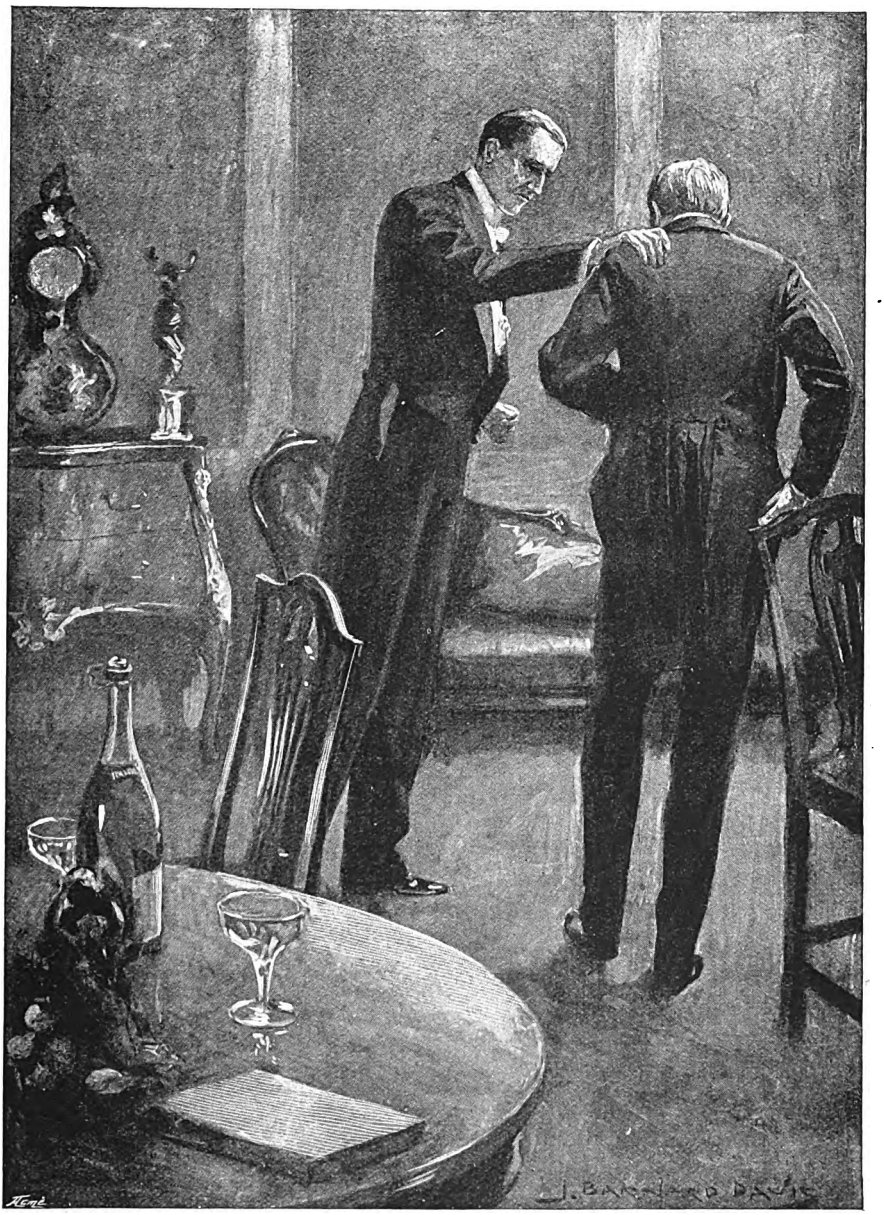

"I'm sorry, Brinkworth, old chap," he said.

"No——a bargain is a bargain. Five thousand was the stake and five thousand it remains. Besides our funds won't run to an unlimited number of policies."

Next they went to a solicitor, where Brinkworth's last will and testament was drawn up signed and duly witnessed. It made Hoadley his sole legatee, and secured the proceeds of the insurance policies to that individual. That concluded, as Brinkworth remarked, the formal business in connection with their little arrangement. They had taken out the policies on the road to the solicitor's office.

They dined luxuriously at the Savoy early in the evening. Hoadley ate but little, and scarcely opened his lips. Brinkworth, on the other hand, seemed absolutely to revel in

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the meal and its surroundings. He went steadily through the menu with the discriminating keenness of an epicure. He talked incessantly, and his conversation was full of oblique references to the tragedy they had planned for an hour or two later. Possibly the fact that he drank a good deal of champagne had something to do with this.

Three-quarters of an hour later saw them getting out of a hansom at Euston. Brinkworth was still cheerful and his companion still monosyllabic.

He did not find his tongue until they were standing by the door of the train that was to take him on in advance to place the sleeper on the line.

"Eight-forty your train starts—the Irish mail—you have only got forty minutes to wait. I shall get to Hoadley Junction half an hour in front of the mail. You will pass through at ten-thirty. You will not forget," said Hoadley.

"I shall not forget. It is all I need remember now," was the quiet rejoinder.

Hoadley took his foot off the carriage step and laid his hand heavily on the other man's shoulder.

"No!" said Brinkworth, before he could open his lips," we must go through with it now. It is the only thing to be done."

"Going on, sir—step in please!" interrupted the guard.

"Good-bye," cried Brinkworth.

The slamming of the carriage door and the shrill scream of the guard's whistle drowned Hoadley's reply, and the next moment the train was on the move.

Brinkworth watched the red tail-light drift unsteadily into the darkness out of sight, and then strolled back to the buffet, where he purchased the most expensive cigar they could find for him, ordered a brandy and soda, and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would admit, in order to wile away the forty minutes he had to wait.

But the time dragged terribly, and presently he gave up the buffet as a bad job and strolled out into the station.

He found a good deal to interest him at the bookstall—particularly the illustrated papers.

"There will be a considerable amount of railway accident in them next week," he mused sardonically. "There is not another man in London at the present time who knows that."

Presently his attention was attracted by the various periodical publications which combine light reading with railway assurance, and a happy thought struck him. He purchased the whole series of them.

"By Jove!" he chuckled, as he walked off with them, "won't these be a pleasant surprise for poor old Hoadley—nearly another four thousand pounds between them? He will not feel so much now paying the few odd hundreds I owe."

He made his way to the platform from which the Irish mail was to start, in good time, and found it intensely interesting to watch the luggage being stowed aboard, and the passengers picking their compartments. Then he had a good look at the engine. It occurred to him incidently that it was rather a pity that so fine a piece of mechanism should be about to start on its final journey. He took possession of a corner seat in the third class smoking compartment next the guard's van and the engine, and sat there for a minute or two. But a glance at his watch told him that there was still five minutes to wait before the start, and it struck him that he might just as well have another look along the train which was to carry him to destruction.

"It's beastly rough on all these people," he mused, as he sauntered along. "but it can't be helped. It is only a matter of average after all. Wonderful thing the law of average. This particular smash will only bring the number up to what it ought to be on this particular line for the year."

He caught sight of a sour faced old dowager in a first-class compartment, and stood for a moment staring at her—a compliment she returned with a haughty scowl. He moved on with a grim smile.

"Somebody won't be sorry she was in the smash anyhow," he muttered.

The train was not very crowded, which was just as well as things stood, was the last mental note he made as he turned his steps back to the front of the train. A few seconds later it glided gently out of the terminus with its complement of passengers, who were all unconscious that it was gathering speed for a fatal journey.

The one man who did know sat alone in his smoking compartment, a freshly lighted cigar between his lips—his last. He was still completely possessed with the ghastly humour of the situation. He even laughed quietly as he thought of the dowager who had scowled at him, and he recalled with some degree of amusement the cordial nod of a money lender, whose offices in Jermyn Street had had many a visit from him.

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"Strikes me that old sixty-per-cent Isaacs would not have been half so cheerful if he knew of the nice little smash Hoadley and I have arranged for this precious train," he remarked aloud. "There is one consolation—he will get nothing out of my demise even if he escapes being smashed up with the rest of us. Hoadley's paper and my own ceased to be a negotiable security with the miserable old miser long ago."

He yawned as he turned his attention to the periodicals which combined literature and assurance.

"May as well see the conditions," he reflected as he turned over the page of one of them. "Don't want anything to go wrong for the want of complying with the necessary formalities.

"That is all settled," he remarked, as he pitched the last of them on to the opposite seat, and lay back comfortably in his corner watching the smoke from his cigar drifting slowly across the carriage.

The ceaseless throbbing of the engine, the dim suggestion of rhythm in the rattle of the carriage windows and the dull rumble of the wheels on the metals, stole soothingly on his senses, till presently he dropped into the oblivion of slumber while the doomed express roared and panted through the silence of the night. On and on she went, the minutes and the miles between the sleeper and his destination dwindling unheeded.

He purchased the whole series of them.

Suddenly there was a piercing shriek from the engine whistle. The brake came down with a grinding hiss and checked the headlong speed of the train with such abruptness that Brinkworth was pitched violently forward, and came back to wakefulness with a start. For a moment he failed to realise where he was or whither he was bound. Then his eyes fell on the periodicals on the seat in front of him. The sight of his shaky signatures brought everything back with a rush.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "how long have I been asleep?"

He snatched out his watch. A quarter past ten the hands pointed. There was little more than fifteen minutes between him and eternity.

He shivered, for he was cold and stiff from his sleep. The effect of the champagne he had consumed at dinner was passing and his nerves were unstrung. He clenched his teeth and tried vainly to steady the trembling hand in which he held his watch.

"What a pity I woke," he muttered, "Heavens! How the minutes drag."

The brakes were off and the express was fast picking up speed again. Brinkworth thrust his watch back into his pocket, and let down the carriage window. The next moment the lights of a deserted country railway station flashed by. The express was through in a moment — but not too swiftly to prevent Brinkworth from recognising it.

"Pilston!" he gasped, "eight miles to the end."

He sprang up and paced the compartment unsteadily for a few moments.

Then he tried to read, but his brain failed to grasp the meaning of the print that his eyes read. He tried to re-light his cigar, but his chattering teeth and shaking hands made that a failure also. He dropped the

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cigar with a groan, and pulled out his watch again.

"Seven minutes—shall we never get there?"

He sat with his gaze glued to the dial, watching the second hand creeping jerkily round its little circle. Once, twice, it completed its round, and then he could look no longer. He thrust the watch back into his pocket, and sat clenching and unclenching his hands and biting at his nails by turns, while the perspiration began to ooze out in great beads on his forehead.

His eyes wandered stealthily to the opposite side of the carriage where the nob of the communicator and its little table of directions for stopping the train was placed.

"No! No!" he groaned through his chattering teeth, "I daren't—I must go through with it now." But he found himself creeping from his seat in its direction. The next moment his fingers were on it.

"No!" he almost shrieked, and flung himself back on the seat.

For a few seconds he kept himself there, and strove to keep his eyes off that tempting little wooden nob, one touch at which meant rescue from sudden and violent death. Would it be sudden? It might be horribly lingering. The thought made him shudder, and he wrenched out his watch once more. There were still four minutes to the end. It seemed hours ago that there only remained five minutes.

Again his eyes wandered to the opposite side of the compartment, while he crouched up in the corner clutching the cushions desperately as if to hold himself there by main force till the crash came.

"I'm a coward"—he moaned—"a mean despicable coward—I—" his voice broke—"I can't!—I can't!" he sobbed, and the next moment he was pulling and pushing at the communicator like a maniac.

Almost instantly there was the screech and crunch of the brakes as they came down on the wheels, and checked the headlong rush of the express with a suddenness that flung the passengers out of their seats. As it slowed rapidly down, it flashed into Brinkworth's mind that he must give a reason for stopping the express. A mile or less ahead lay the sleeper that was to wreck it. He dared not show a guilty knowledge of its existence.

When the guard clambered on to the footboard and opened the carriage door, inspiration came to Brinkworth. Before the man in uniform could open his lips to speak, he made a rush at him, dealt him a blow which sent him backwards, and then sprang out of the carriage and closed with him.

For the next five minutes the alarmed passengers hanging out of the windows of the train to see what was the cause of the sudden stop, were witnesses of a most interesting fight between the guard and Brinkworth, which ended in that heavily insured individual's total and ignominious defeat, and he was presently walked off up the line in the custody of a railway detective who happened to be travelling by the train, and a couple of signalmen who opportunely arrived on the scene as they came off duty, while the express resumed its interrupted journey.

Brinkworth never forgot that walk or the practical demonstration his custodians gave him of their sympathy with the battered guard of the express.

A couple of miles across country they dragged and pushed him, and after the usual formalities were gone through at the police station, he was escorted across a dark, cheerless yard and flung, as being a violent and desperate character and possibly a maniac, with considerable violence into a dark and stone-floored cell.

He did not trouble to get up off the cold stones. He was very tired and very sore. His clothes were in tatters, and he knew for certain that one of his eyes was badly blackened, for it was fast closing up already. He had shrewd suspicion that the other would not be long before it followed suit.

"I'm in a nice mess," he reflected indifferently. "Charged with unlawfully stopping a train, violently assaulting several railway officials, and I fancy the inspector said they might just as well stick down drunk also while they were about it. Don't care—it's a jolly sight better than being dead—a mangled corpse in that confounded express, anyhow. Poor old Hoadley will be cut up about it. He will have to be, that's all."

He was still indulging in this philosophic view of things, when the cell door was flung suddenly open and a second prisoner projected into the interior. The new arrival stumbled over Brinkworth's prostrate body, and fell headlong. His remarks as he picked himself up were both forcible and profane.

Brinkworth could not see his companion in misfortune—but the voice was a revelation.

"Hoadley!" he exclaimed, in amazement, "You here!"

"Yes," replied that individual gloomily, "They caught me putting the log on the line."

"What a fool I was!" cried Brinkworth.

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How Mr. Gilby represents by gesture—
1. Faith. 2. Hope. 3. Charity.

THE SILENT SPEAKER

How the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby preaches to the Deaf and Dumb.

By Stanley White.

There is a gaunt-looking block of buildings fronting into Oxford Street not a quarter of a mile from the Marble Arch. I do not suppose that one out of every ten pedestrians hurrying by guesses what goes on there. That red brick church is the cathedral of London's two thousand deaf and dumb; and the adjoining house down the side street is the abode of the resident clergyman, the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, himself the son of deaf and dumb parents, though able to hear and speak like the best of us.

Having heard much of the wonderful work Mr. Gilby is doing among this grievously afflicted section of the community, I determined to make one at a week-night service. This, as usual, took place on a Thursday night at the somewhat late hour of eight o'clock. When I arrived the congregation had already assembled, and such slaves of habit are we that I actually tip-toed my way to the nearest seat, forgetful for the moment that my fellow-worshippers could not be disturbed by the tramp of a regiment of soldiers. Mr. Gilby, who was not on duty and who knew my mission, took a seat beside me, just to throw a little light on the proceedings, which are bewildering to strangers.

The congregation consisted of about a score, poorly dressed, for the most part. There was about the same number of men and women, and all sat very quiet as the officiating clergyman entered. Attired in the conventional surplice he took his stand at the reading-desk, and immediately made a few signs, incomprehensible to me, but which instantly set the rest of the congregation rustling the leaves of their hymn-books. The place found, all stood up and the hymn commenced.

But for the faint murmur of the outer world no sound accompanied the rendering of that hymn, which so far as outward seeming went was a solo on the fingers of the minister. Yet who can say that no strains of inborn

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"What a disappointment!"

Very scornful.

Heathen rage.

harmony were inspired by the beautiful words in the minds of those silent singers?

During most of the service the congregation were seated.

Though the familiar Liturgy was used it was in vain that I tried to keep in touch with the minister; we parted company with the first few passes of those agile fingers.

With the light shining upon his upturned face throwing into relief the strong and expressive features; his body turned slightly sideways, the chaplain rapidly spelled out the prayers. The congregation sat as though carved in marble. Unlike hearing worshippers they could not allow their eyes to wander from the one active figure for a moment, under pain of losing a sentence. The psalms being reached the cold spelling of words gave way to the language of dramatic gesture, and the feeling of depression engendered by the unaccustomed silence somewhat lightened. My untrained sense failed to follow the reading, but I noticed that the meaning was duly appreciated by my fellow-worshippers.

But now the silence once more made itself felt, and the dim church, only partially lighted for these week night services, seemed half in shadow. Then came the sermon. From what Mr. Gilby told me, I gathered it was a simple Gospel discourse, with a practical application to daily life. They do not go in for abstruse doctrinal controversy at St. Saviour's. Such would not be understood. The chief thing aimed at is simplicity. Deaf and dumb folk are cut off from so much that every day metaphors and allusions readily understandable by young children have no meaning whatever for them.

The service over, both ministers were quickly besieged by their flock, and waves of conversation filled the vestibule. It may seem paradoxical, but the deaf and dumb are an especially gossipy folk. Is it any wonder that they make the best use of their few social opportunities?

What the deaf and dumb who live in London would do without St. Saviour's and the man who is one with them in sympathy, but superior in his power to help, I do not know. He is the pivot around whom they gravitate. One poor man worn with age and toil invoked his aid in filling up a census form. Most are very poor, nor is this surprising when one considers how great their handicap in life's race.

The system of gesture-talking, of which Mr. Gilby is one of the world's finest adepts, repays study. Great as is the contrast between the monotonous drone of a mechanical reader, and the fiery declamation of an inspired orator, it is not sharper than the difference between the cold spelling out of words in the deaf and dumb alphabet, and the far more comprehensive and telling gesture language.

It is a mistake that this last appeals only to the highly educated of deaf-mutes. Quite the reverse is the case. Gestures are

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probably the most primitive mode of expression, and are the sole means by which the very ignorant of this unfortunate class can be made to understand. Deaf-mutes unable to read or write or even talk on the fingers, and consequently unable to think in words, but only in pictures, are known to wander about the country, and earn a living by hawking. Their only means of communication is by gestures.

A deaf and dumb gentleman once found his affliction an actual advantage. He was a merchant trading with the natives of Africa. For once he was in a superior position to his rivals, thanks to the universality of the gesture language. He understood the natives and they him, and he therefore quickly disposed of his wares. This incident clearly shows that the gestures in common use all over the world must have a natural *raison d'être*. Very few are arbitrary.

Examine Mr. Gilby's ideas of Faith, Hope, and Charity. In the first, solemn asseveration and trust are conceived in the upturned face. In "Hope" the hand extended, first open and then closed, shows first, expectancy, and then possession. The facial expression clearly means that the boon hoped for is spiritual, and not temporal. The yearning look on the face, coupled with the crossed hands over the breast, at once gives the impression of love for a fellow creature, the true meaning of "Charity."

The utmost aversion.

The death of Hope, or Disappointment, has a forcible and amusing sign, when the matter in question is not serious. The gesticulating right hand gives emphasis to the occurrence while the fingers at the throat show that hope has been choked. "Contempt" requires no comment. It makes Mr. Gilby look a very unpleasant person indeed. Some people tear their hair when in a passion, Mr. Gilby tears his coat. Let us hope he has not often occasion to make use of this dreadful symbol.

No one who knows Mr. Gilby would imagine him capable of enmity or extreme aversion, yet he makes a very fine show of that baneful quality. There are unfortunately few of us who require explaining the meaning of those empty pockets, by which Mr. Gilby expressed, simply and eloquently, the all too common complaint of poverty. "Fear" is shown by a very dramatic, shrinking attitude.

Let us now turn to the following sentence from a sermon, herewith illustrated by a series of photographs specially taken for this article.

"Dear friends, may God comfort and sustain you now, and guide you to more perfect life."

In every case the expression of the face is adapted to the gesture, and the idea to be conveyed. "Dear friends" — is shaking hands with oneself; "May God" — here the face is turned appealingly upwards, while the blessing is invoked by the raised right hand, the left being passed caressingly over the heart. The sign for "comfort" is beautifully suggestive. The hands have a soothing motion, as they travel down to a point of rest. It is a gesture used by hypnotists to lull their patients into unconsciousness. The motion from right to left of the index finger serves as

Hard up.

Shrinking from impending danger.

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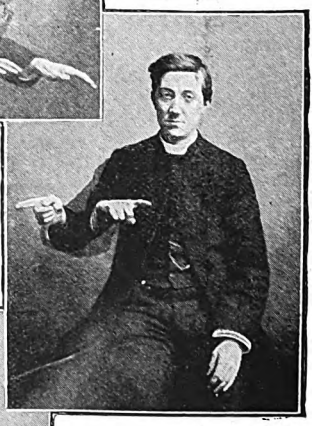
Dear Friends—

—may God—

—comfort—



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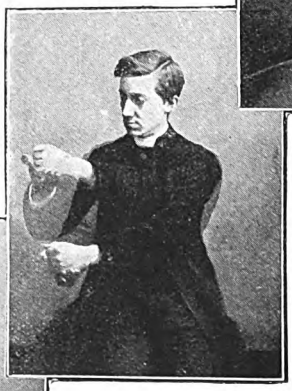

—sustain—

—you now—

make it understand anything. As has been well said, these poor people seem to be separated by a great gulf from the rest of humanity.

To bridge this gulf two main systems are employed. The most advanced is the oral by which the dumb are literally made to speak, and to understand a speaker by watching his lips.

The effort of a dumb man speaking is most curious, and until one gets used to it a little painful. Unable to hear a word he is saying, articulation is, of course, purely mechanical. The pitch of the voice is always exactly the same. The words come out in jerks with a pause between each. A fine-looking intelligent young fellow introduced to me by Mr. Gilby astonished me by a casual remark about the weather; and went on to speculate on the chances of the rival crews in the then coming boat-race.

the conjunction "and."

The clenched hand raised by the open palm is a perfect symbol of the idea to "sustain." "You now" is rather obscure. The index finger is pointing to the person addressed; while the open hands denote waiting on the instant. "Guide" is expressed by one hand leading the other. "To" is indicated by the directing forefinger; "more" by placing the hands together, and then expanding them.

The idea of a vessel full to the brim is the silent metaphor used for "perfect"; "life" is expressed by the passing the fingers over the region of the vital organs. All these signs, which take so long to explain are made with great rapidity. So perfect is the link of understanding between the preacher and his flock, that a gesture sermon takes no more time to deliver than one of a similar length when spoken.

Contrary to the general impression, the education of the deaf and dumb is a far more difficult and tedious matter than in the case of the blind. The mind of a deaf-mute child is a perfect blank; it is most difficult to

Were it not so difficult to attain proficiency in this system it would be splendid. It is certainly the ideal one.

In the first place it is taught by the touch. The child places its hand on the teacher's throat and gauges articulation by the character of the vibrations. The sign and gesture language has not as yet been displaced to any great extent. It is generally considered to be most reliable.

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An incident, showing what a terrible barrier deafness is to mental growth, occurred some time ago and is of considerable interest.

Two gentlemen sitting in a room one evening agreed to make the following experiment. One stopped up his ears, and the other bandaged his eyes. They sat thus until a quarter of an hour had elapsed and then compared impressions.

The "deaf" man said he had had a most weary and monotonous fifteen minutes. His mind refused to work; there seemed nothing to stimulate it. On the other hand, the "blind" gentleman's brain had been active. He heard the postman's knock, and this set his mind travelling hundreds of miles thinking of absent friends. In short, he continually heard sounds that kept his brain at work by the force of association of ideas.

This anecdote serves to show how cut off are the deaf mentally if left to themselves.

It is through the self-sacrificing labours of such men and women as Mr. Gilby and his wife that so many deaf mutes are bright and useful members of the community. There are other branches of the Deaf and Dumb Association in London. And I know personally of one deaf mute who is in holy orders working among his afflicted brothers and sisters. He is a most cultured, refined, and affable gentleman.

—and—

—guide you—

—to—

—more—

—perfect—

—life.

Under a recent law the School Boards are now charged to undertake the education of the deaf and dumb, and this is, of course, a great development. But it is when schooldays are over, and the battle of life has to be faced under a grievous handicap, that the work of the association becomes of paramount value.

It is to the association that the young deaf and dumb youth or maiden first turns for help in getting the needed start in business or trade,

By this means lads are placed out to learn tailoring, shoemaking. saddlery, French polishing, lithography, or printing.

In all these handicrafts they are able to hold their own with hearing and speaking competitors. And so with the girls; they quickly become proficient at all branches of manual work.

If trade implements are wanted, the society steps in and helps where the young mechanic is unable to obtain them for himself. In short, everything that can be done to place these afflicted ones on a fair footing in life is done by this association.

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A Story of a Stolen Snap-shot.

By Canning Williams.

James Harland, the well-known contributor of short stories to the *Imperial Magaziné*, had no greater admirer than Hetty Langdale, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Langdale, of "Elmhurst," Maywood. When a new number of that deservedly popular periodical came into her hands, she immediately turned to the contents page, and scanned the list of authors with a degree of eagerness which would have been highly gratifying to Mr. Harland had he known that he was the cause of it; and, if the list happened to include that gentleman's name (as it frequently did), her pretty face lit up with pleasure.

She was delighted, therefore, when she saw her favourite's name in a recent number of the *Imperial* as the author of "A Fair Slumberer," the illustrations being by the celebrated Frank Dalby and from a photograph. Following her usual habit she first glanced at the pictures; they gave her an idea of the drift of the story, and helped her imagination of the scenes. Suddenly her pleasant expression gave place to one of frowning intentness; a transformation due apparently to the photograph of the principal character in the tale. She examined the trimming of the hat, the pattern of the blouse, the buckle of the belt. There could be no doubt about it; the girl lying asleep in the lane was none other than Hetty herself!

"What impudence!" she exclaimed, almost stunned with surprise.

She re-examined the offending illustration only to be more firmly convinced that it was indeed she who was reclining in blissful unconsciousness on the flower-decked bank.

Seeking her mother she handed the open magazine to her.

"Do you know that girl?" she asked, pointing to the photograph.

Mrs. Langdale elegantly placed her *pince-nez* upon her well-shaped nose.

"She bears a most remarkable resemblance to yourself, Hetty," she replied.

"The hat?" said Hetty.

Mrs. Langdale minutely studied that piece of millinery.

"It's the hat you wore last summer!" she cried emphatically.

"The blouse?"

The *pince-nez* again.

"You bought the material at Crawford's! I remember the pattern distinctly!"

"Then I shall do it," said Hetty resolutely.

"Do what, my dear?"

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"I shall write to the editor for Harland's address, and demand an apology. Holding me up to public ridicule!"

"But did you not know that the photograph was taken? Did you not pose for it?"

"Pose! My dear mother, I know nothing about it! I expect that man Harland must have been prowling around here last summer, found me asleep on the bank, and had the impudence to photograph me!"

And, leaving her mother to recover from the shock as best she could, Hetty went to her desk, and, in a stylish, dashing hand, wrote to the editor:—

Miss Langdale presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Imperial Magazine*, and requests him to oblige her with the address of Mr. James Harland, the author of the story in this month's number entitled "A Fair Slumberer."

Two days later, while at breakfast, Hetty received her reply:—

In answer to your inquiry, the address of Mr. Harold Nicholson ("James Harland") is "Ravensthorpe," Maywood.

She handed the letter to her mother, looking daggers.

"Well!" exclaimed the elder lady. "Mr. Nicholson of all men. How fortunate your father is away, or there would have been a scene! He'd have horse-whipped him!"

"Leave him to me," said Hetty, rising, a strange look in her eyes; "I will settle with him!"

Now the fact must here be stated that Hetty had treated this Mr. Nicholson in a rather inconsiderate way. She had shown pleasure in his society; had led him, unconsciously perhaps, in the spring of the previous year to the point of proposing marriage to her, and then had cooled him off, so that they were merely on a bowing acquaintance.

Harold took his rebuff in a manly fashion, and Hetty was not a little surprised that the man who had given every manifestation of the sincerest love should have been so easily silenced. At the time she refused him she had not the remotest idea that he wrote for the magazines, least of all that he was the incomparable Harland, and she could not help feeling a certain admiration for his modesty, despite her anger, as she made her way to "Ravensthorpe." But she determined that this should make no difference in her treatment of the culprit.

"Good morning, Miss Langdale," said Harold on entering the drawing-room into which Hetty had been shown, extending his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. James Harland," she replied, with sarcastic emphasis on the name, holding the handle of her sunshade with both hands. "I was not aware till this morning that we had an author for a neighbour."

"Neither my pen-name nor the discovery appears to please you," said he, slowly lowering his hand. "Has your opinion of James Harland changed since you favoured me with your confidences?"

"It has—completely."

"You no longer think his stories worth reading?"

"I shall never read another line of yours—never! I consider the trick you played upon me was a most dastardly one."

"The trick, Miss Langdale," said he, with annoying calmness; "to what do you refer?"

"She bears a most remarkable resemblance to yourself, Hetty."

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"I refer to the photograph in the *Imperial Magazine*. Up to this morning I considered you a gentleman; now I hold a different estimate of you. No gentleman would act as you have done. And to get it published in a magazine for all the world to see!"

"But I had no idea, Miss Langdale, that the *Imperial* people would reproduce the photograph. No one could have been more surprised than I was to see it in the paper."

"Then why did you send it?" she demanded.

"Merely to help the artist to realise the scene," he explained.

"But what right had you to take my photograph when I was—was resting?"

"You were asleep, Miss Langdale; fast asleep," he observed, with imperturbable good humour.

"You have not answered my question, Mr. Nicholson. Why did you photograph me in such a position?"

"I could not help myself. You must blame my artistic eye. You used to say I had one. Do you not remember?"

"That is a reason I cannot accept," persisted the implacable girl.

"It is the only one I can offer, Miss Langdale."

"I consider your conduct reprehensible, and I have come to demand an apology. No honourable man would photograph a lady who was—who was in such a posture. I had no notion that anyone was near, and the sun had fatigued me. And then for you, Mr. Nicholson, of all men, to be so lost to all sense of propriety as to steal up to me——"

"Excuse me, Miss Langdale," observed Harold, "but I must object to your using the word 'steal.' It conveys the idea that I crept up to you, like a man stalking a rabbit, whereas I came upon you quite suddenly, nor did I moderate my footsteps in the least."

"For you to photograph me," continued the exasperated Hetty, "and then to have the impudence to send it to a magazine for publication—to hold me up to public scorn! I consider it was a mean and dastardly trick."

"But have I not told you, my dear Miss Langdale, that I had not the least suspicion that they would publish the photograph?" said Harold.

"Did you tell them not to do so?"

"No, I did not. I imagined that they would understand my reason for sending it. It was some days after I had taken the photograph——"

"Stolen the photograph, you mean," she corrected.

"Stolen the photograph," he went on, "that I wrote 'The Fair Slumberer.' I had no thought at the time of working up the incident."

"Working up the incident! So that is how you speak of it," she said, tossing her head.

"I beg pardon, Miss Langdale. It's a journalistic phrase. I should have said that I had no thought at the time I took—stole—the photograph of writing the story."

"In any case it was a dastardly trick," she repeated.

"But cannot you make allowance for the artistic eye? How could I possibly have passed such a picture without possessing myself of it?"

"An artist should be first a gentleman, Mr. Nicholson," observed Hetty, in no mood for compliments.

"A man has not always his moral armour on," he answered. "It was done on the irresistible impulse of the moment."

"But your sending it to the *Imperial Magazine* was not done on the impulse of the moment," she persisted.

"I admit that," he replied, twirling his moustache, "but then as I have twice told you, I did not anticipate that the photograph would be reproduced. You must blame the editor for that. He certainly did it without permission."

"Mr. Nicholson, I came here not to bandy words with you, but to demand an apology. After our past friendship—"

"It was you who broke it off, Miss Langdale."

"Will you permit me to speak, Mr. Nicholson?" she cried, stamping her foot, his words and smiles enraging her.

"I'm all attention, madam," he remarked, straightening his back.

"After all you have said to me, I could not have thought you capable of such an act."

"I must beg of you to accept my explanation, Miss Langdale. Imagine the situation. I happen to be on a photographic expedition. I find a pretty girl sleeping on a bank. Do not frown, Miss Langdale; I assure you you made a lovely picture in your frame of violets and blue-bells. I stand for a moment lost in admiration. Then, acting on an irresistible impulse, I bring my hand camera to bear upon you; I touch the spring, take a final glance, and proceed upon my walk, leaving you in undisturbed possession of your dreams.

"Surely there was nothing dastardly in this! If you had been an ordinary girl—one of the Miss Johnsons, for instance—I should not

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have been arrested for a moment; but as it was—well, I have already told you, I could not help myself. Two or three days afterwards I wrote 'The Fair Slumberer,' and, when sending the manuscript, inclosed your photograph. It was done, as I have said, merely to assist the artist in his drawing. I knew he could not conceive anything equal to the original, so—ha! you melt, Miss Langale, you melt! I see it in your eyes!" cried Harold, with evident relief, noticing a softer look in the girl's face.

"I do not 'melt,' as you express it," said she, annoyed at having betrayed herself, "and as you do not seem disposed to make me an apology, I must ask you, Mr. Nicholson, to consider me from to-day a perfect stranger."

She moved to the door; Harold opened it and bowed, and they parted in silence.

"What a handsome girl she is!" thought Harold, as from behind the drawing-room curtains he watched her disappear. "Never looked handsomer! I was hoping that she would not see this month's *Imperial*. And now she knows who James Harland is! How often she has praised his stories to me! . . . . It can't last; I'm sure it can't last! When she's calmer she will see things in their true light, and then—then there may be an interesting *dénouement!*"

And at the prospect of this he suddenly became calm himself.

Now it has been well said that the man or woman who, upon reflection, sees that he or she has been unjust to another, and does not make early reparation, has sunk to a very low moral level indeed.

Hetty was not of this category. She had been allowed far too much of her own way. She was an only child, favoured in form and features, and accustomed to the homage of young and old; but she was not heartless or unjust. Her treatment of Harold in the previous year was not deliberately cruel. A pretty, vivacious girl of nineteen is scarcely aware of her power and subtle, unconscious charm, and it was not until Harold gave expression to his feelings for her that she saw that she had shown him a too marked preference.

Hetty was therefore far from happy when she reached home, nor did she relish her mother's inquisitive questions. She began to think that she had been too severe; that her indignation, especially towards the close of the interview, was a trifle simulated.

She recalled Mr. Nicholson's behaviour towards her during the three years of their acquaintance, and could find no single instance of want of gentlemanliness. These thoughts haunted her in the stillness of the night with uncomfortable persistence. After all, the story (she had read it several times since the morning) was a pretty one. She fancied she saw in the description of Eunice, the "Fair Slumberer," a not unsuccessful

"Mr. Nicholson, I came here not to bandy words with you, but to demand an apology."

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attempt to paint herself; and it was not Mr. Nicholson's fault that the photograph had been published.

And how very modest it was of Harold not to tell her that he was James Harland when she praised his stories! He was clever — very clever. He would become famous in the literary world, and she had said that he was no gentleman; that he was not honourable! Had declared that she would not read another line of his, and yet had thrice perused his story since saying so! How inconsistent! How ridiculous!

Breakfast-time found her with no appetite, and a pale face. Her share in the table-talk was forced; her remarks at times incongruous. There was only one remedy for this; she must call upon Harold and accept his explanation. Neighbours should be friends.

An hour later the penitent Hetty found herself in the drawing-room at "Ravensthorpe," listening with no little trepidation for the sound of Harold's footsteps. Presently she heard them, and her heart doubled its beating. She rose when he entered the room, blushing deeply.

"I have called, Mr. Nicholson," she said, offering him her hand in a prettily timid way, "to crave your pardon for my language yesterday. I exaggerated your offence. I see now that you had no wish to—well, I mean that after what happened a year ago—I thought perhaps that you were——"

"Trying to be 'quits,' as the boys say?" said Harold, his eyes a-glow.

"Yes—trying to be 'quits,'" she repeated thankful for his help. "Do you pardon me, Mr. Nicholson?"

"Do not use the word," he replied. "Let us forget all about it. And now, Miss Langdale, what do you think of my story? But perhaps you have not read it?"

"I have read it three times, and I consider it the cleverest story you have written," she answered with enthusiasm.

"And Eunice? What is your opinion of Eunice?"

"I will not give you my opinion of her," she said, dropping her eyes.

"And so you do not think now that it was an unpardonable crime to steal that photograph?" he asked tenderly, coming very near to her.

"Under the circumstances—no," she replied quietly.

He came yet nearer.

"It is not always a sin to steal, is it, Hetty?" he said caressingly.

"Not always, Harold," she answered, understanding him.

"It would be the sweetest of apologies," he murmured, bending over her. "May I? Under the circumstances?"

"As an apology?" she whispered, raising her eyes.

"Yes, as an apology—a sweet apology."

She seemed reluctant, and yet her eyes were tender.

"As an apology, and—a promise," he ventured.

Then the lips were raised.

Then last there come the twins,
As like as two new pins,
And mother is so fond of them, it's laughable to see.
But Jack and Jane and I
Often tease them on the sly,
But I'm "awful" fond of twins, and twins is
["awful" fond of me.

The baby is a lump of flesh
Dressed out in frills and lace,
And is the loveliest thing on earth,
However plain its face.

From "Domestic Ditties," a charming book of songs for children, by Alfred Scott-Gatty.—Now on sale.

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On and Off the Wheel

Sundry hints for the special benefit of ladies on the graceful management of their bicycles.

By Livingstone Black.

1 and 2. To start well, sit squarely in the saddle, and the machine will at once take an even course. 3. With the left pedal down, a graceful dismount is made by bringing over the right foot.

When the peaceful pasture lands of rural England were first disturbed by the string of hideous, roofless waggons which made up the first railway train, the cattle fled in terror. Nowadays they chew the cud with undisturbed complacency as the flying monster rushes past in a whirling cloud of dust and steam.

So it was and is with the lady cyclist, figuratively speaking, of course. If the spectators did not actually fly in terror at the approach of the first woman on wheels, many turned up their eyes in pious horror. "How unwomanly!" they croaked; "how ungraceful!"

In the infancy of ladies' cycling the art of dressing for the wheel was not studied, and this may account for the censure heaped upon the pioneers. But nowadays skirts are made which are a comfort to the wearer and a delight to the beholder.

It is, of course, in the management of the skirt that the chief art of the lady cyclist lies, at least so far as a graceful appearance goes.

In this connection a good start is everything. In other words, if you want to look well, mount well. In mounting, as in most things, there is a wrong and a right way. The main point is to take a perfectly even seat, so that a true balance is attained and a straight course taken directly the machine is set in motion.

It is said that everyone attempts to get on a horse's back, for the first time, from the wrong side, and with equal truth it may be averred that the majority of the untaught do as badly in mounting a bicycle. Is it possible to imagine a worse send off than must inevitably follow the neglect to take a good seat in the saddle while putting pressure on the pedal? Several results may follow, none of them pleasant.

In any case it means that the machine starts before you are ready, and you must scramble into the saddle somehow, with skirt all awry, or you will be left behind, and there is no small danger of your falling over to the other side.

And even if one has the undeserved good fortune to avoid a spill, it is not pretty to see a girl taking a zig-zag course of thirty or forty yards, it being an open question all the while whether she is going to stay on or fall off. What a miserable, nervous feeling for the spectators as well as for the girl herself!

To be able to mount and dismount properly are the most difficult points of cycling to the new beginner. I was talking to a young lady the other day, and she described her

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sensations of the first few rides. They were more than disagreeable. She had been taking lessons, and could ride perfectly well; but no sooner did she sally forth alone than an awful feeling came over her that she would never be able to get off. What should she do when she reached the shop she was making for?

She was on the outskirts of a small town and she could see one or two builders' carts looming on the horizon. She held them in mortal dread, and reasoned thus: "If I dare not meet those carts, what shall I do when I get into town? Get off I must." And she did. Without more ado she clapped on the brake and steered serenely into the hedge, paralysing with astonishment the carmen at her incomprehensible behaviour. One or two slight scratches was the price she willingly paid for the boon of feeling *terra firma* once more beneath her feet.

But then came shame. What would her friends say? How they would laugh if she returned without her purchases wheeling her machine all the way home. So she mounted again, arriving at the shop without accident, though how she managed to dismount she never knew. Just within sight of home the same old feeling came over her once more, and so she rode for some hundred yards beyond her house, and might have ridden very much further had she not met a friend.

This girl is in a wrong position. The machine will start before she has time to take a good seat. She is already putting pressure on the pedal.

Of course, her skirt will hang all wrong——

——And she will be lucky if she avoids falling off the other side.

How necessary it is, therefore, that there should be no lack of education in the art of dismounting. In riding through crowded streets life mainly depends upon the ability of the rider to dismount cleverly at a moment's notice. Some girls, through sheer nervousness, coupled with ignorance, attempt the impossible by jumping off with both feet, while others make an awkward and hazardous descent with the left pedal raised. It would tax the powers of the cleverest trick-cyclist to get off in such a manner.

And the right way is so simple and graceful. Only just wait till the left pedal is down, bring over the right foot and calmly step off—and there you are.

Learn to mount and dismount, and you are more than half a good cyclist, that is, of course, so far as straightforward riding is concerned. Nowadays girls do not stop there.

Ten years ago if anyone had prophesied the complete mastery of the machine at present attained by women he would have been laughed out of court.

Big distance rides are by no means confined to men. There is Mrs. Lindsay, who, not content

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To dismount thus is to court disaster. The left pedal is raised, compelling her to jump off with both feet.

If the skirt is too long it may catch in the back wheel, the pedal becomes a fixture, and drags the rider down.

with breaking the 1000 mile record for women, rested six hours and then knocked off another 500 miles.

And then look at the wonderful feats they can perform in the way of freak riding. Nowadays a girl thinks nothing of careering at full tilt along a public thoroughfare disdaining to touch the handle bars, although I should certainly not advise any reader to try.

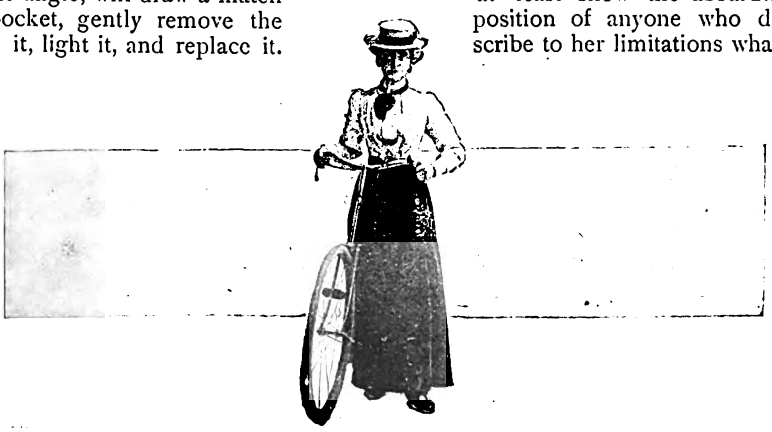
There are some old croakers yet living who maintain that it is impossible to do two things at once. But what is the use of dogmatising on such lines when you can see ladies on the wheel and knitting—actually knitting at the same time—a somewhat unusual performance, but one which has been more than one accomplished.

Most men when they want to light up are content to dismount, and probably most ladies are also. But there are not a few who are capable of bringing their machines to a standstill, and without any support, except what is furnished by the front wheel turned to the proper angle, will draw a match from the pocket, gently remove the lamp, open it, light it, and replace it.

These tricks are not often done in the public thoroughfares, for fear great and enthusiastic crowds might assemble. They are mostly confined to the schools, and so the general public does not know what wheel-women can do. Drinking a cup of tea while in the saddle is another rather delicate performance, which serves to show what a complete mastery some have over the machine; while various sports of the sort indulged in at military tournaments, such as tilting at the ring, tent-pegging, and assault and battery on unoffending heads and posts are further evidences, if any were needed.

But, perhaps, the funniest of cycle feats is to take a ride with a cat in your lap. A cat will never give its confidence without excellent reasons. You may, therefore, be sure that if it is good enough for him it must be quite safe.

Well, enough has been said to prove woman's ability to do anything in or out of reason. Her powers of the bicycle should at least show the absurdity of the position of anyone who dares prescribe to her limitations whatsoever.



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THE INFATUATION OF CATERWINK-DANE

By SYDNEY CLIVE.

His appearance was remarkable, and perhaps invited the curious glance cast at him, as he shambled to his chair at the *table d'hôte*. He might have been any age from sixty to eighty; but he blushed as frequently as a girl of seventeen.

"Looks like a scared chicken," was Virginia Warrington's remark, glancing at him as he sat opposite her. "He was frightened once—badly—and he's not got over it yet. Say, Ross, did you ever see anything so comic? This is the first time the poor old gentleman has seen fish-knives."

The subject of the fair American's remarks was in fact examining the neat array of silver implements beside his plate, with something very like dismay in his withered old face. Finally, not without a furtive glance at his neighbour, who, unfortunately, was no fish-eater, he broke off a bit of bread, and with its aid chased the piscatorial morsel on to his fork. He was quite unconscious of the amusement his action caused his lovely *vis-à-vis*, and having once settled in his own mind that a piece of crust was the recognised instrument, and that he was doing the correct thing, he devoted himself to his dinner with great enjoyment.

"He's a character, I'm sure," said Mrs. Warrington to her husband. "Look at his coat. I rather think he's a millionaire; no one less would dare to wear such a garment. It's a brown holland, Ross, and this is a real smart hotel, and everyone else is wearing evening get-up. And his poor old hands, aren't they pathetic? He can't keep them still, and he keeps on blinking as though he were going to cry. I'm taken with him, Ross, and when dinner's over, you must go and find out his name for me."

"Very well, my dear," responded Captain Warrington; "though, if you'll allow me to say so, I think you'll discover that he's a highly uninteresting old person, remarkable only for extreme ugliness."

Virginia was about to reply, when she met the full gaze of the old man; his sad, watery blue eyes went from her to his plate, and then rested again on her fair face, with a pathetic expression, that said as plainly as words: "Why are you laughing at me, what have I done? I know I'm odd, unusual-looking, but don't, oh, don't laugh at me; don't make fun of my poor old face!"

To Virginia's credit be it said, she blushed and felt very guilty under that wistful gaze. For the rest of the meal she avoided looking at the old man, though his timidity when ordering a bottle of *vin ordinaire* of a supercilious waiter, and intimating in very uneasy French that he wanted, "the *most* ordinary," would at any other time have entertained her greatly.

"I don't like that old creature one bit," Virginia confided to her husband, when they were taking their coffee on the terrace; "he's made me feel small and mean. I'm so afraid he guessed I was laughing at him about the fish-knife. As though it were a sin to eat your salmon with a bit of bread!"

"Perhaps it is worse, for it is a solecism," observed Captain Warrington sententiously. "Don't you want to know his name now?"

"Oh yes, I want to get to know him and make up to him for my nastiness. Go and find out his name right away, Ross," commanded Mrs. Warrington, with all a bride's imperiousness, and her husband went off at once to obey her.

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The terrace hung, so it seemed, in mid-air over the moon-lit lake, and some of Switzerland's grandest snow-heights threw their shadows on the expanse of blue water. Virginia rested her round, white arm on the balustrade, and looked dreamily at the beauty of the scene before her.

"A—a most wonderful night—and—I believe—one obtains the finest view of the lake from the terrace of this hotel—" said a rather tremulous voice beside her. "I—I beg your pardon, Madam, I—I hope I am not disturbing you."

Virginia turned her pretty head to behold a stooping figure, lean and lank, a large head, sparsely thatched with grey hair, eyes that wore a pleading, deprecatory expression, and mouth that was half-open, giving a look of indecision to the old face, and at the same time permitting a sight of a very brilliant new set of teeth.

It was her *vis-à-vis* at dinner, and Virginia instantly seized the opportunity to make her peace with him.

"Not at all," she said, graciously sweeping her silken skirts from the chair by her side. "Won't you sit down? This is indeed a lovely view."

But the new-comer hesitated.

"I have," he began nervously, "mixed very little in society, madam, and—and I should be very grateful if you would overlook any—any slips I might make. I believe—it is customary to introduce one's self—is it not—when there is nobody to perform that office? Permit me," he drew a little nearer, "permit me to tell you my name—Catterwink-Dane, at your service."

"And I'll be as frank with you," said Virginia, gaily holding out her hand. "I'm Mrs. Warrington, and—and I'm very glad to know, you Mr.——by the way, I'd like to know is yours a double-barrelled name, or is Cat—Catterwink—the one your god-mothers and god-fathers bestowed on you?"

"Madam, I am usually addressed by the two appellations," said the owner of the odd cognomen. "It—it is I believe a name not unknown in English history, a de Cattvin came over—"

"Oh, I know," cried Virginia in a friendly manner—"with that Conqueror of yours, who must pretty well have denuded his own country, to bring settlers into England. I'm an American, and we pit our 'Mayflower' against your 'William' Oh, here's my husband, let me introduce you. Captain Warrington, Mr.—Mr. Catterwink-Dane."

The latter gentleman rose to his feet and gave a very low bow, of the sort that was supposed to disappear with the minuet and powder. The Captain might have smiled had there not been something sad in the wandering blue eyes, and even the holland coat that sat so oddly on the shrunken figure was invested with a certain pathos.

"You've only arrived to-day, I believe," said Ross amiably; "it's a lovely place, isn't it? My wife and I can't tear ourselves away; we shall be here another fortnight."

"It is indeed beautiful," responded Mr. Catterwink-Dane with timid enthusiasm. "This—this is the first time I've been abroad, and—and the grandeur of Switzerland almost overwhelms me. It had been my dream from boyhood to see Mont Blanc; when I did—you won't"—he looked piteously at Virginia—"you won't laugh at me—but when I did—I was quite overcome—I—I cried."

"I'm sure," cried Virginia hastily, "I made a perfect baby of myself when I saw Chillon. I thought of Bonnivard, you know, and what a shame it was he could not see the lake and all the lovely views. Poor fellow, he *was* treated badly."

"Byron," said Mr. Catterwink-Dane, "has been my chief consolation through life. His poetry, his wonderful imagination, his lofty ideas have lifted me up out of ordinary common-place life. I used to be able to repeat whole cantos of 'Childe Harold.'"

"My dear," said Captain Warrington suddenly, "I think, as you are in such good hands—I'm sure Mr. Dane will look after you—I'll go and smoke a cigar with Melville. He's ill, poor chap, and feels a bit lonely, I daresay."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Virginia; "Mr. Catterwink-Dane will take care of me, won't you?" she added turning to that gentleman with a smile that vied with the moon in brilliancy.

"Only — too — happy," stammered Mr. Catterwink-Dane, "if—if you won't find me very dull, Mrs. Warrington. I—as I told you, I'm not a society man, I never had any time or money to go into it."

Virginia's eyes left the lake and sought her companion's quaint old face. Never breathed a kinder soul than the little American; to see anyone unhappy, or in trouble, was positive pain to her, and she always strove to administer comfort.

For a fractional instant her long white hand, gleaming with many rings, rested on the holland coat sleeve.

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"Tell me," she said in the softest tone of her soft voice, "tell me all about yourself. That is—if you feel like it, and don't think me rude to ask you."

"I'm sixty-four," Mr. Catterwink-Dane was husky, and he cleared his throat before proceeding, "and—this is the first time any human being has expressed the faintest interest in me; it's like Mont Blanc, it's too much for me. Mrs. Warrington, why do you, a beautiful young creature, with love, wealth" —involuntarily he glanced at the jewels with which Virginia was adorned—"and your life before you, take an interest in an old fellow like me? My life has been a dismal, long, dreary high road, no turns, no unexpected corners; I've seen the end of it for years! Only, I will own, that one little stroke of luck happened to me. Yes, I must say that."

"Tell me all about it," said Virginia, and Mr. Catterwink-Dane obeyed.

"I've been a clerk in the City, in a grocery business," he began, speaking with a little more assurance, "since I was a boy of fourteen. A long time, Mrs. Warrington—fifty years. I ought to have had a jubilee, I suppose" —his old eyes blinked and the corners of the loose mouth trembled as though tears were imminent—"but no one cared whether I served five hundred years or fifty! Then a few weeks ago my employers sent for me. I went to them with a joyful heart, for the young clerks had given me to understand that I was to have a rise. They liked chaffing me; I was always considered fair game."

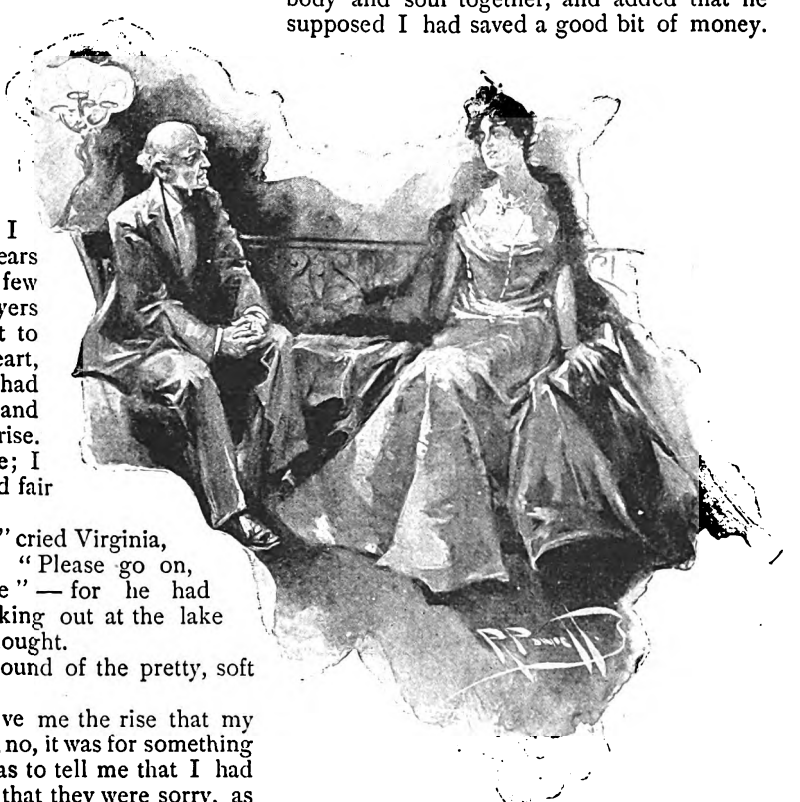
"How abominable!" cried Virginia, with quick sympathy. "Please go on, Mr. Catterwink-Dane" — for he had paused, and was looking out at the lake with an air of deep thought.

He started at the sound of the pretty, soft voice and continued:

"It was not to give me the rise that my employers sent for me, no, it was for something very different. It was to tell me that I had got beyond my work, that they were sorry, as I had served the house for fifty years, but that they had no option. Go I must. Sometimes I had wondered why other men rose and got on, were promoted from one post to another. Boys I had taught the first rules of their business, passed me, over and over again. I remained stationary, the man of over sixty, doing the work of a boy in his teens. I suppose they were all cleverer; yet, hard work tells, they say, and no one worked harder, that I can swear."

His head dropped on his breast and he repeated the last words with a musing, abstracted air, as though he were trying to find a reason for his having lagged so in the race of life. Suddenly he raised his face with a brighter look upon it.

"I am going," he said, drawing a deep breath, "to tell you of the wonderful piece of good luck that happened to me. It is like a book. My employers saw, I suppose, that the idea of leaving, of losing my situation, almost stunned me. I could say nothing. I could only gaze at him in stupid wonder, for he hastened to tell me that the firm intended to pension me. He named a weekly sum that would just suffice to keep body and soul together, and added that he supposed I had saved a good bit of money.



"Permit me to tell you my name—Catterwink-Dane. at your service."

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Out of my meagre salary on which I was supposed to dress and live like a gentleman! I said nothing, only thanked him, and went away, straight to my lodgings in Islington. And there I found a letter awaiting me, a letter that took my breath away. It was from a lawyer saying that a distant cousin of mine had died and left me two hundred pounds. Just think! Two hundred golden sovereigns!"

"Splendid!" cried Virginia. "And what did you do, Mr. Catterwink-Dane? Did you invest it—or put it by for a rainy day, for something to fall back upon, as people are so fond of saying—as though they were unsteady on their feet."

"You would never guess what I did," observed the superannuated clerk with a touch of triumph. "I put the lawyer's letter away, then I went to my books, and taking down Byron, I turned to my favourite 'Childe Harold' and devoured every word he wrote on Switzerland. My brain was in a whirl. The poet's wonderful verses reduced it again to order. When I closed the book, I was calm. My resolution was taken. I was going to spend my entire legacy on a journey to Switzerland and Italy. The day-dreams of my youth should at last be realised."

Virginia gave a little gasp.

"Wasn't that just a little imprudent?" she said hesitatingly. "I believe—one ought to think of one's old age, oughtn't one?"

"Old age!" broke in Mr. Catterwink-Dane impetuously. "I *am* old, madam, I have just enough to keep me from the workhouse, my two hundred pounds invested, would bring me in a paltry six, or at the utmost, eight pounds a year. What use would that be to me? No, I am laying it out, my treasure, in the wisest fashion, where 'moth cannot corrupt, or thieves break through and steal.' This journey will be a bright, glowing streak of light, in a life of uniform cloud."

His voice sank to a whisper; by the light of the moon Virginia could see his dim eyes turned on her with an air of wistful pleading. Not for the world would she have uttered another word expressive of doubt as to the wisdom of his proceedings.

"Thank you very much for telling me this," she said gently. "I hope from the bottom of my heart that you will thoroughly enjoy your holiday. I am sure no one ever deserved it more."

"Thank you," said the old man, with a smile that betrayed relief. "I am glad you do not think me absolutely mad, to spend my money in this manner. Believe me, it is a wise investment. When I am back in my quiet, dreary lodgings, I shall look back on these days with a delight that will carry me through many bitter hours. I shall not only remember the beauty of the scene, I shall never forget the sympathy and kindness, shown to me, an utter stranger, by the most beautiful woman and the sweetest, I ever saw in my life."

With a certain old-world chivalry, that did not ill accord with the holland coat, Catterwink-Dane raised Virginia's hand to his lips, and kissed it. At the sound of approaching footsteps he drew back into the shadow, and when Ross Warrington strolled up to his wife's side, she was alone.

"Found Melville awfully pleased to have a visitor," the Captain observed cheerfully. "But I wouldn't have left you so long alone, only I thought our friend with the feline name was keeping you company."

"He has only just left me," said Virginia. "Shall we go in now, Ross? It's getting chilly."

Virginia's kind little heart was full of projects for her elderly *protégé's* benefit, but the next morning he came to her, as she was sunning herself on the hotel steps.

"I want to ask a favour of you, Mrs. Warrington," he said humbly.

"Ask anything you like," Virginia said sweetly—"you may be sure I'll only be too glad to grant it."

"Then, during the fortnight that you are here, may I talk to you sometimes?" began Mr. Dane hurriedly. "May I now and again join you in your walks? Not often," he continued eagerly, "oh, believe me, I would not intrude upon you and your husband for the world—but—I thought, I felt sure, that you, who are so kind, would not hesitate to afford me another glimpse of your happiness."

"Mr. Catterwink-Dane," said Virginia quickly, "we—my husband and I—shall be awfully glad if you will join us in some excursions. We mean to see as much of this lovely country as we possibly can."

The watery blue eyes shone. "And—and I may come with you?" he cried joyfully. "Mrs. Warrington, you are too good. God bless you for it. You don't know what this means to me, after years of loneliness. To—"

He broke off abruptly.

"I shall never forget your kindness," he said in a quieter tone. "Never."

Virginia protested laughingly that she had done nothing to merit such extravagant

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thanks; but she felt very kindly towards her new friend, as she experienced the comfortable sensation of having performed a virtuous action.

"At my expense," observed the Captain grimly, when during the following days, the ex-clerk was as faithful to them as their shadow. "I don't much care for triangular parties, Virginia, I own."

"Poor old man, I'm so sorry for him," answered tender-hearted Virginia. "He told me his story, Ross. Such a sad one, and I do feel I want to give him a good time."

"I daresay," grumbled the Captain unappeased; "but I don't see why *I* should be bored, to make an old man's holiday; and he's desperately in love with you, Ginny. Mind you don't trifle with his young affections."

"For shame," answered Mrs. Warrington reproachfully. "Don't laugh at him, Ross; he's to be pitied."

"Because he likes *you*?" queried the Captain teasingly. "Here he comes with his usual offering of flowers for you. I'm afraid he'll ruin himself in bouquets."

"Here he comes with his usual offering of flowers for you."

Virginia looked up with a smile as her elderly admirer approached her.

"What lovely roses!" she said, as he silently offered the flowers. "Thank you so much, Mr. Catterwink-Dane. What beauties!"

"Honoured by your acceptance, though unworthy of you," observed Mr. Catterwink-Dane with a low bow, and Warrington turned away his head to conceal a smile.

But to Virginia there was something very touching in the old man's dog-like devotion, and she never lost patience with him, though, it must be owned, he was a little tiresome in his constant attendance on her, and Ross Warrington might have grown restive had not their stay at the hotel been drawing to a close.

One morning the Captain came into their private sitting room, where Virginia was yawning over a novel, with a telegram in his hand, and a look of solemn importance on his handsome face.

"Virginia, my child, what will you do, if I leave you for a few days?" he asked, sitting down beside her. "Here's a wire from my lawyer, begging me to come over to London at once. I can't think what it is, but I must go. The only thing is, I don't like leaving you alone here."

"I shall be perfectly comfortable, Ross, don't you worry about me," said Virginia reassuringly. "You won't be away more than five or six days, will you? And Mr. Catterwink-Dane will look after me, I'm sure. You can leave me with perfect ease."

"I suppose so," answered the Captain, but he looked rather doubtful. "Old Cat'll guard you like a dragon, I know. Only for goodness' sake be careful of cold, child; don't go out when the dew's falling, and mind you don't get your feet wet—"

"I'll be a regular old granny," Virginia hastened to assure him. "Don't worry about me, there's a dear. Where will you stay in town?"

"I don't quite know. I'll send you a wire on my arrival," answered Captain Warrington. "I must drive to the station and catch the midday train. No, my dear, you will not

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come to see me off. It is raining cats and dogs."

"You *are* fussy," Virginia remarked ungratefully, but she submitted to her husband's command, and listened patiently to his farewell exhortations not to venture out in the damp, and to make "old Cat" useful, if she wanted him.

A feeling of loneliness crept over Virginia as she stood on the hotel steps, waving a last goodbye to the carriage that bore Ross rapidly from her sight.

"I wish I could go to sleep till he comes back," she said with a sigh, as she returned to her novel. "I do miss him——dreadfully."

The day dragged; Mr. Catterwink-Dane appeared neither at luncheon nor dinner, and Mrs. Warrington missed him very much, rather to her surprise.

"He needn't have deserted me the very day I'm all alone," she said to herself discontentedly. "I'll have coffee in our sitting-room, I think. That huge drawing-room gives me the shivers on a wet evening, and the people *are* stupid."

When she entered her little salon, lit only by the ruddy glow of the open fire, that looked cheerful, but bestowed all its heat on the chimney, Virginia was surprised to find no less a person than Mr. Catterwink-Dane awaiting her.

"I thought you'd quite deserted me," she said kindly, giving her hand to the old man, who bent over it and kissed it. "It's awfully sweet of you to look me up, for I'm rather lonely. You know Ross left me this morning. He'll be away a few days, he's gone to England on business."

"Indeed," said the ex-clerk, who seemed more than usually nervous. "I've really come to say good-bye, Mrs. Warrington. I'm leaving to-morrow morning, by the first train."

Virginia opened her big eyes wide. "Isn't that very sudden?" she asked. "I thought you were going to stay here a fortnight."

The old man looked at her with an expression she could not fathom.

"Do you want me to stay?" he asked. "Mrs. Warrington, do you care whether I am here—or not?"

"I want you to enjoy yourself, to do just what you like," replied Virginia, evading a direct answer. "If one's time is limited, one can't stay too long in one place, can one?"

"That's not the question," said Catterwink-Dane earnestly, "but—"

He broke off suddenly, and looked at the jewels Virginia was wearing. She considered her priceless emeralds safer on her neck than in the keeping of her maid. In spite of her husband's objections she had insisted on bringing them with her.

"It's an awful risk to wear those things," Mr. Catterwink-Dane said anxiously. "I wonder you're not afraid."

Virginia laughed. "I don't see what's the use of jewels if you leave them at a bank," she said, "and I always keep mine in that shabby old box over there, with my husband's dispatch-boxes. No thief will think of looking there. You see I shall want them all when we go to Paris and Vienna."

"Still it's very dangerous, really," urged Mr. Dane, "and—and you'll excuse me—but—people notice them, and—seem to think it's strange you should wear them in an hotel. Don't be angry with me," he added timidly, as Virginia's eyes sparkled—"they—they say it's not good form."

"I'm afraid I don't mind much what they say," she rejoined coldly. "I shall continue to wear my emeralds, Mr. Dane, whether strangers approve or not."

"Now you're vexed with me," he exclaimed in distress—"with me—who would lay down my life for you. Mrs. Warrington—you must know, what—what I've been unable to hide—what I'm afraid everyone knows and laughs at, that I love you. Yes, old, ugly, odd as I am, I love you, and I've come to say good-bye, for I shall never, never see you again."

As he spoke the old man fell on his knees before Virginia, and catching her gown in his grasp, bowed his face upon the silken folds, and kissed them passionately.

"Let me stay," he murmured. "Oh, I love you! I love you!"

"Mr. Catterwink-Dane," cried Virginia in dismay, "for goodness sake, get up. You—you don't know what you're saying; you're making me very unhappy. Please, please don't stay there. Get up; suppose someone were to come in!"

As she spoke she bent down and touched the grovelling figure lightly. The next instant an arm was round her throat, a hand covered her mouth to prevent her uttering a cry; there was a snapping sound, a gleam of flashing brightness in the firelight, and her emeralds vanished into Mr. Catterwink-Dane's pocket.

"Say one word," hissed that gentleman, "and I'll wring your pretty neck, you little fool. Tell me where your other jewels are,

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I mean to have them. Try to scream, and—" —his fingers tightened suggestively, and Virginia could only gasp and point towards the very shabby leather case on the writing-table.

"Good," said Mr. Catterwink-Dane composedly. "Now, I'm sorry to inconvenience a lady, but I must make you secure. I came provided with rope, but first we'll construct a gag. Don't want your maid called—yet. There now, all's shipshape. I'll secure my 'swag,' and then I'll have a little talk with you."

As one in a dream, a horrible nightmare, poor Virginia watched the rifling of her jewel-case, saw diamonds, pearls, necklaces, and bracelets disappear into the many capacious pockets of Mr. Catterwink-Dane, till everything was disposed of, and he returned to her again.

"Rather neatly done, I fancy," he said coolly, seating himself opposite his victim, "and a very decent haul. Oh, what fun it's been, and how I've laughed. You must own that the whole get-up has done me credit. I knew this would be a safe plant. You were of the soft-hearted, pitiful kind, and I just laid it on thick. I've nearly had hysterics sometimes, when I've been alone, to think how you swallowed it all, as though it were gospel. My getting the sack, and the legacy, and—oh deliver us; sometimes I thought I should burst!" And the transformed Catterwink-Dane indulged in a peal of such hearty, though subdued laughter, that he found it necessary to apply his coat-cuffs to his eyes, whilst Virginia regarded him with impotent rage.

"We've had our eye on you," resumed Mr. Dane pleasantly, "ever since you were married, and we read the account of the wedding presents in the paper. My goodness! they were enough to make a man's mouth water. No 'sets of Chandos poets,' or photo-frames, or butter-knives. No, nothing but jewels, so it seemed, and we found out you'd taken 'em with you. Brides like to, especially when they're going to stay at Embassies, as the papers announced was *your* intention. They like to cut a dash among foreigners. I hope this will be a warning to you not to put temptation in people's way, Ma'am."

Mr. Catterwink-Dane shook his head at Virginia, as she lay helpless in her chair.

"I must be off," he observed, "only just another word. You really ought to admire how neatly we got your husband out of the way. My pal in London managed it; wired and everything. And now—good-bye, my dear. It's been an amusing little game, and I feel the stage would be my proper place. Tragedy, of course, for" —the wretch grinned evilly— "I made you cry once, the first evening. You remember?

"You'll never catch me," he added, as he went to the door. "For, though you may advertise my description, there'll be no one to answer it. I fancy this make-up of mine will prove a regular teaser to the police. I'm proud of it myself. You'll have to stay as you are for a few hours; I'm sorry to inconvenience a lady, but in this case it can't be helped."

Mr. Catterwink-Dane was already at the door, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he returned to Virginia. "Which do you mind most?" he asked maliciously, "the loss of your jewels, or—the blow to your vanity?" And I think at that moment Virginia would have found it difficult to say.

"So, remember, in the future," said Mr. Catterwink-Dane, with severity, "if you are inclined to think too highly of your charms that it was your jewels I admired, and—not your beauty!"

"I wish I could go to sleep till he comes back," she said with a sigh, as she returned to her novel.

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The Banjo King

By Frank Holmfield.

Mr. Piper holds in each hand a full-sized banjo. and, while swinging them to and fro, plays a tune.

When the outlook in South Africa was at its blackest, when military blunders were followed quickly by disasters to British arms, and many a heart was rent with grief and sorrow, there was one man, at any rate, who strove his level best to rouse the drooping spirits of those who lived with the thunder of guns beating into their very souls.

And, indeed, the enlivening effect of a banjo manipulated by a player who is a thorough master of the art, must have proved most welcome to those whose ears were accustomed more to the rattle of the rifle and the wails of the wounded. And Mr. Franco Piper, who holds the unique distinction of having played the banjo through seventeen months of the war, where and whilst that war was most felt, is not the man to have spared himself where the "bink-a-bank-a-bong" of his strings was wanted.

At camp concerts, or in the wards of a hospital, his cheery music "bucked up" many a despairing heart. Up and down the line of communications he flitted, from centre to centre, from camp to camp, welcome everywhere—for caterers of amusment were few and far between; so he and his "stud" of banjos were kept as busy as the proverbial nailer.

As a banjo-soloist, Mr. Piper has few equals; in fact, it has been said of him that he is the King of banjoists. Apart from this, however, he certainly has no equal as a trick banjoist. Those who saw him on his recent visit to this country, when he appeared at the London Pavilion, will readily admit that his is one of the most marvellous performances in the world of entertainment.

What Cinquevalli can do with billiard balls Mr. Piper can accomplish with banjos—with this important difference: Cinquevalli only juggles with the ivories, whereas our South African visitor juggles with banjos—and plays them at the same time! Whilst the banjos are merrily "flying in the air" or pirouetting about his feet in all sorts of extraordinary ways, Mr. Piper's fingers find time to touch the strings to such fine effect as to send abroad a perfect flood of melody!

How is it done?

Well, they say that genius is the perfection of an aptitude for taking pains. And that seems quite true in this particular case. Even as a baby, Mr. Piper yearned for perfection in the art of playing a banjo. At three he was able to play tunes with infantile ardour, if not with touching expression. And he continued to "pull the strings" so effectively that early in his teens he was regarded as a first class soloist—the best in South Africa.

When he began to practise banjo-playing extraordinary in the way of accomplishing juggling feats to the accompaniment of his own music, he was a mere youth. Years were spent in perfecting this branch of his professional work. For three hours a day he never ceased to practise during four years for one of

When the first tune is finished he changes rapidly his position and plays a march, while the swing of the banjos marks the time.

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He places the banjos on the floor, causes them to rotate at an enormous speed, and plays a tune at the same time.

his more elaborate "tricks." It is indeed due to this sort of hard work that he now stands unique as a juggling banjoist. The accompanying photographs will give the reader some idea of his ability in this line, but one must really be present at his entertainment to fully understand how wonderful it is. Mr. Piper begins by taking a pair of full-sized banjos in his hands. Facing the audience, he swings the instruments alternately to and fro with increasing impetus. His hands and fingers are in the position shown in the photograph, viz., at the upper portions of the strings. As the banjos swing rapidly backward and forward the player's fingers are busily at work, so that a tune, produced with the utmost precision and in good time, floats through the air. The effect of the swinging movement of the instruments is decidedly a great improvement. In imitating church bells, for instance, the illusion is complete.

The performer, when he has completed the first tune, next assumes a new position. He stands with left or right side to the audience and swings the banjos sideways —as the pendulum of a clock moves—the pace gradually increasing. The tune has changed from a coon ditty to a military march, perfectly harmonised, one set of fingers playing the treble, the other set executing the seconds.

But these feats are mere preliminaries. There is something more wonderful to come. Placing the banjos upon the carpeted platform, Mr. Piper causes them to rotate at high speed — so high indeed that the instruments appear to the spectator as mere blurred forms. Fast as they are travelling, however, Mr. Piper manages to touch the right strings at the right moment as they run around beneath his fingers, and with such wonderful effect that not a single note is missed during the playing of a popular air well known to the audience. When one considers the marvellous nimbleness and touch of finger required to get through such a performance without a blemish, one begins to realise that Mr. Piper has earned this reputation that entitles him to be called the Prince of Banjoists.

One banjo is rotating to the left, the other to the right, while the tune is played without an error.

A variation of the above feats. One banjo rests on the upper end of the other, and both rotate, but in contrary direction.

But if the foregoing feat is wonderful, what of the next? It is remembered that the two banjos revolved in the same direction. Now we see two piccolo banjos, placed upon a small table, and rotating at full speed, each in a different direction—*one whirls to the right, the other to the left!* Even the unmusical spectator will, under the circumstances, appreciate the difficulty of the performer in playing the same tune on the two banjos.

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He rests a banjo on the floor, and, playing a tune all the while, causes it to move with a revolving motion across the stage.

The movements of the fingers of the left hand must be entirely different from those of the right hand, to meet the strings at the supreme moment when they pass below the fingers in their circular flight. And Mr. Piper never makes a mistake; the most musical ear in the audience will fail to detect the slightest error of sound in the harmony.

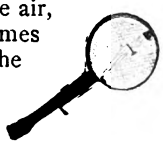
This feat is followed by another of equal, if not greater, skill. As will be seen by reference to the photograph, the pair of banjos are manipulated whilst the lower part of one rests on the upper end of the other, the two revolving at tremendous speed, but in contrary directions! I don't like to think of the fate of any ordinary banjo player who attempts to imitate this feat. Colney Hatch is the only possible sequel. It may frighten off ambitious ones when I state that only after a couple of years' hard practice was Mr. Piper satisfied sufficiently with this feat to perform it in public.

Another extraordinary way of playing a popular tune on a banjo is next illustrated in Mr. Piper's quaint way. He takes up a full-sized instrument, and, walking to the left side of the stage, rests the lower end on the carpet. He now proceeds to whirl the banjo in such a way that its rapid revolutions set it moving directly across the stage to the other side. As the banjo travels thus, Mr. Piper's fingers are as busy as ever, and whilst the banjo is whirling its way the favourite tune of "The Old Folks at Home" is flung out, with all its pathos, into the auditorium, where it is greeted with the enthusiastic applause which this good old song never fails to produce.

And now the most amazing part of Mr. Piper's playing is introduced. It takes the form of a series of juggling feats with one, and two, and three, and four, and even six banjos. The quickness of eye, and the unerring touch of finger, displayed during these feats are truly marvellous, and offer emphatic proof of what patience and perseverance can do for those who are built that way.

Playing on three banjos at the same time.

First of all, the Prince of Banjoists takes up one of his big "stud" of instruments. He throws it in the air, as Cinquevalli does a billiard ball. It sometimes makes half-a-dozen circles in the air before the strings come once more under the player's mobile fingers; but it always gets there at the precise moment when a string or two must be touched to fill in the necessary note of a tune, and that note is lightly touched and the banjo is once more well on its acrobatic career in the air.



Then another banjo is added, and both sets of the performer's fingers are called into use. One up, one down; but the right note is always "twanged" at the right moment, and the tune, be it waltz or march, is rendered as perfect in time as if the banjos rested at ease in the arms of the player. Still another banjo soon makes its appearance, and the trio are sent careering in the air amidst intense excitement, for the audience are always on the look-out for a grand smash. But it never comes. Keeping perfect time to their own tune, the three banjos leave the skilful hands of the player only to descend into them

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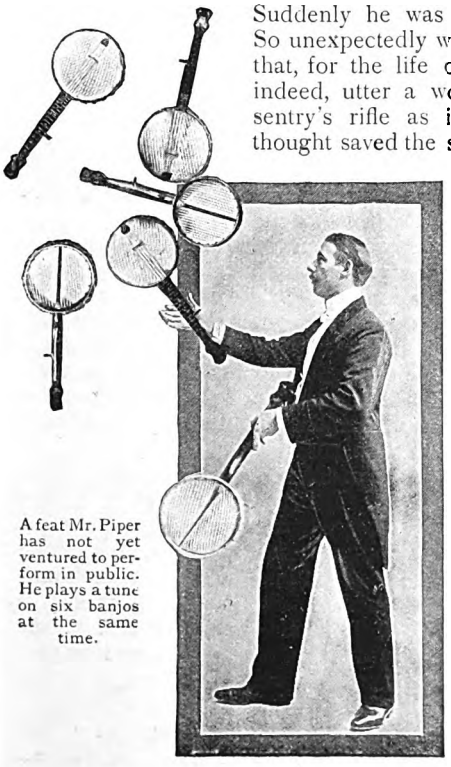
in turn at the proper moment. Now a fourth instrument is added. Yet the performer never quails. He is as cool in paying attention to and manipulating the quartette as he was when only one required looking after. Further, the musical effect is enhanced. In juggling one, two, and three banjos Mr. Piper only plays the air, but as soon as the fourth instrument joins the skyward flight the performer plays the air on the banjos that fall into his right hand and the "seconds" on the pair to which his left hand is devoted. The effect is really charming.

Playing a tune on four banjos.

Up to the present, Mr. Piper has not gone further than juggling with, and at the same time playing upon, four banjos in public. But he is at present hard at work on an even more sensational act—that is, juggling whilst he plays a harmonised air with no fewer than *six* instruments. He kindly allowed himself to be photographed whilst performing this prodigious feat, which the British public may see for themselves on his next visit to this little corner of the earth.

During his professional trips up and down the lines of communications and from camp to camp in South Africa, Mr Piper did not fail to have a share of experiences of a more or less adventurous nature.

One night he was hurrying back to his lodgings from a big marquee where he had given his entertainment before an audience of civilians and the military. Suddenly he was challenged by a sentry. So unexpectedly was the challenge hurled at him from the darkness, that, for the life of him, he could not recollect the countersign, nor, indeed, utter a word. The next moment he heard the rattle of the sentry's rifle as it was brought to the "present!" Then a brilliant thought saved the situation. He carried his banjo under his arm, and, luckily, it was uncovered and ready for use. In an instant the familiar strains of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" were strummed out. The sentry, laughing heartily, recovered his rifle and stood at attention and growled: "Advance, Mr. Piper and banjo—all's well!"



A feat Mr. Piper has not yet ventured to perform in public. He plays a tune on six banjos at the same time.

A rather pathetic little incident, in which Mr. Piper and his banjo-playing took part, happened in Bloemfontein. One evening he sat at the open window of his "diggings"—which were in a house on the outskirts of the town—practising some tunes on his instruments. As he played the familiar air "The Old Folks at Home" he heard the sound of someone weeping coming out of the darkness. Mr. Piper ran out, and, striking a light, discovered a young Boer, wounded badly.

The poor fellow was in a dying condition. Near the end he asked, in fairly good English, for the tune he had heard as he lay outside to be played again. Mr. Piper did so, and as the last bars of the melody trembled out the Boer fell back dead.

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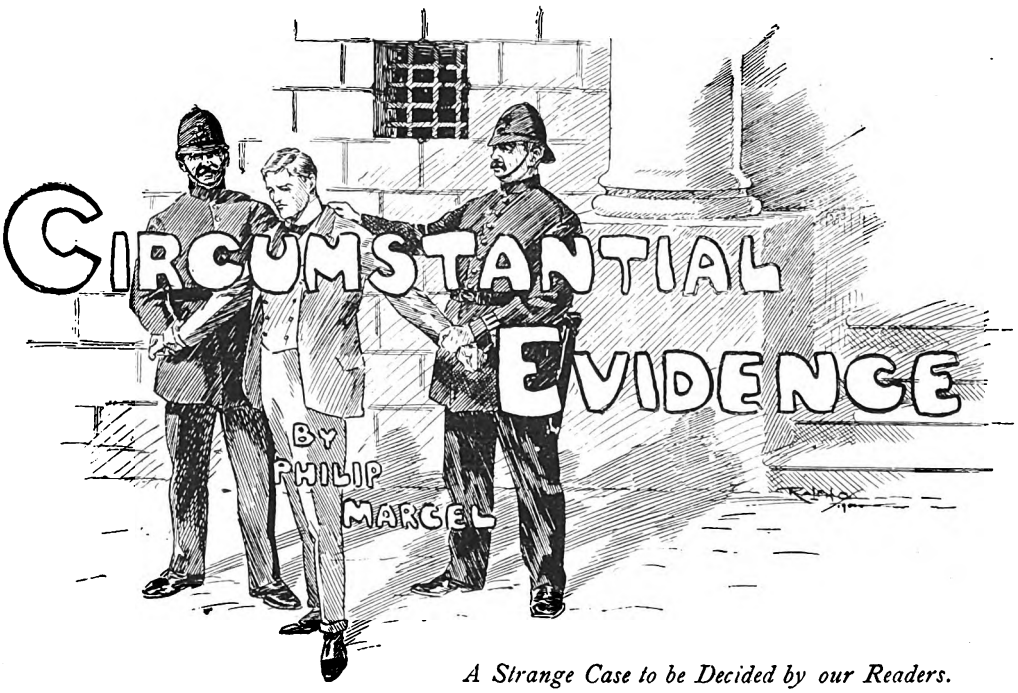

A Strange Case to be Decided by our Readers.

"I do not feel like dressing for dinner to-night. Let us send out to the Cock for a steak and a bottle of wine. I have a box of cigars here sent me from Havana by a grateful client, and some whiskey, which is, I believe, free from the germs of headache. What do you say? We can have an evening in the old style, and smoke until we cannot see one another."

"I am glad that you contemplate affecting our powers of vision by means of the cigars only," I said.

"I was speaking for myself, dear boy. After an exciting day like this I require but very little stimulant, I can assure you. You, on the other hand, can drink as much as you like, but I warn you that the Temple stairs are made of stone, unless you elect to recover on the hearthrug."

Listening to my light-hearted friend planning an impromptu meal in his chambers away up on the third storey of Paper Buildings, it was difficult for me to realise that this was the eager, nervous, impetuous lawyer who but a brief hour ago had succeeded in snatching a man's life from out the meshes of the Old Bailey.

My friend Hislop and I had not met for many years before that day—indeed, we had lost sight of each other owing to my absence abroad—and it was a sense of curiosity that led me to the dingy old Law Courts off Ludgate Hill to ascertain if the eloquent and gifted barrister who was counsel for the defence in a famous murder trial could really be my old friend and schoolmate, Jack Hislop.

Our astonishment and gratification were mutual when we exchanged a hasty hand-grip during the brief interval for lunch. Thanks to his influence, I was subsequently enabled to witness from the front row of the stalls the dramatic acquittal of the prisoner, and Hislop insisted that I should accompany him to his chambers, preliminary to a dinner at the Carlton.

The sight of his comfortable rooms, with a fire burning merrily in the grate of the spacious sitting-room overlooking the Temple Gardens, induced a home-like, restful feeling not to be obtained in a West-end restaurant.

So we dined *en Bohème*—when money is plentiful in Bohemia—and our talk of old times insensibly led up to Hislop's present position, and his brilliant achievement that day.

His animated face became grave and drawn as he said: "What a terrible moment

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that must be for a sensitive, intellectual prisoner when the jury files back into Court, and the Clerk of Arraigns asks their stolid foreman whether the verdict be 'Guilty' or 'Not Guilty.'"

"Yes," said I, "though under some conditions the result must be a foregone conclusion. Now, if your cigars were on trial——"

"Do not be flippant, Phil," he said. "The new humour but ill accords with your repute as a mighty hunter."

"My dear boy, I only meant to convey that their excellence could not be questioned. But seriously, I think I know what you mean. There must be a tinge of the same feeling in the moment when you raise an express rifle and aim at the brain or spine of an infuriated tiger measuring his distance for the final spring. It is a matter of hit or miss, with 'Kingdom come' depending upon inches and seconds."

"I doubt that that be a true parallel," was the quiet answer, whilst my friend's eyes gleamed dreamily at me through a cloud of blue smoke. "In your case there is a sense of personal conflict—the domination of mind over matter—glorified, it may be, by the fighting instinct in man. But the poor fellow in the dock is a dumb wager, as it were, between liberty and the scaffold, with all the power of the law pulling on behalf of the hangman and only a few unreliable circumstances holding out for the human life at stake. No, I imagine there is nothing so terrible as the position of a man in the dock awaiting the awful syllables about to thrill the Court when the foreman answers that simple question."

I laughed almost nervously. Your great barrister must be a great actor in voice, in manner, in gesture—and here was Jack Hislop playing upon my feelings with the skill of a famous tragedian.

"Really, Jack," I cried. "It must be bad for your nerves if you take your briefs so much to heart. Why, man alive, I always imagined that lawyers were utterly callous in their work, just as one pictures a leading physician or a successful general."

"That is so," he answered quietly. "At the moment I was thinking of a personal experience."

"What! You don't mean to tell me that you have ever been in the dock?"

"Oh, yes, I have," he said, "and what is more, I was sentenced to death."

I pushed the decanter of whiskey towards him. "Try this," I said. "It will steady you."

He wheeled his chair round to face the fire. "Would you like to hear the story?" he said.

My answer was to follow his example and light a fresh cigar.

"You will remember," he said, "that after I left Balliol my thoughts first turned towards journalism. Acting on the advice of an old friend, I obtained a position on the reporting staff of a newspaper in the north of England. Here for twelve solid months I sedulously reported Boards of Guardians, police courts, political meetings, agricultural shows, and every possible sort of journalistic engagement worthy of type but unknown to literature.

"This was a course intended, in the words of my friend, 'to take the nonsense out of me.' It did. At the end of a year I had not an unnecessary superlative left in me, and I knew that I never should be a Milton even if I were neither mute nor inglorious. I had lodgings in a quiet street of a sea-side town, in a house kept by a respectable widow and her elderly daughter. These people possessed a sort of frayed gentility. They had known better days, but they did not obtrude the fact, and, what was more, made it no excuse for bad cooking and dirty rooms, so I was thoroughly comfortable.

"One Saturday I was engaged for many hours in reporting a very important meeting of the Harbour Trust—a matter of four or five columns—for Monday's paper. After dinner I debated in my mind whether to spend the evening in the local music-hall and do my work next day, or tackle it at once and go for a long spin on my bicycle on the Sunday afternoon if the roads permitted.

"My nature always inclined me towards clearing up any task I may have in hand, so I elected in favour of home and duty. I worked steadily on without a pause until the numbering of my copy-paper showed that at least three columns of speeches by illiterate and ungrammatical shipowners had been added to contemporary history. Then I looked at my watch and found that the hour was past one o'clock. I wheeled round to the fire, lit a cigarette, and, feeling rather sleepy, decided that in a few minutes I would go to bed, as it would be an easy matter to finish my report after breakfast next morning.

"I may have dozed a little, when an unusual sound startled me back into that acute, almost painful, tension of every sense which often accompanies a sudden awakening. I imagined that I heard a deep and hollow groan; but a moment's consideration showed

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me that the idea was ridiculous. I should here explain to you that the house was built on old-fashioned lines. From the street door a flight of steps led straight up to a landing, on one side of which was my sitting-room with a bed-room beyond, whilst a similar suite occupied the other half of the first floor.

"Beneath were the usual living rooms, kitchen, etc.; whilst my landlady and her daughter slept above. There were no servants in the house. The two ladies retired to rest invariably at ten o'clock, and the street door was secured only by a latch, as my business often kept me out until a very late hour. I was on such terms of friendship with them that I felt practically certain there could be no other person in the house without my knowledge, and the suite of rooms adjoining my own had been unoccupied for over a fortnight. Nevertheless, so strongly imbued was I with the notion that someone had groaned in a blood-curdling manner, that I opened my door, lit a match, and gazed about the landing and down the stairs.

"As I expected, nothing unusual met my gaze, so I went back to my armchair and smiled at my fancies, re-lighted my cigarette and poured out a small glass of whiskey, thinking at the same time that I had done well to resolve upon a bicycle ride next day, as I was a trifle unstrung by a hard week's work. I took a mouthful of the spirit and was setting down the glass upon the table, when again there came to my ears the unmistakable groan of some person apparently in mortal anguish. This time there could be no error. I was certainly alarmed and puzzled, but I could distinctly locate the sound in the opposite sitting-room. I am not a coward, and I am, as you know, physically able to take care of myself."

I nodded, because Jack Hislop was at one time in the running for the amateur boxing championship.

"It was difficult to decide what was best to do. I might arouse my landlady and thus unnecessarily alarm her. On the other hand, I knew every policeman in the town, and by slipping quietly downstairs, could bring one of them in with me in order to investigate matters before disturbing the household.

"Had I adopted either of these courses, I would have saved myself much future agony. But the analytical temperament which finally, I suppose, made me a lawyer, led me towards a middle expedient. I reasoned that perhaps it would be well to investigate the cause of the disturbance before deciding upon any further action. I obtained a candle from my bedroom, lit it, and grasped a short, sturdy poker from the fender. Thus equipped, I gained the landing and tried the handle of the opposite door.

"To my surprise it yielded easily, for the room was generally kept locked. I flung open the door and discovered, to my astonishment, that the gas was lighted. Now, mark you, what small things contribute to the building up of circumstantial evidence. Had I neither struck a match nor carried a candle I must have noticed the chink of light shining through the crevice at the bottom of the door when surveying the landing in semi-darkness. As it was, the partial illumination of the room astounded me.

"But this mere sense of unpreparedness yielded to a lively feeling of terror when I noticed stretched on the sofa under the windows the form of a tall and stalwart man, brown-skinned and black-bearded—a man who was a complete stranger to me—whose face and hands were smeared with blood, whilst a quantity of the same ominous substance had congealed in a dark mass on the floor at a point beneath his head.

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Even whilst I gazed at him, he moaned again with that eerie suggestiveness which had earlier attracted my attention. Feebly, too, he rolled his eyes about, until they rested on me, standing in the open doorway. Pulling myself together by a strong effort, I advanced into the room. It seemed to be ridiculous to take precautions against one apparently stricken to death. I placed the candle and poker on the table and then stooped down over the strange figure, now struggling convulsively in what impressed me as his dying agony. With one hasty glance around I had assured myself that the room was otherwise empty, and it would be an inhuman act to fly at once for assistance before I discovered whether or not I could do anything for the unfortunate individual on the sofa.

"So I stooped over him, intending to examine his injuries more closely. In the same instant the stranger rose up so suddenly as to amaze me. Then, without spoken word or warning of any sort, he flung himself upon me, and for the next half-minute I was engaged in a violent and determined fight for life. So fierce was the assault, so demoniacal were the rage and fury in my assailant's face, that I instantly realised that my life was not worth a moment's purchase if he succeeded in mastering me. So I wrestled manfully with him, and although he was, perhaps, my

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superior in strength, I succeeded by a trick in freeing myself from his clutches and hurling him against the wall.

"He recovered his balance with a quickness of a born fighter, and again rushed at me. I had no time to lose. In a stride I was through the door and holding the handle against him with all my might. But, however fairly we might be matched in general strength, his hands were far stronger than mine. Slowly the knob turned in my frenzied grasp, and I knew that soon this terrible maniac would have me again in his power.

"One thinks rapidly under such circumstances, as you, my dear Marcel, must do when you are facing some varieties of the big game you are so fond of bringing to bay. So I hit upon another expedient. I suddenly shoved back the door with all my might and sent my would-be pursuer flying against the neighbouring wall. Then I darted down the stairs four steps at a time, and tore open the latch, slamming the door violently behind me.

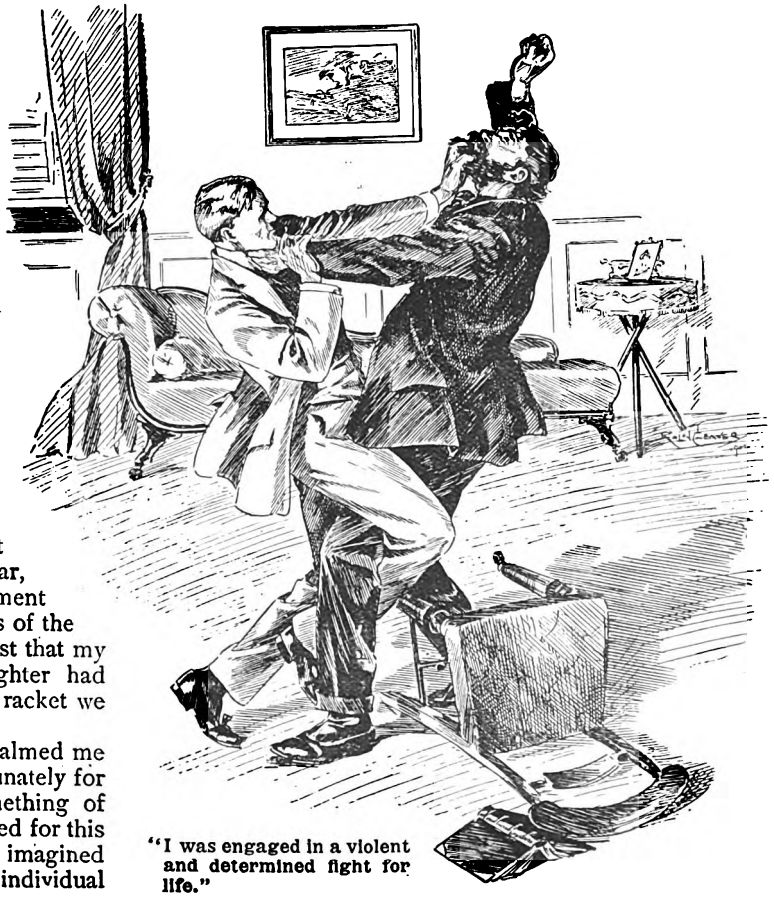
"As I broke into a run, I heard a tremendous thud on the panel of the door, and I believed, rightly as it transpired, that the madman upstairs had flung the poker after me. I darted across the street and stood on the opposite side of the way, for I was a good runner, and could trust to my legs to escape from further harm.

"But it seemed to be no part of his intentions to follow me. I waited some minutes, gazing at the house I had quitted so unceremoniously, but the man did not appear, nor was there any movement of lights in the windows of the second storey to suggest that my landlady or her daughter had been disturbed by the racket we had caused.

"The cool night air calmed me somewhat, and, unfortunately for myself, I guessed something of the truth which accounted for this strange adventure. I imagined that the murderous individual within slightly resembled a faded photograph of a much younger man which I had seen in my landlady's sitting room. 'He is some ne'er-do-well relative of the old lady's,' I said to myself, 'and if I now obtain the assistance of the police before I return to my lodgings it will create a terrible disturbance and scandal, all of which may, perhaps, be quite unnecessary. I am uninjured, and if I wait until the morning everything may be cleared up without undue fuss or excitement.'

"Finally, I adhered to the line of action indicated by my thoughts. I was well acquainted with the proprietor of a Temperance Hotel not far distant, so I resolved to knock him up and get a bed-room there for the night. In the morning I could return to my lodgings and demand an explanation of the outrageous treatment to which I had been subjected.

"On the way to this hotel, I encountered a policeman who turned his lamp on me. 'Good gracious! Mr. Hislop,' he said.



"I was engaged in a violent and determined fight for life."

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"'Good gracious! Mr. Hislop,' he said. 'What is the matter?'"

'What is the matter?' Not until the constable thus directed attention to my appearance had I grasped the dishevelled, not to say dramatic, state of my attire. I was in my slippers, and hatless. My waist-coat had been torn open. My hands, shirt, and clothes were blood-stained.

"Yet to explain these things to the constable meant opening up the whole mystery, a thing which I had decided not to do. So I smiled and said:—'It is nothing, Thompson. Soap and water will soon wash away all the damage. I am going along to Jones's hotel, where I intend to get a room to-night. I have been mixed up in a needless row, and matters will be all right in the morning.' P.C. Thompson was puzzled—even suspicious—but he knew me so well, and had such wholesome respect for the Press, that he did not question me further. He accompanied me to the hotel, listened to my not very convincing statement to the equally amazed landlord, and saw me safely admitted to the interior.

"Jones lighted me to a room. He was evidently not wholly satisfied with my explanation. 'If I were you, Mr. Hislop,' he said, 'I would have a wash. I can lend you a clean shirt in the morning. And what time shall I call you?'

"'About eight o'clock,' I replied. 'I must be out soon after nine, as I have a lot of work to do.' He said 'Good-night,' and quitted me.

"His manner was not so cordial as usual, and for the first time I felt that perhaps I was acting unwisely in not taking the policeman and Jones into my confidence. Suppose anything should happen to the lunatic during the night! What if he were to commit suicide? I might be in danger of arrest on a charge of murder!

"But I laughed at myself for these childish fears, and soon removed all traces of the struggle from my hands and face by a vigorous application of cold water. I also rubbed my damaged clothes with a wet towel, but the case of the shirt was hopeless. As I poured the blood-stained water into a slop-basin, it occurred to me that a man who has committed a murder under brutal conditions cannot readily efface all tokens of the struggle with his victim. But I was tired now, and thoroughly worn out, so I got into bed and was soon sleeping as soundly as if such things as unexpected lunatics in quiet houses never existed.

"Next morning, in accordance with my request, I was called at eight o'clock. As the first knock on my door failed to thoroughly arouse me, there came a second and more imperative summons.

"'All right!' I shouted sitting up in bed. 'I have heard you.'

"'Let me in, Mr. Hislop,' said the landlord's voice, and I thought I detected in it a note of anxiety.

"'You can come in,' I cried. 'The door is not locked.'

"But I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was awake when an inspector of police and two constables preceded Jones into the room. The inspector walked rapidly to the side of the bed. To my confused wits his manner

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implied a vague expectation on his part that I would offer some resistance to him. 'Why, Mr. Evans,' I said, 'what on earth is the matter?'

"'Something very serious is the matter,' was the stern answer. 'I arrest you on the charge of murdering James Tandy, the son of your landlady, and I caution you that anything you may say in reply to the charge will be taken down in writing and may be offered in evidence against you on your trial!'

"'What nonsense is this?' I stammered, gazing from the inspector's grave face to the stolid countenances of the two constables, one of whom was the man I had met in the street a few hours earlier, and at last fixing my eyes upon the pallid and trembling landlord.

"'It is no nonsense at all, Mr. Hislop,' replied the inspector, 'but I advise you to say nothing further at this moment. You must get up at once and dress in my presence, and I will take you in a cab to the police station.'

"'But,' I protested vehemently, 'I have not killed anybody. I was subjected to a violent and uncalled-for attack in my own rooms at an early hour this morning, and simply came here to obtain a much-needed rest until I could have an opportunity of investigating a very strange occurrence.'

"'In your own rooms, did you say?' inquired the inspector.

"'Well, not exactly. The affair took place in a set of rooms next to mine.'

"'You will remember, Mr. Hislop, that I cautioned you,' said the inspector, 'and I repeat my advice that you should say nothing until you are represented at your trial.'

"His cold and emphatic reasoning almost curdled the blood in my veins. I dressed mechanically. The policemen would not permit me to don the blood-stained shirt and Jones made no offer to accommodate me with any of his linen.

"'One of my men,' explained the inspector, 'will get you any articles of clothing you may require from your lodgings.' I noticed that the two constables were folding up my shirt and the towel with which I had cleaned my clothes. They also appropriated the slop-basin with its blood-stained water. In a sort of a daze, I accompanied them from the hotel and five minutes later found myself the occupant of a cell in the police station."

He paused for a little while and then gave me the opportunity I had longed for.

"Look here, Hislop," I cried. "Is all this that you tell me plain fact or very realistic fiction?"

"You will decide as to that when you have heard the sequel. I was taken before the local bench. The magistrates were friends of mine, but to my indignant remonstrances they turned a deaf ear, and remanded me pending the result of the coroner's inquest. This was held in due course, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' was brought in against me, the pompous coroner deeming it part of his duty to declaim solemnly upon the uncalled-for nature of the crime.

"Then I was brought again before the borough justices and committed for trial at the ensuing assizes, being lodged meanwhile in the county gaol. It was not until the quietude of a cell, the monotonous regularity of prison life, somewhat steadied my scattered senses that I realised the gravity of my position. I have often wondered since that during the mental horror of that ordeal I did not lose my senses. What is it that causes men to go mad? Is it possible for a sane and healthy man to suddenly become a raving maniac under the stress of intense emotion, or is it necessary that the nerves should be subjected to prolonged and ceaseless irritation before they burst the restraint placed upon them by the trained and orderly functions of the brain? I cannot tell? All I know is that during those terrible weeks of confinement I was sustained by the knowledge of my innocence, and I felt something akin to the sentiments of a mediæval believer unjustly punished for conscience sake.

"Moreover, hope sustained me. I could not bring myself to admit that the trained intelligence of an English judge would permit a man to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for an imaginary crime. It was monstrous, intolerable. Often in the silence of my narrow tenement I laughed aloud at the absurdity of my predicament, but there promptly came a stern reminder of the realities when a warder gruffly enjoined me to keep silent.

"At last the dull and dreary persistence of the law conducted me to the final stage—I faced the assize judge and the twelve good men and true who were to try me for my life. During my career as a reporter I had often attended the trials of other unfortunates, but little did I realise, in those days, now apparently so far distant, that I would one day be the central figure in the most dramatic scene known to erring humanity.

"The evidence was the same right through. The stranger in the house was my landlady's son, who, after a turbulent youth and a long absence abroad, had come back to his

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"The white cap was pulled over my face."

mother prosperous and well supplied with money. My landlady and her daughter admitted that they had not told me of his presence in the previously unoccupied rooms; they did not think it necessary, as he had retired early to rest, and we should be sure to meet next morning.

"When one of them went to wake him, she found his blood-stained corpse on the floor of the sitting-room, with his head battered in by some heavy weapon, and the condition in which my poker was discovered at the bottom of the stairs suggested that this was the implement used. A large sum in notes and gold, known to be in his possession, had disappeared, and the police had utterly failed to trace the whereabouts of the money, because, of course, I had fiercely denied all knowledge of the crime charged against me.

"The rest of the circumstantial evidence showed unmistakably that I was not only a murderer but an arrant fool. Even my solicitor, and the counsel retained for my defence—nay, indeed, my very relatives, including my widowed mother—could not be brought to believe the truth of my story. So assured were they of my guilt that the most strenuous efforts were made to show that I was insane, that my overtaxed brain had yielded to stress of work, and that I had committed this frightful deed under the impulse of homicidal mania.

"I scouted this theory as resolutely as I denied the crime. There at last came to my aid a proud defiance of fate. I resolved to bear myself bravely and to go down to a dishonoured grave strong in the consciousness that I suffered unjustly. But notwithstanding this fortitude—which the newspapers, by the way, described as 'brazen indifference'—I well remember the awful sensation of the moment when at the close of a long and fatiguing day, the jury came quietly back to their places in the Court, and I could not help scrutinising their anxious faces to see if therein lay any gleam of hope. I heard the Clerk of Arraigns deliver his fateful query. I heard the foreman of the jury say, with a break in his voice, that the verdict was 'Guilty,' and the word struck me with all the force of a sledge hammer.

"Thenceforth my life was passed in a state of coma. The impressive phrases of the judge in sentencing me to death fell upon dulled ears. Days and nights of anguish succeeded one another, until the last dread morning came, and the hangman entered my cell to pinion me prior to my execution. I passed along the gloomy corridors of the gaol, the central and woeful figure of a

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mournful procession. I heard the chaplain murmur words of consolation and hope. 'Even for the guilty,' he said, 'there is Eternal Life, if you are sorry for the crime, and be sincere in your repentance, and pray earnestly to God for forgiveness.'

"I did pray, I remember quite well. In a dazed way I felt that I must have committed some wrong which demanded this tremendous atonement, and I trusted that at least this unknown crime would be expiated. Then I stood upon the fatal drop and felt the rope adjusted around my neck. The white cap was pulled over my face. There was a sudden stifling vacuum—and I—awoke!"

Hislop's final sentences had frozen my marrow, and I positively gasped with surprise at his concluding words.

"You awoke!" I almost shouted. "Why did you petrify my very bones by telling the story in such a manner as to make me believe it was not a dream?"

Hislop now helped himself to a small supply of whiskey.

"For a very good reason," he said. "It was not a dream. In so far as a large portion of the recital is concerned, it is very considerably founded upon actual fact. Now, I have told you my story, and will make a small bet with you. If you can indicate the exact part of the yarn where the narration ceases to be reality and passes instantly into the realm of imagination, I will stand you the best dinner that the Carlton can produce, followed by a box at the Empire. If you fail, the pleasure of payment will be yours. Do you take me?" he said.

"I do," I replied. And I lost the bet.

I wonder if the readers of ROYAL MAGAZINE will be better able than I was to discern between the real and the unreal. It may interest them to try, and, to give them an opportunity to exercise their critical faculties, I beg leave to withhold my friend's explanation for a month or two.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Marcel's interesting story is founded upon a genuine occurrence which was investigated some years ago by two distinguished scientists. The solution of the mystery is now known only to the writer and to the Editor of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. It affords ample scope for an amusing competition, so the Editor hereby offers a £5 note to the person whose letter is first opened, containing, in the barrister's words, "the exact part of the yarn where the narration ceases to be reality and passes instantly into the realm of imagination." The result will be published in our January issue.

Competitors must copy the whole of the sentence which embraces this vital part of the story, and forward it in an envelope, addressed:

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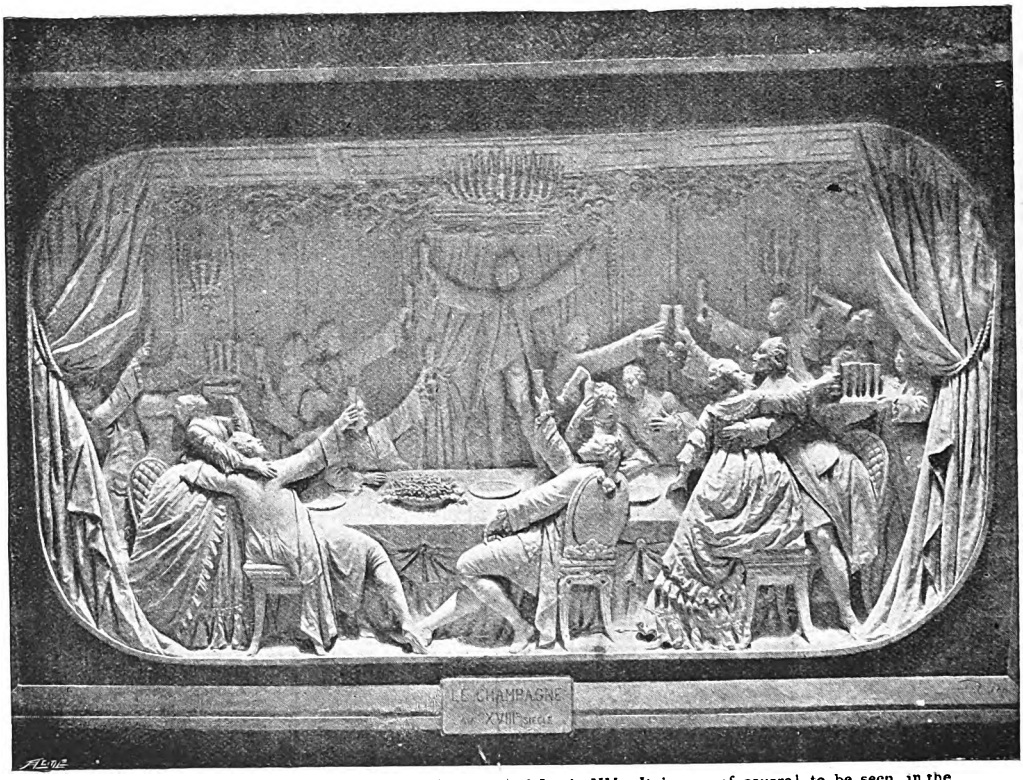

A remarkable chalk-sculpture illustrating the Court of Louis XV. It is one of several to be seen in the cellars of Messrs. Pommery, the champagne merchants of Rheims.

CHALK SCULPTURES.

By Arthur Goodrich.

Unless the withering hand of time has blotted out all traces of some civilisation prior to those of which we have any knowledge there is no doubt that sculpture was the earliest of the arts, for it was practised by man long before he commenced to portray his thoughts, feelings, and emotions, by means of painting. That the sculptor is a less skilful artist than the painter may be conceded.

To represent any material object in colour demands a dexterity in the handling of the brush, an acquaintance with the rules of light and shade, perspective and foreshortening unknown to the sculptor. But it is not just to declare that because a cutting tool, a block of wood or stone, or a lump of wax, are within the reach of the veriest savage, that sculpture is not one of those arts in which true genius can be shown.

Carved on the walls of the cellars of Messrs. Pommery & Greno, the champagne kings of Rheims, and Mercier, of Epernay, the sculptures which form the subjects of our illustrations have attracted so little attention that it is safe to say that not only are they, as I have said, unknown to the great world outside, but that few, if any, of the wine-makers who labour in the underground towns of champagne ever vouchsafe them even a glance on passing. Yet apart from their merits as works of art they have one great commanding claim on our attention. They are unique.

Careful inquiry has revealed the fact that they are the only sculptures of any pretension which have ever been chiselled out of chalk. This is not strange, for, as will be presently seen, chalk is anything but an ideal material to work on.

It was this fact which hampered M. Navlet, of Chalons-sur-Marne, when he began to test

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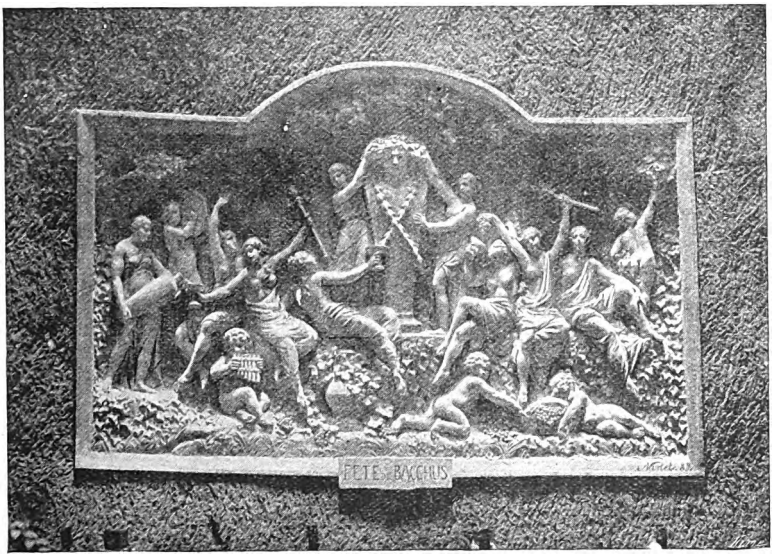

The Fête of Bacchus The first chalk-sculpture made in the cellars.

the claims of chalk as a rival to marble. But he had hardly started to work out the grand conceptions which filled his mind, when he discovered, to his dismay, that if chalk, as an art vehicle, had its advantages, it had also its defects.

The "Fête of Bacchus" was not only a subject peculiarly appropriate to the champagne district of France, but it was one of great poetical charm. The Fête of Bacchus, as M. Navlet pictured it, was no mere surface imitation of the things of every day that met his eye.

Like other deities the wine-loving god may not be the symbol or the representative of everything that is highest and noblest, but he is the only one who has never lost his hold on the affections of the people. His worship has lived through the ages because he is the popular idea of what such a god should be. Inspired by his subject the artist worked with such unflagging industry that at the end of twelve months he invited his friends to a private view.

A large concourse assembled, their curiosity stimulated by having heard much praise of this new art. When all were assembled the sculptor drew aside the curtain. A great hush fell on the gathering, but when the beauty of the work dawned on them the echoes of their applause thundered through the galleries of the ancient wine caves.

That it had grandeur without stiffness, care without pettiness, learning without pedantic exaggeration, was the universal verdict.

Then a very curious thing happened. First a leg and then an arm fell from the work. The crowd stared in blank dismay. But worse remained behind. Presently across one end of the sculpture appeared a fissure. It stole along the plastic

A chalk-sculpture illustrating the legend of Silenus.

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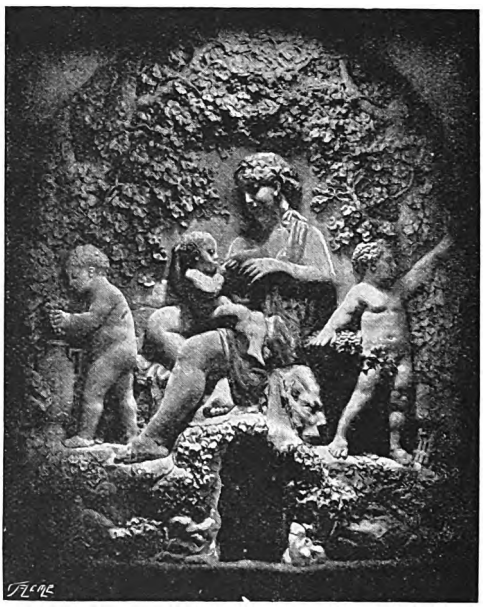
chalk, sadly weakened by a too lavish detail, crumbling the representation into ruin as it proceeded. When the company recovered from their astonishment Bacchus and his companions had vanished.

How M. Navlet comported himself history does not tell us. Filled with mingled grief and rage, the tropical warmth of his periods may have rivalled the verbal inelegancies of the British army in Flanders, or, on the other hand, he may have exhibited the chastened humility of a Sir Isaac Newton. One thing is certain, he did not despair.

So the sculptor set to work again on the Fête of the god who taught mankind how to make wine, with a most loving patience, and again, after another twelve months of incessant toil, the thin sinister crack appeared, and ruin, as before, followed in its wake.

Tenacity of purpose, which has enabled the Anglo-Saxon to accomplish so much, may not be a dominant characteristic of the Latin races, but M. Navlet was not without a goodly share. Add to enthusiasm and fixity of purpose, foresight, and what is the result of any undertaking? Success, of course. This is how the great sculptor conquered the hostility of the chalk.

Acting on the advice of Messrs. Pommery, he summoned a noted chemist to his aid, who speedily reduced the offending substance



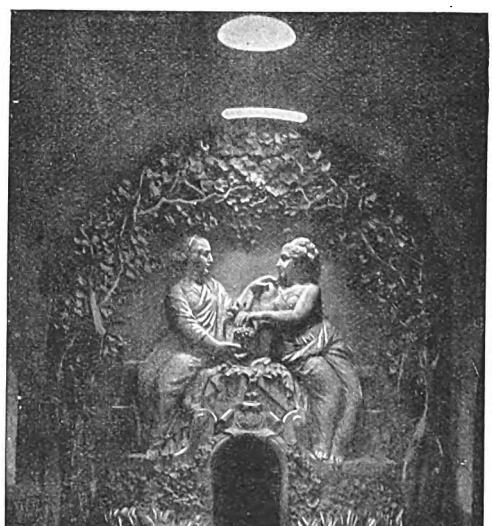
The infancy of Bacchus. A chalk-sculpture which crumbled away five times before a permanent result could be obtained.

to submission by gently spraying the work as it proceeded with dilute hypochlorate of potash. The revels of the wine god completed, the sculptor next devoted his genius to working out the details of a conception which had long filled his mind—the Court of Louis XV.

Just as I was leaving Rheims to return to England I learned that the cellars of Messrs. Mercier, the celebrated champagne growers of Epernay, were enriched with two large bas-reliefs in chalk, and hastened there to see if their beauty rivalled those in Messrs. Pommery's cellars.

Here, too, the artist had to contend with great difficulty. The dilute of hypochlorate of potash which had been so successful at Rheims lost its potency when applied to the chalk of Epernay. The Infancy of Bacchus crumbled to pieces no less than five times. A special weak solution of the hypochlorate of potash at length enabled him to complete the work.

One other feature in connection with these matchless works of art deserves to be noticed. Sheltered from violent atmospheric changes and not exposed to the action of the wind, the sculptures show few signs of decay, indeed, with the assistance of the hypochlorate of potash there is no reason why they should not live through the century just commencing.



France offering champagne to England. A chalk-sculpture in the cellars of Messrs. Mercier, of Epernay.

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Arthur Henry.

Little Hallidina was the son of a mountain shepherd. He led a very unhappy life, because his father, who thought more of the price his wool would bring than of anything else, did not appreciate the gentle nature of his son. Little Hallidina would rather lie in the sunny meadows and dream of the beautiful future he was sure must come to him at last than watch the flock all day. His father often complained when the sheep came home hungry.

Once, while little Hallidina was hunting for good omens among the flowers, a lamb fell into the water, and his father, after counting the flock at night, gave him a severe thrashing with his stick. The next day Hallidina left the sheep to find their way back to the fold alone, and forsook the desolate hills and the hut of his father for ever.

At noon he drank a bowl of goat's milk on the door-sill of a poor woman's cottage. The woman said to him with a heavy sigh: "You must go to the King's court for a fortune; there is nothing but the bitterest poverty about here."

"When I am rich," answered Hallidina hopefully, "I will give you a bag of gold for your goat's milk."

Late in the afternoon he saw the turrets of a great castle towering over the trees, and turning a bend in the road he came upon a rambling old building handsomer than he had ever seen before. He thought this must be the mansion of the King. As he stood in the dusty road, wondering if he could slip into the stables to sleep, the door of the mansion opened, and a fat woman with a lace cap on her curls, and a silken apron tied about her comfortable waist, came out hurriedly.

"You beautiful boy—my Raphael!" she exclaimed, catching the astonished wanderer to her breast.

"I—I am not your Raphael," he gasped, attempting to free himself in vain. "I am Hallidina, the son of a shepherd."

"Listen!" said the woman, releasing him from her embrace, but still holding his hand tightly, "I live here. My little boy Raphael is dead; but his hair was long and hung in golden curls as yours does, and his face was as fair and innocent. Will you not come to fill his place? Will you live with me?"

It suddenly occurred to Hallidina that this might be the fortune he was looking for, and that at least such a bed as he knew must be in the mansion was better than stable straw. So he let the motherly woman lead him into the house.

It was not until the next day that he discovered that it was merely the home of the King's gate-keeper, and that the King's palace was farther on, along a forest road. The turrets could be plainly seen above the trees in the distance.

This depressed him very much; for although there were many strange luxuries about him, his dreams had placed him far above the child of a gate-keeper—even to the King. But he would not abandon the good woman so unworthily, and determined to make her miss the dead Raphael as little as possible.

One day little Hallidina was seated on a stone in the forest, watching the squirrels chasing each other about the trees. Suddenly

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he saw a child before him. At first he thought her the queen of the fairies, but as he looked he saw she was very nearly his own size, and that she smiled upon him. He asked her to sit upon the stone beside him. Never before had he seen raiment so rich and dainty. Her little white hands were adorned with two tiny rings, one set with a pearl that shone as a dewdrop in the sun, and one with a brilliant topaz.

And the two played together in the forest.

After a time she said she must go, or the people would become uneasy about her. So she kissed Hallidina, and patted his soft cheeks with her fairy hands, and departed, saying she would return.

The summer passed, and every day the little sun-child, as Hallidina called her, came to the cottage of the gate-keeper. The good woman, who had learned to love Hallidina as her son, looked on at their play with a strange expression of wonder and apprehension. In the mornings she and Hallidina had many conversations, and she told him wonderful stories of the King and his great court, until he longed and feared to venture there. But he forgot all these wandering fancies in the presence of the sun-child. One day she said to him :

"I wish you might marry me, Hallidina."

"Ah," cried the boy, clasping her hands eagerly, "why not?"

"Because," she answered, looking sadly at a star-flower growing at her feet, "the one who marries me must cut down the forest of the Twelve Bats, or build a tower to the moon, or throw a pebble across the lake in the valley, or tell my father the number of hairs that grow on his head. None of these can you do, Hallidina, and for this reason I will never be contented again. I used to pay no heed to the foolish people who were trying so desperately to marry me; but now, as I look from my window, I start whenever I hear a tree fall in the forest of the Twelve Bats, and I watch the people by the lake throwing pebbles, only to sigh heavily as the circles constantly appear on its surface.

He drank a bowl of goat's milk on the door-sill of a poor woman's cottage.

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Never before had he seen raiment so rich and dainty.

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"No one has ever yet attempted to build a tower to the moon, as everyone knows it is more than ten times as high up as the tallest tree, and many a brave youth has been lost in an effort to find where it touches the earth. And no one has ever tried to tell the number of hairs on my father's head, because, of course, no one knows. And so, my darling Hallidina, it cannot be, unless we should prevail upon my father to relent."

"Why do all these people obey your father? What does the King say to such a strange thing here in his kingdom?"

"The King!" said the child. "My father is the King."

"Why," cried Hallidina merrily, "then he can order everything as he pleases, and perhaps he will do away with those stupid tasks."

So the two hurried through the woods to the King's court. Hallidina was full of wonder at the splendour of the palace and bewildered by the confusion. Horses were prancing and neighing as the grooms led them to exercise, and hundreds of servants in gay apparel stared hard at the youth as the Princess led him past. And though the Princess held his hand tightly to reassure him, he felt not a little awe as he thought of the great King on his throne. He was surprised when she led him straight to a fat, jovial-looking fellow, seated at the door of the great stables, enjoying a sun-bath and the sight of his beautiful horses.

"Father," said the maid, placing one of her little hands on his big, round knee, "this is Hallidina, and he wishes to marry me. He cannot cut down the forest of the Twelve Bats, as you can see; nor can he throw a stone across the lake in the valley; and as no one has ever been absurd enough to attempt a tower to the moon, or to tell the number of the hairs on your dear old head, you cannot expect him to. But, father, Hallidina, is my true lover." She looked beseechingly into the face of the astonished King and hesitated. Then the King looked upon Hallidina, who stood proudly by the side of the Princess, entirely unconscious of the boldness of his adventure. Then he looked at his daughter again, and the sight of her tender anxiety worried him. Just to gain time he said to Hallidina:

"For goodness' sake stop pulling my hair."

"Who are you that you should ask for the Princess?"

"I am the son of Thoss Elbert, the shepherd."

At this the King grew suddenly angry.

"Thoss Elbert!" he shouted frowning fiercely on the startled children, "Thoss Elbert! Your dishonest father, my sweet-faced boy, sold me a sick lamb, and I nearly died after eating it. The servants will feed

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you, but don't let me ever see you with the Princess again."

And the King caught his daughter in his arms and carried her weeping into the palace. When Hallidina saw her last, she was kicking her tiny heels against her father's big breast, and pulling with all her strength at his beard.

Hallidina rushed after them, shouting:

"You have six hundred thousand and three hairs on your head. I have fulfilled the task! I have fulfilled the task!" But the palace door was shut, and he could only beat it with his hands and cry: "I have fulfilled the task." Suddenly an angry servant appeared and said:

"What do you want? Come, brat, don't make so much noise here."

Hallidina instantly composed himself, and said calmly: "I merely wish to announce that I have come to tell the King the number of hairs on his head, and to demand the hand of the Princess!"

The servant looked upon him in astonishment, but went with his message to the King.

"How now!" demanded the King sternly, when he was admitted to his presence. "You are as impudent as your father is dishonest."

"Sir," answered Hallidina, looking in vain for the Princess, "you have six hundred thousand and three hairs on your head."

"How do you know that?"

"I am not required to tell how I discovered it, but merely to announce the number. I have done so, and now I demand the hand of the Princess."

"Hold on," said the king, with a look of cunning, "not so fast. You are wrong by thirteen. There are six hundred thousand and sixteen hairs on my head, sir, and you shall be turned out into the woods because of your insolence."

"I maintain that I am right," answered Hallidina stoutly, "and request a count."

"A count?" cried the king.

"A count," repeated Hallidina firmly. There was evidently no way out of it, for the King was just; and though he summoned his wise men and pondered over the uncomfortable situation, he saw no reasonable ground on which to refuse the count.

Meanwhile the Princess, all unaware of the adventure of her little lover, grieved because she could not find him. She spent all her nights weeping and her days in fruitless search. Hallidina was kept prisoner in the palace while the King consulted his wise men. The day was set. "The King is to have his hair counted," whispered the servants and the people about the palace, until the strange event was noised far and near. The wood-chopper in the forest of the Twelve Bats redoubled his efforts, and the men by the lake sought desperately for the enchanted stone, which was said to lie somewhere along the shore.

The day came. Hallidina stood upon the chair beside the King, and in the presence of his whole court began to count. Every time he separated a hair from the rest he pulled it a little, and the King passed the most unhappy hour of his life. "Can't you avoid pulling?" he cried. "If I could," answered Hallidina submissively, "I certainly should; but you see your hair is in such a tangle that there is no other way of being accurate." "Ouch!" exclaimed the King, squirming uneasily on his throne, "great heavens, how can I endure it?"

Just then the Princess, who had not dared to venture upon the scene before, peered anxiously into the room. She saw Hallidina, flew across the floor, and fell weeping and laughing together at her father's feet.

"Stop!" cried the King, lifting his hand toward Hallidina, "I cannot harden myself longer against the tears of my beautiful daughter. Take her, Hallidina, and for goodness sake stop pulling my hair."

So Hallidina and the Princess were married. Thoss Elbert came to live in the palace, and he and the old King quarrelled together with great mutual pleasure for many years. The old woman received the bag of gold for her goat's milk, and the wife of the gate-keeper was appointed the royal nurse. But nobody ever knew just how many hairs the King had on his head except Hallidina, who grew in time to believe there were just six hundred thousand and three.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The CHRISTMAS ROYAL (published November 22) will be a Double Number and priced at Sixpence. It will contain a large assortment of seasonable and interesting articles, and many smart stories, all profusely illustrated.

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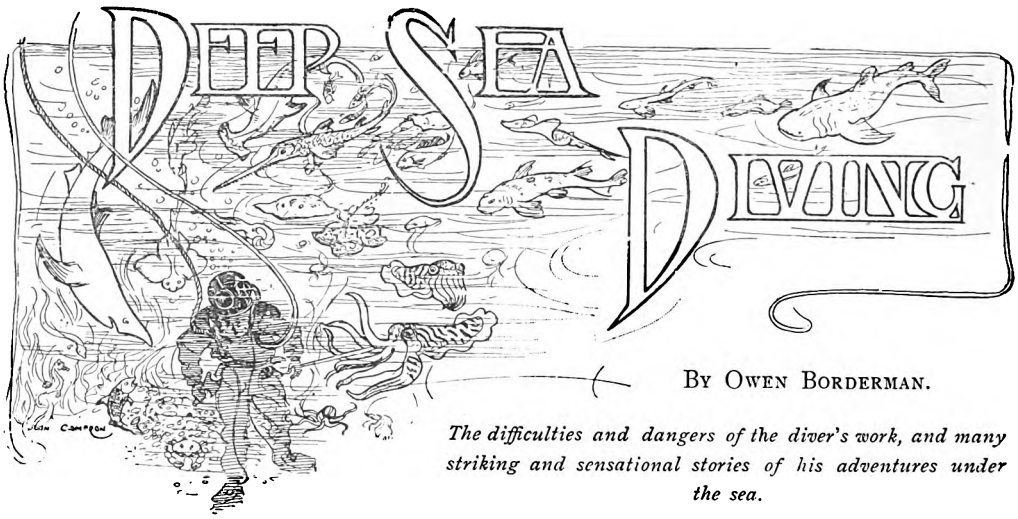

By Owen Borderman.

The difficulties and dangers of the diver's work, and many striking and sensational stories of his adventures under the sea.

"What we have we'll hold." Surely this might well have seemed the proud and justifiable boast chanted by the waves of the world's great oceans as they closed over many a gallant vessel and its cargo of treasure, living and dead. For the vessel, ale ! if grudging restitution be ever made, it is but of the worthless case. But in his hold on material spoils Father Neptune must be forced to admit that those puny mortals up above are slowly but surely compelling him to relax the tenacity of his grasp. It must be as much in sorrow as in anger that he sees the men of that "tight little island," always regarded as his peculiar *protégé*, foremost in the attacks on his treasure-house.

Slowly but surely the retentive power of the sea is receding. For while a depth of over 200 feet has been reached by divers, a limit of about 150 is that at which work can safely be done. This is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that while at 20 feet there is a pressure of eight pounds to the square inch upon the diver, at 150 feet it is increased to sixty-five pounds.

Given a man with the right physical qualities for the work—not thick-necked, with a sound heart and no apoplectic tendencies—it may be said that the chief requisite for safe and successful diving, is caution.

The diver must descend his ladder and rope slowly and with frequent stops, only moving downwards a few feet per minute, that he may become accustomed to the increase of pressure. The least discomfort should be Nature's signal for retreat ; and an upward movement should always be made at any sign of dizziness or singing in the ears, and if after a second attempt the symptoms do not disappear the descent must be abandoned for the time.

Sometimes a descent is impossible from other causes. The story goes that an officer in charge of diving operations from a warship was dissatisfied with the work, and determined to go down himself to show how it should be done Unfortunately, the intricacies of the dress were new to him, and the angry diver contrived to screw up the escape-valve. The officer, buoyant to a degree with an overcharge of air, struggled vainly on the surface and gave it up as a bad job.

Once below and moving on *terra firma*, the diver must remember that while some powers are greatly lessened others are increased. R. L. Stevenson has left us an account of an amateur descent he once made off Wick as a boy. When at the bottom, his companion, an experienced diver, motioned him to spring on to a rock some 6ft. high.

Accoutred as he was in full diving dress, it seemed a rather foolish joke, but on making the attempt, Stevenson hopped up like a bird, and was proceeding further when his friend seized him by the shoulders and checked his career. Even then his legs followed downwards reluctantly, and he was hauled in hand over hand, and propped upon his feet "like an intoxicated sparrow."

It will thus be seen that while a diver's power of lifting is very great, that of hauling

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anything down is practically *nil*. Neither can he well push, unless, indeed, the tide or a current happen to be with him. To bore or drill a hole in a sunken wreck or a rock he must wedge himself against some stone or support behind him or be lashed to his work. It is a mistake to suppose that currents and tides are not felt at the sea bottom; the contrary is often so much the case that should a diver get on the lee side of his work he may find it impossible to return against the pressure, and must be raised to the surface and re-lowered.

In the matter of submarine dress there are, as elsewhere, fashions old and new, with the two important differences that obsolete modes are rarely revived, and that the sole reason for alteration is utility and safety. As to foot-gear for example. The old style was a complex mass of leather, wood, and iron, with leaden soles; now, the latest thing in boots is a single casting of brass, with an "upper" of leather, which latter can of course be renewed as often as necessary.

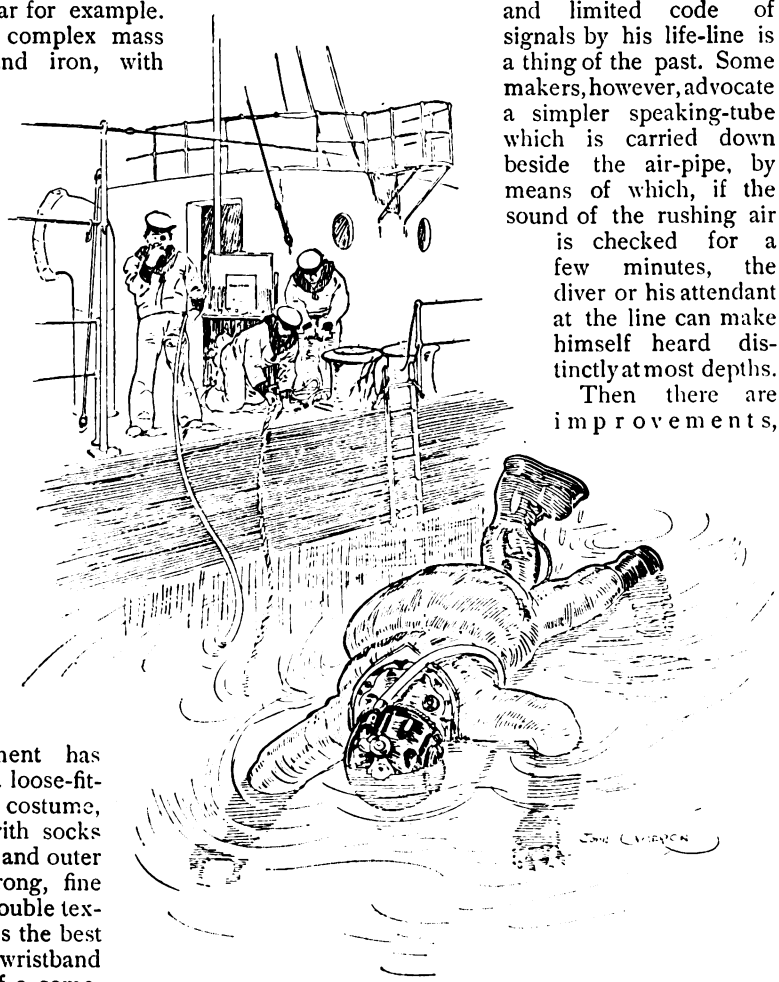
Most people have some idea of a diver's dress. His underclothing consists of woollen guernsey, drawers, and stockings, designed both for warmth and also to protect him in some measure from the pressure of the water. At certain temperatures he will wear two or even three of these suits.

His outer garment has the appearance of a loose-fitting French bathing costume, long-sleeved, and with socks attached. The inner and outer surfaces are of strong, fine twill, tanned and of double texture; between these is the best Para rubber. The wristband and neckband are of a somewhat different rubber; the latter makes a water-tight joint with the helmet and corselet, and the wristbands, themselves tight fitting, are further secured against leakage by rubber rings or cuffs. Gloves of rubber, specially shaped to allow a good grip on tools, are also at his service, but are not generally used at normal temperatures.

The helmet has suffered little alteration in shape or material—the latter is of burnished copper, with gun-metal fittings. Its weight is carried by the padded shoulder piece or corselet, to which it is screwed after being placed in position. Its three eyes, one in front and two fixed side ones, remain much the same.

But science has not neglected the diver. The telephone now goes down with him to his work, so that a fixed and limited code of signals by his life-line is a thing of the past. Some makers, however, advocate a simpler speaking-tube which is carried down beside the air-pipe, by means of which, if the sound of the rushing air is checked for a few minutes, the diver or his attendant at the line can make himself heard distinctly at most depths.

Then there are improvements,



An officer, dissatisfied with a diver, determined to show him how the work was done. But the indignant diver screwed up the escape-valve, and the officer became so inflated that he could do nothing more than wobble about on the surface.

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constant and well-nigh innumerable, in the matter of valves far too technical to be explained here, but all making for the greater safety and comfort of the diver. And here it may be said that it is not the case, as is sometimes imagined, that a stoppage of the air supply, from any cause, means certain death within a few minutes. In the event of the pipe becoming fouled or torn—the latter most unlikely, as it is practically armoured—the diver who promptly closed his escape-valves may count on his helmet and dress containing a supply which will give him twenty or thirty minutes in which to reach the surface.

Divers, like the blind, soon become expert workers in darkness; but a powerful water-tight oil lamp has been for some years in use. It can be supplied with air by its own private pump should the main pump be too small to serve both man and flame. And the electric light is now available down below.

With divers one not unnaturally connects sharks, possibly recalling one or two grisly stories and imagining more. But it seems that such must be taken with a grain of salt. A diver in full war-paint is hardly as appetising a morsel to a shark of fine taste as he would be if scantily clad or naked.

A diver, salving the wreck of a steamer, was searching for some important papers in the chart-room, when turning suddenly he found himself closeted with a shark that had followed him in. The man was in the corner farthest from the door, and his feelings were those of unmixed horror. The fish, however, showed no immediate wish to press his advantage, but rather drifted a little aside. Defence was out of the question, and the diver made a bolt—such as he could—for the door. The shark, who appears to have been quite as terrified as the diver, dashed for the emergency exit himself; and being much better equipped for such a competition, and altogether more at home, came in—or rather out—an easy first, and was not seen again.

Familiarity breeds contempt, however, and other emotions, as well, it seems. Lambert, a very well-known diver, while at work on a wreck off the coast of Diego Garcia, received a daily call from a shark. At first the brute was easily scared away by an extra rush of air from the safety valve; but it gradually grew bolder, and after a week Lambert foresaw trouble ahead. Securing a knife, he was bold enough to hold out his naked hand for a bait, and as the shark turned on its back for the fatal snap, successfully stabbed it. The backbone he still keeps as a trophy.

For men whose nerves are not in perfect order, there are other, if less tangible, terrors. A salvage diver suddenly signalled to be raised, and arrived at the surface in great perturbation. Two gigantic phantoms, grey and gaunt, had, he said, approached him in a menacing manner. The story was thought rather wanting in substance, and another man went down to investigate.

He penetrated to the saloon of the steamer, where his mate had been at work, and sure enough, after a moment, he perceived the ghosts advancing to meet him. Alarmed but determined, he raised his axe and levelled a doughty stroke. Crash! and the salvage from that steamer would be short by one full length mirror. The ghosts were the legs of the divers as reflected in the glass, only, like all else seen through the thick frontal eye of the helmet, enormously magnified.

Should any question-loving reader ask, "Has a diving-dress ever been necessarily used above water?" the answer must be "Yes," and the explanation a very sad one. The training-ship *Eurydice*, which went down off the south coast in that memorable Sunday afternoon snow squall of March, 1878, was raised in a peculiar manner. Two vessels were moored above her at low water, and to these she was made fast stem and stern.

When the tide rose the buoyancy of the floating vessels raised the *Eurydice* off the bottom, and all three were towed shorewards till she grounded again, the operation being repeated at each tide till she was beached. So many of the poor lads had been caught below and missed all chance of a fight for their lives, that the ship was a veritable coffin, and the bodies could only be approached and brought off by men fully equipped as if for deep sea work and supplied with air from the pumps.

As to the dangers of diving, the high standard of health demanded in the men employed, the care exacted of the assistants in charge of the air-pump, life-line, and speaking tube, and the unimpeachable quality of workmanship and material put into the minutest detail of dress and equipment have reduced these, as far as possible, to a minimum. But the unexpected and undesired will sometimes happen in spite of every care.

Some years ago a well-known diver was engaged at the mouth of the Tay, salving the cargo of a steamer which consisted largely of bales of wool. These were brought to the surface by a cable and grapnel fitted with four hooks. The bales, swollen with water,

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were so tightly fixed in the hole as to be dislodged with difficulty and considerable force. The diver had fixed the hooks in a bale and given the signal to haul, when, on the cable tightening, the hooks tore from their hold, one of them caught his hand before he could draw back, pierced it from front to back, and in this state of agony he was dragged a distance of 70ft. to the surface. He was laid up for weeks, and bears the marks in his hand still.

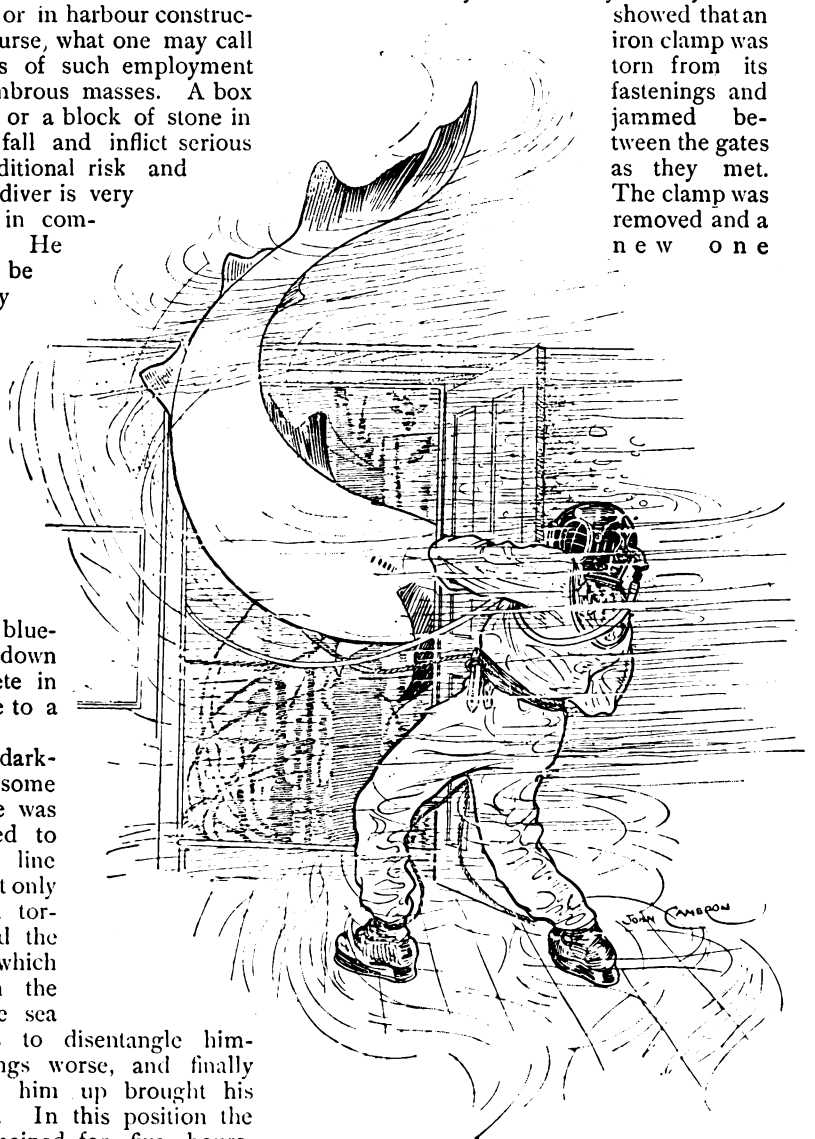
In wreckage work or in harbour construction there are, of course, what one may call the ordinary dangers of such employment among heavy and cumbrous masses. A box or beam in a wreck, or a block of stone in masonry work, may fall and inflict serious injury, with the additional risk and aggravation that the diver is very possibly alone and in comparative darkness. He may be so hurt as to be unable to make any signal; he may be pinned down, and much help and time may be needed to extricate him.

But the diver's worst fear, perhaps, is that of getting his air-pipe and life-line in any way fouled or entangled, and a terrible experience was that of a bluejacket who was sent down off the coast of Crete in 1896 to attach a cable to a dropped torpedo.

Working in intense darkness, and possibly in some current of which he was unaware, he managed to get his pipe and line completely fouled, not only round the cable and torpedo, but also round the shot-weighted line which always hangs from the diver's ladder to the sea bottom. His efforts to disentangle himself only made things worse, and finally an attempt to haul him up brought his head below his feet. In this position the unfortunate man remained for five hours, most of the time unconscious, till a diver from another vessel brought him up just alive.

This paper is headed "Deep Sea Diving," which with the exception of sponge, coral, and pearl fishing, all now conducted on the latest principles, is mostly salvage work, whether the salvage be the cargo of a heavily laden liner or a dropped torpedo. But a single experience will show that danger is not wholly in proportion to depth.

A diver's assistance was required to examine a pair of dock gates which would not shut closely. An examination by touch at the bottom of twenty feet of very muddy water showed that an iron clamp was torn from its fastenings and jammed between the gates as they met. The clamp was removed and a new one



A diver found himself closeted in a chart-room with a shark. When opportunity occurred he attempted to make for the door, but the shark, who mistook his action for an assault, and feared the diver as much as the diver feared him, dashed for the exit himself, and came out an easy first.

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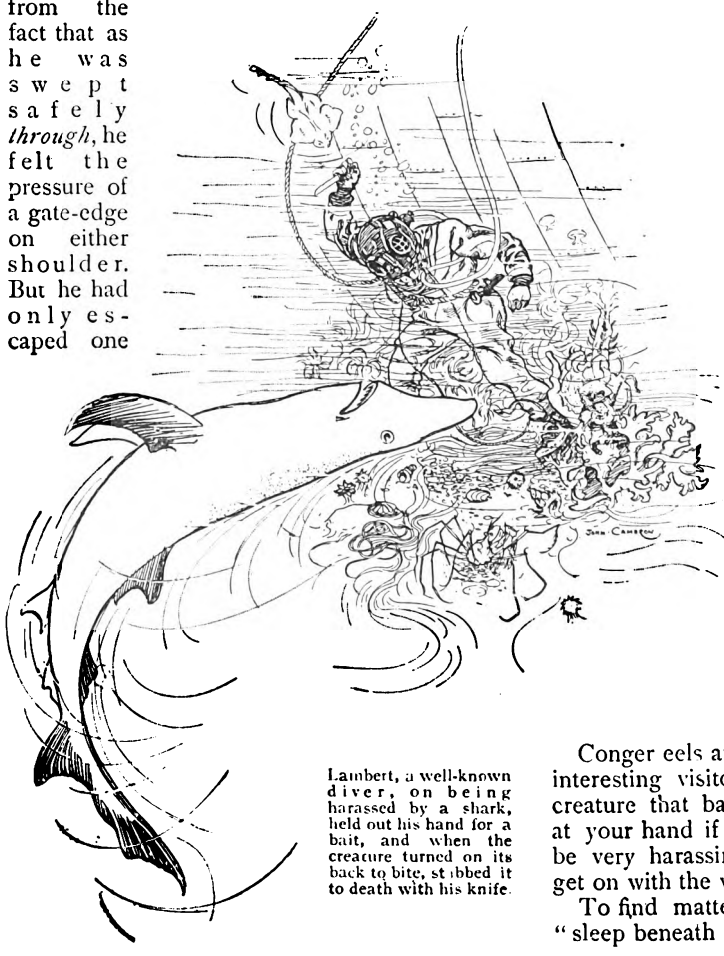
adjusted; and this being done the diver gave a pull at his line, which he had arranged should be the signal for an experimental closing of the gates before he ascended.

It is always easy to be wise after the event, and, remembering the great size and weight of the gates, the comparative helplessness of a man under water, and the fact that the diver was standing close to the gates in such a position that in closing they would move *from* him—it may seem strange that he should not have foreseen the result. To save time, moreover, he had had the gates opened about a third only, and now stood close to the narrow opening. As soon as the movement of the gates began he was swept impotently along by the great weight of water that followed, straight for the fast-closing aperture.

To be caught between those ponderous masses meant an awful death, and the narrowness of the escape may be judged from the fact that as he was swept safely *through*, he felt the pressure of a gate-edge on either shoulder. But he had only escaped one danger for another. A jerk on his line reminded him that he and his boat and mates were now on opposite sides of the closing gates; his line and air-pipe would be nipped and held, and he caught like a rat in a trap. Knife, to cut the line and allow himself to rise, he had none, for the work had not required it. His hammer! Was there still time? He pushed the head between the meeting doors, and on the instant felt them close on it and knew he was safe; the massive hammer-head was larger than the line and pipe, and the latter was still left free.



Lambert, a well-known diver, on being harassed by a shark, held out his hand for a bait, and when the creature turned on its back to bite, stabbed it to death with his knife.

The cat-like ability of a practised diver to see in the dark is fully exhibited by the fact that after the sinking of the steamer *Caledonian* the men employed on the wreck took to pieces, and sent up in sections, both boilers and engines, and all this in total darkness.

The regard which most persons feel for the haddock is of the same nature as that displayed by the walrus and the carpenter for the misguided oysters. In the morning call which he pays his admirers the "haddock" plays a very passive part. But a diver at work on a wreck in the North Sea was visited daily for three weeks by a friendly and inquisitive haddock. "How did he recognise the fish?" asks the man who likes to probe every story to the bottom and prove it a myth. Well, the haddock had somehow suffered the amputation of a fin, and it is hardly likely that a score of these fish, each so afflicted, would have come to the same spot by chance.

Conger eels are not by any means such interesting visitors. The attentions of a creature that barks like a dog and snaps at your hand if he gets the chance must be very harassing to a diver anxious to get on with the work in hand.

To find matter for a jest in those who "sleep beneath the wave" sounds at first

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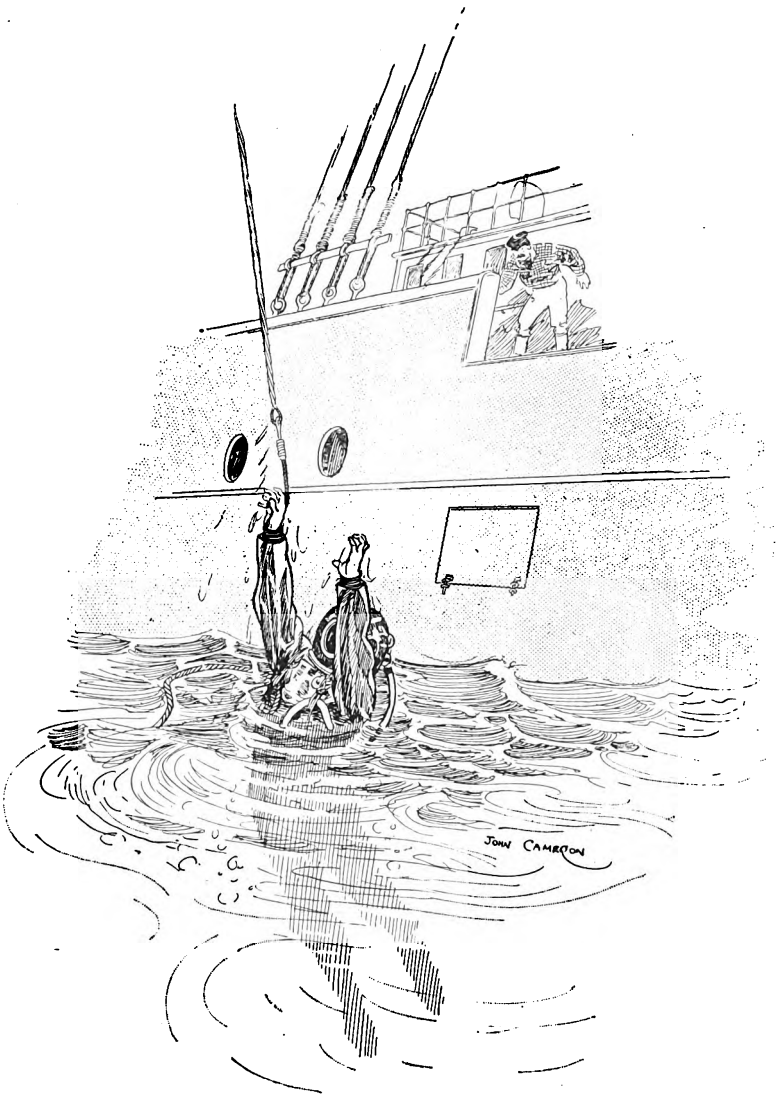
a very ghastly species of humour, but in certain maritime circles there *is* a laugh against one such slumberer. One of the lighter employments of divers is to clean from the sides of ships the slime and weed, shells and barnacles, that accumulate during a voyage. A sort of flexible ladder is fastened perpendicularly round the vessel, and on the rungs of this the diver hangs his "bos'n's chair," moving it upwards or downwards till he has cleaned all the surface that he can thus reach, when the ladder is shifted into a fresh position.

Well, one afternoon a diver was at work on the side of an armour-plated vessel, to clean which only a "couch grass" brush is necessary. An officer looking over the ship's side suddenly spied the brush float quietly to the surface, but no diver, eager to recover his lost tool and continue work, followed. Nor were signals quickly responded to; but at length the man put in an appearance, in perfect health, but much confused. He had been taking an afternoon siesta!



Bales of wool were being hauled to the surface with hooks, the diver fixing them under water. In one instance the hook slipped, pierced his hand through, and dragged him through seventy feet of water to the surface.

This man might well have taken his siesta unobserved, but he should have seen that his brush was secured to his wrist, as per regulations, before settling to sleep.

Somewhat akin to him was a select little party at work—or supposed to be so—in a diving-bell. The contractor happened to come along, and failed to note much sign of activity below. He was a bit of a diver himself, and, donning a dress, went down to get a nearer view. Inside the bell a snug game of "nap" was in progress; but there is no record of the unexpected visitor taking a hand.

Enough has been said to show that, in spite of the many risks attendant on deep sea diving, the profession is not nearly so perilous as popularly imagined. And nearly every year brings with it some new invention which is to minimise what dangers there are. Perfect health, more than pluck, is the diver's chief requisite.

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The Seat of the Scornful

By Bassett Hastings.

It is not so very long since that, had anybody told me it was possible to kidnap an able-bodied man in the Strand at mid-day, I should have laughed him to scorn. During the last few months, however, I have changed my opinions.

I have the best of reasons, too; for I, Robert Oakley, bachelor, thirty, civil servant, of Lonsdale Road, Clapham, and the Prevarication Office, Whitehall, in the County of London, was suddenly torn from the comparative comfort of a Strand A.B.C. depôt, and plunged willy-nilly into a life-or-death, touch-and-go sort of position, almost before I could ejaculate "Great Scott!"

It happened in this way. It was mid-day, and I was seated at one of the familiar marble-topped tables. My brow was knitted, for I was endeavouring to make one A.B.C. butter go the length of one A.B.C. roll. In the midst of my task, a smart little District Messenger boy elbowed his way through the crowded shop, presented me with a letter, and turned to go.

"Hi! What's this, Jaggers?" I cried after the retreating boy, thinking he had mistaken his man.

The boy came back. "You're Mr. Oakley, ain't you, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, but how did you know my name?" I replied, noticing, for the first time, that the letter was addressed to me in an unfamiliar handwriting.

"The gentleman told me, sir," grinned the boy.

"What gentleman?"

"The gen'leman wot 'anded in the letter, sir. 'E jus' brought it to the orfice, an' ses, 'Ere young whiskers'—that's me, sir—'give this 'ere letter to the gen'leman wiv the violet tie an' smashed in 'at. You'll find 'im keeping the fire warm at the back of the bun shop over against the Adelphi. An', look 'ere, if you're smart, an' don't waste no time answerin' silly questions, I'll give you 'arf-a-crown wen you gits back.'"

Before I could put another question, "young whiskers" had flown—after that half-crown, I have no doubt.

I opened the letter. Its contents were scarcely of a reassuring nature. They were brief, and to the following effect:—

"You are in great danger. An entire stranger, who has long taken an interest in you, has just willed you a substantial legacy, which will, however, pass to his nephew should you predecease the testator. This nephew is desperate and unscrupulous. He is shadowing you, watching his opportunity. If you would foil him and save your life, follow these instructions implicitly.

"Leave your seat at 1.30 precisely and walk to No. 7, Blake Court, Strand. Bring this letter with you, but do not divulge its contents to anybody. As you read these words you are being watched by friendly eyes—"

I involuntarily looked up, but the scores of hungry souls around me effectively masked the individuality of the watcher, if, indeed, he were present.

"If you are seen to breathe a word to anybody your errand will be fruitless. And you will probably be done to death within the next few days.

"If you meet the danger boldly, we can guarantee the early confusion of your enemy. You have merely to come to the address indicated, where we will give you the necessary details to assure your safety. Remember that although you have to choose quickly, you are deciding a matter of life or death, of wealth or poverty."

That was all. This extraordinary epistle ended as abruptly as it began. But what a beginning, and what an ending! And above it all rang the ceaseless clatter of the cups and saucers, the crisp crackle of the

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newly-severed rolls, and the incessant verbal cross-fire between tired waitress and hungry customers.

The busy scene suddenly acquired a new significance for me. It would go on to-morrow, I reflected, just as busily, whether I were there or not. Of all that hungry crowd there probably was not one who cared a two-penny piece if I never took another meal in his company. I sank back in my seat, crushed with the sense of my utter isolation.

Then another thought flashed suddenly across my mind. Good heavens! I had forgotten. I was not alone in that crowd. Mechanically I turned again to the letter—"As you read these words you are being watched by friendly eyes." I glanced at the clock. It wanted but five minutes of the half hour. What should I do?

My first impulse was to take the letter to the nearest police station. A second perusal, however, convinced me of the folly of such a course. Not only would my actions be watched and the writer fail to materialise; but, I reflected, at the very worst I could scarcely come to much harm within a stone's throw of the Strand, and in broad daylight, too. Possibly I might save this unexpected legacy. I decided to risk it.

A few minutes later I stood in the entrance of No. 7, Blake Court, vainly searching the cluster of brass plates for a clue to my correspondent. As I looked from one to the other in my perplexity, a young fellow who was leisurely descending the stairs, stopped to ask whether I was Mr. Oakley.

I assented.

"Do you mind walking up?" he continued. "The guvnor's office is on the top floor——"

"What are your guvnors?" I interrupted, seeing a good chance of obtaining some information about my strange correspondents.

"What are they?" he repeated, smiling as though something in the question amused him. "Why they're attorneys. Messrs. Purcell and Slingsby. That's them," and, jerking his thumb towards the topmost plate, he moved off down the Court.

It was with no small sense of relief that I noted the substantial, old-established appearance of the name-plate above me. To tell the truth the mysterious missive had set my nerves all of a jangle. I felt like a man on the eve of a step which is to make or mar his whole future career.

Some venturesome spirits find this sort of thing exhilarating. I am, however, but a plain man, and dislike things that interfere with my sleep and appetite.

It was therefore in a considerably lighter frame of mind that I climbed to the top of the house and entered Messrs Purcell's office. As I shut the door behind me, a man, who was writing rapidly at a table by the window, rose and came towards me. He was a tall, sallow-skinned individual, with a superabundance of a long black beard. His

Its contents were scarcely of a reassuring nature.

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lithe, powerful frame contrasted oddly with the huge pair of academic black-rimmed goggles which were perched upon his high bridged nose.

The first word he spoke stamped him as a citizen of the Great Republic. At his invitation, I followed him through the double doors leading to the inner office.

The next moment I gave an involuntary gasp of surprise. Notwithstanding that it was broad daylight, the solitary window of the inner office was closely shuttered. The sole illumination was furnished by a pair of oil lamps, the shades of which were so arranged as to throw the full glare upon my face.

Like a flash it darted into my mind that I was in a trap. The two men sitting in the room had purposely darkened it in order to conceal their doings from inquisitive neighbours. What they wanted with me, of all persons, I could not guess; but the general outlook seemed so unhealthy that I involuntarily stepped back to the door, determined to make a bee line for the street.

But it was in vain that I fumbled for the handle. The door had been locked behind me. Instinctively I clenched my fists and turned upon the two silent figures behind me. If the worst was to come to the worst, I could at least sell my liberty dearly.

But my move had been anticipated. As I whipped round on my heels, something bright shone in the hands of the elder of the two. "Hands up!" said he, with an accent that was unmistakable; and as I mechanically obeyed the command, he motioned me into a chair in front of the table, behind which he was seated.

"Got any fire-arms on you?" he inquired, still covering me with his revolver.

I shook my head.

"Silly fellow," was the amused comment. Then, turning to his companion, he said laconically: "Search him. People always lie when they get the chance."

"What the deuce!——" I began, and as suddenly stopped; for the revolver had perked up again with an unmistakably threatening gesture.

"Look here, young fellow," said the elder man in the tones of one accustomed to be obeyed, "I know exactly what you want to say, so don't trouble to tell me. Time's short, I may tell you, and every moment you waste is precious.

"Now listen to me. I asked you here for a purpose. It isn't the purpose I wrote you about. That was merely a blind. I wanted to get you here without the knowledge of your friends. I have done it. Let me tell you why.

"I want you to do me a service. It is very simple, and will not take you more than ten minutes. I shall pay you handsomely—with a £10 note—if you follow my instructions implicitly."

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse," he repeated with an emphasis that was unmistakable, "I shall be forced to the unpleasant alternative of imprisoning you here for the next six weeks. You will see that this room has been made absolutely sound proof; nobody knows where you are, and nobody could discover your whereabouts in time to release you. The other tenants in the house never have occasion to come upstairs; the landlord has been paid well in advance; and two of us are constantly upon the premises."

It certainly looked pretty hopeless, I reflected to myself. I inquired the conditions.

"They are simplicity itself," replied the elder man. "You have merely to sit quite still, to look slightly idiotic, and reply 'Colenso' to everything that is said to you by some visitors we are expecting in a moment or two."

"And if I decide to do this when shall I be free to go?" I inquired.

"I think you will decide," replied my gaoler, ignoring the main point, and laughing quietly to himself at some joke that was not quite apparent.

Whizz! went something over my head, round my waist, and across my shoulders. Before I could stir, I was bound hand and foot to my chair by the clerk from the outer office and my acquaintance of the stairs, who had entered noiselessly behind me.

Simultaneously my two inquisitors rose from their seats and abandoned what little decorum they had previously used. In a trice they had lifted me behind the table. Next they tied my ankles. Then the elder man had been pulling some heavy object into position behind my seat. I would have given worlds to have seen what he was doing, but that he carefully concealed from me. Then I felt him attaching part of this contrivance to the chair-back. "What could it be?" I wondered; but my attention was speedily diverted by their next move.

"Keep an eye on the office, George, in case they arrive too soon," said the elder man to the one I had first seen. Then, turning towards me, he placed his hands upon his hips, cocked his head on one side,

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and surveyed my exasperated countenance with the air of a connoisseur examining a plaster cast.

"Now I think you'll do," he remarked, after carefully surveying me from every possible point of vantage. "Put his jacket on," and one of his assistants threw a queer-looking garment of rough blue serge over my shoulders, leaving the empty sleeves dangling in front of me.

It must not be imagined that I submitted tamely to all these indignities. On the contrary, I raved at my persecutor like one possessed—for a time. But it was not for long. There was something very quieting about the cold grey eye of this masterful blackguard.

Simultaneously the younger man, who had not yet spoken, was donning a light, tight-fitting uniform. My chair was pushed back into that corner of the room furthest from the door, the long table was placed in front of me, and Slingsby stationed himself at my side.

Meanwhile the elder man paced the room, as I thought a trifle uneasily. Once or twice he glanced at his watch and muttered something beneath his breath. At last he stopped short, as a low whistle came from the outer office, and I thought I could detect a slight shade of anxiety in his face. But it was only momentary. The next minute he had regained all his old self-possession. Then, as the sound of voices in the outer office came faintly through the double doors, he turned to me.

"Remember," he said in a fierce undertone, "you are to answer every question with the same word, 'Colenso.' If you do so you will earn ten pounds in as many minutes. If you don't——"

The sentence was not completed. At that moment the heavy doors swung open, displaying the bespectacled figure of the man George, as he ushered in the expected visitors. They were two in number—an old gentleman and a young girl.

The former was evidently past the sixties, and walked with a slight stoop. He was a fine looking old chap, with a clean shaven face that somehow took one irresistibly back to the days of Stonewall Jackson and the War of Abolition. He spoke, too, like one accustomed to command, and with a decided American accent.

His companion was of a different stamp. Of medium height, with a pair of ruddy cheeks, and merry, dancing eyes, she was the *beau ideal* of the well-bred American girl. Clad in a neat tailor-made gown, that showed off her graceful figure to perfection, she combined the freshness of her athletic English sister with that excellent taste in dress for which the Parisienne is world famous.

I had barely time to take in these details before my attention was riveted by the doings of my gaoler in chief. Motioning his visitors to be seated, he proceeded to lay before them certain details as to my past history, which astonished me not a little. Despite his suave and polished manner, the lies which this smooth-tongued gentleman poured into the ears of his sympathetic listeners speedily convinced me of his colossal villainy.

My first impulse was to give him the lie direct, for the evident distress of the girl, and the looks of tender sympathy with which she regarded me from time to time, gave me an irresistible impulse to set her mind at rest. Then calmer counsels prevailed. I reflected that by the exercise of a little patience I might learn much that was so far inexplicable. And so I held my tongue and listened.

I was, so I gathered from the conversation, a British officer who had been left for dead in front of the Boer trenches at Colenso. Although my name had appeared on the War Office list as one of the killed, I had subsequently been discovered amid a pile of shattered comrades and slowly nursed back to life again.

Then it was discovered that my reason had left me for ever. I had been invalided home to Netley, where, by the greatest of good fortune, the speaker, Mr. Purcell, had come across me. He had immediately taken upon himself the responsibility of removing me to more comfortable quarters in a private asylum, simultaneously telegraphing to New Orleans the news of his discovery and inviting my uncle to come across and satisfy himself as to my identity.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Vernon, you will not be able to make much out of him, for the poor fellow's reason is quite gone," said my captor as he brought his explanation to a close. "He is subject to very severe paroxsyms at times. Although for your convenience I have had him conveyed here, it was solely upon the condition that an attendant accompanied him and that, as you see, the window was temporarily boarded up and he himself strongly secured to his seat."

For a moment there was silence, as, having finished his tissue of falsehood, this arch

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"Poor boy! poor boy!" I heard him sigh to himself.

hypocrite affected to be overcome by the hopelessness of my malady.

Then the old gentleman took a step forward and scanned my features with the closest interest.

"Poor boy! Poor boy!" I heard him sigh to himself, as he looked me slowly up and down. Then a shade of suspicion seemed to cross his mind. He looked at me more closely.

"Are you sure that this is my brother's son?" he asked. "Of course it must be twenty years since I saw him last. He was a little chap in pinafores then. I met him down at poor Harry's farm at Edenbridge upon my last visit to England. Somehow or other—" and he scrutinised my features again—"I cannot see any likeness to his father. You haven't made a mistake have you?"

"I am afraid, Mr. Vernon, you have formed a rather low estimate of my powers of deduction," replied Purcell, in the dignified tones of the slighted professional. "Not only have I been most careful to obtain all the necessary certificates of identity," and he held out a bundle of official-looking papers for his visitor's inspection, "but I have in the poor fellow himself a proof which I think would satisfy the most sceptical."

So saying, he stepped lightly across to my side, and holding up a warning finger to his audience, asked me the time.

For a moment I felt nonplussed. I knew by the baleful expression in his eye that he was silently commanding me to answer as I had been bidden. At the same time, whilst I was itching to throw his lies in his teeth, I was not insensible to the fact that I must learn as much as possible of his plans before I could proceed to overthrow them.

Just as I arrived at this decision he repeated his question, and I could scarcely restrain my merriment at the gratified look which lit up his face at my apparently docile reply—

"Colenso."

"Good heavens!—that voice," cried the old gentleman, suddenly sitting down as though somebody had seized him by the shoulders and forced him into his chair.

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For a moment he sat there, his eyes riveted upon my face as he slowly muttered—

"Poor boy——poor boy——there's no doubt——'tis Harry's voice for a certainty."

Then he rose and came towards me.

"I should like to question him," he said to my gaoler. "Somehow or other I cannot quite believe him as mad as you think him. He doesn't look to me like a person who is incurably insane."

"One moment, I beg of you, sir." The big man had sprung in front of his visitor. "I will just first examine his fastenings, if you will allow me. His relapses are so violent and sudden that I cannot allow you to take any unnecessary risks."

So saying he made a great pretence of looking at my bonds, under cover of which he took occasion to fiercely whisper — "Reply Colenso to everything, or I will kill you where you sit."

That threat did it. I had already suffered a good deal at this man's hands, and this gratuitous indignity was the last straw. I mentally resolved that, so far as I was concerned, both my gaoler and his £10 note should go a-begging.

Alas! I little recked what was in store for me. By the time he had passed his hands over my wrists and ankles I had resolved on my course of action, and as he seated himself at my side, as if to safeguard my questioner, I faced the old gentleman with every intention of disillusioning him.

"My dear Harry, will you not try and remember who you are?" began my presumed relative.

I glanced mockingly at the slumbering fire in my gaoler's eye as I replied:

"My name is not Harry; I am,—oh—oh—oh!"

The sentence died away in a maniacal shriek of agony. In one brief instant I had plunged from defiant coolness into a writhing, foaming, cramp-contorted creature, whose quivering nerves and muscles were straining to breaking point. Once—twice—thrice came those awful cramps. When at last they died away, I lay back senseless in the chair; a clammy, nerveless, terror-stricken mockery of the man that had sat there a few moments previously.

As my dazed senses gradually returned, I became conscious that my gaoler was still talking about me to his visitors.

"——poor fellow, his paroxsyms are very violent as you see," he said. "I was afraid when you started to question him, Mr. Vernon, how it would be. You see now how necessary were the precautions I took in order to secure him."

"Alas! I see only too well," sighed the old gentleman, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Then I noticed for the first time that his companion had vanished. No doubt my seizure had frightened her. I felt disappointed. It was true that I had never set eyes upon the girl until a few moments previously, but even in that short time I had seen enough of her to miss her pretty face when it was gone.

It is impossible to account for these things. Personally I gave up the task as hopeless long ago. I only know that year after year a man may look unmoved into woman's eyes, until even his most optimistic friends write him down a bachelor. Then, one day, as he glances casually at some passing face, his heart gives a great leap. He has met her at last.

She may not be of his own rank in life, she may not even be beautiful. None the less in that momentary glance he has looked into a kindred soul and, whether it be for good or ill, he feels it is his destiny. But I digress.

I had little respite. No sooner did my gaoler see that I was returning to consciousness than he hastily crossed to my side, as if anticipating another paroxysm. One glance at his face was sufficient to confirm my worst fears. *He meant me to have another fit!*

Involuntarily I shrank from him, as with fiendish mockery he peered into my face and opined that I was evidently very excited and liable to another seizure at any moment. Then he moved back to his old place at my side and simultaneously I was re-convulsed by another paroxysm. Heavens! how I screamed. Heaven knows I am no coward, but this awful pain took all the manhood out of me in a moment. How can I describe it? It seemed as though my wrists and ankles were suddenly pressed against white hot metal, whilst a thousand invisible pincers wrenched and tore at my muscles and sinews as though to pull them asunder.

Again and again, in huge, heart-breaking throbs, those awful paroxysms, and every moment I felt my power of resistance growing weaker. I could not endure many more of those nerve-shattering rackings, each one of which seemed to take ten years off my life. Still they seized me with remorseless regularity. I began dimly to realise that I could no longer hold out against them.

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My brain seemed on fire, and there came a thunder in my ears as if of a thousand steam hammers. The figures in the room began to merge one into another. Then they suddenly seemed to increase in number and take unfamiliar shapes. Then something in my head seemed to snap, and I fell off the earth into space.

* * * * *

I will not weary you with the horrors of that awakening. It is sufficient to say that, for what seemed endless ages, I lay a mere cipher amid unfamiliar, but palatial surroundings. I subsequently learnt that I was in the finest hotel in London, whither I had been conveyed by Mr. Vernon's express orders; but at the time I had neither the wit nor the strength to inquire or even to trouble about what had happened to me.

It was not until three months later that, thanks to the skill of a nerve specialist, and the untiring attention of my nurse, I was able to get about again. Then it was that I learnt the full history of the infamous plot to which I had been so unwilling a party.

As I suspected, Mr. Vernon was a cotton planter in one of the Southern States. His late brother, Harry, an English country gentleman, had died some fifteen years previously, leaving an only son of the same name. This young fellow had subsequently joined the British army and been drafted to South Africa.

Shortly afterwards, his name appeared amongst the killed in the black list of Colenso. With his death his income of £5000 per annum, together with certain English estates, passed by his father's will to his cousin, Nellie Vernon. Her father immediately instructed his solicitor to take the necessary steps to wind up the unfortunate young officer's affairs.

The solicitor forthwith commissioned his senior clerk, Purcell, to carry out the business. Purcell had known the family affairs for years, and had been well acquainted with Harry Vernon, having previously visited his Kentish home when on business from the States.

Unknown to his employer, however, Purcell had fallen upon evil times financially, and the temptation to pervert this legacy to his own use had been too strong for him.

For a long time after his arrival in England, he puzzled his brains without evolving any feasible plan. Then one day, as he sat taking his lunch in an A.B.C. shop in the Strand, he was astounded to hear dead Henry Vernon's peculiarly deep-pitched voice proceeding from a table behind him. He looked sharply round, and saw — me. He even spoke to me, in order to test for himself the reliability of his own ears. That day he carefully shadowed me back to the Prevarication Office, and, by means of a judicious inquiry from a passing lad, satisfied himself as to my identity.

Then he returned to his lodgings and thought. Chance had shown him a man with the peculiar voice of Harry Vernon. How could he use him in order to secure that £5000? It was days before he hit upon a workable plan. Then he evolved one, the boldness of which made even his cool nerves throb with excitement.

Idly scanning the paper one day, he came across a paragraph in which it was stated that "The Secretary of State for War begs to announce that Pte. John Smith, previously reported killed at Magersfontein, is now reported severely wounded in the Boer Hospital, Pretoria."

In a moment his quick brain saw a way out of his difficulties. He would resurrect the dead officer, whom he knew his client had not seen since he was a child. With my unwilling aid he would gammon the old gentleman into the belief that by his own assiduity he had discovered me in a private lunatic asylum.

Whilst "I" lived, his estates and income would, of course, remain mine. But they would require management. That was to be his opportunity. He would volunteer to quit his employer's service and remain in England to look after my interests, for a small consideration. He relied upon the old gentleman's simplicity, his implicit trust in his solicitor, and his own cleverness to get the necessary deeds executed appointing him sole manager of "my" affairs. Once legally appointed steward of my estates and income, and it would be a curious thing if he could not speedily convert the whole to his own uses.

The chief difficulty was myself. In order to avert suspicion, I could only be approached at the last moment, and if I refused to play my part the whole of his elaborate plot would fall to the ground. How could I be made mad; if necessary, against my will?

The difficulty seemed insuperable Then chance threw him in the way of an old acquaintance, one Henry Read, who had suddenly left a large Pittsburg engineering works under circumstances that effectually prevented his return to that city. The two

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scamps hob-nobbed, and over their seventh cocktail Purcell unburdened himself of his difficulty.

"Give me a half share, and I will guarantee to settle that part of the business," said Read. After some demur, Purcell assented, and Read forthwith became "Mr. Slingsby."

The two rogues were not long in getting to work. Purcell saw to the clerical and Read to the mechanical part of the plot. Purcell's share included the correspondence and necessary arrangements for bringing Mr. Vernon and myself in contact.

Read converted the inner room of the top floor offices rented by the "firm" into a strong room, and fitted up the mechanism for the infernal chair in which I had suffered so much. He it was who had undertaken the *rôle* of warder at my side.

The chair itself was a dexterously contrived replica of an American electrocution chair, the batteries for which were carefully hidden behind the table which had stood between me and my visitors. The current from these cells, which had an enormously powerful voltage, was led to four metal plates in the chair, corresponding to the position of my wrists and ankles when I was strapped into it.

Miss Nellie had gathered to herself four sturdy constables.

Once I was safely strapped in position, the villains reckoned their game was won. The remarkable similarity between my voice and that of Harry Vernon was their first point; my insane repetition of "Colenso" was to be the second; whilst the moment I proved obstinate the pressure of a switch by either Purcell or Read would precipitate me into a series of maniacal convulsions, calculated to deceive even the skilled observer, let alone a simple-minded old gentleman like Joseph Vernon.

But they had reckoned without their host. Right up to the moment when, by their devilry, I had been plunged into that first fearful paroxysm, their plans had worked like well-oiled clockwork. Then, in one brief second, the scheme of months was upset by—a mere girl.

What could have been more natural than that the sight of my ravings should have overcome Mistress Nell to such an extent that she buried her face in her hands and rushed from the room? But what, on the other hand, could have been expected of Helen Vernon, Honours Course science student of Chicago University, than that she should have immediately recognised the characteristic crackle and odour of electrical discharge, and the equally characteristic nervous twitchings produced by a violent current acting upon the human frame?

Being American, she neither fainted nor gave herself away. A little feminine scream, coupled with a flourish of a dainty handkerchief, opened the outer door to her in a perfectly natural manner. A whispered word to the janitor that she would await her father at their hotel was sufficient to allay suspicion. Once clear of the dingy court, however, and Miss Nellie had gathered to herself four sturdy constables in as many minutes.

For the details of that raid, the capture of the conspirators red-handed, and my own release when literally at my last gasp, I will refer you to the papers of that date. It is sufficient to say that both Purcell and Read received heavy sentences, whilst their assistants, although dealt with more leniently, are

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not likely to intrude their knowledge of the electric current upon their fellows for some years yet.

As for me, I lay a sheer hulk for many long weeks, during which my strangely-found friends showed me every kindness. They persisted in regarding themselves as the source of all my troubles, and I wanted for nothing.

But stay, that is hardly correct. As the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks drew on into months, I began to devolop a want which fast grew into an all absorbing passion. I wanted Nellie.

I have said very little about her, for I am one of those who keep silence concerning the woman of their choice. Somehow or other, Love has always seemed to me too sacred a thing to be bandied about in type by printer's devils. Nevertheless, the depth of our affection must not be gauged by the extent of our casual remarks.

Suffice it to say that I loved sweet Nellie Vernon from the moment I first set eyes upon her, and the weeks that I was subsequently fated to spend beneath her gentle care only added fuel to the flame. And so it went on until matters came to a climax.

She was sitting one evening by my side as I lay in my sitting-room window gazing westward up the now golden Thames, to where the sun was slowly sinking behind the Westminster Towers. Far down below us, in the Embankment Gardens, the broad walks were deserted, save for a few belated toilers, from the Temple, hurrying westward to wife and home.

Somehow the sight depressed me. I dreaded my return to the monotonous evenings in the dismal suburban diggings. How could I go back to the old commonplace life again? How lonely it would all be, unless—I glanced at my companion.

Then, struck by the thoughtful expression upon her face, I pulled a penny from my pocket and held it jestingly towards her.

"Ah!" she half sighed in reply. "They were very serious thoughts, I can tell you, sir. I was trying to strike a balance between you and ourselves. In the one scale I put poor Uncle Harry's legacy, our preservation from a wicked fraud, and your long weeks of suffering. Just how Pop and I are going to get anything good enough to put in the other scale is what is puzzling me."

Then I grew very bold.

"Would it be of any assistance if I suggested anything," I ventured.

Her face fairly beamed with delight.

"Now that's what I call really practical," she cried, clapping her hands. "I've been just dying to say something of the sort to you for ever so long, only poppa said you'd sure to get angry."

"In that case I had better name it at once," I said, hastily pencilling some characters upon a slip of paper.

"Of course."

I handed her the paper.

"H-E-L-E-N V-E-R-N-O-N — why, that's me," she cried, a sweet confusion mantling in her face.

"That is my suggestion," I replied.

Ten minutes later we had adopted it.

"That is my suggestion," I replied.

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CAP AND BELLS

A Terror to Playwrights.

There is a law in France which embitters the life of every dramatic author, as it confers upon every French citizen the right of having a novel or play immediately suppressed by the police if his name happens to be mentioned in it. If a character in a comedy bears the name of Dupont or Dubois, all the Duponts or Duboises in France are entitled to insist on a change of the name, or, if the manager refuses, of the removal of the play from the bill. In their anxiety to avoid unpleasantness the parodists of the Cluny Theatre decided to designate the characters in a recent piece by means of numbers. The effect thus produced is somewhat peculiar, as, for instance:

"Ah! charming 132, you are the most adorable of all women."

"And you a flatterer, Count 18."

While the two were thus exchanging compliments an elderly gentleman suddenly appears, and calls out in a voice of thunder:

"I have caught you now, Count 18! Are there any cowards in your family?"

"Gracious!" whispers Count 18, trembling in his shoes. "Gracious! Duke 53."

Duke 53 rings a bell; a lackey appears.

"Seventy-four!" exclaims the Duke, "turn this gentleman out!"

But at this point a fellow in the audience springs to his feet. "That is really too bad!" he shouts in the direction of the stage. "I will send you a summons!"

The Duke answers in surprise: "What have you to complain of? Seventy-four is only a number."

"That's just it. It is the very number I bore when in gaol, and I am not going to allow it to be degraded by having a servant dubbed with it."

Everybody had to give in to that argument; it was the law. The play was stopped there and then. I have never been able to ascertain what further befell the charming 132, Count 18, and Duke 53. I have not been able to sleep at night through speculating on the subject.

* * * * *

Young Housekeeper: "Well, supposing you are giving a dinner to ten persons, and the waiter takes French leave. What do you do then?"

Experienced Housekeeper: "Count the spoons."

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The Professor, botanising in Darkest Africa —

— is pursued by a noble savage, attempts in vain to conceal himself —

— is captured and brought away in triumph. The noble savage exults; the Professor fumbles in his pockets.

It was probably the man who married a rich wife who first started the joke on the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket.

* * *

LADY (in registry office): "Have you ever minded children before?"

NURSE: "No, mum; but I've made many a child mind me."

* * *

Little Nelly Miller heard her sister Lula speaking of a diary, and having had it explained to her that a personal diary was a brief record of one's life, she exclaimed:

"Well, then, I don't see what they want to call it a diary for; seems to me they ought to call it a livery."

* * *

Sacharissa's eyes were blue,
And her hair a golden hue,
Cheeks as rosy
As a posy:
Sacharissa such were you!

How I loved you Sacharissa!
Loving so, I longed to kiss her—
Cheeks not made
For kissing fade—
Wast a cheap coil, Sacharissa!

* * *

MAJOR FATBOY: (surveying his bulging cheeks in the pier-glass) "All flesh is grass, my dear."

MRS. FATBOY: "Well, don't you think you'd better get yourself a lawn-mower?"

* * *

"Play at a matinée?" exclaimed a rising young actress, with a look of ineffable disgust; "I would have you to know, Mr. Manager, that the stars only shine by night."

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A COMPROMISE.

QUOTH HE:

O, gentle Alice, tell me true,
When shall I find the quill
That's fit to write my love to you
With tender, flu.nt skill?

This stump won't do; profa:ed with scrawls
On ledgers, bills, and cheques,
Whose many a stain too oft recalls
My dire financial wrecks.

A feather plucked from the cherub-wings,
The liquid sunlight w.rm,
A tablet of rare pearls—these things,
Methinks are fitter form!

QUOTH SHE:

Oh, never mind the pen; you see
It doesn't count, my dear;
Just wr.te that you will marry me,
And put it strong and c:ear.

I like indelible ink,
That naught on earth erases;
The others are no good, I think,
In breach-of-promise cases!

* * *

GUARD: (to country looking party) "Do you know you've been riding second-class with a third-class ticket? You'll have to pay excess."

COUNTRY L. P.: "Oi'll be biled if I dew. I paid tuppence for my ticket, and I got in a carriage wi' a two on it." He was let off.

* * *

The manager of a company of strolling players lately remarked:

"My company took the largest amount of money at L——, where I granted free admission to the public."

"Indeed! but how was that, if the public were admitted gratis?"

"Ah, you see, anyone leaving after the first act had to pay two shillings. You should have seen the rush at the ticket office!"

He produces a lucifer—strikes it—

Alas! for the noble savage!

And the Professor returns to his botanising.

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HE: "Oh, that you would give me permission to lay my burning heart at your feet!"

SHE: "You may; they are very cold."

* * *

Visitor at a country house: "Did you say this was a stone's throw from the station?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have a great admiration for the man who threw the stone."

* * *

THE CLIENT'S TIME.—A bright woman, who says she has never yet found a lawyer in his office, wants a law making lawyers pay for clients' time. The lawyer never fails to charge for his own time, never thinking to deduct for the value of the time of his client.

How well all nature is arranged!
Our thanks should be profound
That rain falls downward from the sky,
Not upward from the ground.
I often sit and wonder how,
If rain rose from the street,
I'd walk. It would so complicate
Umbrellas and my feet!

"That is the sixth rabbit you've missed to-day."

"I don't care. It is my birthday, and I want to see none but cheerful faces about me."

* * *

JIMMY: "Pa, I wish I could be a pirate and sail the Spanish main and scuttle ships."

MR. SCRIMP: "Well, you just take this scuttle and sail downstairs and pirate some coal from Smith's bin."

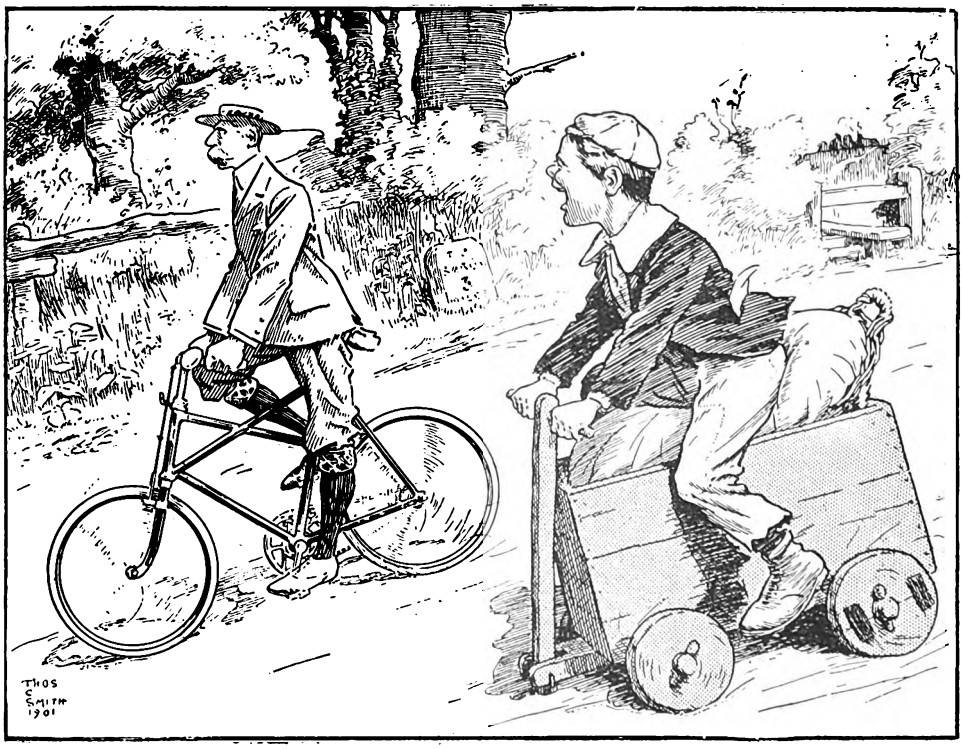
* * *

JONES: "What business are you in now?"

SMITH: "I am in the meat business."

JONES (incredulously): "Where is your shop?"

SMITH: "I haven't any shop. I am the ham in an advertising sandwich."



Rude Boy: "I say, guvnor, free wheelin' 's all right, ain't it?"

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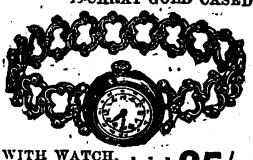

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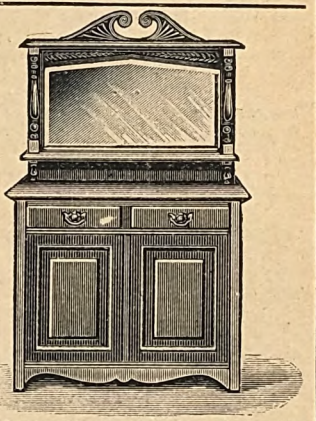

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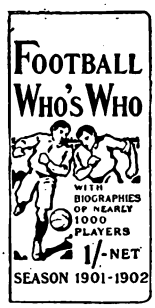

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THE ROYAL

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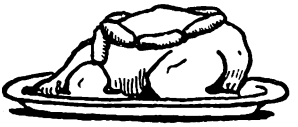
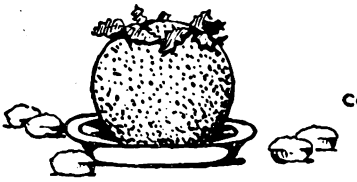
THIRD  COURSE

FOURTH  COURSE

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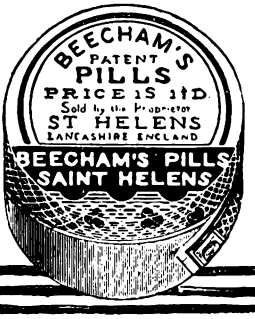
LATER- 

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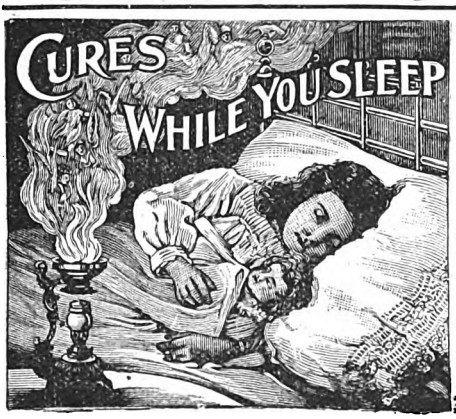

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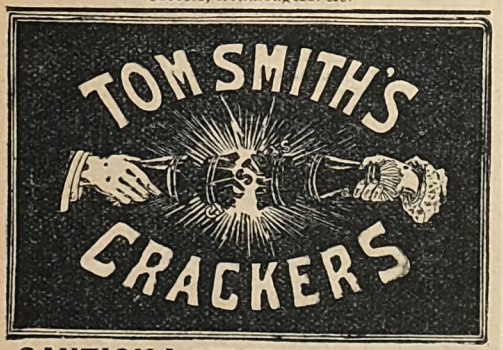

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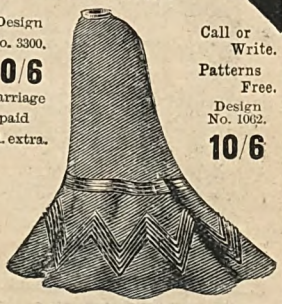

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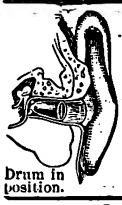

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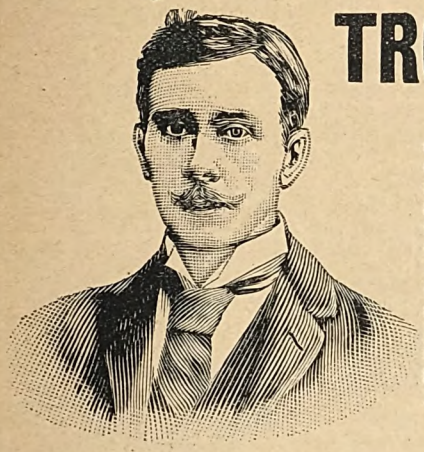

Tightness or constricted feeling round the head, continual catarrh, yellow watery discharge, difficult breathing, dizziness, weak eyes, bad throat, noises in ears like steam escaping, and pain around the eyes, was my condition when I proved the merits of Aerial Medication. I consider there is no equal to it for the ear, nose and throat. Having tried many things and several supposed to be clever doctors and treatments, I ought to be in a position to know. Have felt grand ever since I used this wonderful cure three years ago: hearing is perfect, head clear, free from catarrh, and general health is much better.—JOHN J. FRANCIS, 32 Albert Street, Crewe, Cheshire.

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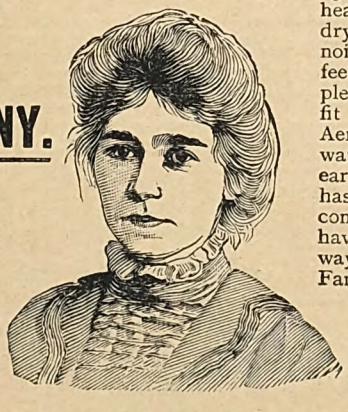

Aerial Medication has been a god-send to me, and I strongly advise every sufferer from catarrh and deafness to give it a trial.
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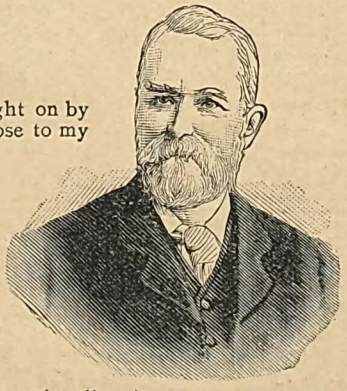
My hearing began to fail four years ago, and became so bad that I could not hear a watch tick. My nostrils were dry; had tickling sensation in the throat, noises in the ears at night, and a stuffy feeling in the head. It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the great benefit I have derived from three months' Aerial Medication. Am able to hear watch tick at arm's length, head is clear, ears have opened out and the treatment has strengthened the parts and overcome conditions which I am sure could not have been accomplished in any other way. — Miss MARY JEWITT, Bridge Farm, Strensall, near York.



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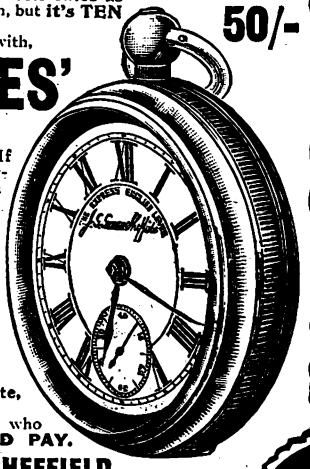

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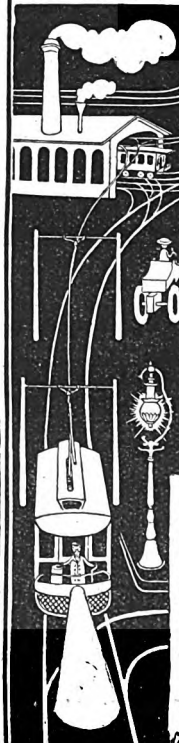

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3¾ ,,	...	15/9

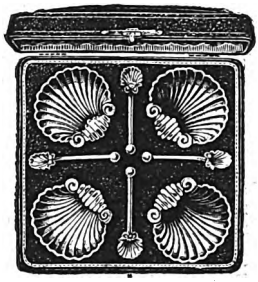
Cut Glass Flower Holder, on richly chased solid siver foot, 6in. high, 4/11.

Elegant Real "Toby" Doulton Ware Sterling Silver-Mounted Tea Pot, Sugar Basin, and Cream Ewer, in four sizes.

Capacity of Tea Pot.

½ pint	...	8/11	the set of three pieces.
1 ,,	...	10/6	,, ,,
1½ ,,	...	13/11	,, ,,
2 ,,	...	17/6	,, ,,

Beer Jugs, Hot Water Jugs, and Coffee Pots to match above: 1 pint, 8/6; 1½ pints, 10/6; 2 pints, 12/9 each.



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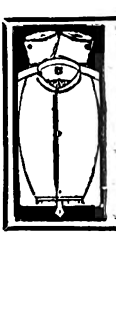

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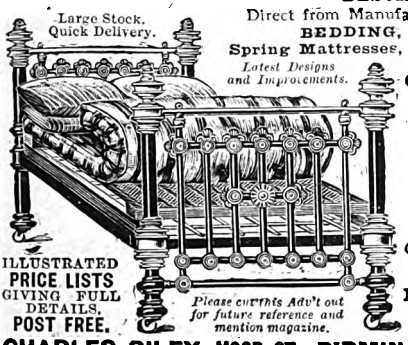

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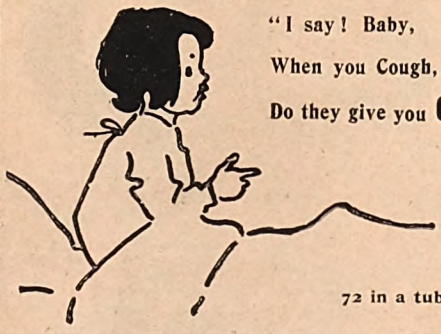
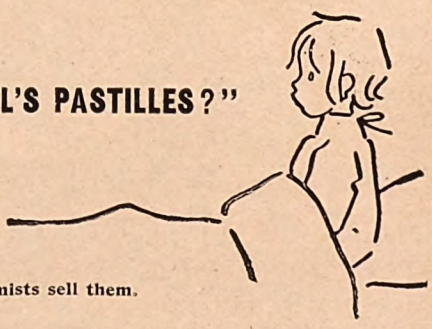


"I say! Baby,

When you Cough,

Do they give you **GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES?**"



72 in a tube; all Chemists sell them.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

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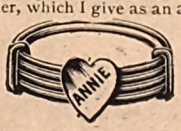

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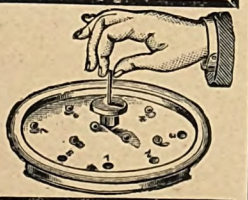

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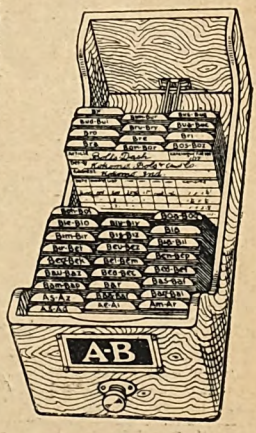

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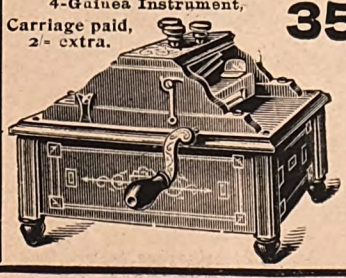

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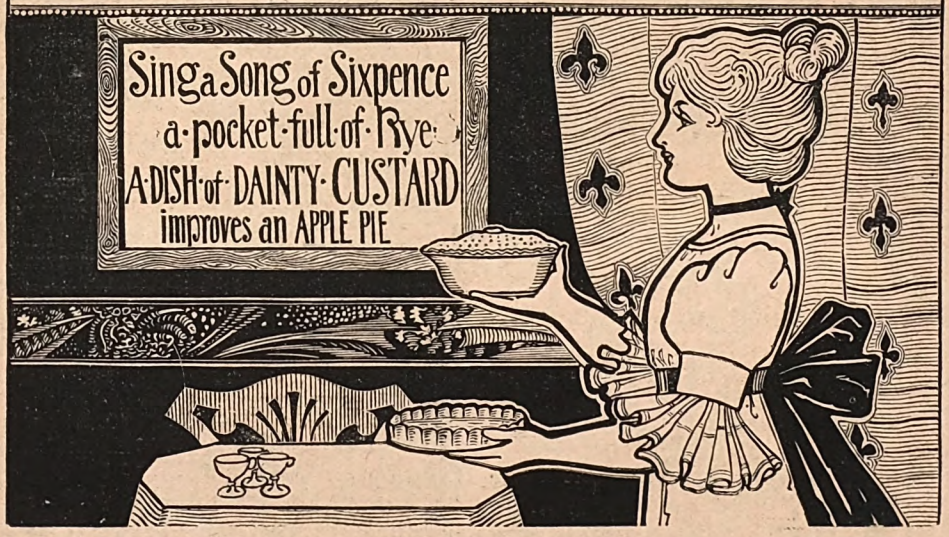

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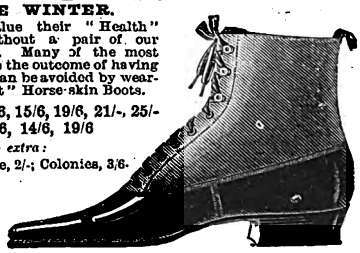

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—V. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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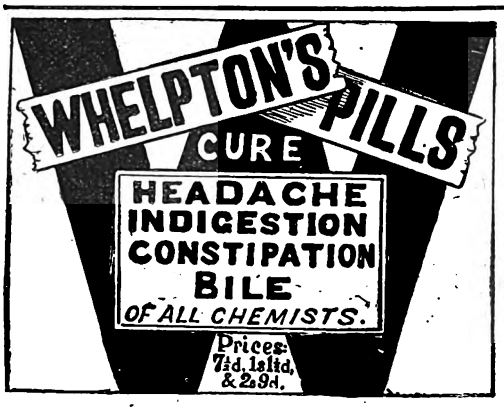

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From a Painting by C. J. Blenner.

"SURE, ALL THE FAIREST THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH
HAVE MET TOGETHER IN MY LADY'S FACE."

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CUPID ON THE STAGE

BEN WEBSTER and LETTY FAIRFAX.

I have it on the best authority: to make love properly is as delicate a business on the stage as off; do it well and you are a fine player, do it badly and you had better turn to some other profession. Mr. Ben Webster, the well-known young actor, told me a few interesting little facts about stage love-making. "It is far more difficult to-day," he said, "than, say, fifty years ago. In those days the real lover and the stage lover were two distinct personalities; the former was the same as he has been in all ages, the latter was what we should call to-day a buffoon. He knelt on one knee at the feet of his beloved, he clasped his hand over his heart, he kissed the hem of her garment, and all this tomfoolery was swallowed by the audience. Imagine the modern actor trying this on! He would be hissed off the boards. To-day we require the real article, and the lover on the stage must conduct himself in the same manner as the lover off."

Photos, W. & D. Downey.

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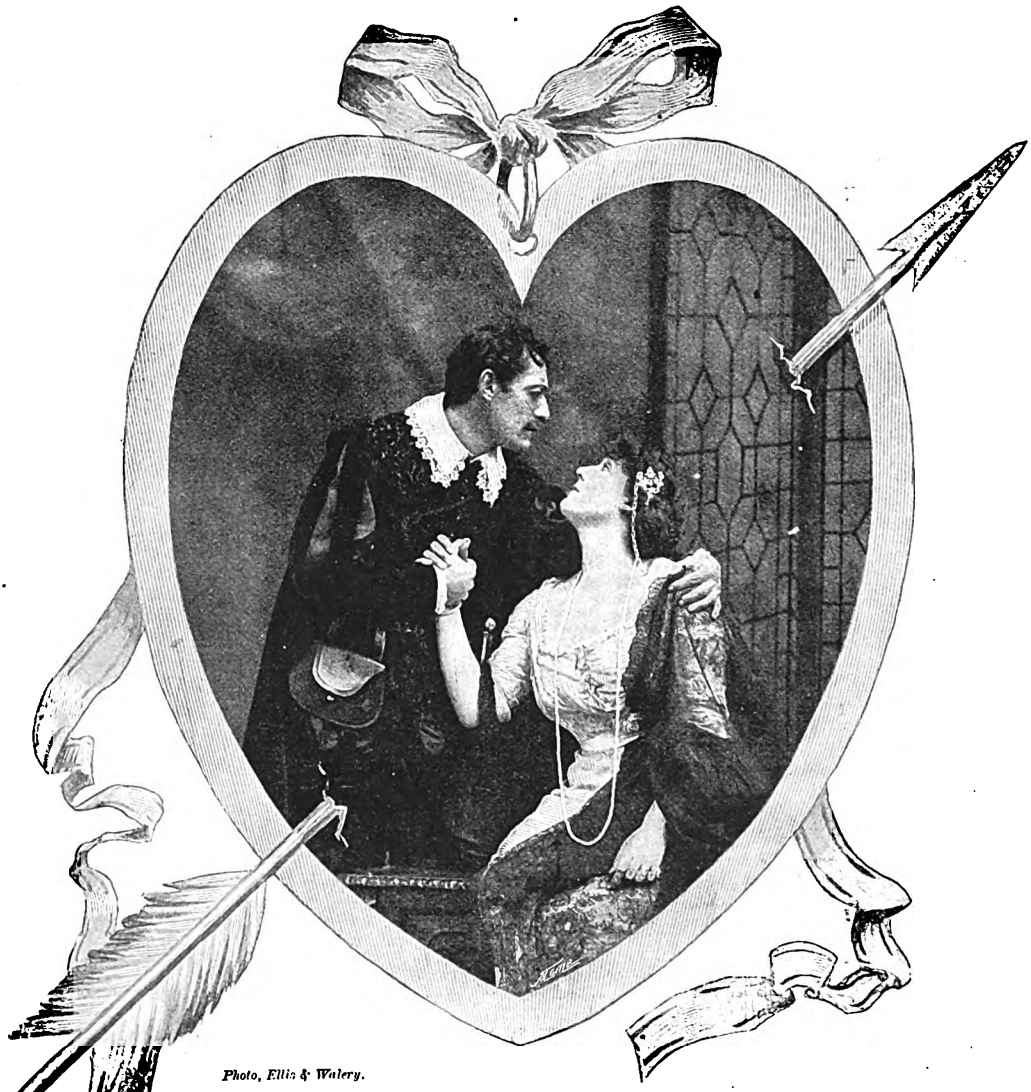

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

LEWIS WALLER and LILY HANBURY.

"A good stage-lover ought to be able to woo a milliner's dummy with passion and intensity," says Mr. Waller. But what makes the good stage-lover? "Ah, nothing!" replies the popular actor, "he is born, not made—a man passionate and tender by nature, dashing and strong."

"But the woman-hater? For some actors are women-haters, I suppose?" "He," retorted Mr. Waller, "ought to play the lover better than most, for the very fact of his being a woman-hater proves him to be of a passionate temperament. He was not born a woman-hater, but made into one through loving not wisely but too well!" I wonder whether Mr. Waller is a woman-hater. A more tempestuous lover never trod the boards. If so, his hatred is by no means reciprocated, for no actor (always excepting Mr. George Alexander) finds such favour in the eyes of women, whether for his voice or his face or his love-making it is hard to say.

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Photo, Barraud.

CHARLES WYNDHAM and MARY MOORE.

If George Alexander is the favourite actor of women, Charles Wyndham appeals more than any other to men. His hearty voice and breezy manner, his exquisite naturalness and genial sense of humour have never been approached on the English boards. And as a stage lover he is perfect within limitations. Tragic and passionate love scenes he never shines in; but where the wooing is half serious, light and delicate, he is supreme. He makes love best to women who are full of moods and fancies—the parts which Miss Mary Moore acts to perfection. His playful and humorous treatment of them is a wonderful thing to see. He makes a practice of patting their hands, laughing at them when they show temper, treating them to long, genial stares and delightfully spoken little confidences. He can be very tender when the mood takes him, and his kiss is a masterpiece.

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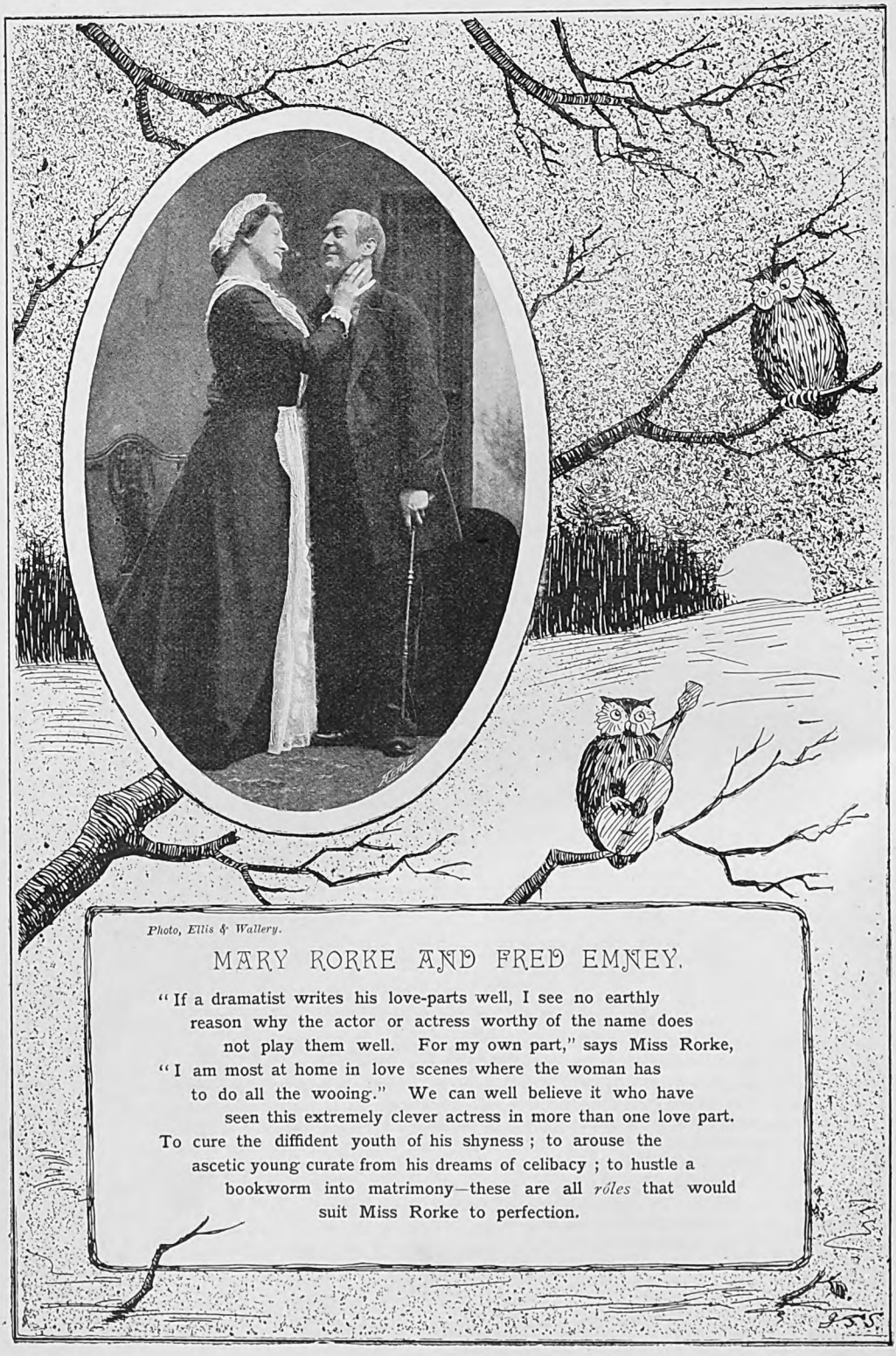

Photo, Ellis & Wallery.

MARY RORKE AND FRED EMNEY.

"If a dramatist writes his love-parts well, I see no earthly reason why the actor or actress worthy of the name does not play them well. For my own part," says Miss Rorke, "I am most at home in love scenes where the woman has to do all the wooing." We can well believe it who have seen this extremely clever actress in more than one love part. To cure the diffident youth of his shyness; to arouse the ascetic young curate from his dreams of celibacy; to hustle a bookworm into matrimony—these are all *rôles* that would suit Miss Rorke to perfection.

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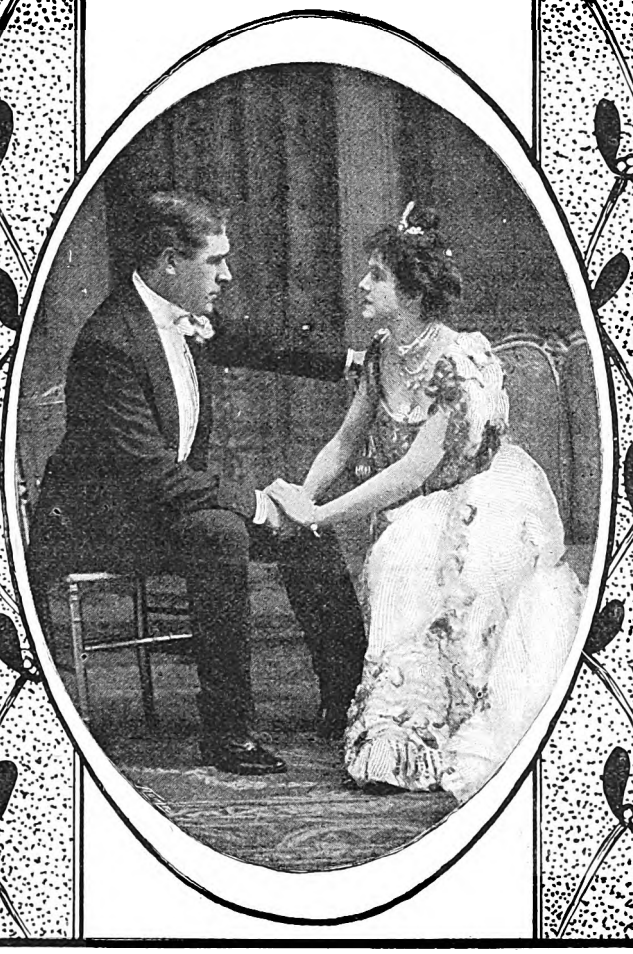

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE ALEXANDER and FAY DAVIS.

"Who is your favourite actor?" "Oh," replies the average girl, "George Alexander, of course." "Why?" "He makes love so beautifully!" Well, considering that all male love-making has for its *raison d'être* the appreciation of women, this verdict should be final.

And yet Mr. Alexander's popularity comes as a surprise to many. For his wooing is suave, tender, gentlemanly, what you will—but never passionate. He strolls stiffly about the stage, leans negligently on the edges of tables, and declares his heart with a superb air of serious assurance. Sometimes, as in the picture, he bends forward and regards the beloved one with intense fixity, his head as a rule slightly inclined to one side. His voice falls to a thrilling softness. And Miss Fay Davis, if not a great actress, makes a charming listener.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLALINE TERRISS.

If George Alexander is the champion stage-lover, Miss Ellaline Terriss is the champion stage-beloved. There are many actresses infinitely more powerful and passionate, none quite so exquisitely charming and tender, so refined, so convincing. "I have always been associated in love parts with but one man," said Miss Terriss, "and he is my husband." I wonder if this accounts for the naturalness of her acting. Why not? So much of the stiffness and unreality of stage wooing must be obviated when the necessity for bogus embraces and sham kisses is removed.

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KAWAKAMI and SADA YACCO.

Another husband and wife who have all the love-making to themselves, Kawakami and his peerless Sada Yacco. Now love is, I suppose, the same all over the world, but its outward manifestations seem to differ very considerably. Examine these photographs. They might be called "The Accepted Lover" and "The Rejected Lover." In the first the happy swain is in his seventh heaven: he lies across the knees of his beloved while she combs his hair for him. Just imagine our English stage-lovers demonstrating their affection in such a manner! And yet when one calls to memory all the silly, stiff, theatrical love-making beyond the footlight, such a pose, quaint though it is, is a very refreshing change, and done as these Japanese, actors do it, perfectly easy and natural. In the second picture the beloved one is cold and disdainful, but the lover still persists in pleading his cause. The pose of both figures is wonderfully eloquent, especially Sada Yacco's. Yes, they are a wonderful pair of stage lovers, these two; but their art is materially assisted by their being lovers off the stage as well as on.

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THE KAISER INCOGNITO

By Huan Mee.

It was towards the end of October Anno Domini 1900, that Monsieur Lépine, the Prefect of the Paris Police, sat alone in his office in a contemplative mood.

The days of the Exhibition, which had arisen like a dream of fairyland on the banks of the Seine were numbered. Things had not gone so well as had been anticipated, for the visits of crowned heads, or princes of the blood, so ardently desired, so hopefully awaited by Republican France, had not taken place, or if they had, it had been in the strictest *incognito*, and hence the pomp and magnificence which were to have heralded the advent of the Royal guests and to have made the gay city gayer still, could not be displayed for the gratification of the effervescent Gaul; but what to him was infinitely worse, his coffers had suffered in consequence.

The gorgeous *Salle des Fêtes* had retained, almost undisturbed, its chill grandeur of solitude; there had been none of the tremendous receptions which were to have thronged its vast circumference with power and beauty, and the mighty salvos of applause which were to have made the glass of the rainbow-hued dome shiver, had not been heard—the *fêtes* had been first postponed, and then, alas! cancelled.

Monsieur Lépine gazed from the window of his private office across the courtyard where the russet and brown leaves of the plane trees, that the gusts of wind had blown down, rustled and gambolled along the ground in what seemed some mad pleasure chase, and the reddish rays of the late autumn sun penetrated into the room and fell in a beam of light athwart the masses of books and papers littering the writing-table of the chief.

Presently a door opened and a tall, middle-aged man, with sharp features and an iron grey beard and moustache, entered the room and stood silently awaiting recognition.

"Well, Carton, what is it?"

"Monsieur Razelles," the Secretary answered, "he wishes to see you at once. It is imperative business."

"Very well, admit him."

The man passed out of the apartment and a few seconds later another visitor entered, the greatest detective of France, and one whom the scoundrels of Paris feared even more than his illustrious predecessors. If he started a man-hunt, he never left it until he had gained his ends, and the one who was his quarry, knew from the first that he was doomed.

"What's the meaning of this, Razelles?" the Prefect exclaimed with a decided sting of annoyance in his tones. "By now you should be on your way to Calais. How is it that you are still in Paris?"

The man moved across the room and stooped over his chief until his lips almost touched the Prefect's ear.

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"My men in London can wait," he whispered. "I can give them a week's start and then easily track them down. I have more important news for you."

"Well?"

"His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is in Paris!"

The chief started bold upright in his chair and gazed in bewildered astonishment into the face of the detective.

"It is impossible," he cried, "impossible!"

"It is the truth. He is here *incognito*. I recognised him instantly, and knowing the responsibility that rests upon us while he is here, I thought I should only be doing what was right to see you at once and warn you."

"You're absolutely sure?" Monsieur Lépine queried with nervous anxiety betraying itself in the tones of his voice—"absolutely sure?"

"As certain as I stand here in your room. For years, as you know, I lived in Berlin and had frequent opportunities of seeing him. I am positively certain that the man I saw half an hour ago enter the Exhibition by the Trocadero, arm in arm with another German, is none other than His Imperial Majesty William II.—*incognito*."

For a few moments the Prefect sat with his chin in the hollow of his hand, his eyes absorbed in contemplation of the dry leaves whirling about the courtyard.

He hoped that Razelles had been mistaken, but he feared that he had not been, for this secret visit to the Exhibition was just such a hazardous enterprise as would be indulged in by the excitement-loving Emperor.

"What have you done?" he impatiently blurted. "Is he being followed?"

"Yes, by Dacheaux."

"You must set a dozen men to shadow him constantly. He must never be lost sight of, night or day. *Mon Dieu!* if anything should happen.

"Heaven! If some infatuated fool in the scum that has drifted here should recognise him, some hot-headed anarchist, chafing under a fancied wrong, aching to avenge some imaginary grievance, should discover that he is in Paris and attempt his life. If anything happened to him, if he were attacked—assassinated, where would it lead us to?"

"His Majesty's visit is indiscreet."

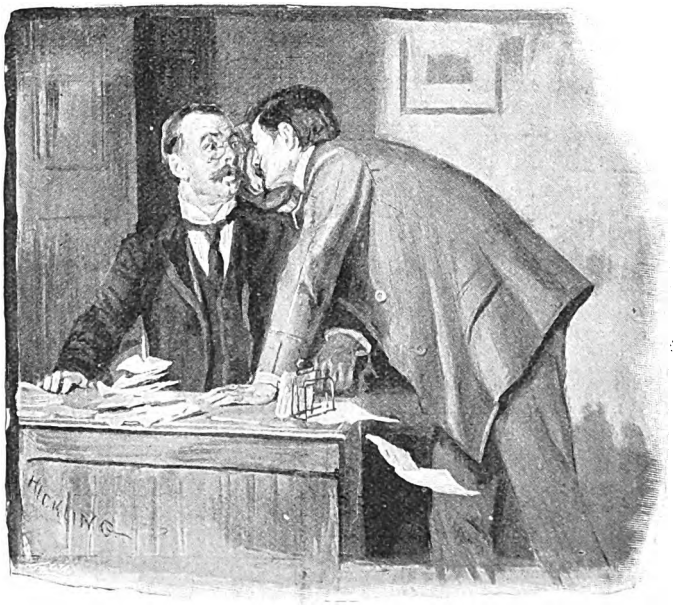
"It is madness. But while he is our guest we must protect him with all the skill that we possess without allowing him to know that his identity has been discovered. I give you *carte blanche* in this matter. Report to me every hour, arrest anyone upon the slightest suspicion, employ only our most trusted men, and remember that the life of the Kaiser and the honour of France is in your hands. Perform your work well and I shall remember it. Do not waste time now, go at once, but stay, I will come with you."

With an anxious frown still upon his face, the chief left the building with Monsieur Razalles, to enter, a little later, the grounds of the Exhibition at the Champs Elysées' entrance by the Alexander Bridge.

There was an instant's whispered conversation with a secret service agent at the gate, and then they followed the broad avenue to the Palais des Beaux Arts.

Lounging in the doorway was Dacheaux, one of the highly placed confidential officials of the Prefecture, and with an almost imperceptible motion of the hand he indicated a couple of Germans, who a short distance off were examining some of the monumental sculpture that graced the building.

One of the men was the ordinary type of



"His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is in Paris!"

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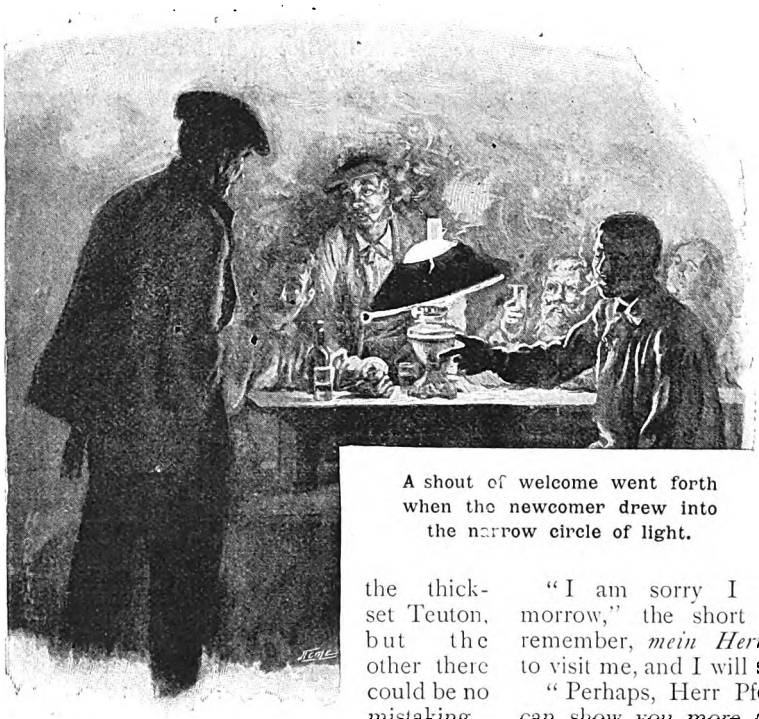

A shout of welcome went forth when the newcomer drew into the narrow circle of light.

the thick-set Teuton, but the other there could be no mistaking.

"It is he," the Prefect gasped, "it is he, sure enough. *Mon Dieu!* how indiscreet."

The second man was garbed in a tweed suit and soft hat which could not conceal his military bearing, and the only change he had troubled to make in his appearance was to wax down the ends of his moustache which usually curled so fiercely upwards. In one hand he carried a light stick, the other was always still.

"*Sacré bleu*," the Prefect murmured fiercely, "why did not Herr Richter warn us?"

"Doubtless Herr Richter believes that His Majesty is at his shooting-box," the detective answered. "The Kaiser has a reputation for impulsiveness. I doubt if any people in Europe other than ourselves are aware of our visitor's identity."

"Possibly; who is that German?"

"I do not know, monsieur, but from a few words I caught of their conversation, undoubtedly only a chance acquaintance."

"So! Well, the Emperor must have no chance acquaintances during his sojourn in Paris. When they separate to-night, arrest him. Let there be a street brawl. You understand."

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Préfet."

"Keep him imprisoned till the danger is past, and serve every man the same, whatever his nationality may be, who scrapes an acquaintance or even appears to recognise him. You understand?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet."

"Then see you do not fail."

All through that day the two Germans were always under the watchful eyes of the police, and even as they parted at night there was a man standing holding out the placard of *La Patrie*, who drank in every word that was uttered.

"I am sorry I return to Berlin to-morrow," the short German said, "but remember, *mein Herr*, you have promised to visit me, and I will show you the sights."

"Perhaps, Herr Pfeiffer, you will find I can show you more of the sights of Berlin than you can me," the other answered with an enigmatical smile, and then they parted.

Five minutes later two men rolled up against Herr Pfeiffer, there was a scuffle, a torrent of guttural curses, and the little German, in spite of his expostulations, found himself in the grip of the Paris police.

Out in the slums beyond Montmartre, another act of the drama was being played, and one which Monsieur Lépine would have given ten years of his life to have overheard.

A dozen men were seated around a table in a smoke and dirt-begrimed room, whispering earnestly to one another, and their talk was that in which they lauded those who had smitten princes and rulers to death, and their toast was always to that assassin who still lived, though he had chilled Europe with horror.

They raised their heads simultaneously and glanced anxiously towards the door as it opened, but a shout of welcome went forth when the newcomer drew into the narrow circle of light.

"You, Gautrage, what news, *mon ami?*"

The man addressed came towards the table and, sitting upon the edge of it, poured himself out a tumbler of raw spirit and swallowed it at a gulp.

He was a man who looked as if he had

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risen from the dead to meet them, one upon whose face was stamped the signs of a disease that had nearly run its course.

"What news, *mes amis*," he cried, "oh, great and glorious news. The chance of another blow that shall make the whole world shiver. *Sacré diable!* what a chance. How the devil looks after his children, *mes enfants!*"

He clenched his hands and tore at his ragged coat in his excitement, and then a paroxysm of coughing seized him and nearly crushed the flickering life out of his wretched carcase.

"Mark you, comrades, this is my affair. It is I who have discovered him. I cannot, like all of you, look forward to a long life. It is I who have discovered him, and it is I who will kill him. You promise?"

"Yes, yes. Who is he?"

"The Emperor of Germany. He is in Paris. The police have recognised him, and they're watching him every hour, but we'll fool them as we've done before. We'll lure him beyond Paris, here, and then I'll kill him. He's curious. He'd like to see life out here in Montmartre. He'd like to play me a game of billiards, eh?"

"*Sacré bleu!* But you, Gautrage?"

"Me, comrades, what of me? I shall leave Paris suddenly in company with the Kaiser instead of waiting awhile and going alone. But it will be difficult to lure him away. That cursed Razelles is watching him—"

"Leave him to me," a man growled. "It is for him that I keep my knife sharp."

"Good! Then 'God save the Emperor!' That, comrades, is the toast—drink!"

Nearly a week had elapsed since Razelles penetrated the disguise of the illustrious stranger who sojourned in their midst. A week of anxiety to Monsieur Lépine and of constant care to his subordinates, and in that period many queer things had happened, and more than once a Parisian who had gazed with too curious an eye upon the upright, soldier-like figure, either in the Exhibition or on the Boulevards, had found himself, but a few moments later, touched upon the shoulder and, in fulfilment of the Chief's policy of caution and suppression, subsequently "detained" at the Prefecture.

While Monsieur Lépine realised that the best thing that he could do was to maintain complete silence upon the matter, yet he felt it was only right that he should communicate to Berlin the fact that the Kaiser's *incognito* had been penetrated, and further assure the State authorities there that all possible precautions would be taken to insure His Imperial Majesty's safety, and to prevent the occurrence of any disaster, while due notice would be given of the Kaiser's date of leaving Paris and where he would cross the frontier.

"The responsibility," said Monsieur Lépine in the letter which he wrote with his own hand, and which was dispatched by courier to the German capital, "is too great not to demand my utmost efforts. At the same time I know that I ought to respect His Imperial Majesty's freedom of movement.

"There will have to be a slight compromise as between a State visit and a strict *incognito*.

"As long as His Imperial Majesty remains in Paris, at least, I cannot but be accountable for his safety. I cannot but tremble at the thought of an indiscreet disclosure of his presence here which might have the most far-reaching consequences. I will promise, nevertheless, that only very few of my most trusted functionaries shall become cognisant of the secret. It shall be their privilege to protect His Imperial Majesty." And with diplomatic courtesies the missive ended.

It was with a sense of supreme relief that at last the evening arrived when Monsieur Lépine learnt from Razelles that on the morrow the embarrassing and uninvited guest would take his departure, and that same evening the shadowed visitor on leaving his hotel immediately after dinner, took a cab to the Boulevard de Clichy and alighted where the sails of the Moulin Rouge revolve and where Paris of the night throbs and vibrates long into the small hours of the morning.

The strange, weird fronts of the cabarets were a blaze of electric light and fantastic decoration. No reverence or respect seems to exist in the minds of those who take their pleasures in this wild Bohemia.

The Cabaret of Heaven, with its blue and silver decorations, its azure lamps and its attendants garbed as angels, rubs shoulders with one that symbolises quite another place and is a blaze of crimson flame and Mephistophelian janitors. Opposite, under the sickly glare of a solitary green lantern, the funereal "Cave of Nothingness" appeals to the morbid mind, while from yet another *outré* doorway bursts the *chanson* of the *Fin du Monde*.

Behind him ever followed two watchful shadows, the two chief detectives of Paris, ever on the alert and yet growing more and more uncomfortable as their charge strayed further and further from the heart of Paris.

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Presently the German paused before a *café*, and a man with a white and livid face spoke to him as he overtook him.

"Pardon, monsieur, but you are being followed. Don't take any notice for a moment and then look round."

The stranger walked a pace or two ahead, and the German glanced over his shoulder. There were two men, he did not know that they were his guardians, slinking along in the shadows.

"Do you see them?"

"Yes, there are two."

"You are a stranger, you should not be in this part of Paris alone; it is dangerous."

"Shall I turn back?"

"No; take the first street on the left and run. I'll walk back. I know these men. I am an official."

The German turned sharply to the left, and as he did so, the man with the white face paused and whistled.

Simultaneously there sprang from the darkness two stalwart figures, who closed with the detectives, and a few seconds after the man had overtaken the German.

"There's a gang of them," he panted, "we shall both be murdered. Run. Wait! there's a cab. Into it!"

He bundled the German into the cab and got in after him.

"Drive like the fiend," he shrieked, and the horse started into a gallop.

"I have to thank you for saving my life," the German said after a few moments.

"It was a near thing," the other answered, and there was a ghastly grin on his face. "One of them gave me a nasty blow. I must have some brandy. Stop at the *café* in the Rue Becquerel," he cried, with a half groan to the driver, and presently they pulled up before a wretched drinking den standing back from the road.

"You must not come in here," he said, "it's a filthy hole, but I must have some brandy, one of the fiends nearly killed me."

He looked like a man half dead, and his companion sprang to his feet and assisted him across the pavement through the shop and into the room beyond, where a few dirty benches and a tottering billiard table were the only furniture.

In response to his order the proprietor brought a bottle of brandy, and when he had left it, he went out into the shop again and rushed into the street as fast as his legs could take him.

"I shall be better in five minutes," the man in the billiard room whispered.

Then he took a red ball from somewhere and placed it very gently upon the table.

"I expect the white balls are down there. Practise French billiards while I pull myself together," he said, and he grit his teeth as though awaiting something.

The German, picking up a cue, fired hard at the red ball, and a blinding blaze of light, followed by a deafening roar, filled the room.

Away back on the Boulevard de Clichy, Monsieur Razelles, he whom the French criminals called "the wolf," moved uneasily upon the ground, and then as the past came back to him, rose with a shriek to his feet. Another man, his comrade, lay beside him, stabbed to the heart, and his own clothes were saturated with the blood from a wound in his side.

But, worst of all, he had been false to his trust. He had failed in his duty. The Emperor had been seized and dragged away before his very eyes, and was by now perhaps dead, assassinated. Their espionage had been futile, their protection criminally impotent. The agony of his wound was forgotten in the anguish of remorse which he suffered, and then blindly he staggered onwards in the direction that they had gone, cursing himself for his folly in not taking more men that night and half frenzied with the horror of his position.

Then, suddenly, as he turned a corner, there came an awful crash and a stunning concussion which almost lifted him from the ground.

Away in the blackness he saw the light of the explosion flash into the sky.

"A bomb!" he shrieked, and staggered onwards, and those who were passing gathered up his cry in a swelling chorus and shouted, "A bomb!" as they rushed towards the scene.

The *café* in the Rue Becquerel was a tumbled wreck of ruins; a shattered cab and a dead horse lay across the roadway and a man was groaning in the centre of a terrified group.

Razelles, bursting through the excited knot of people, rushed to his side and flung himself upon the ground beside him.

"Who went into the *café*? Tell me, for Heaven's sake, tell me!—" and he shook the maimed body of the man.

"Two," he gasped, "one was a German, tall like a soldier—"

With a shriek of horror Razelles sprang up and like a madman burst through the shrieking crowd, raced back down the muddy

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streets and presently, torn, bleeding and dishevelled, with madness starting from his eyes, he flung himself into the room of the Chief of the Police and fell in a heap at Monsieur Lépine's feet.

The horror was reflected in the Chief's eyes as he caught at his desk and rose from his chair.

"*Mon Dieu*, what is it? They haven't—" his lips refused to frame the words and he sat there staring like one demented.

"For Heaven's sake, shoot me. Kill me."

"The Emperor? *mille diables!* the Emperor!"

"They've ——"

Like a flash the Prefect seized the man by the throat and dragging him up, looked into his ashen face.

"Don't tell me they've trapped him!"

"They've killed him!"

There was no sound in the apartment. The man on the floor had fainted, and the Prefect sat looking stonily before him.

"A bomb!" he shrieked, and staggered onwards.

"The courier from Berlin, Monsieur le Préfet," a voice broke the silence.

"Admit him," he answered mechanically, and the servant with a glance at the prostrate figure, withdrew.

"You are from Berlin, monsieur?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet," the visitor answered, and handed a packet to him.

"Open and read it to me, monsieur," he cried, after helplessly fumbling with the seals, and then he gripped the arms of his chair and sat back. The introductory diplomatic courtesies were unheard by him, but presently there came words to which his ears harkened and which galvanised his heart to life again.

"We are at a loss to understand Monsieur le Préfet's error. His Imperial Majesty only yesterday returned from the new Wildpark Palace at Potsdam and is to-day in Berlin. If he had been in Paris we know that under the care of Monsieur le Préfet, he would have been well protected and safe from danger, and we thank Monsieur le Préfet for the zealous guardianship which he has bestowed upon one whom he has mistaken for His Imperial Majesty."

The note ended with many more diplomatic courtesies and the Prefect nodded approvingly at their graciousness.

Then, after a moment's pause, he turned to the messenger again and there was a lingering anxiety in the tones of his voice and a look of wonderment in his eyes as he put the question: "You came direct from His Majesty the Kaiser?"

The messenger answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see his Majesty yourself?" he queried with some little relief.

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet; he asked me himself to convey his thanks to you for your solicitous care of one of his subjects who, it would seem, strangely resembles him, and who is as great as he is, because he is a German."

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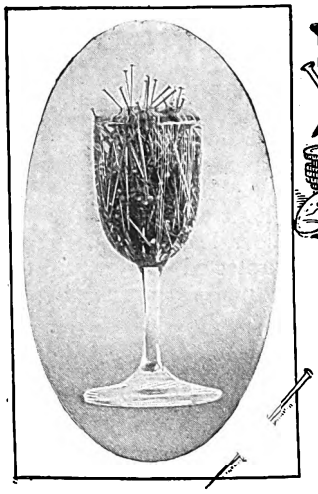
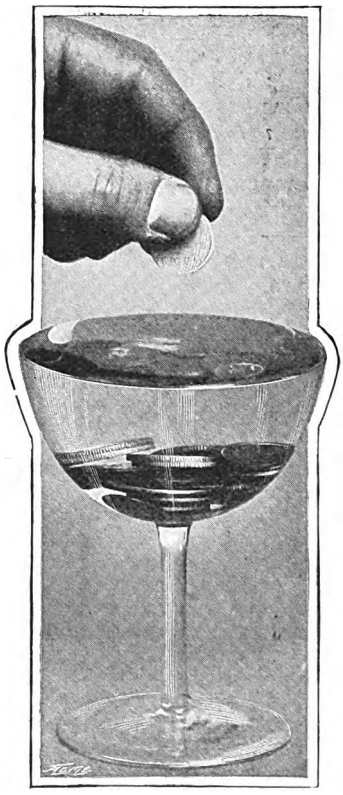


It is possible to put 380 pins into a liqueur glass already full of water.

POSSIBLE IMPOSSIBILITIES

By M. Hoey.

If any Readers know of other interesting and novel Tricks, will they communicate with the Editor, who will be pleased to give Half-a-Guinea for every Trick which he considers worthy of Publication.



You can fill a champagne glass to the brim and drop over twenty coins into it without spilling a drop of water.

A story is told of that Royal wag, Charles the Second, that on one occasion he sent the following question to the Royal Society: "How is it that if you fill a glass bowl to the brim, and then put in a gold-fish, the water does not overflow?"

Now all the learned men sat in conclave over this weighty matter, and many were the scientific books and treatises written by them explaining the causes of this phenomenon. In due course these were submitted to His Majesty, and "a great laugh laughed he," for, commanding a bowl, filled with water, and a gold fish to be brought, he showed the scientists that when he put the creature into the water it *did* overflow; at least, so goes the tale.

I am, however, prepared to show you that it is possible to put many hundred pins in a liqueur glass filled to the brim without one drop running over.

Begin by placing the glass on an absolutely level table, and then fill carefully from the centre, taking care not to wet the brim. This done, take the pins, four or five at a time, and drop them smartly into the glass, the points downward. Fill up evenly as far as possible, till the heads of the pins are visible above the water, dropping the remaining ones separately, right into the centre. Naturally, before trying this trick, you ask the onlookers to bet how many pins you will be able to put in, inviting them to give you a penny for every one that you can place above our number they specify.

Three hundred and eighty pins can be seen in our illustration, but should you try this trick with a wine-glass, it is possible to put in close on seven hundred without the water brimming over.

Another anecdote.

One day a certain Prince, travelling incog., found himself at a restaurant without any money.

When his account was delivered to him, he called the head waiter, and asked him if he had ever had his fortune told by coins in a glass of water.

The man, an Irishman, replied in the negative, and said he should like to know how it was done.

"Bring me two sovereigns and a glass brimful of water," said His Serene Highness, and when they were brought—"This is yourself," he began, cautiously putting in one coin, without the water overflowing.

He then said a few words in a foreign tongue, and made some passes.

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"Of course no more money can be placed in the glass?" he asked the waiter.

"Shure, an' it's not meself that wud be a'thryin af ut, Sir."

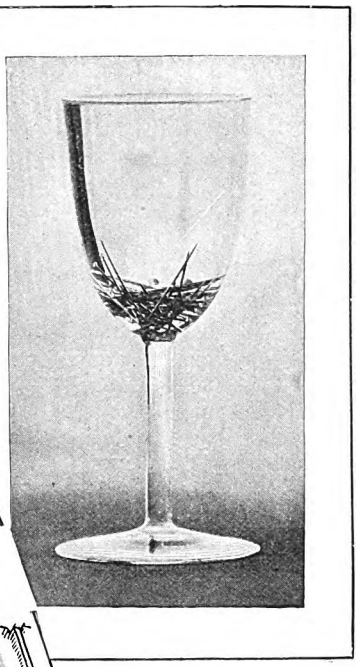
"Any that I put in, without a drop spilling—I shall confiscate in payment for telling your fortune," the Prince replied with a smile.

"Shure, an' yer honour shall be welcome to ut."

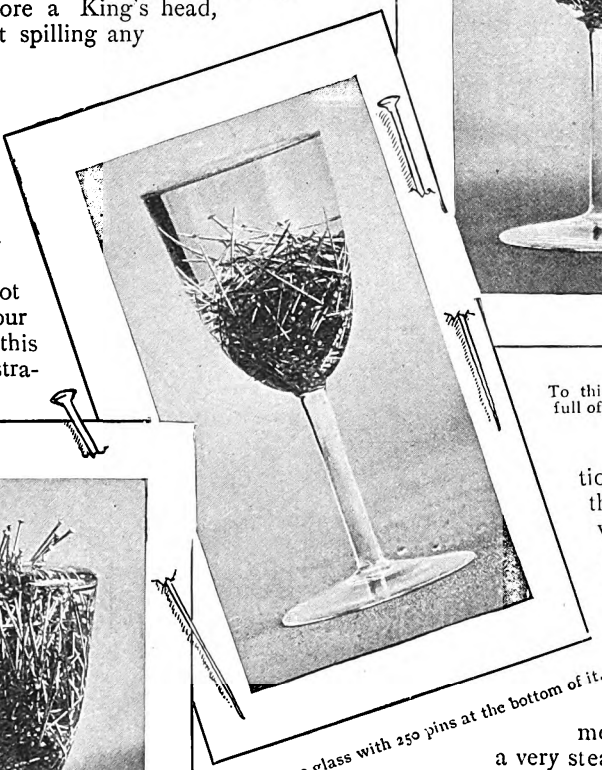
"If you get into deep water you will sink," went on the Prince in an impressive tone, "and a golden-headed man will get the better of you very soon," he added, as he dropped the remaining sovereign, which bore a King's head, into the glass—not spilling any water.

The Irishman saw the joke, and took it in excellent part, while his customer paid the account with the forfeited coin.

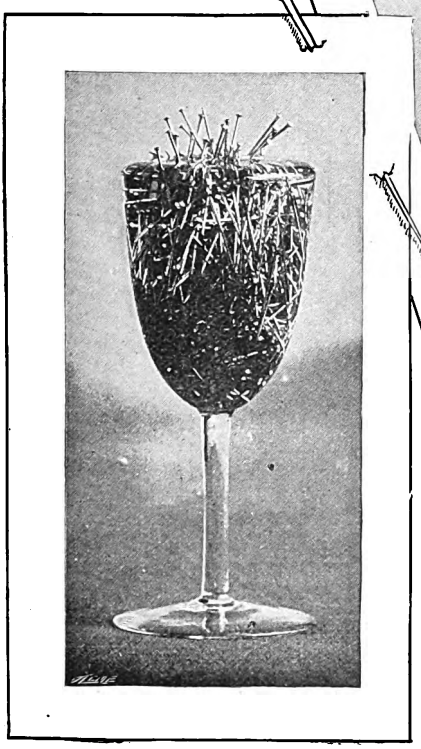
The Prince was not as ambitious as your humble servant in this matter—for the illustration shows no fewer than twenty coins which have been placed in a champagne glass previously filled *to the brim*. This trick is somewhat difficult of accomplishment, and requires a very steady hand.



To this wine-glass, originally full of water, has been added fifty pins.



The same glass with 250 pins at the bottom of it.



Now it contains no fewer than 680 pins, and not a drop of water has been spilt. It will be noticed that the water is banked up above the glass.

The size and substance of the money are immaterial to the trick—though not, of course, to the performer if his friends have cheerfully agreed to let him keep all he puts into that brimming cup! Forty-two *sixpences* may be put in. Gently lower each coin till it is nearly covered with water, and then let go quickly—so that it cuts the liquid in the centre of the glass.

Many people have heard that it is possible to float pins in a finger-glass, but if they make the experiment, they will discover that it is by no means as easy as it sounds.

In fact it can only be done by balancing the pin quite evenly between your finger and thumb and then dropping it with the greatest gentleness on to the water, only leaving go in time to prevent your fingers touching the surface of the liquid.

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"When I'm a Man"

By Geo. A. Best.

Illustrated from Photographs by F. Park.

I asked dad last night how long it'd be before I was a man, an' he said, "Well, my boy, that just depends on yourself, but I shouldn't be in a hurry if I were you."

"But I want to have a lot of pocket-money like you have," I said. "An' a season ticket so's I can walk past the collector without payin'; an' I want to sit up late every night an' enjoy myself."

Dad laughed in the same way as a parrot which has been taught to smile loud without movin' its mouth.

"Bed is the nicest place of all, Kenneth," he said, "an' if you wish to enjoy yourself you should try to remain a boy all your life."

I asked dad last night how long it'd be before I was a man.

Just because I was twenty minutes' late for lunch yesterday there was an awful fuss made.

I should like to have asked dad why *he* didn't go to bed at seven, as it was such a very nice place, instead of sittin' up till eleven an' bein' miserable. But dad won't argue on these subjects. He simply says things, an' you've either got to believe them, or else pretend to.

It seems so easy for a man to be good, 'cos he needn't tell fibs if he smashes a vase in the drawin'-room, or doesn't come into dinner at the right time. If it's his own vase he breaks, he says, "accidents will happen," an' rings for Jane to sweep up the pieces, an' there the matter ends. But if he's out visitin' an' knocks anythin' off the mantelpiece he doesn't say "accidents will happen"—the lady of the house says that, an' she smiles an' says "pray don't mention it" when dad calls himself "clumsy."

I tried to look as if my feelings were hurt."

But when I kicked my football through the dining-room window nobody said "pray don't mention it," an' when I told dad that accidents would happen he sent me to bed "for my impudence." Impudence indeed! That's all one gets for tryin' to be polite! A few days after this accident mamma's afternoon tea service was shattered by a "Boer shell" which should have burst in the opposite corner of the room.

The cat happened to be on the table at the time, an'—well, she took her beatin' like a real hero!

Just because I was twenty minutes late at lunch yesterday there was an awful fuss made. I told mamma

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I'd "met a friend that I hadn't seen for years, an' we'd been talkin' about old times," which was exactly what dad said when *he* had kept the dinner waiting for nearly an hour, one day last week.

Mamma didn't ask me any questions about *my* friend, although I'd got all dad's answers ready for her; she was angrier than ever at my explanation; an' when I tried to look as if my feelin's were hurt she said I was a wicked, sulky boy, an' sent me out of the room just as the puddin' came in. This sort of thing is what dad calls enjoyment! An' he says I oughter try to remain a boy all my life!

I suppose it's time I thought about what I'm going to be when I'm a man. Charley Brown has decided already; an' he's a year younger than me. He says he's going to be a dentist, so that he can pull out the teeth of a few people he doesn't like. "All one wants to start work with," he says, "is a pair of strong pinchers, a barber's chair, an' a glass of water; an' the more you hurt people, the more they pay." Charley tried to draw one of his uncle's teeth while the old gentleman was asleep with his mouth open.

I suppose it's time I thought about what I'm going to be when I'm a man.

He just gave one pull at the nearest tooth, an' the whole lot came out, gums and all!

I should like to be a very big policeman.

He just gave one pull at the nearest tooth with the sugar tongs, an' the whole lot came out, gums and all! Charley was so much astonished that he stood on the hearth-rug with the old gentleman's mouth in his hand, an' was caught by his big brother before he could run away. Charley's uncle left the house in a passion, without sayin' good-bye to anybody.

I should like to be a very big policeman, so's I could hold up my hand and stop the horses and carts for a mile down the street. Then, when I'd kept 'em all waitin' for an hour, or more, I'd order the first driver to go on, an' stop him again before he'd moved two yards, just to show that I wasn't to be played with! But dad says policemen don't have much money to spend, so I must think of somethin' else.

He just tells people they're dyin', an' they pay him two guineas.

I have an uncle who's a doctor in the West End. People come to him all day long, an' he just tells them they're dyin', an' they pay him two guineas an' go home to tell their friends how clever he is. It's an easy sort of life, but my uncle doesn't ride about the town half as much as the butcher or the greengrocer do.

He's what they call a specialist, an' people must either go to see

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Somebody's sure to say you're sicknin' for something.

him or else stay away. I'd rather be the other kind of doctor who drives about all day an' sees a lot of different people's bed-rooms. He only charges five shillings for lookin' at one's tongue; but he can examine at least fifty tongues a day, so it isn't a bad trade, after all. I don't know what five times fifty make, but I'm pretty certain it's over a sov'rin.

Dad says I should make a good actor because I can play the old soldier so well. By playing the "old soldier" dad means pretending you're ill, so's to stay a..y from school. It's very ..sy to really think you're not well, an' easier still to make other people believe it.

You've only got to keep your eyes half closed at breakfast time an' eat as little as you're able to, without speakin' a word. Then somebody's sure to say you're sickenin' for somethin', an' had better stay at home an' keep yourself warm so's to bring the rash out. Of course the rash doesn't come out at all, 'cos you're simply sickenin' for a holiday. You can get well gradually—*after school-time*.

Boys have to do these mean tricks whenever they want a day at home. With men it's quite different. When dad wants a holiday he just says he's feelin' a bit "seedy," an' he gets the day off, an' his breakfast as well! He says it's a bad thing to "starve a cold," so he stays at home an' eats as much as he can "to keep his strength up." But mamma says if a boy's really ill he can't eat, so if a young fellow like me tries to keep *his* strength up somebody's sure to say he's shammin'. As I said before it's easy for a man to be good.

I should like to be an actor, 'cos they have nothin' to do all day, an' don't go to bed till next mornin', every night 'cept Sundays. An' they can let off revolvers without bein' locked up for it, an' call people names without havin' their heads punched afterwards. It must be very good sport to kill the villain every night, an' then bow to the audience when the curtain fell. I should be wipin' the blood off my sword as I bowed, an' that would be sure to please the people in the gal'ry.

You can get well gradu ally—*after schooltime*.

Dad says I shall never be brave enough for the army, 'cos when I went to Shoeburyness to see the big guns let off I couldn't help puttin' my hands to my ears before the bang came. Dad says it would never do for an officer to order his men to "fire!" an' then clap his own hands to his ears. It *would* look a bit silly, wouldn't it? An' the common soldiers might think you were afraid! I'm very sorry about this habit, 'cos I wanted to be a com-

I couldn't help puttin' my hands to my ears before the bang came.

I'd like to see the man who'd call either me or Lord Bobs a coward.

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mander-in-chief, an' commander-in-chiefs want both their hands to manage their horses an' swords with.

Though I reckon it's no more cowardly to jump when one hears a bang than it is to faint away at the sight of a cat, as another commander-in-chief does. But I'd like to see the man who'd call either me or Lord Bobs a coward!

I wouldn't care to be an author, 'cos they're gen'rally so bad tempered an' snappish. Dad's an author. When the postman brings an author a big letter he isn't pleased like other people are. He simply puts it out of sight as quickly as he can, an' you mustn't ask him who it's from, or anythin' about it. You must pretend not to notice it.

An' the bigger the letter is the more careful you've got to be. I heard dad mutter somethin' about "small profits an' quick returns," when the postman brought him a very heavy parcel last week, an' he's looked worried ever since. The same words are printed in the window of the sweet-stuff shop down the road, so I guess dad's thinkin' about changin' his business. I wish he would.

What ever I am, I shall have a season ticket to somewhere an' back, an' lots of pocket-money. I shall keep tame rabbits an' white mice, but no children.

You must pretend not to notice it.

I didn't care much for that remark, as I showed pretty plainly by my face.

I've been wonderin' ever since whether a moral is what they feed lions on or men.

Children are all very well when they've grown up, as I have, but when they're babies they're far more trouble than rabbits, an' not half so 'musin'.

Mamma says I'm just like a man already, in one way. "Men," she says, "can't think of anythin' but eatin', an' that's just like you, Kenneth." I didn't care much for that remark, as I showed pretty plainly by my face. I put on a fierce 'spression (like dad does when he can't find his slippers), an' asked mamma what she meant.

"Well, Ken," she said, "when I told you the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den, you had real tears in your eyes at the end, an' I thought I'd got a really good an' 'telligent little boy for my eldest son." "So I *am* good 'an telligent, mamma," I said. "What made you think I wasn't?"

Mamma tried to look sad, but her eyes were laughin'.

"You spoiled it all by sayin' '*Poor Lions!*'" she said. "I'm afraid the moral of the story was quite lost on you."

An' I've been wonderin' ever since whether a moral is what they feed lions on or men; an' why I'm called stupid for pitying a hungry animal which has its jaws locked suddenly at dinner-time.

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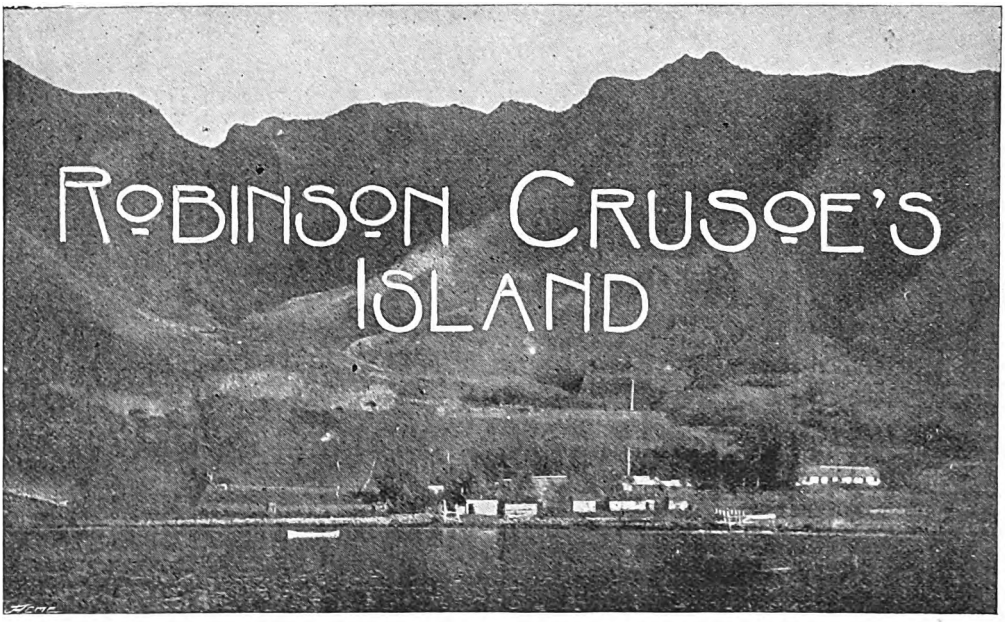
ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND



The chief town in Juan Fernandez. It is here that Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) is supposed to have landed.

By Herbert Vivian.

Photographs by J. B. Pickles.

According to Defoe, who certainly had some right to an opinion on the subject, Robinson Crusoe's Island lay somewhere not very far east of the West Indies, off "the Coast of Guiana or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazons, towards that of the river Oroonoque, commonly called the Great River," now known to us as the Orinoco.

But I believe this was intended to put readers off the scent, and most people are now agreed that the famous story was taken almost directly from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a buccaneer, who was stranded at Juan Fernandez from 1704 to 1709. This island is a long way further south, on the other side of South America, five hundred miles off the coast of Chile, but apart from references to the equinox and a few other touches added by the romancer, harmonises far better with the details of Crusoe's sojourn.

Accordingly a few facts about Juan Fernandez may be counted on to interest almost everybody, more especially as it has scarcely ever been explored or described by Englishmen. If I cannot throw any fresh light on Crusoe-lore, I shall at least afford a few hints to the creators of next year's pantomimes.

The presence of sealers, for instance, suggests that Crusoe might reasonably add a sealskin coat to the already extensive wardrobe of his tradition. Again, there appear to have been wild horses as well as wild goats at Juan Fernandez, and plenty of entertainment might be afforded by setting him to tame buckjumpers or start a stud and beguile his leisure with racing. The contest for the Crusoe Cup and the attempts of Will Atkins to welsh Man Friday ought to bring down the house.

There were also wild pigs, which Robinson might have occupied himself in sticking.

Now, however, the most recent expedition reports that no wild animals are to be found on the island, and anyone rash enough to attempt a repetition of Crusoe's exploit would be likely to fare ill at the present day. It seems that all quadrupeds were exported some years ago, and no attempt has been made to replace them. Fish, on the other hand, remain abundant, and sealers contrive to make a handsome profit. When Sharpe,

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the famous pirate, landed, the seals were so thick on the shore that he had to shoot and stun hundreds before he could force his way through.

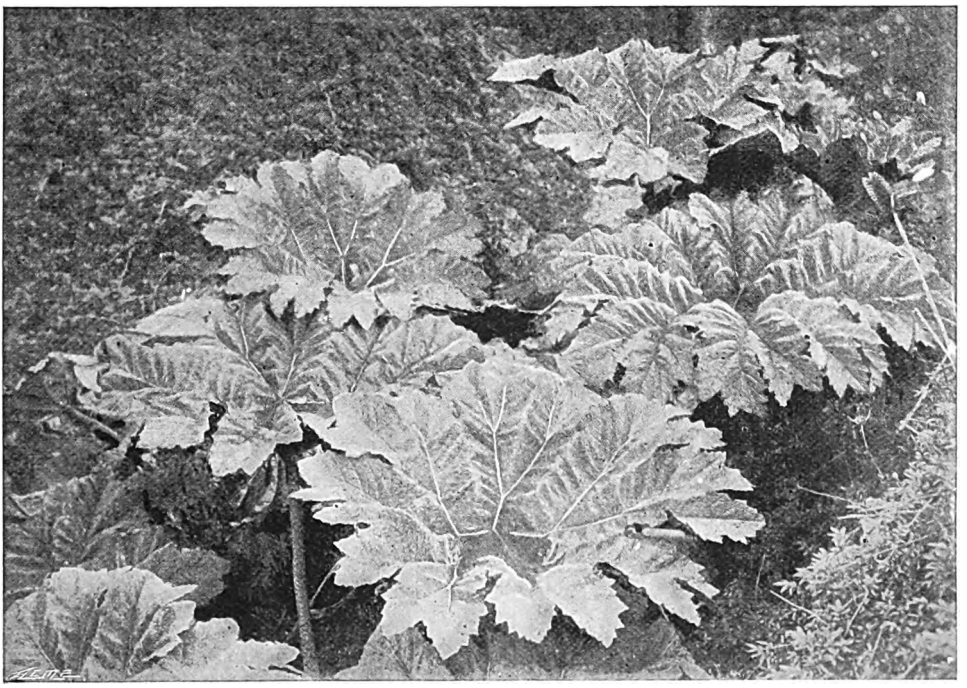
The existing vegetation is almost entirely restricted to ferns and fern trees, some of them prodigious in size, but Defoe omitted to mention that Crusoe's cave was thickly furnished with them. There are also plants with enormous leaves, some of them capable of holding as much as six gallons of water, and these would have appealed to him when he was in such great difficulties for want of a pipkin.

At the time of his exile (which Defoe has set down as 1659, or nearly half a century earlier than Selkirk's) there was abundance of sandalwood trees, so we may picture Crusoe's stockade and firelogs of that fragrant material. Now, however, a succession of commercial invasions has completely denuded the island of them.

Viewed from the sea, Juan Fernandez is not unlike Aden in appearance—a range of volcanic brown rocks coming more or less sheer down to the water. The scenery is bold and at the same time picturesque, the bare mountains rising one above the other in tiers to a height of over 3000ft. The topmost peak is known as "the Anvil," and seems almost inaccessible; at any rate, it has never yet been climbed. Once ashore, you may soon shake off the depression inspired by the barren appearance, for there are plenty of smiling valleys with flowers and vines and wild olives.

During the last half century the facilities of landing have been greatly improved. A present-day visitor may run in comfortably alongside a sort of shelf of rock, where the sealers have their cottages. But a shipwrecked mariner, unable to choose the scene of his catastrophe, would be likely to fare as ill as Crusoe did, tossed about by the surf from rock to rock until at last he was glad to clamber up the cliffs and escape with his life.

Anyone who troubles to look at some good photographs of the island and compare them with Defoe's narrative will be astonished at the accurate scenery of the shipwreck, so that, if other evidence were wanting, this



When Crusoe was in great difficulties for want of a place to keep his water he might well have used some of these gigantic leaves, which abound in the island. They can be made to hold no less than six gallons.

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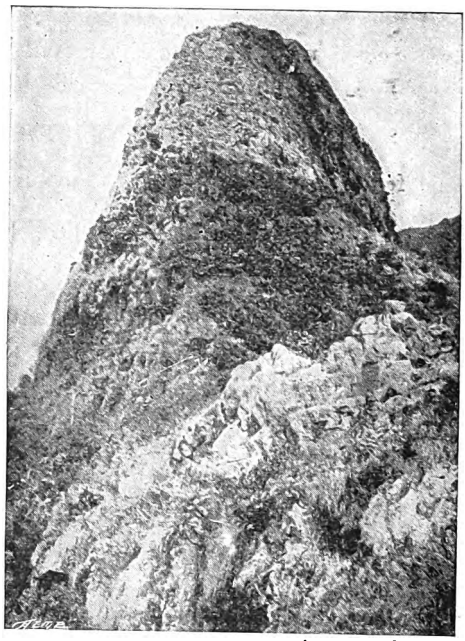
would almost suffice to establish the identity of Crusoe's place of exile. On the other hand, Juan Fernandez was much too far away from the mainland for Selkirk to have been troubled by the incursions of native canoes. Defoe therefore reduced the distance from 500 to 40 miles in order to introduce his human interest with more ease.

So remote an island could not present attractions as a residence to many human beings for a long time, but it seems to have afforded hospitality to a strange variety of tenants. It was most popular with pirates and buccaneers, who made it their headquarters for storing their plunder and refitting after a foray. Indeed, it would surprise me if a careful exploration of the island would not lay bare hidden treasures at least equal to those of Captain Kidd. The pirates depended chiefly on the flocks of wild goats, which were so useful to Crusoe, and the Spanish government actually sent out greyhounds to destroy them.

For a long time the place remained a kind of no-man's island, until it was formally taken over by Spain in 1750. Then a Spanish sailor, named Juan Fernandez, obtained a grant of it from his Government, and lived there for some time in solitary grandeur. But the loneliness preyed upon him, and he was glad to be taken off by a passing ship.

The only people who ever seem to have enjoyed their visit to the island were the members of Anson's expedition in 1741. They had all been suffering terribly from scurvy, and the green food they found there afforded them welcome relief. Out of gratitude, Anson planted a number of fruit stones, which soon added to the useful vegetation.



The "Look out," where Alexander Selkirk had his flagstaff. Its remains were found three or four years ago.

Tablet erected to the memory of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez.

The Spaniards fortified the island to a certain extent, but it made a poor show of resistance against the Chilian rebels, who incorporated it in their republic and used it as a penal settlement during some twenty years early last century.

Traces of Chilian cruelty may still be remarked there. One cliff is excavated to a distance of several hundred feet, and we may pursue a long winding passage until we come to the dark, dripping cells where Chilian convicts were confined. Beneath these were other cells, some only five feet high and six feet long, living graves where the light never penetrated.

In 1877 the island was let to an eccentric

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Swiss, who wished to taste the delights of seclusion. He took with him a small band of colonists, who might have been styled the Swiss Family Robinson, but they soon tired of the experience and came away.

Three or four years ago, the Chilian Government sent a surveying party, which included the President of the Republic, to see whether Juan Fernandez was suitable for a modern convict settlement. It might have been imagined that the fact of its having already served in that capacity would have sufficed, but the ways of South American republics are unfathomable, and, after a pleasant yachting trip, the party returned to pronounce against the scheme.

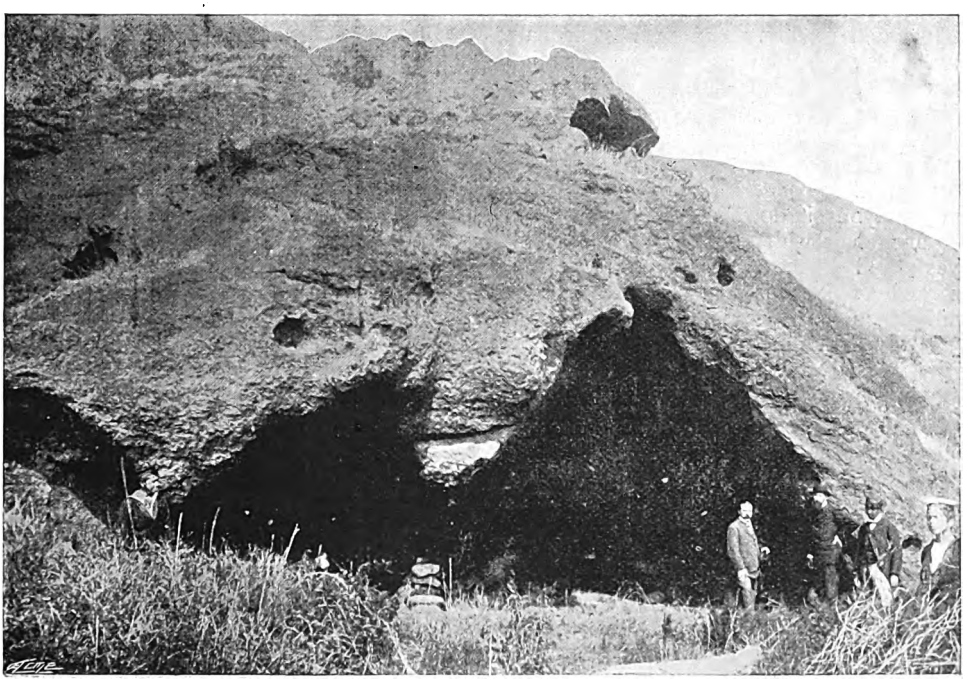
Almost the only result of their expedition was to discover, imbedded in one of the topmost peaks of the island, the remains of Alexander Selkirk's flagstaff, from which he had signalled in the hope of attracting a passing ship. Somewhat lower down this mound, a tablet has been erected to the memory of Selkirk.

The only other object of interest was the cave occupied by Selkirk during the whole of his stay. It bears no traces of the elaborate arrangement of kitchens and passages and doorways which Crusoe is recorded as having contrived. What strikes one most about it is its extreme insecurity. Apart from the great size of the opening, which would invite intruders, it looks as though the least breath would cause it to fall in.

Earthquakes are frequent in these regions, as Crusoe learned to his cost, and Selkirk must have been very fortunate to escape being buried alive literally as well as metaphorically. It is true that a number of stones have been heaped up as a support in the centre of the entrance, but the masonry is rude enough to have been the work of one inexperienced man and cannot have afforded any very secure protection.

It is doubtful whether Selkirk would ever have been remembered but for his involuntary association with Robinson Crusoe. He appears to have quarrelled with his captain and asked to be put ashore, but when there he thought better of it and intreated to be taken back.

The captain, however, was only too glad to be rid of a pestilent fellow, and sailed away with all speed. No doubt Selkirk had many striking adventures, but they owe all their interest as well as their immortality to the genius of Defoe, who restored the dry bones to life in the person of Robinson Crusoe.



Robinson Crusoe's cave.

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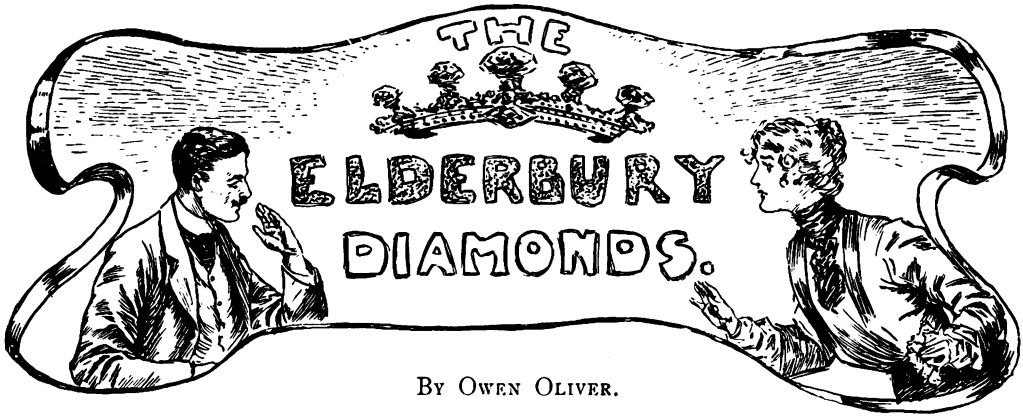

By Owen Oliver.

I was roused from the pleasantest of all sleeps—the second sleep in the morning, when one ought to be up—by my landlady knocking at the bed-room door.

"Gentleman wants to see you, sir,"

"Tell him to call again," I grumbled drowsily.

"It's very pertickler, he says. Name of Thorn, and——"

"Thorn!" I stretched myself and jumped out of bed. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

I am a detective. Messrs Hutchins and Thorn, the well-known jewellers, were clients of mine.

When I arrived downstairs I found Thorn pacing my sitting-room. He is a big, bluff, ruddy man of fifty. His business acquaintances describe him as keen and straightforward. His friends call him a good fellow. His detractors—who are not numerous—charge him with nothing worse than a critical taste in strong waters.

"What is wrong, Mr. Thorn?" I asked. "Won't you sit down?" He dropped into the arm-chair with a groan. His bloodshot eyes and dishevelled dress contrasted markedly with his usual good-humoured, well-groomed appearance.

"Lady Elderbury's diamonds," he said. "Stolen last night. Worth £25,000." His big hand shook as he wiped his forehead.

"You are upset," I suggested. "Take a nip of this." I poured out a glass of brandy and soda, and he gulped it down. "Now tell me exactly how it happened." I took a chair opposite to him.

"Couple of clasps broken," he told me in his jerky way. "Sent for repairs. Done last night. Thought I'd get 'em off our hands. Went 9.15 from Paddington. She's at Tenby. Took 'em in one of our cases. You know 'em?"

"Yes." They are leather bags made purposely to look unlike jewel cases.

"Put it in window corner. Sat up against it. Opened it at Glo'ster. Diamonds gone! Someone in the carriage must have——" I held up my hand to stop him. It never does to let clients draw conclusions. If they're wrong they mislead you. If they're right they mislead themselves (into thinking they can do without you)!

"Excuse me, I should like to ask a few questions before you go any further. Have you a description of the diamonds?"

He produced a photograph and a written memorandum. Without entering into the minute details, there were four pieces; a necklace with a pendant, an ornament for the hair, and two earrings—containing some 107 stones of various sizes, all brilliants of the first water.

"Now, as to the loss. What kind of carriage were you in?"

"First-class lavatory compartment."

"Was the lavatory common to other compartments?"

"No."

"Your fellow travellers?"

"Old gentleman. Parson. Got out Reading. Horsey man, got out Swindon. Couldn't have touched the case, either of them."

"Why not?"

"Other end of carriage."

"Are you sure it could not have been changed?"

"Had my arm on it all the time."

"The other passengers?"

"Only one. Young fellow in tweed suit."

"Where did *he* get out?"

"He didn't. Between Stroud and Glo'ster——" He hesitated and mopped his forehead again. "I went to sleep—like a fool."

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"Umph!" He had probably had several whiskies. "And then?"

"I woke about five minutes before we came to Glo'ster. He was shamming sleep."

"Shamming? How did you know that?"

"I didn't. Thought he was right off. Took the chance to have a look at the diamonds. They were gone!" He held up his hands and shook his head.

"What did you do?"

"Had the guards and porters in at Glo'ster. Awful row. Looked everywhere. Not a trace of 'em."

"You searched his things, of course?" He nodded.

"Him too. He asked us to." Thorn got up and paced the room.

"Had the train stopped anywhere? Or slowed up?"

"No. Half a minute before time. What do you make of it?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"I can only guess at present. He may have thrown them out of the window, intending to go back for them."

"He went on to New Milford. Wire from the guard this morning."

"Possibly he had a confederate to pick them up; though I don't see how he could tell where you would doze. I suppose he hadn't a hiding-place in the carriage?"

"They've sealed it up. Coming back to London this morning."

"Good!" I said approvingly. "You seem to have thought the matter out."

"Thought! Done nothing else ever since! It's ruin, man! Ruin!" He struck the table with his fist. "We can't pay half. We've not been doing particularly well lately. The confounded war——"

"Yes, yes," I agreed. "Still, I suppose you could give a reward?"

"A thousand pounds," he stated promptly.

"And no questions asked?"

"No questions asked," he assented. "But, of course, if you can get them back without a reward——"

"I will do my best; but thieves aren't often tracked directly except in fiction."

He nodded. "The practical plan is to watch the receivers. I know most of them."

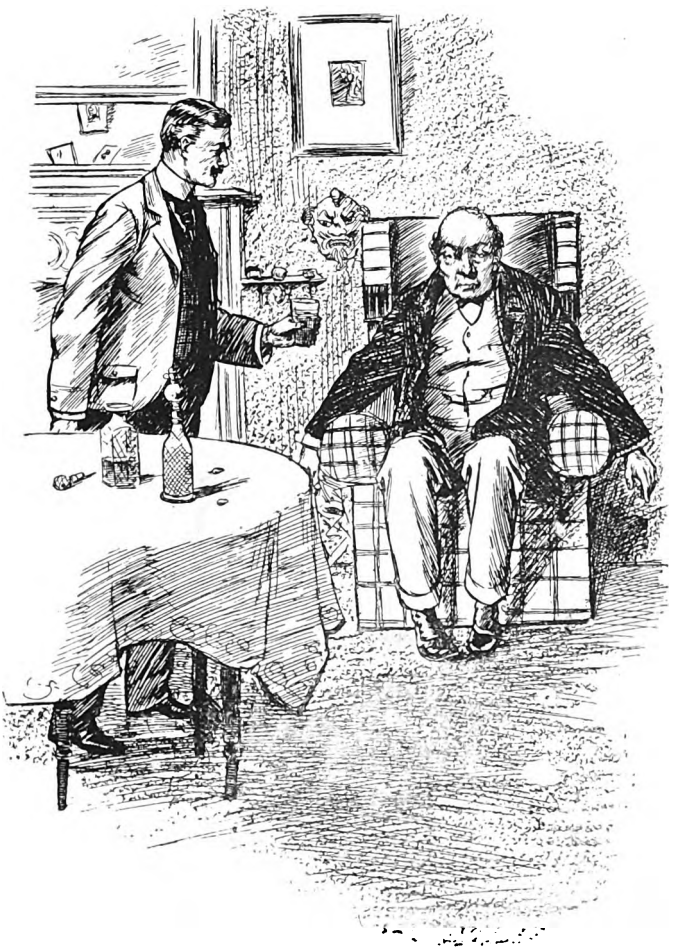
"So do I," he said. "In our trade we get to hear of them." A momentary suspicion crossed my mind.

"You are sure the jewels were in the case when you started?" He stopped walking up and down, and his red face went redder.

"Do you mean—"

"No, no! Certainly not. But such strange mistakes happen."

"Hutchins put them in the case before my eyes. We went to the station together, and he saw me off." He looked at me keenly. "My bags and I were searched at Glo'ster. I suggested it myself."



"You are upset," I suggested, "take a nip of this."

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"Nothing could be more satisfactory," I declared. "I assure you that—" He cut me short with a wave of the hand.

"Any more questions?"

"What name and address did the suspect give?"

"Ernest Tyson, 4, Newbold Chambers Bloomsbury."

"Did you have him shadowed at Milford?"

"No-o. I couldn't prove anything; and if he *was* innocent—"

"You could have done it quietly. Now it's too late."

"Ho," he said eagerly. "He was going to Ireland, he said. Boat doesn't go till to-morrow morning."

"We will telegraph." He nodded. "He got into conversation with you?"

"Yes. Seemed a good sort. Gave me a cigar, and—"

"A cigar? When?"

"Just before Stroud. I was smoking it when—"

"Man alive!" I cried. "It was drugged. If you had kept the end—" He gripped my arm.

"It must be in the carriage. They transferred him to another at Glo'ster, and locked it up. Come on. There's no time to lose." He started for the door, but I insisted on breakfasting, and persuaded him to join me, though he made a very poor attempt at a meal.

The carriage was at Paddington when we arrived there. After a minute inspection, and probing cushions, etc., with long pins, we found no trace of any secret receptacle. I collected a number of cigar ends from the floor. Thorn could not identify that given him by the stranger; but upon chemical examination one of them proved to be impregnated with an almost flavourless narcotic of a mild type—so mild indeed that I could only account for its taking effect so quickly by the supposition that Thorn was a little fuddled and inclined to sleep.

As we were about to leave the station a reply came from the police at Milford to our telegram.

Tyson disappeared.

"He is going back to Gloucester," I decided, "to recover the diamonds. Let us go and search the line."

We went to Gloucester by the next train, and walked back along the line. We had arranged for some porters to search from Stroud towards Gloucester. After walking for two or three miles, Thorn grasped my arm excitedly, and pointed along the slope of the embankment.

"What is that?" he cried.

I could see nothing till he had hurried me along for some fifty yards. Then I distinguished an object like a stout walking-stick on the grassy slope. Upon inspection it proved to be a draw-out fishing-rod; and Thorn, who is a fisherman, gave me various particulars as to its use. He had had one like it years ago, he said. "However," he concluded, "it doesn't help us."

"Do you think not?" I cried. "I should say that he had a confederate in a neighbouring compartment and used this to pass the jewels along." Thorn's face fell.

"Then we shan't find them here," he remarked ruefully.

"I fear not," I confessed; and finding nothing after walking for another half-an-hour we gave up the search.

We made inquiries of the guard of the train, and of porters at several stations, and arranged to trace, if possible, certain persons who had travelled by the 9.15. By the time we had concluded our arrangements it was eight in the evening. Thorn went home to have a sleep—not having closed his eyes since the foolish doze in the train—and I went on to Tyson's lodgings. The landlady disclaimed all knowledge of his movements, but suggested that I should see his sister, who lived with him. So I saw her.

Miss Tyson was a pretty, smiling girl of about twenty. I do not know if it was her brown hair, or her big dark eyes, or the coquettish turn of her mouth, or some charm unnameable; but she fascinated me and I was aware of it. I warned myself to be careful directly I saw her. I repeated the warning as soon as she spoke; and every time that she changed her attitude. Such warnings are invariably useless! The only escape from a woman like that is to run away—and then you are liable to run back again!

Pleasant as Miss Tyson was, she had all her wits about her. She declined smilingly to give any information of her brother till she knew my object. When I told her she changed from smiles to fury, and stamped her little foot at me.

"How dare you!" she demanded. "He is the best and most honest man on earth. You must be mad to suspect him!"

"We have proofs," I told her.

"I do not care for all the proofs in the world. He is innocent. If you knew him as *I* do——" There was a sudden catch

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in her voice, and she turned her head away.

"I am very, very sorry for you, Miss Tyson," I said gently. "Believe me, I am." She stole a glance at me round her handkerchief, as she wiped her eyes; and I warned myself again.

"It is not your fault, of course," she admitted, "but I don't believe it."

"The proofs are very clear, unfortunately."

"Tell me?"

"If I satisfy you that we have reasonable grounds for suspicion, will you tell me your brother's address?"

"No!" she said decidedly.

"But, if you believe him innocent—"

"I shall write and tell him. He will come by the next train." I shook my head. "Tell me your 'proofs.'" She put a vast amount of scorn into the last word.

I considered for a moment. She would tell him of course; and he would try to invent means of clearing himself. Such attempts invariably land the guilty person further in the mire. It would do no harm, therefore, to tell her.

She listened quietly till I had finished. Then she looked up at me with sparkling eyes. Her eyes were really wonderful!

"When the jewels disappeared, there were only Mr. Thorn and my brother in the carriage. Therefore you argue that my brother made away with them?"

"Exactly."

"*I* argue that Mr. Thorn made away with them." I was taken by surprise for a moment. Then I smiled and shook my head.

"The drugged cigar?"

"Mr. Thorn gave it to my brother."

"The fishing-rod?"

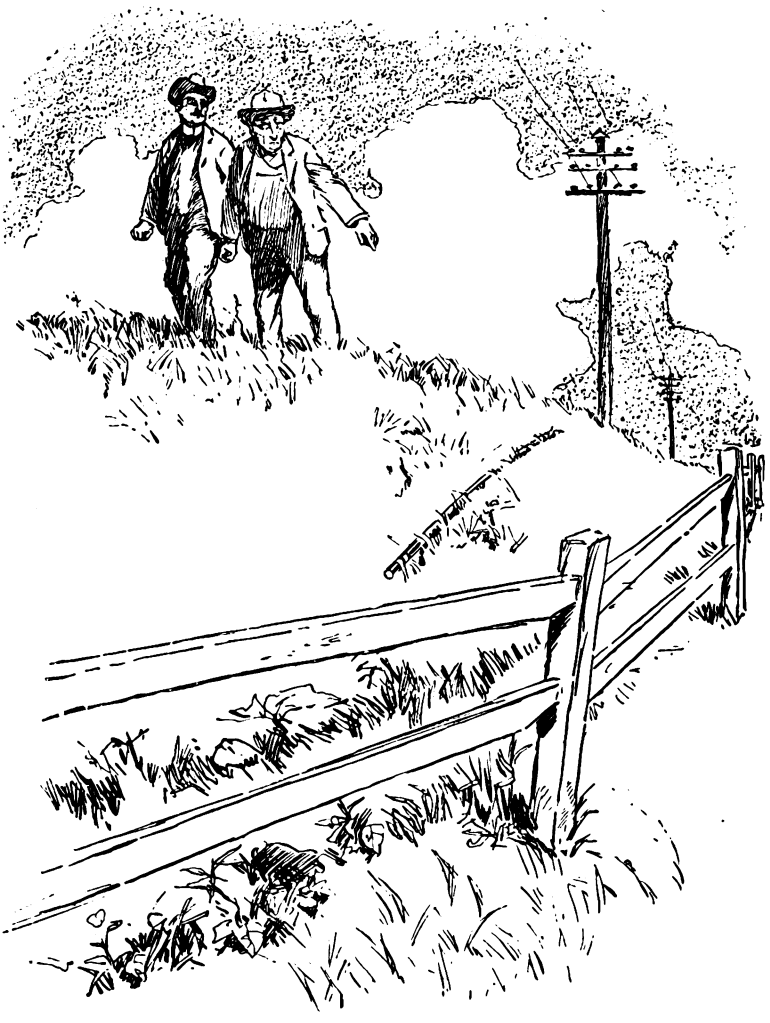
"Mr. Thorn threw it out of the window." She laughed. "Did he find it for you?" I suddenly remembered his seeing it so far off. She noticed my hesitation. "He did, then?" She laughed again. It was such a musical laugh that I decided desperately—to run away from her.

"Mr. Thorn is my client," I said stiffly. "I cannot listen to any insinuation—" She clasped her hands.

"If you would trust me—" she began.

"I should like to," I said, "but how do I know—" She drew herself up stiffly. It was simply impossible to mistrust the dainty, proud little figure, who stood before me. She saw the admiration in my eyes, and hers dropped.

"I *am* honest," she said in a low voice. Call it weakness, folly, what you will—I believed her.



"What is that?" he cried.

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"I will trust you, Miss Tyson," I said. She smiled.

"You will clear my brother?"

"I shall do my best to find the thief," I said. "I shall be very glad if it proves to be anyone else."

"It is Mr. Thorn," she said decidedly. I shook my head.

"I do not think so." A skilful detective is, before everything, a judge of character. I judged Thorn to be a somewhat reckless and dissipated, but absolutely upright man.

She looked thoughtfully at me with her chin on her hand.

"You are right, according to your lights, to suspect my brother," she said. "*I* am right to suspect your client."

"Quite so," I agreed. "If you choose to make any inquiries—"

"I am not clever enough," she said. "Of course I might employ some one; but—I—I am not rich." She looked at me appealingly. "Won't you pursue the clues that implicate—both?" I pulled my moustache thoughtfully. A layman may think that I should have felt some qualms of conscience in pursuing investigations likely to incriminate my client; but any detective would tell you this is commonly done; and *must* be done if one is to arrive at the truth.

"If I do, will you trust me?" I asked.

"I do."

"I don't know that you have any reason to," I said, a little suspiciously. She laughed.

"As if a woman trusted by reason!"

"Then," I said, "I must suspect your brother; but I promise you that he shall not be the only suspect." She rose and brought a paper from behind the clock.

"Here are my brother's addresses," she said quietly. "You will not have him arrested—only watched."

"Only watched," I promised. I noticed that the first address was in Ireland—where he had not gone; but I did not remark upon this, being a detective as well as a man. Being a man as well as a detective, I said nothing about Miss Tyson to Thorn, though I felt unable to resist my conviction of his honesty.

Nevertheless, I made inquiries about him; and discovered several suspicious circumstances. He was certainly in money difficulties. In particular, he was being pressed by a shady loan office. Also there were reasons for connecting him with the fishing-rod. The outer portion was new; but the inner slides appeared, upon careful inspection, to be considerably older. The rod was of a peculiar kind sold by few shops in London. The manager of the second at which I inquired had put a new handle to such a rod recently. His description of the elderly gentleman who fetched it tallied far more nearly with Thorn than with Tyson. He mentioned that the gentleman carried a queer-shaped bag, like their jewel-cases. Finally, when I was waiting for Thorn in his sitting-room one day, I noticed two or three cigars loose on the sideboard. Their appearance reminded me of the medicated cigars. I pocketed one. It proved to be drugged also.

I called to tell Miss Tyson of my discoveries. I had got into a habit of calling. She did not seem to mind. She showed me a letter from her brother, telling her frankly, though with evident annoyance, of the incident in the train, and explaining his change of plan. He had gone over to Pembroke Dock, while waiting for the boat. There he had met an old school-fellow, and they had gone off to Tenby together.

"I have not told him about your suspicions," she said, "because you are going to clear him. It *must* be your Mr. Thorn."

"Yes," I agreed musingly. "I wonder if he had the jewels in his apartments." She clasped her hands.

"If we could find them there! Do they want a housemaid?"

"I couldn't hear of such a thing!" I cried in horror.

"I beg your pardon. I forgot he was your client."

"I wasn't thinking of that. It was the idea of your soiling your pret—your fingers." She blushed and looked down.

"I would give my fingers," she said, "for anyone I—loved."

She held them up in front of me. With an uncontrollable impulse I seized them and pressed them to my lips. She drew them away and trembled so, that I was frightened at my own presumption. "It was merely a token of respect," I explained; but she did not seem satisfied with the explanation. Next morning I called to offer a different one; and found that she had gone. She would not be back for some time, the landlady said, and she had left no address. Apparently she was indifferent to me, but feared to offend me on account of her brother. She need not have been afraid that I would turn on him, I thought bitterly, I would show my disinterestedness by clearing him; but the next few days brought little return for my labours.

I was growing very depressed, when she

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called at my office one afternoon. She was flushed and excited, which made her look prettier than ever.

"I—I thought I had offended you," I stammered.

"Why?" she asked in surprise; but when I began to explain she interrupted immediately. "Do you know where I have been?" I shook my head. "To 8, Park Square." It was where Thorn lodged. "Our apartments are in the same corridor." She looked at me defiantly. "I went in his rooms when he was out. I—I don't know what you must think of me?"

"Let me tell you," I began eagerly.

"You haven't heard my story," she said hastily. "I—I am sure they are there; but I could not find them. But I found this." She untied a long parcel and produced the outer slide of the fishing-rod. It was broken in places. Thorn had evidently retained the inner slides and had a new handle made for them!

"This completes the case," I said. "I am to meet Thorn and his partner at Park Square this evening. I will take the man who repaired this with me, and charge him. I—I cannot tell you how glad I am it has turned out like this."

"I can never repay you," she began.

"You can," I said. "Miss Tyson—Lucy ——" I stepped towards her; but at that moment my clerk came in.

"A railway man wants to see you at once." She moved to the door, with a saucy flash of her big eyes.

"Don't go," I begged.

"I must," she said with a queer little laugh.

"I shall come round to see you directly," I called after her.

I did not go. After a long talk with the railway man I went up to see the guard of the 9.15. Then I went to the fishing-tackle shop. Then I went to a police station. Then I went to the establishment of Hutchins & Thorn—both of whom were out. When I went to Park Square in the evening three men accompanied me. I arranged with the housekeeper that they should wait in an ante-room.

When I entered Thorn's apartments he was talking excitedly to his partner in front of the fire. They turned and greeted me with one voice.

"We have found them," they cried. "The jewels!" They held up a case before my eyes, opened it, and displayed the ornaments.

"I—I don't understand," I said. Hutchins smiled.

"You have been on a wrong scent," he said. "Before we explain, there is a friend of yours who should be present—Miss Tyson, the sister and accomplice of the thief. She is staying in this house." I wiped my forehead and bowed. They sent a message to her and she came promptly. I placed a chair for her, and she gave me a bewitching smile. For the others she had only a toss of the head.

"You are aware," said Hutchins, addressing her in his oily way, "that some diamonds in my partner's charge—let us say—'disappeared' in the train."

"I am well aware of it.'

"Your brother was the only other passenger in the compartment at the time of their disappearance—apparently the only person who could have taken them."

"Except Mr. Thorn himself!" Thorn started from his chair.

"You accuse me," he thundered. "You —you——"

"Remember that you are speaking to a lady," I said quietly. Hutchins laughed. Her face flushed.

"I am prepared to support my accusation," she said, looking at me. I tried to motion her to silence, but she turned to them again, and detailed the discoveries which we had made.

"I should not be surprised," she concluded, "to know that the diamonds are in your rooms now." Thorn's face went nearly purple, and he made inarticulate sounds when he tried to speak. Hutchins motioned to him to hold his tongue and held out the case.

"You would not be surprised," he said smoothly, "to learn that the thief had become alarmed, and had restored the jewels—through his sister and accomplice."

"No!" she cried. Her face went white.

"You were seen to enter these rooms this morning. This afternoon the jewels were found here."

"By Mr. Thorn?" she asked quickly. I could not help admiring her readiness.

"No, madam. By me."

There was silence for a few moments. Miss Tyson looked from one to the other, with lips quivering. Then she turned to me.

"You do not believe it?" she asked piteously.

"No," I replied, "I do not."

Hutchins laughed sarcastically; but Thorn put his big hand gently on my shoulder.

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"I'm sorry for you, Newman," he said. "Very sorry. Saw how things were going. Had her watched. You don't suspect me, do you?"

"No," I said, "I do not." Miss Tyson looked at me, and then the colour died slowly out of her face.

Then I turned fiercely upon Hutchins.

"George Hutchins," I said sternly, "I charge you with the theft of Lady Elderbury's diamonds!" He made a step forward as though he would spring at me.

"The woman has turned your head," he snarled. "You are in love with her, and——"

"Yes," I said firmly, "I am in love with her. I rang the bell. "Ask the men who came with me to step up here," I told the maid. Three men filed in.

"Mr. Roberts," I said, indicating a grey-haired man, "has for some years been the guard of the New Milford portion of the 9.15 train from Paddington." I turned to him. "You know this person?" I pointed to Hutchins.

"By sight," replied the old man. "He came to see this gentleman off on Thursday week." He indicated Thorn.

"He had another case like Mr. Thorn's jewel case."

"Exactly like." I turned to Thorn.

"Was that so?"

"Yes," said Thorn slowly. "It was an empty one that he—"

"Can you swear that he did not change it?"

"I don't believe—" I held up my hand.

"We shall see. When did you see Mr. Hutchins, afterwards?"

"On Friday afternoon. He came up from Gloucester by the 2.18 train."

Hutchins clenched his hands.

"You went down in the morning, when you knew where we should search," I told him.

"I deny it," he hissed.

"I can swear to you," said the guard firmly. I turned to the second man.

"This is Mr. Abbott, of Moss and Co., in Cheapside," I said. "Do you recognise Mr. Hutchins?"

"Yes," he said. About three weeks ago he brought me a sliding fishing rod—or rather the interior of one—to have a new outer slide fitted."

"Do you know anything of this rod?" I asked Thorn.

"It is three years ago," he said. We were fishing together one Whitsuntide. I broke the outer slide and gave him the rest for his nephew. I had forgotten all about it."

"It is a lie," Hutchins snarled.

I turned to the third man. "Tell us what you told me," I said. He fumbled with his cap.

"Las' Friday week," he said, in a hoarse voice, "I were workin' 'long the line this side of Glo'ster; an' I see a walkin' stick, I thought it were, come out of a carriage winder, jest beyond the big stone 'eap afore the distance signal. Thinks I, I'll 'ave it, 'an gits orf. Wen I seed it were only a fishin' stick I chucks it darn agin, an' didn't think no more of it till I 'eard talk of this 'ere robbery. Then I sees Mr. Roberts. An' 'e sez there's a gentleman in London wot I'd better see. The 1.55 train it were, an'—"

"That will do," I said. "I will see you all to-morrow morning as arranged." They filed out and I turned to Hutchins.

"Have you anything to say?" I inquired. He faced me with sneering bravado.

"Only that I should like to have the ingenuity that you credit me with," he said coolly.

"You have not heard it all," I said sternly. "I propose to prove that you purchased a certain drug, and certain cigars. I presume he gave them to you, Mr. Thorn, and that you smoked one of them in the train?"

"Yes," said Thorn, in a low choked voice, "but I can't believe—" He turned appealingly to his partner, who rose unsteadily.

"I defy you," he said. "Your proofs are mere moonshine; and as for theft—why the stones are here!" I looked at him steadily.

"The stones," I said, "are now at King's Road Police Station. Their settings contain paste. I went to your office this evening. The man who helped you change them betrayed himself in his fright. He has confessed."

Hutchins' face twitched. He clutched helplessly at the table cover, and fell in a faint upon the floor.

The streets were provokingly full and well-lit when I took Miss Tyson home to her own apartments; but she accepted my arm, and I managed to imprison her fingers in mine.

"Lucy," I whispered, "Do you love me?" She smiled at me, for the fraction of a second, then looked down.

"Can't you find out," she asked mischievously, "Mr. Detective?"

So, when we came to a quiet place I put my arm round her waist—and obtained a clue!

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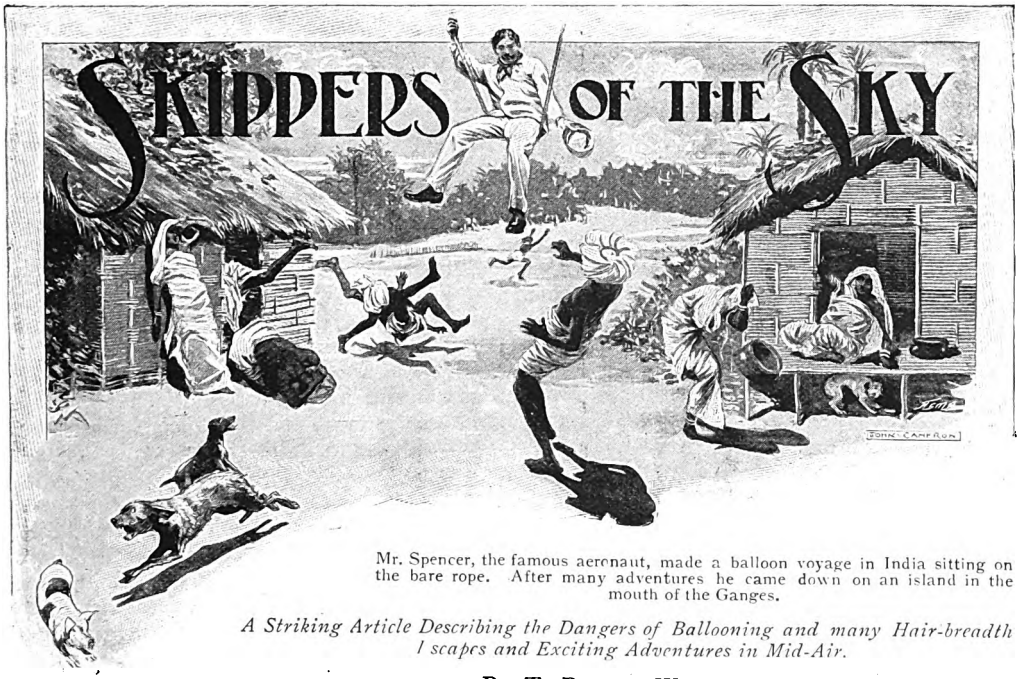
SKIPPERS OF THE SKY



Mr. Spencer, the famous aeronaut, made a balloon voyage in India sitting on the bare rope. After many adventures he came down on an island in the mouth of the Ganges.

A Striking Article Describing the Dangers of Ballooning and many Hair-breadth Escapes and Exciting Adventures in Mid-Air.

By T. Parker Wilson.

When men intrust themselves to the atmosphere with nought but a frail wicker basket between them and eternity it is well that they should know what they are about. And yet when all is said there is probably no branch of adventurous enterprise in which knowledge and experience is more often set at defiance than in ballooning. Here it is pre-eminently the unexpected that happens.

In the very nature of things it is obvious that this must be so. A balloon is lighter than air—therefore, the air is its master, and the wind sends it wheresoever it listeth.

The day of navigable balloons is not yet. The aeronaut can pull the valve-rope and by parting with a portion of gas descend, or he can pitch a certain amount of ballast overboard, and ascend. But he cannot steer his aerial ship in any given direction. It is part of the air.

Santos-Dumont fell a sheer 2000 feet to the roof of a Paris hotel escaping with his life as by a miracle, because the envelope of his aerial ship being filled with gas lighter than air, collapsed through being forced by the propellers against the wind in the vain attempt to solve the problems of aerial navigation. Yet, until this problem is solved, ballooning will always be the most risky of undertakings.

Let us take a case. Two adventurous spirits, a journalist and an old and tried balloonist, determined on a trip across Channel, making the Crystal Palace their starting place.

Everything was in readiness, the word to let go was given, and with a bound the vast ball flew upwards. It sailed away with a favourable wind, and had just passed the limits of the Palace ground, when without a moment's warning something terrible and unforeseen happened.

The balloon suddenly fell earthwards like a stone. Almost before either of the occupants could realise their position, still less do anything to meet it, crash came the car on the top of a row of elms.

They held on like grim death; it was a thousand wonders both were not precipitated to the ground sixty feet below. The grappling iron caught the aeronaut a heavy blow in the back, knocking him almost insensible, though he just managed to gasp out instructions for ballast to be let go. This done, up they bounded 4000 feet, to temporary safety.

What was the cause of this nearly fatal contretemps? Merely that the balloon had passed into what is technically and most fittingly termed "a hole in the atmosphere."

As a general rule currents are met with, varying often at different altitudes, but it sometimes happens that the balloon will

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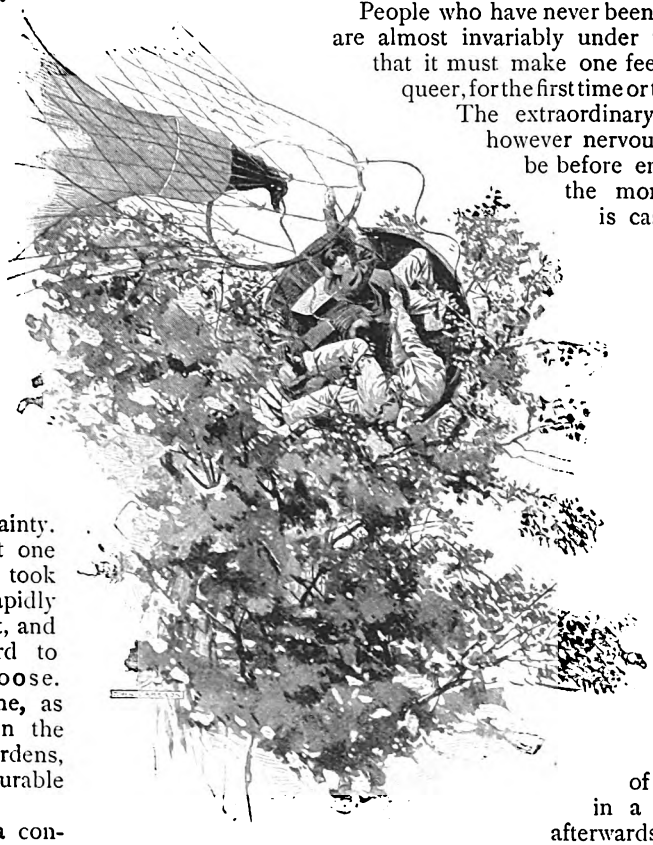
suddenly enter a region of absolute calm, and down she goes as described.

A balloon is the most volatile thing in the world; beside it water is a feeble image of instability. Aeronauts who are up to their work, and who study to husband their resources know that the throwing out of a few grains of sand will send them up hundreds of feet; no need to throw out whole bagfulls.

We left the aeronaut and his journalistic companion 4000 feet in the air. When passing over Canterbury a peculiar thing was noticed by the journalist. The smoke of the chimneys was, strange to say, blowing at right angles to the course of the balloon. This meant that there was a north-easterly current below them, which would presently carry them out to the dreaded North Sea, with no land nearer than the Arctic Regions. Of course, they would be drowned to a certainty.



Two aeronauts encountered what is known as "a hole in the atmosphere," a space of absolute calm, and down they dropped on some elms hundreds of feet below. In the nick of time some ballast was thrown overboard, and they rose once again.

There was but one course, and they took it. They were rapidly nearing the coast, and could not afford to pick and choose. Down they came, as it turned out in the midst of hop gardens, not the most favourable situation.

There being a considerable wind they found it no easy matter to escape damage from innumerable hop poles and wire fences. The grappling iron was out, but encountered nothing substantial, and they were bruised black and blue with the bumping caused by the drag rope continually catching the hop-poles.

Despite their frantic efforts to pull up, the balloon broke away into clear space, and notwithstanding that they hung on to the valve-rope with all their might, such was the unspent energy of the balloon that it utterly wrecked the telegraph wires, temporarily suspending communication between London and Paris.

Again they struck the earth with a terrific thump, and when just about to hit a house on the rebound the grapnel caught on to a wire fence, and they were saved. Their luck was in the ascendant, and beyond extensive bruising they were none the worse for the escapade, and were glad enough to take next train to town postponing their Channel trip to a more convenient season.

People who have never been up in a balloon are almost invariably under the impression that it must make one feel very sick and queer, for the first time or two at all events. The extraordinary truth is that however nervous a person may be before entering the car, the moment the rope is cast off all sense of fear vanishes. The occupants seem to rise into the air by the mere buoyancy of their own spirits.

A friend of mine, a young journalist, who combined with a nervous temperament a desire to rise in his profession, had the opportunity afforded him of making a trip in a balloon. He afterwards confessed that just preparatory to the ascent he was in a blue funk, and felt more dead than alive. This feeling vanished immediately the ropes were cast off and the balloon sprang upwards.

In a captive balloon it is far different. Here you seem to realise your danger alarmingly. A gentleman who has made many trips, and who has had many exciting adventures, and hairbreadth escapes told me that he never felt so uncomfortable as when

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sitting in a captive balloon at the Crystal Palace.

Probably the explanation is that with the sense of motion there comes the sense of danger. The captive balloon strains at its cable, and you know that your whole existence hangs upon its weakest link. If it should give way up you go, without ballast, or anchor or any of the usual means of control. That is the sensation in a captive balloon.

But a free balloon may be travelling faster than the fastest express train, but, so far as sensation goes, no one in the car would know that it was moving. Why? Because you are not travelling through the air but with it.

That aeronauts are a brave class of men no one will for a moment doubt, but their seemingly superhuman intrepidity may not unreasonably be accounted for by this fact.

It is extraordinary what risks some aeronauts will take, and how narrowly they escape the consequences of their temerity.

Fancy deciding on the spur of the moment to cross the Channel in a balloon originally intended for a short cruise above the Home Counties.

Mr. Percival Spencer and Mr. Charles Pollock had arranged this short trip when they suddenly took it into their heads to cross the Channel, though the balloon had barely sufficient capacity to insure its holding out until the French shore could be reached.

However, they meant risking it. Starting from the Crystal Palace, in two hours they had passed the cliffs of Hastings and were well out to seaward.

It was a perfect day. Like a ball of fiery gold the balloon soared in the blue vault 12,000 feet above the waters. They had still many miles to go before they could descend on the soil of France, that is if the wind should hold favourable.

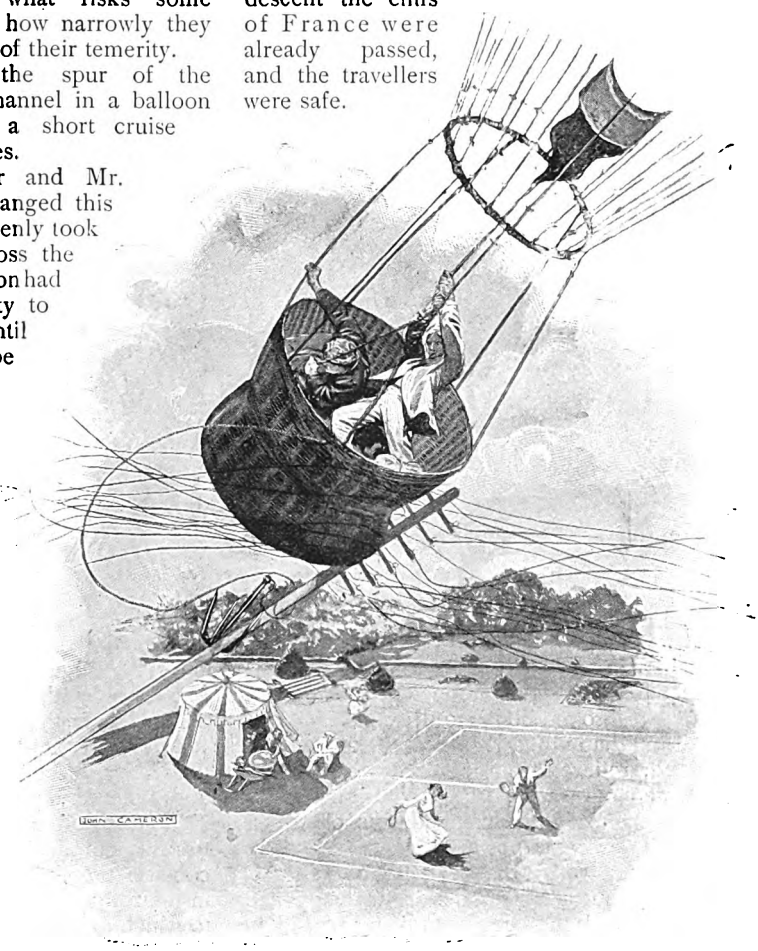
Soon the travellers began to realise what a close shave it would be. Would their gas hold out long enough? Or must they drop into the sea and perish as others had done before them.

They were still twenty miles from their goal, when the balloon began to descend for the last time. All the sand had long ago been parted with; even the sand bags had been thrown out. Death stared them in the face.

The balloon rapidly fell towards the sun tipped waves. Now 10,000 feet—8000 feet—6000 feet: What was to be done? Desperate situations require desperate measures.

Looking round Mr. Spencer caught sight of the great iron anchor. It must go. Away it whirls, burying itself in the water thousands of feet below.

Like a shot from a cannon the balloon bounded to its maximum altitude. On its next descent the cliffs of France were already passed, and the travellers were safe.



After many exciting adventures two aeronauts attempted to descend. Having damaged some hopfields and shattered a telegraph post, they succeeded.

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It is when journeying over the sea that the aeronaut feels most in danger. Few balloons can maintain themselves beyond a few hours. In this little island it is easy to be carried to the coast before you realise the rate you have been going.

The balloon was drifting out to sea and nothing could stop her, so one of the aeronauts leaped out of it into a pond; the other was lost at sea.

It was in this way that an aeronaut, Powell, lost his life. When too late he made the descent. His companion, preferring the chance of broken bones to drowning, jumped out, and happily arrived in a pond. The balloon, relieved from his weight, went sky high and out to sea, bearing with it its unfortunate occupant, the exact details of whose fate will never be known.

It is not often that a balloon suddenly collapses, but cases when this has happened are on record, the occupants being placed in a position of frightful danger. Not very long since what might well have proved a fatal catastrophe occurred at the Crystal Palace, through the aeronaut omitting to notice that the mouth at the neck of the balloon was closed. This should always be left open in order that expansion of gas may be relieved by overflow.

The gas expands in rarefied air, and at 2000 feet the pressure became enormous. Still the aeronauts were unconscious of their peril, which could at any moment have been averted by pulling a string. At last the pressure became so great that the balloon could stand it no longer. It burst like a bomb, and the car immediately fell like a thunderbolt towards destruction.

But fortunately only the lower portion of the balloon had been injured, and enough of the net remained to hold the upper part, so as to make a more or less perfect parachute. Thus the headlong descent was checked and the balloon floated to earth on Gipsy Hill at a speed which fortunately permitted the balloonists to escape personal injury. When the reporters arrived, notebooks in hand, for the purpose of obtaining particulars of the accident for their respective journals, all that they saw was a little group cheerfully discussing their late adventure, and puffing away at pipes.

The up-to-date parachute owes its safety to the simplicity of its construction. It consists merely of loose canvas, somewhat in the form of a huge sack, open at one end, to which are attached ropes terminating in a sling, to which the parachutist is secured When a sufficient height has been reached, generally about 7000 feet, the word to let

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go is given, and the parachutist drops sheer several hundreds of feet. The sensation may be likened to that of falling over a precipice. Then comes a pleasant tug, and the man knows he is safe. The parachute fills with air, and easily sustains his weight till the earth is reached.

The danger of parachuting to-day exists not in any defects of the parachute, but in the liability to accident at the ascent through insufficient lifting power of the balloon, from which may arise collisions with surrounding objects, causing the parachutist to be jerked from his position and dashed to earth.

In this way a lady parachutist lost her life at Peterborough some few years since. The balloon, unable to rise properly, drifted into a collision with telegraph wires, and the unfortunate lady was wrenched from her hold, dropped into a field forty feet beneath, and instantaneously killed.

Some years ago Mr. Perceval Spencer performed a feat of which it is no hyperbole to say "that the world wondered." The scene of the exploit was in India.

It had been arranged for Mr. Spencer to ascend from Calcutta and to come down with a parachute.

Enormous crowds assembled to witness the spectacle, but owing to some hitch a postponement of several days was rendered necessary.

The delay but served to further intensify public interest, and some days later a vastly augmented crowd of not less than 200,000 persons were packed together eagerly awaiting the crucial moment.

But however prepared the vast throng may have been for a great sensation, what actually occurred must have literally beggared their wildest anticipations.

Once more the youthful aeronaut essayed his perilous task, but again something was seen to be wrong. No car was to be used for the balloon, only the gas bag, and Mr. Spencer was to let go at the proper height, and rely on his parachute.

But to his chagrin he found that the lifting power of the balloon was insufficient to bear the weight of the parachute even. What was to be done?

From Lord Lansdowne downwards, all the high officials of India were present, and natives in their tens of thousands, from Rajahs to coolies.

Mr. Spencer felt he dared not disappoint them for the second time. A few moments' thought, and he had decided upon his course. Before his intention was realised, the balloon sprang into the air, taking with it Spencer, sitting on a sling rope, without a parachute, with neither car, anchor, ballast, or valve rope, absolutely minus every appliance generally considered indispensable to the safety of the aeronaut.

The crowd simply gasped in amazement and horror as, with strained vision they watched the ball, now dwindled to a child's plaything, with what looked like a tiny insect suspended beneath it.

Away it went, till at last it melted into the blue haze, and was lost to vision.

No one expected ever to see Mr. Spencer again. He was regarded as good as dead, a victim to his own rashness, which all condemned, though could not but admire.

Three days passed, but without tidings of the unhappy balloonist. Not the slightest doubt was entertained of his death, only the probable manner of it was subject for endless conversation and newspaper paragraphs.

Then the press proceeded to decently inter him, with columns of mournful obituaries. The last swan-song was sung over the fate of the gallant and infatuated young Englishman and the matter was regarded as closed, when lo! on the third day Mr. Spencer returned to Calcutta as if from an ordinary Saturday to Monday vacation, and wanted to know what all the fuss was about.

His adventures read like a chapter out of Sinbad the Sailor. His flight from Calcutta continued for several hours during which time he covered a distance of some forty miles. Like an uncanny bird he flew over jungle and plain until literally wearing out the strength of his aerial steed (to change the metaphor) he alighted, to the dismay and astonishment of the natives, on one of the islands formed by the delta of the Ganges. Of course, he might just as easily have fallen into the Ganges itself, and become food for crocodiles.

Being without a valve, his balloon might have risen beyond the point that respiration is possible. But none of these things happened.

Mr. Spencer was naturally annoyed, however, at the inconvenience of being unable to return at once to Calcutta through the ignorance of the natives of English, and it was some time before he fell in with anything on wheels. Hence the delay and the waste of printer's ink. Mr. Spencer has made hundreds of parachute descents, but none have come up to his dare-devil Indian exploit.

One of the most exciting experiences in the history of ballooning happened to the

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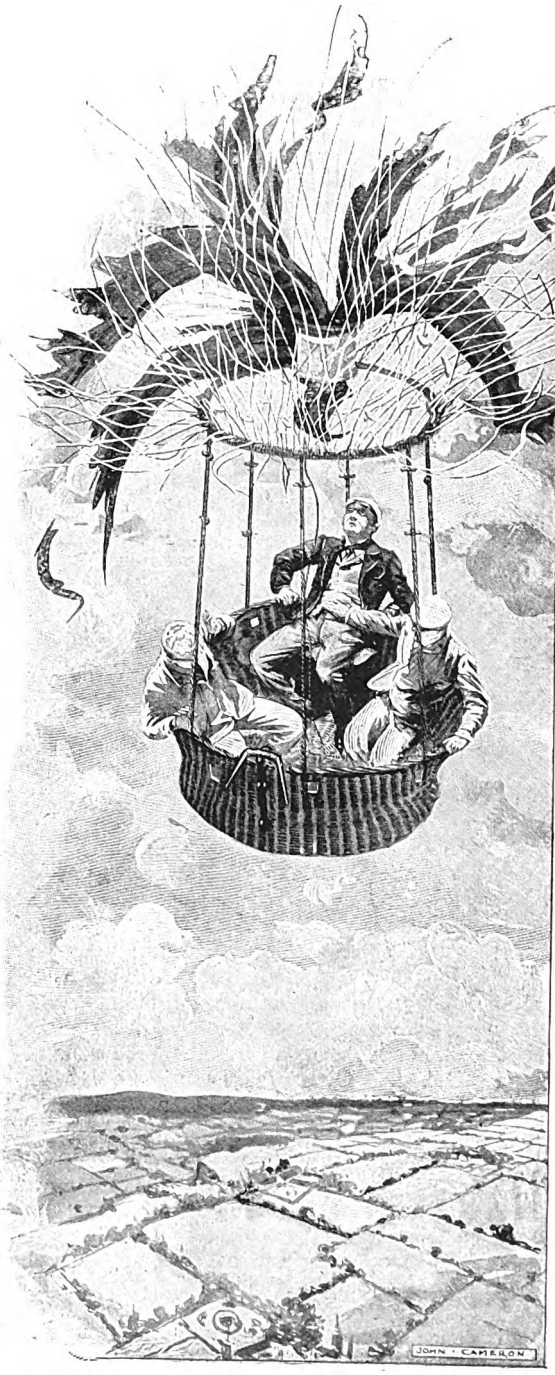

A marvellous escape. The balloon collapsed; the upper portion remaining, however, intact, acted as a parachute, and the aeronauts arrived on earth unhurt.

Rev. J. M. Bacon, the celebrated aeronaut and scientist. Mr. Bacon arranged with Mr. Stanley Spencer to make an ascent with the object of observing an expected shower of Leonides. Miss Gertrude Bacon was to make one of the party. Accordingly, they started in the early morning, long before sunrise, taking with them cameras, an apparatus for collecting meteorite dust, a Davey lamp, and some sandwiches.

On attaining a considerable height they encountered a dense fog, which proved to be many hundreds of feet in depth. Mr. Bacon was resolved, at all costs, to rise above the fog in order that the object of the ascent might not be frustrated, and prevailed upon Mr. Spencer to part with more ballast than the professional aeronaut deemed advisable. This had the desired effect of raising the balloon into a clearer atmosphere, and the aeronauts were rewarded with the sight of a wondrously beautiful sky, though there were but few meteors.

To understand what followed, it must be explained that, in anticipation of a somewhat prolonged sojourn in the air, the balloon was fitted with a patent hermetically sealed ripping valve, especially devised to check the outflow of gas. This valve when once torn open could not be re-closed, and it meant almost certain death to attempt the descent by using it, unless within a very short distance from the earth.

Day broke magnificently, and as the sun increased in power the gas in the balloon expanded, and the occupants felt increasingly uneasy on finding that they still continued to rise. In this little island it is never safe for a balloon to be up many hours, especially when clouds prevent the aeronaut from gauging the course of the balloon. Already the party had been up quite as long as was safe.

Mr. Spencer could give no hope of their descending by ordinary means under five hours, and they had every cause to fear that long before that time had elapsed they would be carried out to sea. Presently they heard the hum of a big city, which

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they suspected to be a seaport, and all doubt on that score was very shortly afterwards dispelled by a shrill whistle, which they recognised as the syren of some vessel.

They then knew their situation to be desperate. At the suggestion of Mr. Bacon it was decided to write an urgent telegram. Three dozen copies of the following were quickly indited and thrown overboard: "Urgent: large balloon from Newbury above clouds. Cannot descend. Telegraph to sea-coast, to be ready to rescue.—BACON AND SPENCER."

Still the balloon pursued its steady course, but at a considerably lower altitude than before owing to the air being cooler above the sea. Nothing could be done, and they simply resigned themselves to await the course of events. Half-an-hour went by when, to their intense joy, through a rift in the clouds they espied land.

Mr. Spencer then decided to rip open the valve, having carefully selected a field which seemed to offer a favourable place for the descent.

Owing, however, to the extreme hardness of the soil, and to the fact that a very high wind was blowing, it was impossible for the grappling-irons to catch hold, and the occupants of the car had an exceedingly rough time of it. The wind took them from one end of the field to the other, and during the whole time the car repeatedly struck the ground with such force that the travellers were bruised all over.

Miss Bacon was the worst sufferer, sustaining a broken arm; while her father had his clothes much torn by barbed wire. A number of farm labourers, seeing their plight, rushed forward and by their united exertions managed at length to bring the balloon to a standstill.

They found that they had alighted near Neath, only a mile and a half from the Atlantic, to which they had been heading. For nine and a half hours they had been above the clouds, during which time they had travelled eighteen miles over sea. Only one of the telegrams was found and that one was on a mountain-top in Glamorganshire.

In some respects the most sensational, as it was one of the most important, events in the history of aeronauts, took place in 1862. The committee of the British Association commissioned Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell to take meteorological observations in a balloon, the "Mammoth," of ninety-three thousand cubic feet gas capacity. The ascent was made at three minutes past 1 p.m. on September 5th, and in thirty-seven minutes the balloon had reached an altitude of four miles.

In ten minutes more it rose another mile, the thermometer showing 34 degrees of frost. By this time, both Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher began to feel symptoms of great bodily discomfort. Mr. Coxwell found a difficulty in breathing and Mr. Glaisher in seeing.

At twenty-nine thousand feet the arms of the latter became powerless, and presently he collapsed against the side of the car. At first his companion thought that he was merely resting, and exhorted him to make an effort to pull himself together. No answer, however, was vouchsafed to his remark and it was apparent that Mr. Glaisher had completely lost consciousness.

Mr. Coxwell, feeling insensibility rapidly stealing over him, endeavoured to grasp the valve-rope to let out the gas, but he found himself utterly unable to move his arms. He just managed to seize the rope with his teeth and hung on to it like grim death. The balloon at once commenced to descend, and as it fell into a stronger atmosphere Mr. Glaisher came to, and an easy descent was made near Ludlow. The instruments showed that they had attained an altitude of thirty-seven thousand feet, or over seven miles, a record which has never been attained before or since this memorable occasion.

The worst experience that ever befell Mr. Coxwell was near Buxton. He had with him two young fellows (as passengers), the Messrs. Pearson, one of whom, unfortunately, professed a local knowledge which he did not possess. Mr. Coxwell, acting upon his suggestions, selected a spot for the descent which turned out to be literally honey-combed with walls built of loose stone, common to that part of the country. These walls offered no holding for the grappling-iron, and as there was a strong wind blowing at the time the balloon was dragged from one wall to another, the balloonists being subjected to a most fearful bumping and jolting.

One of the Messrs. Pearson had his skull fractured, while the other sustained a broken arm. Mr. Coxwell was battered so severely that, although no bones were broken, he was laid up for months.

Enough has been said to prove that ballooning is perhaps the most perilous of all professions. That men like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Bacon are still alive to tell their adventures is the most wonderful circumstance in their careers.

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THE PRESENCE OF A TRAITOR.

By W. H. Williamson.

In an obscure street in St. Petersburg a group of people sat in a room of an unpretentious house discussing desperate measures. It was a modestly furnished room, the light was dim, and the voices were low. The faces of the six people, however, lit up by the sickly gleams of the paraffin lamp, betrayed an intensity that their environment lacked.

Kuvalosky, big-headed, big-bodied, big-bearded, sat at the head of the table.

"It is time for a blow," he said.

"Yes, yes"—they all uttered the cry, and looked eager to strike the blow.

"The Tsar goes to Moscow on the 25th of next month," said Turkvitz, a young man, slim and beardless. "Can't we strike then?"

"A bomb, eh?" suggested Bogoleff.

"Whatever it is, we must have no bungling this time," said Ossinsky, who was nearly caught in the failure of the Livadia attempt.

They all joined in the discussion, speaking with a curb on their voices, but with fire in them. They made suggestions and plans and had almost outlined a scheme, when there was a knock at the door.

They all rose instinctively, their faces pale, and their eyes, with fearful looks, glanced first at the door and then at each other.

Kuvalovsky thought a moment, turned the lamp a little lower, and beckoned to the others to be silent.

"Police," murmured Turkvitz.

Kuvalovsky motioned for silence, opened a trap-door in the floor, and the five rapidly descended into a dark hole. Kuvalovsky replaced the trap, put the couch over it, turned up the lamp, and seized an English text-book.

The knock at the door was repeated. Kuvalovsky, carrying the book in his hand, opened the door.

A man almost rushed inside. "Shut the door," he said.

"Trepoff!" Kuvalovsky exclaimed, as he fastened the door again.

"Yes," replied the new comer. "Friends here?"

Kuvalovsky nodded.

Trepoff drew a paper from his pocket. "Don't call them," he said. "Read that first. It was taken from the Inspector's Bureau this morning."

Kuvalovsky read this note:

"They are meeting to-night at 8.30, at 5, Alexander Street, to decide the blow. I shall be amongst them, of course—the poor fools! You might make a descent if you think fit—let me know if you will; it will be such a nice haul.—A.Y."

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Kuvalovsky looked at Trepoff when he had read the note. "There is a traitor here," he said, with pathos and determination mingled in his voice. Trepoff nodded.

"Who?" asked Kuvalovsky.

Trepoff shrugged his shoulders.

"Kuvalovsky looked greatly disturbed. I would have trusted them all," he said. "And the police may come. They must go—no. We must find the traitor first, or we shall be undone. This is awful, Trepoff."

"Yes. You must decide quickly. Have you no suspicions?"

Kuvalovsky hesitated a moment. "It can't be Ossinsky," he said; "and . . . I would have trusted all the others."

"Get them to write," said Trepoff. "Compare the handwriting"—and he pointed to the note.

"Good!" said Kuvalovsky. He was about to raise the trap door when Trepoff whispered to him; he nodded, and Trepoff went out before the five conspirators were re-admitted to the room. The plan was a good one, and Kuvalovsky looked like a man who holds the best cards.

"Safe," he murmured to his companions.

"The police?" asked Bogoleff.

"No," said Kuvalovsky. "It was Trepoff. He wants a message from each of us for the cause. We have just to write." He found pens, ink, and paper, and all the six were provided and ready.

They all dipped their pens in the ink, and waited for the words.

Kuvalovsky dictated:

"Settle the final details at any meeting . . . and we will be amongst you. . . . Make a descent any time you think fit. . . . If possible get a nice haul."

Bogoleff seemed to hesitate before he began, and Kuvalovsky noted it. He wrote easily after the little hesitation.

When all had written, Kuvalovsky spoke. "Put your pens down," he said, speaking like a schoolmaster to his class. "Do you know why I have asked you to write?" . . . He spoke with warmth in his voice, and they felt something extraordinary had happened, for they all looked at him in anxiety.

"There is a spy among us," he said, glancing round like lightning lest the looks of any should escape him.

His words had their effect. "A spy," they muttered—and they began to look suspiciously at each other.

"A spy," said Ossinsky, and he, too, cast a terrible look at his fellow conspirators.

They were all ill at ease now.

"We have been betrayed," said Kuvalovsky, glancing from one to the other "The police have received this letter," and he showed the piece of paper Trepoff had brought. "I'll read it to you."

"Then the police will come here," said Ossinsky savagely after the note had been read.

"We'll find their agent first," said Kuvalovsky. "I want to see whose writing matches *this*"—and he shook the original letter.

Ossinsky grunted satisfactorily, and whipped out a revolver.

As Kuvalovsky compared the writing under the yellow lamp, Ossinsky played the watch dog. When the last writing had been examined Kuvalovsky looked round with a half-disappointed, half-penitent air.

"It is like none," he said.

"Perhaps it is all a mistake," said one.

"Yes," said Bogoleff. "Who is Trepoff?"

"An old campaigner," said Kuvalovsky. "He can't have been mistaken."

"This is horrible!" said Turkvitz. "I am no spy—no traitor . . . ."

But so said they all.

"Ah!" said Kuvalovsky, after a pause. "We sink or swim together." He found a portrait of the Tsar, and taking pen and ink he wrote, "Death to the Tsar.—Dimitri Kuvalovsky."

"There," he said. "Every man shall do the same."

"Good," said Ossinsky, "and date it last month—before this cursed letter was written. We will sink together, if sink we must."

Bogoleff certainly paled when he had to write; but he wrote as did all the others.

"What about the police?" said Turkvitz, after a pause again.

"The police," echoed Ossinsky. "If we go, we must hide; for this is perhaps not the only letter this blackguard has written. We must get out of the country."

"But oh! to kill him first."

Just then there was a knock at the door—it was a loud knock.

"The police," said Ossinsky, and they all felt the shadow of the scaffold or the scent of Siberia was about them.

"Can't we run," said Turkvitz.

"Hide," suggested Deuc.

"We are caught," said Kuvalovsky, shaking his great head.

Bogoleff did not move.

The knock came again. "Open at once in the name of the law," said a voice from the outside.

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The conspirators forgot the traitor in their peril; one or two rushed to hide. Bogoleff and Ossinsky sat at the table and took a paper each; Kuvalovsky seized the English text book again.

"I'm giving you a lesson in English," he said, as he went to the door.

A police officer entered and stood a yard inside the room. "It takes you a long time o make up your mind to enter," he said severely. Then he went back to the door. "Come when I call," he said. "In the meanwhile see the house is well watched, and that nobody escapes."

He then shut the door and turned to the inmates of the room. He seized Kuvalovsky's text book. "I interrupted you," he said. He also read "Mi fater ees goad. Oh! yes! you are arranging signals, I see—excellent! Stand still there," he said to Kuvalovsky. He walked to the two at the table. "More signals. This is excellent evidence. Well, you needn't try to bolt, and you needn't try any games. Your names have all been sent to the Police Bureau, and I hereby call upon"—he drew a paper from his pocket — "Dimitri Kuvalovsky, Paul Ossinsky, Alexis Turkvitz, Valerian Bogoleff, Peter Deuc, and Jacob Stefanovic to come forth. I am here to arrest you in the name of His Majesty the Tsar for conspiring together to do harm to his gracious Majesty.

Ossinsky grabbed his revolver, but the police officer was first, and priority in certain cases is all-powerful.

"No nonsense!" said the officer. "I am not likely to come unprepared to a place like this. You can't escape, and you will do yourselves no good by adding murder to your crimes. . . . Alexis Turkvitz come forth. . . ."

For a moment there was silence, and then Turkvitz, followed by Stefanovic and Deuc, came forward, with faces bearing the dull impress of despair.

"Answer your names," said the officer. "Dimitri Kuvalovsky." Kuvalovsky stood forward. "Paul Ossinsky"—and so he went through the list.

"You are to be tried together, not singly," said the officer. "Before, however, I call in my men, I have orders to liberate one of your number. The man who bears the commission from the Inspector stand forward—first, all turn your backs to me. . . . Good! Now please. . . ."

There was a moment of uncanny suspense . . . then Bogoleff came from the line.

Ossinsky howled and turned, but the police officer covered him with a revolver. "As you were—quick," he said. Ossinsky obeyed.

"No nonsense," said the officer.

"Are you armed?" said the officer to Bogoleff.

"Yes," said the other with a smile, drawing out a revolver. "It has been rather warm this last quarter of an hour."

"We guessed it. Your note was stolen."

"Yes, I saw it; but I was too smart for them."

"Good — you've done splendidly. Call my men from outside."

Bogoleff turned to go, but as he did so the police officer knocked the revolver out of his hand on to the floor and covered him with his

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own. "Move a limb and I fire," he said. Bogoleff was surprised—nothing more for the moment.

The others standing in a line with their backs to this man of grim authority, wondered at the speech and waited impatiently for the next word.

"There are no police outside," went on the pseudo officer in a calm voice. "They are not required just at present." While his eyes and revolver covered Bogoleff, he whipped off his beard with his left hand. "Kuvalovsky, Ossinsky," he said in the voice of one calling his friends by their names.

The plotters turned in a wild hope.

"Trepoff!" shouted Ossinsky in ecstatic surprise.

"Trepoff!" repeated the others with glorious voices. They pressed round him to shake hands and cry jubilantly at their salvation. They did not forget Bogoleff.

"Ha! Seize him!" cried Ossinsky—Bogoleff was bolting. But the huge arms of Kuvalovsky were round him in an instant, and a handkerchief gagged his mouth the next. Also he was bound.

"He must die," said Trepoff quietly.

The plotters had ugly looks just then; they played with life as many men have played with the last coin.

Bogoleff's mouth was closed, but his eyes were opened wide. He had the mute appeal in his eyes that the stricken cow has before the knife does its final work. He seemed to struggle to free himself to cry out.

"Traitor!" said Ossinsky. "Spy!" And there was much loathing in his voice.

"He would have got us all hanged," said another. "And the police may be here soon. . . ."

That hastened them.

"Yes," said Trepoff, "He may not have given our names, but he will if he goes free. We must get out of the country at once. The police will be here soon, too, so we have no time to lose."

There was no time lost.

When the police burst in the door half an hour later they found the dead body of Valerian Bogoleff with the note he had written pinned to his breast. Underneath another hand had added these words:

"We hope you will be satisfied with your haul."

AN AUTHOR'S TROUBLES.

I write inspired!—"The lovers part
With sad 'Good-byes!' heart clasped to heart,
In yearning eyes the tear-drops start"
(That gong! O what a din!)
How shall I paint the scene? How tell
The agony of that "Farewell"?
How can I speak their parting knell?
("Please, Sir, dinner's in.")

I change the scene,—A barrack floor!—
A bombshell bursts the closéd door,
My hero lies all steeped in gore—
("John, dear, have you been told?")
(" I'm coming, dear")—"All silent lies
The night—amid pale sufferers' cries,
My gallant hero sinks—he dies—
("Come, John, the soup is cold.")

Yes, he must grieve with sad heartache
For her he loves his heart must break—
("O, let me be, for goodness' sake!
Do go and shut that door.")
I'm getting "mixed," you will allow,
How can he die, yet live, ah, how—?
I think—I'll go to dinner now,
For I can write no more.

A. HUBI NEWCOMBB.

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THE GODSONS OF THE KING

From a painting by E. Hughes.

Prince Edward of York.

By Ignota.

Among the lighter and pleasanter duties attached to Sovereignty is that of being constantly asked to stand sponsor. In Continental kingdoms it is quite usual for Royal children scarcely out of babyhood to assume the responsible duties of godfather and godmother.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert did not approve of this custom, and the then Prince of Wales was not only grown up, but had been married some weeks before he became sponsor for the present Lord Castlemaine; the head of the Handcock family was a valued friend of the Royal family as well as a great Irish noble, and his son has followed in his footsteps, though he is less known to fame than are many of King Edward's elder godsons.

Quite a number of His Majesty's godsons are connected with the Army, and more than one has distinguished himself conspicuously in the South African campaign.

Lord Fincastle alone, amongst the distinguished group, has had the good fortune or luck to win the much-coveted Victoria Cross. The eldest son of Lord Dunmore—himself a most remarkable man, noted as a traveller and explorer, and lately as a Christian Scientist—Lord Fincastle only celebrated this year his thirtieth birthday. He seems to have inherited his father's tastes and disposition; and from earliest boyhood he had a great love of adventure.

He joined the 16th Lancers some ten years ago, and some years later served as aide-de camp to the Viceroy of India. His first chance of seeing active service occurred during the Dongola Expedition, where he obtained the medal and clasp; but it was whilst acting as aide-de-camp to Sir Bindon Blood in the North-West Frontier campaign of 1897 that an amazing act of gallantry won him, after some discussion, the Victoria Cross.

It was pointed out by certain sticklers for military etiquette that Lord Fincastle was present on the field not as an actual soldier, but as a war correspondent; his friends, on the other hand, recalled the fact that as he had been in the Army, and was to all intents and purposes a combatant, he was certainly entitled to the precious "bit of gun-metal." Accordingly he was duly awarded the much-coveted V.C., and the late Sovereign sent a most touching letter of congratulation to his parents.

Of the future dukes who have their Sovereign for godfather the Marquis of Hamilton is as yet the only soldier, but he is, according to those in a position to know, a military host in himself, taking a keen, practical interest in his profession.

James Albert Edward, Marquis of Hamilton, is the eldest of the future Dukes to whom the King is sponsor, and at the time of his birth, which occurred in the November of 1869, his father, the present Duke of Abercorn, was one of the then Prince of Wales's Lords of the Bedchamber, and in that capacity accompanied the future Sovereign to St. Petersburg to be present at the marriage of the late Tsar.

He did not succeed to the title till 1885, when his son was already a popular Etonian, noted for his gigantic size, and for his exploits in those playing fields, immortalised by the Duke of Wellington's allusion to their connection with the Battle of Waterloo.

Before joining the 1st Life Guards, Lord Hamilton went on several long hunting expeditions, and as a result he knows a good deal about African game of every kind. But it soon became clear that the army was his true vocation, and the fact that he became known

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among his brother officers as "Dukey" shows that he soon managed to make himself popular.

Notwithstanding his comparative youth, he has long been quite an authority on what may be called the practical army-clothing question, and he was one of the first to discover the real value of khaki.

Among those godsons of His Majesty who have greatly distinguished themselves in the South African campaign is an Anglo-American scion of the Marquis of Anglesey's family, Mr. Albert Paget, lately gazetted to the 11th Hussars. Like his distinguished father General Arthur Paget, who has now seen thirty years of service in the Scots Guards, Mr. Paget is an enthusiastic soldier.

On the outbreak of hostilities this chip of the old block was only just of age, and had not yet obtained his commission; but he soon made up his mind that nothing should prevent his going to the front. Accordingly one fine day he disappeared on a mysterious journey, and the next thing his friends heard of him was that he had succeeded his uncle, Mr. Gerald Paget, as galloper and aide-de-camp to his own father!

King Edward, who, like our Queen Victoria, takes delight in real romance, is always interested in Royal love stories. His intercession has been innumerable times besought by those Royal personages whose motto might well be, "All for love, and the world well lost," and who have chosen to contract morganatic marriages, even when their doing so implied their having to give up ultimate rights to thrones and principalities.

In each such case, and there are many, the Royal lover is nearly always sure of King Edward's sympathy and interest, and so His Majesty is godfather to quite a number of young people who are only Royal on one side of the house.

Photo, Dickinson and Foster.

Viscount Fincastle.

The most noted of those who must be called, for want of a better term, Edward the Seventh's morganatic godchildren, is the brilliant and gallant soldier known as Count Gleichen, the only son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, himself the nephew and godson of the late Sovereign, and thus first cousin to King Edward.

Major Count Gleichen's mother, who has now assumed by royal favour the title of Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, was before her marriage Miss Laura Seymour, sister to the late Lord Hertford. The marriage provoked much discussion, and Prince Victor was informed that his bride could not share his name. Then and there he himself gave up his own princely title, and elected to be known during the rest of his life as "Count Gleichen."

His only son was born almost on the eve of the then Prince of Wales's marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and the youthful Count and his sisters were brought up in the closest intimacy with their cousins of Wales, the more so that Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and his charming wife occupied a suite of rooms in St. James's Palace.

Photo, Chancellor.

Lord Castlemaine.

Educated at Charterhouse, the half royal lad early made up his mind to follow a mili-

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Photo, Edwards.
Count Gleichen.

tary career; and he joined the Grenadier Guards just twenty-one years ago, from the first greatly distinguishing himself. Indeed, he was not much more than out of his teens when he first saw active service, for he fought in the battle of Abou Klea, and his volume, "With the Camel Corps up the Nile," is one of the best accounts of the Gordon Relief Expedition.

As is natural considering that his father was one of the best sculptors of the day, Count Gleichen is an excellent draughtsman, and among the most successful caricatures published by *Vanity Fair* is one of King Menelik, signed "Glick," a nickname which has stuck to the gallant soldier from school upwards.

One of the first to go out to South Africa on the outbreak of hostilities, Count Gleichen was very badly wounded at the Modder River—indeed, he was actually left for dead, and one of his brother officers observed to a comrade: "Look there, poor 'Glick's' dead!" However, to their surprise and joy the supposed corpse moved slightly, and whispered, "Indeed I'm not!" Accordingly he was taken off the field, was well nursed, and recovered in time to take part in many subsequent battles and skirmishes.

It does not often happen that even a Sovereign is in due course sponsor to a father and son, or to a mother and daughter. During Queen Victoria's long reign this occurred on several occasions, but as far as we are aware there is only one instance in which Edward VII. has played the responsible *rôle* of godfather to a father and to a son, the couple being the present Duke of Marlborough and his heir, little Lord Blandford.

Particular interest attaches to the Royal sponsorship of the latter, inasmuch as the future Duke's other godfather is an American, namely, his grandfather, Mr. William Vanderbilt.

To return, however, to the reigning Duke; Charles Richard John Spencer

Photo, Bassano.
The Duke of Marlborough.

Churchill, has the distinction of being the only British Duke of modern times born out of the United Kingdom, for his birth occurred at Simla while his parents were travelling in India. The Duke's marriage to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt occurred on the eve of his twenty-

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fourth birthday; and two years later his elder son, the young Marquis of Blandford, was born, the event arousing quite an extraordinary amount of interest in the States, the more so because it was calculated that in due course the Anglo-American descendant of England's famous fighting Duke is likely to inherit a fortune amounting to twenty-five million dollars. The christening of this most important and fortunate infant was surrounded with much more pomp and ceremony than had been that of his own father. The Chapel Royal, St. James's, where so many Royal baptisms have been celebrated, was chosen, the sacred building being charmingly decorated with white flowers and green palms, and the baptismal font encircled with a wreath of white chrysanthemums.

Both the god-fathers, that is to say, the then Prince of Wales and Mr. William Vanderbilt, were present in person; the god-mother being Lady Blandford, an old and valued friend of Edward VII., and the grandmother, as well as the sponsor, of John Albert Edward William Spencer Churchill.

The Marquis of Blandford, who is a fine-looking little lad of four years old, has a brother a year younger than himself. The two boys live most of the year at Blenheim, and have been taught literally from infancy to be quite fearless with animals, especially with the spaniels known by the name of the Duke of Marlborough's country seat. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, it is very probable that Lord Blandford will be present at the Coronation with the other elder sons of peers, for his parents are naturally anxious that he should take part in the great historic ceremony. It will be remembered that the present Lord Wemyss, when scarcely older, acted as page to a peer at the Coronation of William IV.

Photo, *Speaight.*
The Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough.

Photo, *Hills and Saunders*
The Duke of St. Albans.

The present Duke of St. Albans, to whom was given the rare honour of having as sponsors both the late Sovereign and the then Prince of Wales, is one of the few among His Majesty's godsons who does not count among his names that of Edward, for he was christened Charles Victor Albert Aubrey.

To the end of her life Queen Victoria regarded Lord Burford, as the present Duke of St. Albans was then called, with great affection. This was owing to the fact that his mother,

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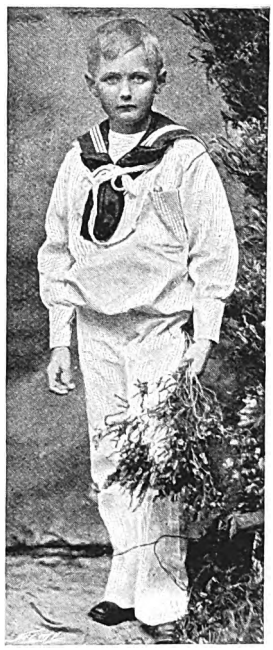

Photo, *Alice Hughes.*
Sir Albert Naylor-Leyland.

The young Duke, as is the case with so many latter-day wearers of the strawberry leaves, is passionately fond of travelling, and especially of exploring unbeaten tracks. Some years ago he made a long sojourn in New Zealand, and whilst there he became very popular with the Maoris, who much admired his agility and really remarkable horsemanship. Lord Burford, as he then was, made himself quite at home in the native encampments; he picked up a good deal of the Maori language, and so is quite an authority on the quaint and little known customs of the race.

At Bestwood the Duke of St. Albans, as is only natural in a descendant of Charles II., possesses some very interesting Stuart relics, including Charles II.'s wedding garments, and, of even greater historic value, the ring given to Bishop Juxon by Charles I. just before his execution,

Photo, *Speaight.*
Lord Wendover.

who died at the end of four years of happy married life, had been Miss Sybil Grey, the eldest daughter of the General Grey who was for so many years the intimate and trusted friend of the late Prince Consort, and whose children were naturally very much thrown with the young Princes and Princesses.

The Duke's mother was specially intimate with Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll; and in the Church at Bestwood, the Duke's charming country seat in Nottinghamshire, is a marble bas-relief inscribed "In caram memoriam Sybellæ Duchessæ de St. Albans. 1873." Louise sculpsit

Photo, *Dickinson.*
The Hon. Albert Edward Keppel.

the gift being accompanied with the much discussed word "Remember."

The Duke is Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and as such he would in old days have played a certain *rôle* at the forthcoming Coronation; as it is he will probably be content to take his place among his brother Dukes. Curiously enough, the whole of the estates appertaining to the dukedom are unentailed, and so could be left away from the next holder of the title; they are immensely valuable, and at the

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present moment the Duke of St. Albans is probably the wealthiest bachelor peer.

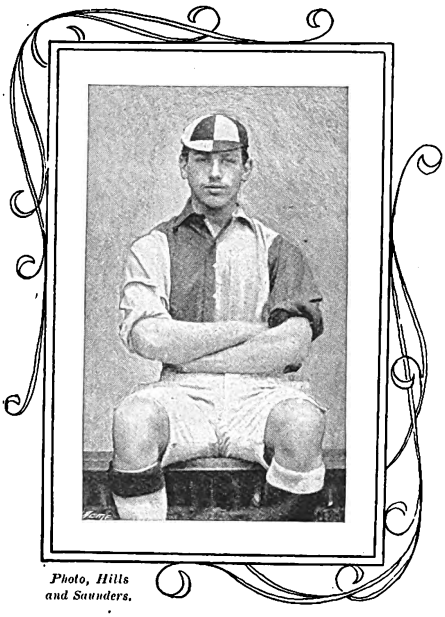
Sir Albert Edward Herbert Naylor-Leyland is only just ten years old. He belongs to the group of His Majesty's Anglo-American godsons, for his mother was before her marriage Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Sir Albert succeeded his father, the first baronet, two years ago. He has one brother two years younger than himself, and they are both devoted to their beautiful young mother, who, since her widowhood, is rarely seen without one or other of her sons. It is probable that Sir Albert will act as page to some royal personage at the Coronation.

Lord Wendover, Lord Carrington's only son and heir, also belongs to the group of His Majesty's younger godsons, and it is very probable that he also will be given some pleasant little duty in connection with the Coronation, as at these great functions titled youths are in great request as pages.

Lord Wendover's birth followed that of five sisters, of whom the eldest, Lady Marjorie, was married last winter to the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson. Among his five names is the quaint old-fashioned one of Samuel, though his parents paid his Royal sponsor the compliment of giving their son Albert Edward as his two first names.

Lord Wendover, who is a year younger than Prince Edward of York, is one of the playfellows of King Edward's grandson, and the two lads are likely to be brought up in much the same way, the more so that Lord Wendover's grandfather, Lord Suffield, is one of His Majesty's closest and most intimate friends.



Photo, Hills and Saunders.

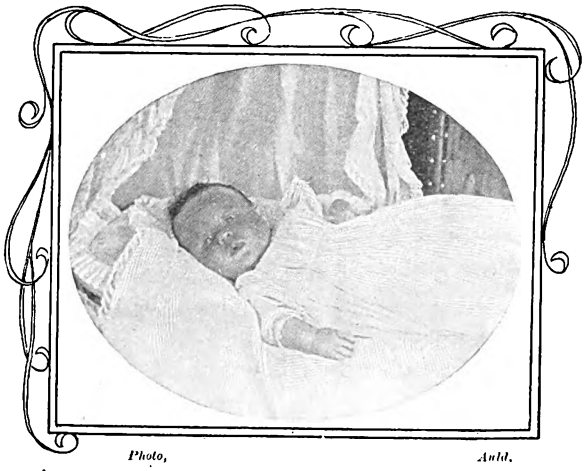
Lord Dalmeny, the Earl of Rosebery's eldest son.

Yet another of His Majesty's more youthful godsons is the fourth son of Lord and Lady Albemarle. The Keppels have always been *personæ gratæ* at Court, and one of Lord Albemarle's younger sisters, the Lady Leopoldina Keppel, who is a nun, had the King of the Belgians for sponsor.

Albert Edward Harry Meyer Archibald Primrose, Lord Dalmeny, bids fair to become in due course one of His Majesty's most noteworthy godsons and namesakes, for through his mother he is descended from the famous Meyer de Rothschild, who built up the fortunes of that famous family, and through his father he belongs to the great family of statesmen and authors the Stanhopes, through whom the blood of Pitt runs in his veins.

Since his accession, King Edward has stood sponsor to the infant of Sir James Reid, the Royal Family's trusted physician. Lady Reid, a sister of Lord Revelstoke, was, during the years immediately preceding her marriage, one of the late Sovereign's Maids of Honour.

The King's christening gift to his godchildren generally takes the form of a gold mug or bowl enriched with an inscription setting forth the name of the recipient and of the donor.



Photo, Auld.

Edward James Reid, the son of Sir James Reid, the Royal Family's physician.

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No. 367.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

"Come to No. 367, Maple Street," Jonas had written to me. "Or, better still, wire us by what train to expect you and we will meet you at the station."

Jonas and Effie were settled at last, keeping house, instead of in lodgings, and I was due in town and was expected to look them up. I hoped that the ordeal would not be too much for me. I had been dreadfully in love with Effie myself, though Effie said it didn't count, as I had made it a point to fall in love with every girl I had ever met, and she was only one of a long procession.

I stepped down from the train with my bag in my hand, and looked around over the crowd vainly for Jonas. How like the indifference of a brother that was! Trust a brother for failing to meet you after you have wired him just when you were coming. I flung my bag into an open cab and flung myself after it.

"No. 367, Maple Street," I said sulkily to the driver, and in a moment the cab was jolting over the wretched cobblestones, which were slippery with the rain that had just begun to fall.

The rain was falling harder when the wheels finally grated against the curbstone, and the driver was adjusting his cape as he opened the door for me and announced:

"Here you are, sir—No. 367, Maple."

The light at the corner illuminated the front of the house and showed the figures painted on the door. I paid the driver and let him go, and then ran up the steps and rang the bell. While I stood there waiting I wondered which would come to the door—Jonas or Effie.

Neither came. After a while I rang the bell again and yet again, with the same result. Then it occurred to me how strange it was that there was no light in the house when they must have been expecting me, too.

Another turn at the bell. This time there was some response. A woman, evidently a servant, came down the yard at the side of the adjoining house, and said in the tone of one imparting general information:—

"They ain't nobody at home—they've gone to the h'opera—an' it's the servant's night h'out."

Then she went back and left me to my fate.

The rain was pouring. No busses traversed that street. Judging by the distance I had come, I must be miles from a hotel. The cab I had arrived in was the last one I had seen, and there was probably not another one about.

It was impossible to think of venturing out in all that rain, which was soon driving in with such force that I began to be wet even in that sheltered doorway. I must make a run for some other part of the house and try to get into a drier place.

My run brought me to a little verandah covered with honeysuckle, at the side of the house, and there was another door. While I stood looking at the door in the shadows I was

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seized with an inspiration. I took my own latch-key out of my pocket and tried it in the lock.

Joy!

I opened the door and walked in, and set my bag down with a sigh of relief. Aha! Jonas, my boy, you might have known your brother better than to try to lock him out, I said gleefully to myself, remembering the times without number when I had pillaged Jonas's store of apples and read his juvenile love letters. And then I struck a match.

After that I spent several minutes striking more matches and trying to learn the combination of a tall lamp covered with a crinkly and flounced affair which I have since discovered was a red silk lamp-shade. I finally lighted the lamp, and at the same moment set fire to the shade. I extinguished the fire by putting the shade on the floor and stepping on it repeatedly. Then I left it where it had fallen. It would teach Effie a lesson, for a great frilled affair like that on a lamp is exceedingly dangerous.

The high-pitched barking of a dog in an upper room began to annoy me very much. I now went in search of the dog, taking more matches and lighting another lamp or two on my way. I passed through the parlour and the hall—a very handsome hall—up the stairs, and into a bedroom, and there was the dog—a wretched little pug which barked with such wicked and explosive energy that it almost turned a somersault with every bark. Evidently there was nothing further to be done until that dog was fastened somehow. I have always been a man of expedients. I chased the pug into a cupboard, and after a brief but violent gymnastic exercise succeeded in turning a waste-basket over the little beast and then weighted the basket down with a large lump of coal.

There was a neat little dressing-room adjoining. I peeped into it and found several suits of Jonas's clothes hanging along the wall and some linen. For the first time I remembered that my own clothes were damp, and I hastened to do just what Jonas would have insisted on if he had been there—I put on some dry clothes. It goes without saying that the clothes in which I attired myself were the best I could find in Jonas's outfit. Ha! the rascal! He was putting on a good deal of style these days. I don't know when I ever looked better than I found myself looking as I finished my toilet before the tall mirror in the dressing-room. I decided that I would say nothing to Jonas at first about having appropriated his property, and would let him admire my new suit to the fullest extent before I told him.

After that I wandered into the dining-room, and was charmed to observe that the materials for a post-opera supper had been thoughtfully set on the table, and that there were places for three. Aha! So they were expecting me then! But, as I was ravenous, I decided to eat my share now, and not wait. Happy thought! I ate a very generous supper. After that I went back to the bedroom, lighted one of Jonas's cigars, which I found in a case on the dressing-table, stretched myself out in an easy chair with my feet to the grate, where a warm fire yet glowed, and smoked and dreamed.

I have always thought that there was where I made the mistake. If I had not been dreaming I might have heard the carriage draw up to the path at that silent hour of the night. As it was, however, I was not aroused until an agitated hand was trying to insert a key into the lock of the front door. I sat up then with a smile of satisfaction at the surprise I was going to give Jonas and Effie. Just then the hall door opened.

"Confound!" remarked a voice. "I thought we turned all the lights out before we started!"

I dropped back into the chair. The voice did not belong to Jonas! I had never heard it before!

"Why, Frank!" cried a feminine voice, filled with horror; "we were not using the hall lamp this evening at all!"

A wild panorama of things flashed before me. I saw myself wearing Frank's clothes and smoking his cigars, and eating his supper and making myself generally at home in his house. There was nothing for it but to run, and I did not stand upon the order of going. A door was just in front of me. I dashed through it and locked it behind me, and found myself in another room.

On into another room, bolting the door again; and there I was in a *cul-de-sac*. The only door of exit led into the hall. I paused and listened in an agony.

"Oh, my poor darling, little Fido!" screamed the feminine voice, as the dog was discovered. "What an awful, cruel monster he must have been!"

"Well, at least, Annie, he didn't hurt the dog," said another feminine voice, with a ripple of laughter in it. "I think he deserves a good deal of sympathy in that. The temptation must have been dreadful."

Loud outcries announced the discovery of cigar smoke, and still further thunderous roars

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from Frank told that he had found his best suit missing. I stood aghast and heard references to the police, and the jingling of an excited telephone bell, followed by calls for three or four men to be sent up from the police station.

"Good Lord" I murmured prayerfully. I was quaking audibly in Frank's clothes, which I had donned with such glee an hour before. I saw myself dragged forth in disgrace by a quartette of blue-coated ruffians, while the two women smiled on my exit, and Fido grinned with joy. In that single moment I spent a whole night at the police-station locked up with "drunks and disorderlies," and Jonas came down in the morning and called me a fool, while he was making arrangements for my release; and Effie pitied me when I went to the house. Never! That could not be pictured. I would die first. And I clutched at the collar of Frank's suit, and beat my brow with my fist and groaned.

And then I was aware that Fido was out in the hall barking at the door of the room in which I was concealed, until his bark had trailed off into a mere inane shriek. If they had the least confidence in Fido's intelligence I was lost. But no! the procession came along the hall, and Fido was taken up and borne toward the dining-room, barking at every step.

I knew what awaited them in the dining-room. I opened the door the merest crack and peeped out. The hall was clear! Now was my time.

With my best home-run gait I sped across the hall and to the back room, into which I had first broken with that infernal key of mine.

It was done! I was inside, and the door was shut behind me.

And then I fell up against the wall and gasped. I had missed the direction! There was only one other way in which I could make a confounded fool of myself that night, and now I had done that. This was not the back room, but a snowy bedroom, with a young lady standing in the middle of it looking at me.

She continued to look at me for some time. After a while she said:

"Is there anything more you would like to have? If you can think of anything please don't hesitate to ask for it; but be quick, for the police will be here soon."

She was moving disdainfully toward the door, but her stinging tones had roused me, and I stood in her way.

"I am scarcely in a position to ask for consideration," I said with spirit; "but I do beg you to believe that this is all an unfortunate mistake. Will you believe me, on my honour as a gentleman, when I tell you that I will explain it all some day, and that if you help me to escape from this painful predicament you will be glad when you know the truth?"

We heard Frank and his wife loud in discussion of the coolness of the burglar who had eaten supper in their dining-room, and Frank proposing to make of the said burglar an example that would be remembered, while Frank's wife cried hysterically:

"Where is Edith? I do wish she would stay with us! We are all going to be murdered before the police get here."

The young lady pushed past me with sudden resolution, and opened the door a little.

"Don't worry about me, Annie," she called brightly. "I don't care to see the police, so I shall shut myself in."

Then she closed and locked the door and turned to me again.

"I have almost told a lie for you," she whispered coldly. "Worse than that, I am going to help you out of my window. Once outside you will have to take your chances."

I bowed my thanks and was moving towards the window, when I remembered the bag, and all the incriminating evidence it contained to identify me with the wearer of Frank's suit. I told her about it, and she smiled and slipped out of the room by another door. Presently she came back with the bag, and there was a gleam in her eyes as I thanked her again.

"We are under many obligations to you for not having set fire to the house," she said demurely.

I was getting so much the worst of it that I could not speak, but how I longed to be on equal terms with the pretty virago, where I could have a fair field and no favour. I ground my teeth with helpless rage against the ridiculous combination of circumstances which had made me appear like a fool or a knave before a woman like this.

We heard the heavy feet of the officers at the door and their ring at the bell, and then the young lady softly raised the window and unfastened the blinds.

"When you get to the street," she counselled softly, "don't run very fast, because that would look so suspicious."

I sprang lightly to the ground. Her hand was lying on the window sill, and I leaned over and kissed it. I considered that she

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owed me that much for the sharp speeches she had made when she had me at her mercy. The blinds closed with emphasis.

I walked, valise in hand, to the pathway, and then I started up the street, not running in the least, but simply moving with celerity. At the first turning I plunged into the arms of a man who was coming out of a house, and we both reeled.

"Hang it, what are you racing about the streets like that for?" he roared, rubbing his shoulder and glaring at me; then he flung himself at me and almost shook my arm off, shouting with a grin of delight, "Bob, you young rascal! Where have you been?"

I dropped my bag and sat down upon it.

"Jonas," I said sternly, "where do you live?"

"Why, here, at No. 307," he said cheerily. "Where have you been all this time? We went to the station to meet you, but were too late, and so we came back home, and have been waiting for you ever since, and awfully uneasy. Come in, Bob. I was just starting out to make a round of the hotels and see if I could find you."

I had been feeling in my pocket for his letter, and now I spread it out before him under the light of the hall lamp.

"Jonas," I said severely, "what number is that?"

He looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's No. 307," he said with conviction. "Can't you read writing?"

"Do you call that 307?" I demanded with spirit.

"Great Scott, Bob," he replied, "there it is as plain as a pikestaff—3, 0, 7. Can anything be plainer than that?"

"And who lives at 367?" I asked in despair.

"Oh, that's Frank Warburton; particular friend of mine; splendid fellow, too, with very nice people. And, by the way, I was telling them about you this morning. They've read your stories and are anxious to meet you. But why?"

"Jonas," I said bitterly, "I wish you'd go to school and learn how to write."

* * * * *

The next time I entered the Warburton's house I went in by the front door, and Jonas and Effie were with me. I had returned Mr. Warburton's suit in an anonymous package, and had a vague hope that this was the end of it, and that perhaps the young lady would not recognise me, as the light had been dim

"When you get to the street," she counselled softly, "don't run very fast, because that would look so suspicious."

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in the room. I had betrayed no secrets to Jonas; far from it.

The Warburtons were surprised when Fido retired under the piano and barked at me so viciously that he had to be removed forcibly to another room before we could exchange the ordinary civilities of a first meeting. Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly. Even the lovely face of Miss Edith Warburton gave no sign of recognition. This was better than I expected. A warm glow went over me as I thought of it. Perhaps they would never know after all.

But when I asked Miss Edith to sing, and followed her to the piano, my eyes fell upon a curious object hung up in a little nook at the end of the instrument. It was a half-burned red lamp shade!

She was looking at me, and her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"That is a relic," she said. "We keep it to remind us of a terrible man who invaded the house."

She was turning over the music, and I was between her and the group at the other end of the room.

"And you told the terrible man," I retorted, "to ask for anything in the house he might want, if he hadn't already taken it. Well, there is something in the house the terrible man wants, and some of these days he is coming to ask for it."

"What can it be? How I hope it is Fido," replied Miss Edith Warburton.

* * * * *

Frank and Jonas have behaved pretty well, all things considered, though when either of them breaks out into Homeric laughter, when there is nothing to laugh at, I know what he is thinking of. As for Miss Warburton, she knew as well then as she knows now that it was not Fido I was going to ask for.

Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly.

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THE COSSACK DERBY

Cossacks arriving at the first mound. The first man who reaches the flag at the top wins the "Cossack Derby."

By Robert L. Iefferson, F.R.G.S.

The great snow-mound contest which takes place in Eastern Russia every winter is undoubtedly one of the most novel competitions ever conceived. Although its commencement is lost in the mists of antiquity, and probably its original purport has been altered as years have rolled on, there is no doubt that it represents what was once upon a time a very important function amongst the Cossacks.

The contest is really a severe test of horsemanship and climbing. It occurs coincident with a Cossack religious festival, followed by junketings and games. From all parts of the adjacent country, indeed from settlements many hundreds of versts away, Cossack men, women, and children flock to the *rendezvous* near Orenburg to take part in the rejoicings and to witness the snow race between the picked horsemen.

Snow lies deep on the ground; the atmosphere is piercingly cold; but these hardy people heed neither. For days large gangs of willing Cossack peasants have been collecting huge balls of snow and rolling them from all directions towards a common centre. Bit by bit two enormous mounds of snow are built up, each about forty feet in height and at the base some hundred feet in circumference. The mounds are cone-shaped, but from the ground to about half-way up the walls are vertical, tapering away then to a cone, whereon a flagstaff is erected and a flag bent.

To be the first to reach the top of the mound is the darling ambition of every Cossack. A prize is offered by the municipality and the military officers of the garrison, and the competitors themselves are the best horsemen selected from the various Cossack regiments in the eastern provinces. In addition to the prize, the victorious competitor bears for the ensuing year the distinction of being the best horseman and climber among the Cossacks, a distinction as precious to the Russian horseman as the winning of the King's Prize is to the English rifleman.

There are, of course, a great number of entries, and very frequently two competitions have to be held, and then a sort of final heat, so as to decide upon the really best man. In addition to this the Cossacks, who are of a rather sporting nature, decide all kinds of curious bets and differences on the result of the competition. Disagreements as to boundaries of land, the ownership of fishing grounds, and the right to fell timber in various places, are settled by virtue of beating one another, instead of their having recourse to the law courts—of which the Cossack has an unspeakable horror.

The morning is yet early.

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The first has reached the summit, the second has just arrived.

Bugles and trumpets blare; crowds of excited Cossacks wend their way to the great square, or line the route along which the competitors are to pass.

In front of the barracks the horsemen have assembled, making a brave show in their red cloaks, fur hats, and with their long-tailed, long-maned horses. They are several hundred strong, and at a signal they move out to the starting place, situated some three versts from the town. At a steady walk the troop parades before the cheering spectators, and at length it arrives at the starting point, where the men are spread out in one long line with their horses' heads facing towards the goal.

All is excitement. Trembling hands adjust girths and bits; horses jostle, and red-faced Cossacks hurl defiance and jeers at each other. Then comes the signal to mount. With a leap each horseman is in the saddle, his eager face bent low towards the mane; his right hand, balancing the knout, raised aloft; and his eyes flashing with delirious anticipation of victory.

Bang!

The starting gun is fired. A yell, simultaneous, awful, and ear-piercing, shocks the air, and the whole line of horsemen has bounded into activity. Snow is scattered in every direction, whip-thongs rise and fall with almost savage energy, the little horses stretch out their necks, and with flowing mane and tail, career over the snow with the velocity of the wind.

Those on the ends of the lines converge to the centre; all is confusion, riot, yells, laughter, curses, flying snow, neighing horses, fallen men, slipping steeds, cracking whips, and jingling accoutrements. Now one takes the lead, now he is dispossessed of it. Three men are racing neck and neck in a bunch, and behind them seethes a thundering wave of panting horses and frenzied riders. The square is entered. The snow mounds are in sight. To the main one the horsemen speed as if on wings. Up to the very base of the mound they rush, flinging themselves from their saddles and at once making the attack on the mound. The iron ends of the whips are beaten on the glittering surface, small holes are made for fingers and toes, and jostling, pushing, yelling, and half mad with excitement, the racers begin to worm their way up the perpendicular sides.

It is a curious contest. One can split one's side with laughter, not only at the ludicrous disasters which overtake the competitors, but at the demoniacal earnestness that is depicted on each face.

Frantic spectators shout themselves hoarse with cheering. Now one competitor is nearly half way up, hard pressed by another Cossack whose head is level with the first one's hips.

The latter raises himself cautiously, jabs his whip-stock higher, falters, slips, claws at the empty air, and, head over heels, hurtles to the bottom, carrying away in his descent several other earnest opponents, to fall at the bottom a confused mass of arms, legs, bodies, and snow.

The second competitor howls aloud with joy, even as the groans of the partisans of the fallen men rise on the air. But his joy is short lived. Competitor the third has just slipped, and grabs the second by the boot-heel, and down they come, sweeping away half a score others to swell the mass of confusion at the bottom.

The mound is attacked on

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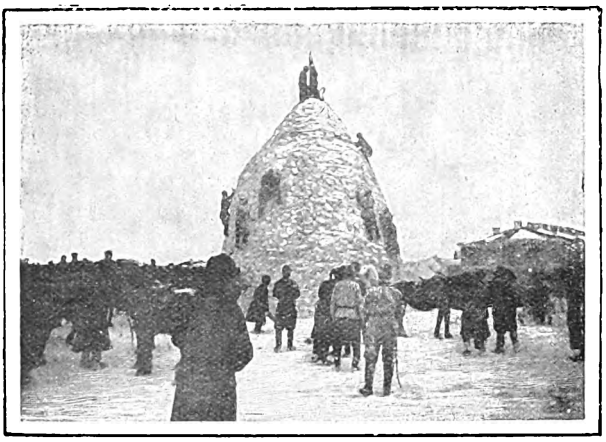
every side. It is the slow, plodding, make-sure-of-his-foot-hold Cossack that generally wins. Inch by inch he worms his way up. Only one thing can cause him disaster, that is the fall of the less careful competitor above, who, in his eagerness, is bound to slip at some time or another. The careful competitor has reached the brink of the vertical wall; his way is easier now, and he works along faster, for he sees black heads bobbing about on the other side of the mound.

Who will be first? The air is resonant with cheers, counter cheers, encouragement, and laughter. The careful man makes one last effort, his nearest opponent—to his unutterable joy—has just slipped and swept down with him some half dozen dangerous men, and he grabs at the flagstaff, catches it, draws himself up, and the wild burst of cheering and the throwing up of hats assures him that he is undoubtedly the winner.

At the second mound a similar contest is in progress, but this mound has an easier gradient, and is reserved for the junior Cossacks, so that not so much excitement is manifested amongst the spectators. But at the main mound all is not over. The private bets and differences have yet to be settled, and for hours the contest rages, until the mound is so hacked about that little of its original shape remains, even if, at some critical moment, it does not collapse and crumble to pieces.



Still only two on the summit; the others have all slipped back before arriving half-way up.

The third man up at last: the others nowhere.

The contest at the smaller mound, a comparatively easy ascent.

Altogether the Cossacks' snow race and climb is a most exciting and diverting exhibition. The actual winner is every inch a hero, and is accorded such acclamation and homage as few kings receive. Besides this, it is a test of muscular vigour and a display of superb horsemanship—in which the Ural Cossacks, as no other equestrians of the world, excel.

It is a show that Englishmen, as the most sport-loving nation in the world, would be most keen to appreciate. A pity therefore that it is held in so inaccessible a place as Eastern Russia.

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Time Passes

Because you knew
My woman's heart had crowned you as its king,
While the whole world to me was blank and dumb
With dark despair, if that you did not come,
If no cleft silence held your footstep's ring—
Because you knew my weakness, know my pain,
And come to teach me happiness again.

When you were near, I was too wholly blind
To see the things a woman's wit might see,
That all was not quite true 'twixt you and me,
Because you came, and, coming, were so kind.
Why did you not confess the truth, and say
You stole my heart to while an hour away?

You came and taught me, made me understand,
How, led by love, we women can define
All that a man may mean by little sign,
By tender look or touch, by press of hand;
Yet, when you go, you leave me lonely here,
No happy word my empty days to cheer.

Because you knew!
Of reason, none my tortured brain can give,
Save that the vows you spoke, with careless smile,
Were all, alas! such empty bonds, the while—
Save that you knew your presence made me live.
O, Love, come back, and say, as oft of yore,
"Sweetheart—dear one—be good to me once more!"

Hilda C. Hammond-Spencer.

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THE GIRL WHO WAS NOT ASLEEP.

By Edward Tebbutt.

The beginning of it all was a deep-laid, insidious, and entirely successful plot on the part of the individual who, for lack of a better descriptive soubriquet, I am forced to term my hero. The victim of the said plot was a girl with blue eyes and the most charming auburn hair imaginable, whom I may describe as an accessory before the fact, for the reason that she was not really asleep, although she pretended to be.

You will doubtless perceive at this juncture, that some explanation is requisite. The only explanation I can afford is that my hero, on the afternoon in question, had experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling against honest work of any nature whatsoever, and had strolled down by the river bank to waste the precious hours of his youth in desultory angling. Under a willow tree, which dipped its branches far out into the circling water, he happened upon a small boat, its interior decked with artistic and particularly comfortable cushions. So far, the situation demands no apology on my part, but you will, of course, sympathise with my hesitation to proceed, when I add that in that Arcadian boat, was my auburn-haired heroine, daintily and gracefully sleeping.

My hero, whose christian name was Hal, peered through the foliage at the charming vision before him, to be impressed by a couple of facts which, upon the face of it, would appear to have been but the most trifling details. One was that a pair of neglected sculls had been thrown carelessly upon the bank, and the other, that the painter was tied in feminine fashion round a clump of entirely inefficient osier reeds. As he noted these circumstances, a sudden inspiration seemed to strike the intruder, for he doubled himself up in a paroxysm of subdued merriment, and with the smile still upon his lips, crept cautiously through the privet bushes to the skirt of the whispering water.

Without so much sound as the merest crackling of a twig, he unslipped the painter, and glided the boat from its harbour of security out into the current of the stream. It was not one of those obtrusive currents, which insist upon making their presence appreciated, but was a dreamy, *dolce-far-niente* sort of current, essentially in harmony with the breathless summer afternoon. And it carried the boat away from the willow tree at a speed of about half a mile an hour, heading it straight for the weir, which lay about 800 yards down the river.

Leaving the sculls as he had found them, Hal clambered up the bank and ran past the bend of the stream to a small promontory, where he had already rigged up his fishing-tackle.

Silently, he waited until the nose of the skiff was level with the promontory, when he shouted loudly and with considerable effect, to awaken the girl to a sense of her peril. She sprang up with a start, to the full realisation of her dangerous predicament, but, as she had not really slept, she was not so overwhelmed with fright as she might otherwise have been.

"Pull your left rope," directed the expert with the fishing-rod, "swing her round to the bank, as squarely as you can."

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"But there isn't a left rope," returned the girl, with something of genuine fear in her voice; "I left the rudder behind me . . . and . . . the Crawley Weir is only a short distance ahead."

This statement, the truth of which was perfectly apparent, was sufficient to nerve Hal to instant action. He doffed his flannel coat and his straw hat, lowered himself bodily into the water, and swam out strongly towards the drifting boat. And, as she watched him, Miss Doris Mackinnon (for such, I may state, was my heroine's name) felt herself amply avenged for the somewhat inconsequent joke which had been played off on her in a fashion so stealthy and mysterious.

A few rapid strokes carried Hal to the bows of the skiff, and, steadying himself by gripping the nearest rowlock, he reached over the side for his friend the painter. In this unconventional manner were Hal and Doris introduced to one another, and thus their eyes met. Doris was eighteen, so she blushed; Hal felt himself to be a peculiar mixture of knight-errant and brute, and would doubtless have returned the blush with interest, were it not a somewhat difficult feat to accomplish when one is up to one's neck in cold water.

"I am awfully obliged to you," began Doris sweetly, "but I am afraid you'll get fearfully wet, won't you?"

"Oh, that's all right, thanks," protested Hal. "I am awfully pleased, you know, to —er—"

"Please go to the side as quickly as you can," begged Doris, just sweeping his wet hand with the tips of her dainty fingers.

Hal slipped the painter over his shoulder, and swam towards the reeds, with the boat gliding in his wake. He scrambled up the bank, tied the rope to a convenient bush, and in courtly fashion, extended his hand to Doris. That young lady tripped lightly ashore, and surveyed her rescuer with a glance of the utmost concern.

"I'm not going to thank you for saving my life, just yet," she said, "because you've got to run right home now, and change your wet clothes. You live at the monastery cottage, don't you?"

"Yes; been there a week," returned Hal, who appeared more than willing to enter into an indefinite term of conversation. "I'll get your sculls, if you don't mind waiting a moment."

"Unless you're right across the meadow in two minutes," threatened Doris, "I shan't ask the rector to call on you, and then you won't ever get thanked properly, you know. Do go, there's a good—I mean, I really wish you would."

Hal gripped the little brown hand which she held out to him, and gathered up his coat and straw hat.

"I shall see you again, shan't I?" he said.

"That all depends on whether you have quite vanished in two minutes' time," Doris replied.

So, obedient to this awful threat, Hal swung his coat over his shoulder, sprinted in fine style across the wide sweep of yellow meadow, and vaulted the rail at the opposite end like the practised athlete that he was. From this point of vantage, he turned his head towards the river again.

Doris was standing just as he had left her; a little, white robed figure, silhouetted against the darkness of the trees that fringed the water-edge. As he pulled up, she waved her handkerchief to him, and he, in return, swung his flannel coat above his head. Then, he lowered his signal, and gave expression to an audible remark indicative of the most extreme chagrin.

For strolling along the erratic path in Doris' direction was a youth decked in a canvas hat and in a boating-sweater of a most revolting combination of red and yellow stripes. A wire-haired terrier trotted at his heels, and what particularly annoyed Hal was that the moment the little brute caught sight of the girl, it rushed ahead of its master, and danced round her with every demonstration of intimate friendship and deep-grained affection.

So Hal had saved Doris' life merely in order that she might keep an assignation with a bounder in a red and yellow blazer—to say nothing of having ruined a new flannel suit in the course of the operation. He smiled satirically, and with a shrug of his shoulders, retired through the trellised porch of the monastery cottage wherein he resided.

Hal Seevemore, (or, to give him his full name, Harold Lucian Seevemore) was one of those unfortunate young men whose lack of affection for honest work has resulted in their enlistment in that legion of literary parasites who are classed as "Outside Contributors."

Not that Hal himself was particularly unfortunate; a comfortable patrimony bequeathed to him by a thoughtful parent had placed him far beyond the necessity of depending upon hard-hearted editors for the means of subsistence, for which reason he had been more than passing successful, and his name had become familiar

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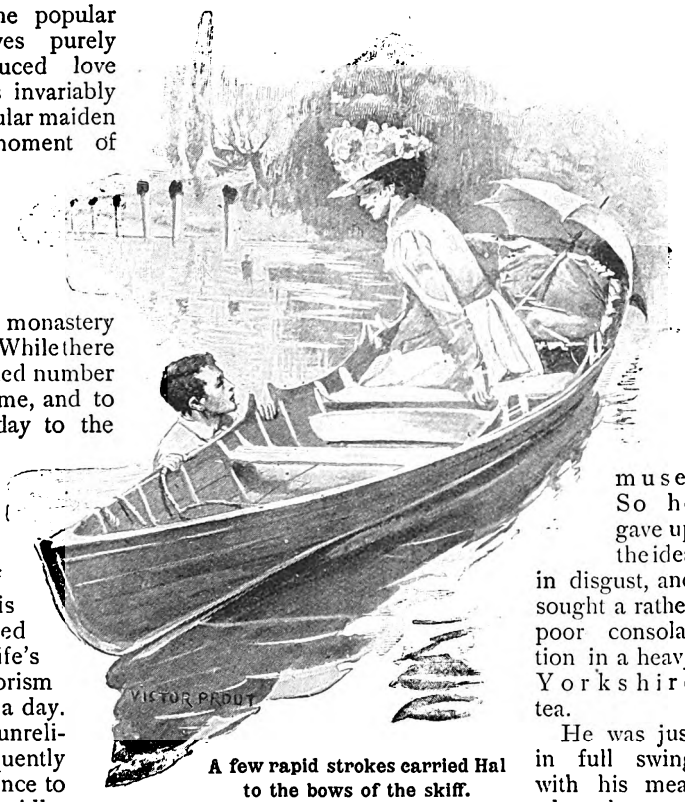
to readers of most of the popular magazines. From motives purely sordid, he mainly produced love stories, and his heroine was invariably the counterpart of that particular maiden who, at the particular moment of writing, was in exclusive possession of his somewhat erratic affections.

About a week previous to his romantic meeting with Doris, Hal had come into a short tenancy of the monastery cottage, at Market Hadland. While there he proposed turning out a fixed number of pot-boilers in a given time, and to devote some hours each day to the elaboration of a problem-novel, which, upon its completion, was to take the entire world by cyclonic storm. It is a well-known fact that the chief asset of the literary genius is a peculiar commodity called Temperament, and that his life's maxim is hinged on the aphorism that Rome was not built in a day.

Hal's temperament was unreliable, and was wont to frequently insist upon a slavish adherence to a lengthy period of complete idleness. Thus, it came to pass that, so far, during his sojourn in Market Hadland, he had not produced a single folio of either pot-boiler or novel; and, what was even worse, the immediate future of his labour was like to be detrimentally affected by recurrent thoughts of a certain pair of sweet blue eyes and a halo of auburn tresses. It was, indeed, well for Mr. H. Lucian Seevemore that the pot of his existence continued to boil without the necessity of any overwhelming supervision on his own part.

Having divested himself of his rapidly shrinking flannels, Hal performed intricate operations with a pair of Indian clubs, and decked himself in an immaculate suit of blue serge, with a butterfly bow.

Then he retired to his study, and sat down with grim intent to—concoct poetry. His mind being somewhat unhinged, he found considerable difficulty in hitting upon a metre to suit his fastidious taste, and deciding at length in favour of modelling his perpetration after Byron's "Don Juan," he discovered that he was, at the moment, unprovided with any inspiriting theme wherewith to excite his decidedly somnolent muse. So he gave up the idea in disgust, and sought a rather poor consolation in a heavy Yorkshire tea.



A few rapid strokes carried Hal to the bows of the skiff.

He was just in full swing with his meal when he perceived an elderly gentleman of clerical appearance crossing the small grass plot that lay between the garden gate and the rustic porchway, and a moment or two later, his housekeeper knocked at his door to announce the Rev. Cuthbert Blagdon. The Rector of Market Hadland, a jovial personage of the good old "squire-parson" type, entered the room in the breezy fashion that had made him a universal favourite from the manor hall to the crofter's cottage on the moor edge.

"Mr. Seevemore, I believe," he said heartily, as he shook hands with the famous writer. "I must ask you to forgive my somewhat abrupt visit, but, really, I've come to apologise for not having looked you up earlier. I am afraid, though, I am interrupting you in your tea, just now."

"Not at all, Mr. Blagdon," returned Hal, "delighted to see you, I'm sure. Won't you join me at tea?"—and, as the rector glanced at the well loaded table: "You would imagine from the exuberance of my housekeeper's catering, that she is under the impression that I have come down from London to qualify for the position of City alderman, wouldn't you?"

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Mr. Blagdon smiled. Being a thorough-paced Yorkshireman, he valiantly responded to the invitation. After a minute or two he turned to business.

"Well, Mr. Seevemore," he began, "the main object of my calling upon you at such an informal hour is to offer my sincerest thanks for an act of gallantry you performed earlier in the day."

Hal bowed, in a somewhat embarrassed fashion.

"I had hoped," said he, "that you would be good enough not to refer to that little episode. I assure you that there was not the faintest element of gallantry about it, though, of course, I am most delighted to have been even of such slight assistance to your—er——"

"My niece and ward," prompted the rector smiling. "I am a bachelor, Mr. Seevemore."

"I congratulate you, sir," said Hal with enthusiasm, though whether from the fact of the rector's guardianship of Doris, or because he had withstood the temptations of connubial bliss, it would be difficult to say.

"Anyway," continued Mr. Blagdon. "My sister and I are exceedingly grateful for your intervention, shall we call it, and Doris, of course, is hoping to thank you herself. By the way, we shall be pleased to see you at a tennis party in the rectory gardens to-morrow afternoon, if you have no other engagement."

"Thanks, awfully; I shall be very glad to come," said the Outside Contributor, who, truth to tell, would willingly have cut twenty previous engagements in so good a cause.

Of Hal's dreams that night I would not dare to speak.

When Hal turned up at the rectory the following afternoon, the first shock to his nervous system was occasioned by a glimpse of a scarlet and yellow blazer, and the second, by a vision of a glorified Doris. That young lady was welcoming her aunt's guests, and was acting upon behaviour of absolutely irreproachable description. In response to the rector's genial invitation, "I believe you have already met Mr. Seevemore, Doris," the girl greeted him in a manner half shy and half amused, and assured him that she had suffered no ill effects from her adventure of the previous day.

"I have been warning Doris of the impropriety of falling asleep in a river skiff," observed Mr. Blagdon, pinching his ward's rosy cheek, "especially when the skiff is not securely moored to the bank, and has lost its rudder, in addition. You know, you won't always have Mr. Seevemore to look after you, my dear."

"Don't you jump at rash conclusions," said Hal—sotto voce, of course. And aloud, "I must show you, Miss Mackinnon, how to tie a proper nautical knot, if you will allow me."

"Would that have prevented my boat drifting away yesterday?" asked Doris innocently, but with a curious little smile that Hal could not altogether fathom.

"Well, hardly, I think—because, you see, you had moored her to the reeds"—and, hastily, as Doris glanced at him in inquiring fashion—"I mean, I *suppose* you had moored her to the reeds, or—er—she wouldn't have drifted, don't you know."

"I'm not sure about that," returned the girl laughing, as she extended her hand to an emaciated curate, and nodded encouragingly to the youth in the odious blazer, who appeared to be suffering from extreme melancholia. Immediately afterwards, Hal was introduced to a girl in a horticultural hat, and was plunged into a vortex of expert lawn tennis.

At tea, he had the sublime gratification of handing the cake to Doris, and of perceiving that she chose a piece of his iced Genoa, in preference to home-made dough-nuts, tendered ingratiatingly by the Youth. As a counterblast, however, she later flirted with the Youth in the summer-house for a period of twenty-three and a half minutes, during which term of mental purgatory, Hal admired Miss Blagdon's roses, and charmed that lady by assuring her that never, even in Covent Garden, had he seen Gloire de Dijons which in any measure could compare with hers. The fact that he had never seen any at all in Covent Garden was a mere incident which in no sense affected the argument.

He bade Doris good-night in a spirit of subdued pathos, and took a five-mile walk by the gloom of the river, with his hands deep in his pockets, and a peculiarly vile pipe clenched between his teeth. Returning home, he sat for some time on an uncomfortable stile, where he conceived five short-story plots, in each of which the hero, after performing deeds of reckless gallantry, pined away and died of a broken heart.

During the weeks that followed, not even the rector could complain of the fact that Doris did not have Mr. Seevemore to look after her, for that young genius cycled with her, boated with her, and took prolonged *tête-à-tête* teas with her, in the quaint old

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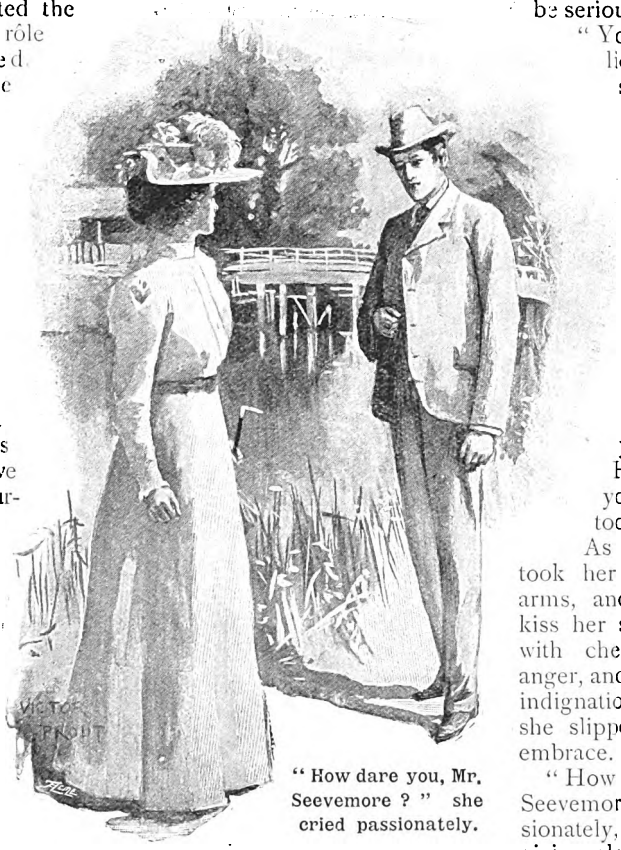
rustic arbour. On the one occasion when Doris protested that she was afraid she was interfering with his work, Hal happily bethought him of a certain doctor who, in jocular mood, had advised him to refrain from exerting himself for more than three months in the year; so he retailed this excellent advice, in conjunction with an enumeration of awful mental diseases incurred by literary men who failed to temper their chronic mania for work with a reasonable amount of prudence.

The Youth, who hitherto had played an inefficient Romeo to Doris' Juliet, now adopted the more congenial rôle of a scorned lover, and the bitterness of his blighted affection broke out in a new blazer, in comparison with which, Joseph's historic coat was comparatively dowdy. And Hal, for the first time in his butterfly life, learnt that a man's heart is designed to serve some other purpose than to fritter away in incoherent flirtation.

So matters progressed until the middle of October, when it became necessary that Hal should return to his work in town.



"How dare you, Mr. Seevemore?" she cried passionately.

It was the last evening of his visit, and one of those autumn evenings when all the earth is decked in a kirtle of gold and russet. Hal and Doris were down by the river edge, and both were unusually quiet, as though silenced by the solemnity of the shadowing eventide. With the dusk, came a breath of coolness, and Doris involuntarily shivered.

"I must really go home, Hal," she said softly. They were great friends now. "You are coming in to say good-bye to auntie, aren't you?"

"Doris," whispered Hal, trying to grasp her hands, "I want to tell you something, dear."

"You've been telling me things all the evening," laughed Doris; "and when Arthur Ferrar called me 'dear,' you said he'd got a confounded cheek."

"Hang Arthur Ferrar! . . . . and look here, Doris, you might be serious, just for a moment."

"You're exceedingly rude; Arthur Ferrar's a very nice boy. Besides, I hate being serious, even for a moment."

"Well, give me a chance to be serious, then."

"You? I don't believe you could be serious if you tried. How do you look when you are serious, Mr. Seevemore?"

Hal shrugged his shoulders, and turned away half impatiently.

"I'm so sorry," said Doris penitently, "I won't tease you any more, Hal; especially on your last evening, too."

As she spoke, Hal took her suddenly in his arms, and bent down to kiss her smiling lips; but, with cheeks scarlet with anger, and a superb flash of indignation in her eyes, she slipped away from his embrace.

"How dare you, Mr. Seevemore?" she cried passionately, the hectic flush giving place to stony whiteness. "I would like to know what name you yourself give to your conduct, for I could tell you what I term it, in one very short sentence."

Hal stared at the indignant little face in sheer amazement, but before he had time to reply, the blazered Youth, this time immaculate in stupendous hunting-breeches, strolled down the slope with an exaggerated air of nonchalance, carrying the important news that Miss Blagdon expected Mr. Seevemore to call in at the rectory to supper that evening.

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"I must ask you to present my sincerest apologies to your aunt, Miss Mackinnon," said Hal, in tones of strained politeness. "I purpose driving over to Bedminster in half-an-hour, to catch the night train to town. My traps can follow in the morning."

And, lifting his hat about half-an-inch from his head, he turned on his heel and walked jauntily towards the village posting-house.

That night, and for several ensuing nights, Doris industriously cried herself to sleep, though why she should have done so, taking her own conduct into consideration, entirely passes my comprehension. Two days later, a letter was received at the rectory, through the medium of which Harold Seevemore thanked Miss Blagdon and the rector for their great kindness to him during his stay in Market Hadland, explaining that his sudden departure was occasioned by circumstances over which he had no control. Quite casually, he desired to be remembered to Miss Doris Mackinnon.

* * * * *

There were a number of London editors who were bewailing the obvious decadence, from a literary standpoint, of H. Lucian Seevemore's work, one of that noble band even going so far as to assure the young writer that cheap cynicism is by no means regarded with favour by readers of the popular magazines, but adding that if he cared to view life in his old cheery vein, he (the Editor) would be very pleased to consider further MSS.

But Hal, to whom existence had devolved into a hollow mockery, threw down his pen in sheer weariness, and accepted a billet as dramatic critic to a well-known Society weekly, in which brilliant journal he indiscriminately slated actor-managers, and tendered sarcastic advice to popular playwrights.

In private life, he was inclined towards epigrams, and the coining of satirical sayings, but, as he had also developed an aversion to any society other than his own, his friends did not suffer a great degree of boredom through his altered temperament.

Thus, for many months, Hal maintained his rôle of weary pessimist. But, as time passed on, he realised the utter futility of permitting his life to be spoilt through the mere coquetry of a girl who had cared for him well enough to encourage his marked attentions during the span of a summer, and little enough to cast him aside when he had presumed to aspire to other sentiment than that of friendship.

Once again, he mixed in the society of his fellows; resolutely, he stripped himself of the mantle of affectation and weak cynicism in which he had pretended to find consolation. His old ambitions revived, his old hopes were remodelled into existence—Harold Seevemore bade fair to emerge from his chrysalis state of amiable trifling, and to develop into the brilliant man of letters.

A year passed away, and with the second winter since his parting with Doris, came a note from Miss Blagdon, inviting him to spend a quiet Christmastide at Market Hadland. For a couple of days, the note remained unanswered, and then, at length, nerved to the point of declining, Hal sat down to present his deepest regrets, etc.

At the post office, however, a sudden impulse seized him to tear the refusal in half, and he returned to his chambers to write it a second time. But, somehow, he found himself accepting the invitation instead, so, to prevent the possibility of further reflection, he packed his portmanteau there and then, and set off for Yorkshire a day before he was expected.

Somewhat to his surprise he found the village precisely as he left it. The church still remained in its old position, and the monastery-cottage, sad and forlorn without a tenant, did not appear to have aged to any appreciable extent since the night when he departed in a fashion so sudden and abrupt.

He even met a debased-looking and plethoric pug-dog, which he distinctly remembered as having been in the possession of the doctor's wife during his former visit. From these signs he was led to the conviction that even the river itself must be in existence, and before calling at the hospitable rectory, he tramped across the meadow to assure himself upon the point.

He arrived at the willow-tree, beneath whose branches he had first encountered Doris, and walked along to the bend of the stream to where he had rescued her from a rudderless boat. He smiled to himself as he recalled that audacious burlesque, and felt himself wondering what species of midsummer madness it could have been that prompted him to practise so wild a deception upon the girl.

As his thoughts sped back to that eventful afternoon, he recalled Doris as he had first known her—the little blue-eyed maiden, charming in her witchery and her graces; to be worshipped for her beauty; to be loved for herself alone.

And, as he dwelt upon the weeks of happiness that had followed, the great despair of the ensuing year flooded back to his brain, mantling his whole future in a pall of blackness. With a wild longing in his heart, a

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wild longing and a mad, indefinite fear, he sat down on a fallen willow tree, and buried his face in his hands, battling in vain against the visions that rose from every tree and every shadow by the river-edge. Why had he returned to the gates of this love-wrecked paradise to rake up the mouldering ashes of the past? . . . What was the use of it, anyway, when he had tried so hard to forget. . . .

He heard a light footstep behind him, and a tiny hand rested upon his shoulder.

"Hal," said a voice—a voice soft and low, that once he had counted as the sweetest music on God's earth.

He sprang to his feet, to find Doris by his side again; Doris more lovely in her budding womanhood than even he had conceived that she might be. She was dressed in the sombre tartan of the Clan Mackinnon, with a little sprig of white heather nestling at her throat. Her eyes shone bright with something of pity and regret . . . and something, I doubt me not, of love.

"I saw you by the willow tree," she explained, "so I came here after you. I'm sure auntie will be delighted that you were able to—get down to Market Hadland so soon."

"Hal," said a voice—a voice soft and low, that once he had counted as the sweetest music on God's earth.

"I left London earlier than I expected," returned Hal, "and when I turned up here I wanted to—er——"

"See the river again, and the spot where you saved my life," prompted Doris saucily.

"Doris," said Hal, in cool, even tones, "do you remember, on the evening I went away, my saying that I had something to tell you?"

"Yes," replied Doris with averted eyes.

"I wanted you to know that the idea of my saving your life was all a farce. It was I who unmoored your painter, and let your boat drift out into the stream."

"But I knew that already," protested Doris, her cheek rosy with blushes.

"You knew already! . . . . But how . . . . from whom?"

"Well, you see," she replied demurely, "I—er—I—well, I wasn't really asleep, Hal . . . . I was only pretending, you know."

"Only pretending?" Hal stared at her with astonished eyes. "Doris, how utterly you must have despised me all those weeks."

"Of course, I didn't despise you; you ought not to say such things. I enjoyed the fun as much as you did. Only, I wanted you to tell me about that first, before you told me anything else . . . . that you might have to tell me."

And now, I arrive at a phase of the episode, in the relation of which Hal himself would have excelled, had it occurred in a short story, instead of actually in his own life. But all I know is that he gripped Doris' hands in his, and drew her tightly into his arms; though I am practically certain that Doris said it was time to go in to tea, without the least intention of acting upon her assertion.

I have an idea, too, that Hal told her "something else" there and then, and that his story was somewhat unhinged and incoherent, yet not the less sincere on that account. Anyway, it was some considerable time before they turned up at the rectory, and when they did arrive, they both looked so absurdly happy that they gave their secret away the moment they entered the drawing-room.

"I'm exceedingly pleased to see you, Mr. Seevemore," said Miss Blagdon heartily, "but I hope you won't find it too dull down here, after your gay life in town"

"I'm most delighted to come, I assure you," returned Hal, shooting a sidelong glance at the radiant Doris, "and—er—I fancy I shall manage to exist all right, thank you, Miss Blagdon."

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Mr. Anderson as an old bluejacket——

A MAN OF MANY POSES

By Lenore Van Der Veer.

The difficulty of the work of an artist's model is little realised by the ordinary person who is more likely to consider it a merely mechanical occupation and one which makes no demand either for mental or physical excellence.

——and as a yokel.

As a matter of fact, however, a good model must not only have sufficient physical strength to stand the strain of difficult positions, maintained for many minutes at a time, he must also have the power to enter into the spirit of the part he is playing in the picture and show it by his general attitude and expression.

Anyone who combines these qualities is certain to make a successful model; for though indifferent posers are to be obtained easily enough, one who thoroughly understands his business can always be sure of occupation.

Certainly the best known male model in London Studios and art schools to-day is Mr. Anderson, who is at home in almost any make-up that can be mentioned. We reproduce here photographs of him in some of his many disguises, and the success with which he impersonates these greatly-differing characters is entirely due to the possession of the qualities which we mentioned above as being requisite for a successful model.

In artist's parlance, he is a "first-rate clothes-prop"—the studio phrase which denotes a man who knows how to impersonate any character to advantage. Mr. Anderson has had the distinction of posing for almost all the great artists of to-day, and his features have appeared in many academy pictures which have won gold medals and the highest honours.

One picture, in which Mr. Anderson appeared as a fisherman, was purchased by Queen Victoria and presented as a gift to the Duke of Edinburgh.

It is now more than thirty years ago since Mr. Anderson sat for his first pose—to a silver engraver. The subject was a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Anderson posed for the figure of Bottom the Weaver. In those days he was a handsome sturdy young fellow who had followed a seafaring life in the Royal Navy. His physique is still that of a powerful man, though his hair and beard are now a silver grey.

But though Mr. Anderson has left his youth far behind, he still retains his physical strength in a remarkable degree.

For instance, he can keep a most trying pose, say one in which he must throw his weight on the ball of one foot and balance himself on the toes of the other with his arms held above his head, for from twenty to thirty minutes without movement—no easy feat, certainly, but when the five minutes pause comes, he knows how to get the most rest for the overwrought tendons, and is ready to take the pose again in fresh condition.

As was stated before, no small part of Mr. Anderson's success is due to the keen interest he takes in his part and the way in which he enters into the spirit of it. Besides

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this he delights in designing his own costumes, the ideas for which he gets from old illustrations and pictures. After designing them, he buys the materials and actually makes them up himself. He made every one of the costumes in which he appears in these illustrations.

A remarkable point in connection with Mr. Anderson's posing is his power of completely changing the character of his face by a slight alteration in beard and eyebrows. How strangely different are the expressions on the faces of the man'-o'-war's man and the gentleman of the Elizabethan court, or in those of the plodding countryman and the pious monk! It is in this flexibility of feature, more than in anything else, that we see the cleverness of the model's art.

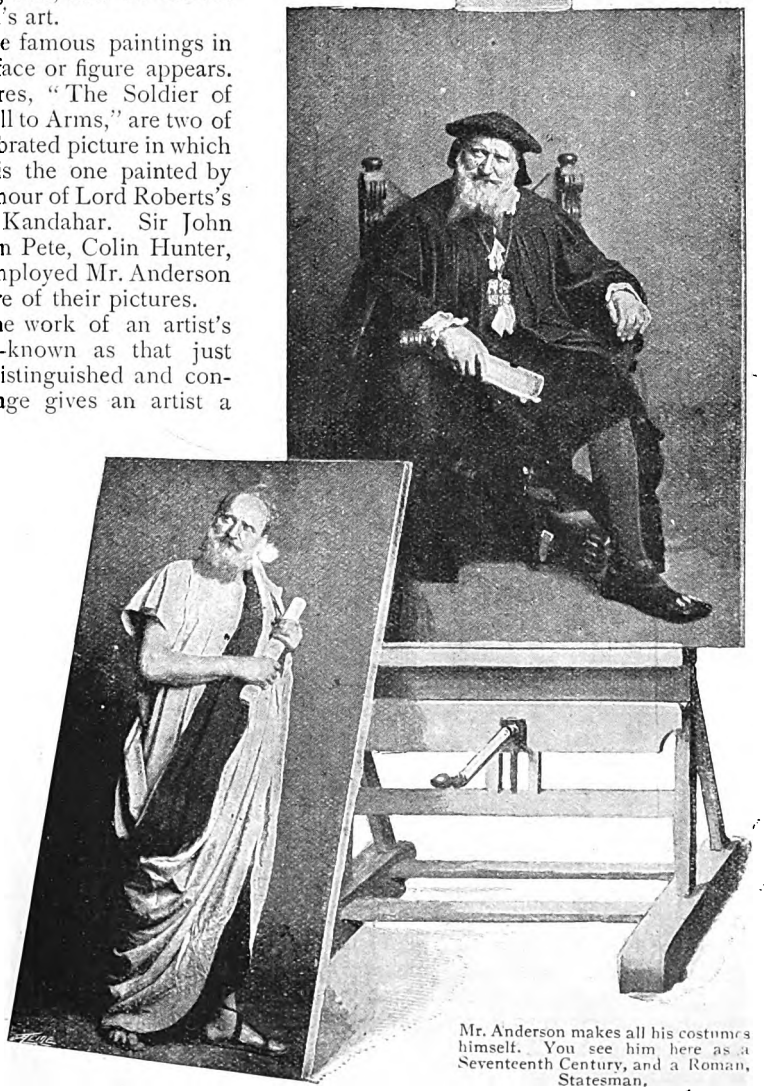
Many, indeed, are the famous paintings in which Mr. Anderson's face or figure appears. Seymour Lucas's pictures, "The Soldier of Fortune" and "The Call to Arms," are two of these; and another celebrated picture in which Mr. Anderson figures is the one painted by Caton Woodville in honour of Lord Roberts's march from Kabul to Kandahar. Sir John Millias, Vicat Cole, John Pete, Colin Hunter, Bryan Shaw, have all employed Mr. Anderson as model in one or more of their pictures.

Another phase of the work of an artist's model is not so well-known as that just described. When a distinguished and consequently busy personage gives an artist a commission to paint his portrait, he can as a rule only spare time to allow the artist to paint in the head; and consequently, the picture has to be completed from a model, impersonating the original.

Mr. Anderson enjoys the unique distinction of having twice performed this office for His Majesty, King Edward, wearing one of his uniforms when so doing. Among other distinguished people for whom Mr. Anderson has sat are the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone.

There are many models who take a most lively interest in the success of the pictures they sit for. Nor is their sympathy entirely disinterested, for to be associated with successful pictures means credit for the models, as well as for the artist. The rate of pay where anything like continuous work is assured is enough for a decent living.

In private studios 1s. an hour is the tariff, but the figure runs to 2s. 6d. an hour for posing at schools. Really good models are always in request, and are often paid retaining fees in slack times by the more prosperous artists. Also they command a better price per hour than the rank and file.



Mr. Anderson makes all his costumes himself. You see him here as a Seventeenth Century, and a Roman, Statesman.

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Another of Mr. Anderson's self-made costumes.

No model has attained greater fame than Mr. Anderson, for there has scarcely been an exhibition for thirty years in which he has not seen himself "on the line."

One of the first essentials in a model is that he should know how to wear his clothes. Not many people in ordinary life put on their clothes to the best advantage, but the model has to assume a variety of "property costumes," and must learn to be natural in all.

The model who can put on armour one day and look a warrior, and be equally effective as Beau Brummel on the morrow, is a joy of joys to the artist who employs him.

Mr. Anderson can do this, and it is very difficult to say which personality (and he makes up for a hundred or more) is best suited to him. When one sees him as a jolly fisherman, his eyes twinkling from under the brim of a greasy sou' easter and a clay pipe between his lips, he certainly looks born to the part. But he is also to the life as an elderly gentleman of commerce, sitting bald and bland in immaculate shirt front reading his *St. James's* and sipping whisky and soda.

Some models absolutely refuse to sit for an artist whose pictures are known to be a libel on art, but for the genius they will make any sacrifice.

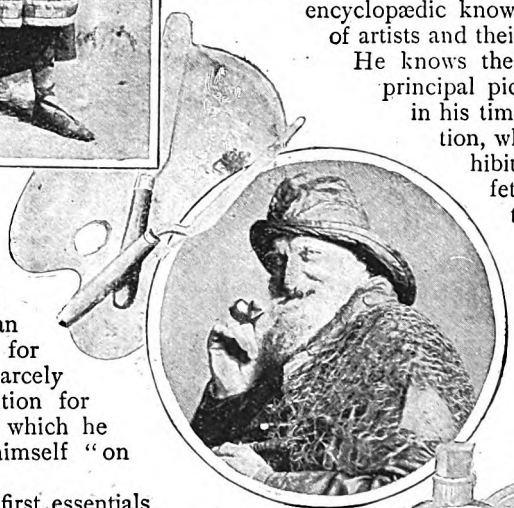
Probably no man has impersonated more sacred characters than Mr. Anderson, for the simple reason that he posed for a large number of pictures appearing in the largest and best-known illustrated Bible. In some of these his wife and child also figure.

Enough has been said of Mr. Anderson's art. For the rest, the photographs must speak for themselves. In each, there will be noticed some attitude or expression especially suited to the character he is representing; and there will also be noticed a marvellous difference in the face in the different photographs. This is all obtained by an extraordinary control over the facial muscles, for no "make-up" in the ordinary sense of the word is used, except in the way of dress.

It is something to have spent a lifetime in the London studios as a favourite model, and it is surprising what an encyclopædic knowledge Mr. Anderson possesses of artists and their works.

He knows the names and histories of the principal pictures which have been painted in his time; the date of their completion, when, and where they were exhibited, and the prices that they fetched, as well as the names of the purchasers.

Such is his keen interest in all matters pertaining to art, that he carefully studies the newspaper critiques of the pictures exhibited each year, as well as all the Academy Year Books. He is thus a living example of the success that usually



Mr. Anderson as an old sailor——

——And a peer of past times.

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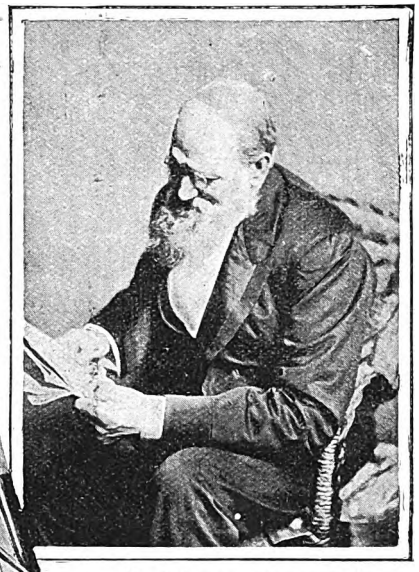
attends a man whose heart is thoroughly in his work.

But, indeed, many models take as much interest in the fate of the pictures they sit for as if they were the painters. Their sympathy is also extended to the artists themselves when the latter are making a bid for Academic honours.

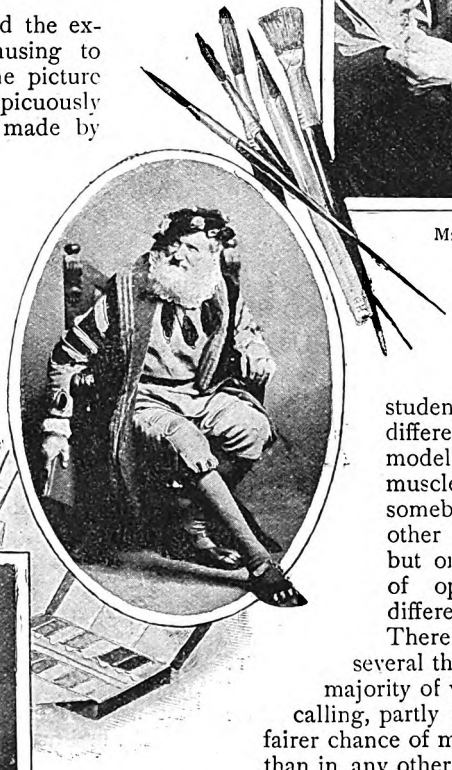
On election nights at the Royal Academy a group of models is generally to be seen awaiting the appearance of the new list of members. Such zeal is, however, not entirely disinterested, it being the custom with artists to tip the model a sovereign if he brings the joyful news before its arrival by telegram.

Models frequently attend the exhibitions and find it amusing to stand near enough to some picture in which they figure conspicuously to overhear the remarks made by the visitors. Half the people who attend picture galleries have little acquaintance with art, and know nothing of what goes on behind the scenes. The artist's model enjoys their blunders.

It is one thing to pose in a private studio for a single artist, and quite another to be model for a school.



Mr. Anderson posing as a modern gentleman——



——An Elizabethan——

——And a friar.

The latter is infinitely more trying, for the reason that each of perhaps a hundred students is working from a different point of view, and the model hardly dare move a muscle lest he should disturb somebody's work. On the other hand, when posing for but one artist, there are plenty of opportunities of resting different portions of the body. There are in London alone several thousand models, the large majority of whom have taken to the calling, partly because they see in it a fairer chance of making a decent livelihood than in any other, and partly because their outward appearance and general inclinations are especially suited to the work.

Mr. Anderson was a sailor before he became a model, and I daresay that to-day he makes a far larger income than he did in the days of his youth. But many of his colleagues are men and women of standing, whom stress of circumstance have brought down in the world. As is only natural, a very large number of models are broken-down actors and actresses, who go to the studios as a last resource. They generally make the best models, their previous calling having fitted them for the impersonation of all manner of characters.

It is not only young and beautiful people who find favour in the eyes of artists. **Individuality of face and intelligence are the two main requisites of a successful model.**

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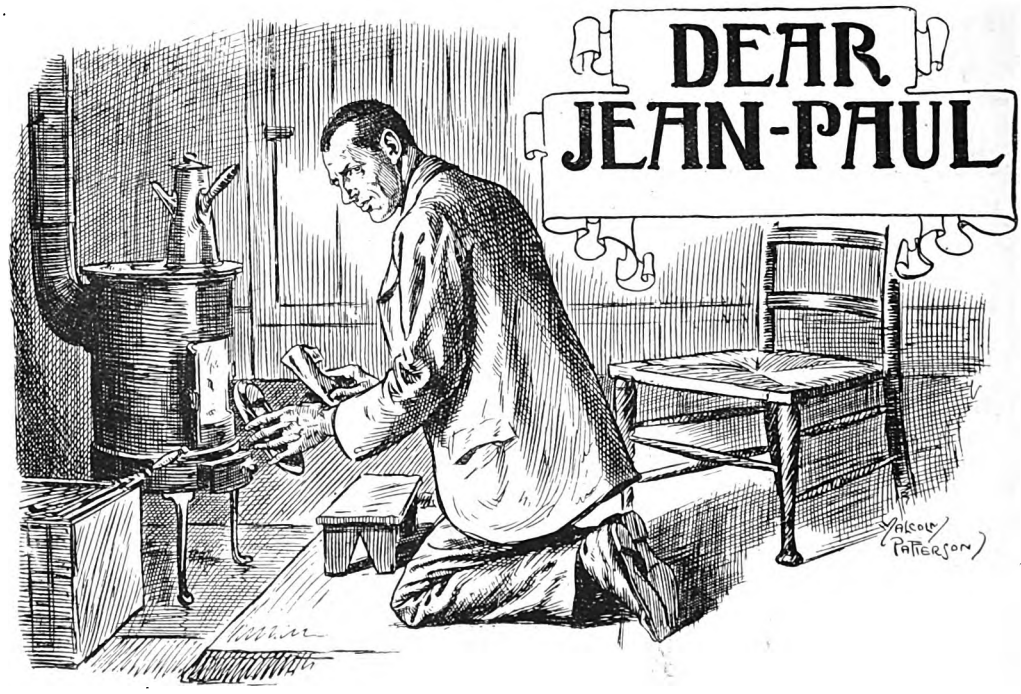

By E. Arbuthnot.

"It is not a bit of use, Jean-Paul," said Marie-Louise crossly, knitting her black brows, and twisting the frill of her apron till it looked like a ragged old bit of rope. "He is a very handsome fellow, much better looking than *some* people I know! And he is good company, too. I shall go out with him whenever I please!"

"Listen to me but one moment," said plain little Jean-Paul very patiently. "Here is now three months that we have been married, and I have not yet asked thee a favour. To please me, my good little Marie, do not go to the theatre with this soldier."

Marie-Louise shrugged her shoulders fretfully—such noble shoulders, in the simple cotton gown!

"Why may I not enjoy myself?" she demanded. "If I work hard all day, surely it is but fair that I amuse myself in the evening!"

"To please thy Jean-Paul, *p'tite femme*," said the young barber gently.

"And the play which I have never seen! Thou knowest, Jean-Paul, that above all things I desire to go!"

"Jean-Paul! Jean-Paul!" cried the cracked voice of the master-barber at this moment. And the old fellow's bald head and yellow, wrinkled face popped in at the door of the little back room. "Come at once, into the shop, lazy rascal!" he shouted furiously.

"Here are three customers waiting to be shaved, and not a soul can I find anywhere! Kindly remember, Jean-Paul, that it is now no longer a question of honey-moon!"

Jean-Paul hurried off with a last imploring glance at Marie-Louise, which, however, had not a great effect, seeing that the young woman had turned her back.

A geranium stood in the window, brightest, gayest of flowers; Marie-Louise began pulling the leaves to pieces.

"If I go," she said to herself softly, "Jean-Paul will be unhappy, and he is a dear fellow, Jean-Paul. Still, the theatre! But there! If I go against his will, I shall not enjoy it. No, I will not go. I will really be good for once!"

"Marie-Louise," said Jean-Paul at this moment, opening the door, towel in hand, "understand, *p'tite femme*, I distinctly forbid thee to go to-night with Isidor."

And before Marie could reply, the door was shut, and Jean-Paul, trembling with the excitement of one who has done a dangerous

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thing, had retreated into the safe refuge of the shop.

Well, of course, there is no need to tell anyone, who knows women the least in the world, that all those virtuous resolutions of Marie-Louise, vanished in a moment, as before a magician's wand.

"Forbids me, indeed!" cried she, crimson with indignation. "Well, then, Monsieur Jean, we shall see that! It is only a matter now of what to wear, grand Dieu!"

It must be admitted that our Marie-Louise was wilful; but there! beauties are privileged all the world over!

When Jean-Paul came to his dinner at seven o'clock he found his young wife in gala attire. Her black hair was twisted into a coquettish knot on the top of her head, a spray of flowers adorned the front of her pretty pale dress; in her hand was a little black fan. Oh! daughters of Eve, many are your wiles! Oh! little black fans, for how much mischief are you not answerable?

The effect was superb, and if somebody was aware of this fact, well, how could she help it, if you please? Her dark eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her red lips were set with dangerous firmness.

But if he had made one mistake, the little barber had no mind to make another. He looked grave, therefore, but said nothing, and when the meal was over strolled off to smoke a pipe on the ramparts, leaving Marie-Louise entirely to her own sweet will.

It is true that she may have felt a little guilty; but when the gay young soldier arrived, with his fine, blue uniform and his delicate moustache, and his fascinating air of *joli garçon*, it was really impossible to disappoint him! And then, Marie-Louise was all dressed now—and so successfully! Women will do many things rather than look their best unseen!

"Husband!" said he, in reply to a very faint protest indeed. "Husband, do you say? *Tiens*, but he must get used to all that, this dear Jean-Paul! Does he think, then, to imprison his wife in a zenana? Your pardon, madame, you are too pretty for that!"

And with this opinion it is just possible that Marie-Louise may have agreed.

The drive in the open cab down the Champs Elysées among all the grand carriages, and beyond, rattling gaily over the cobbles, through the cool evening air, was a treat in itself to Marie-Louise, who had seldom enjoyed such a luxury. And when they reached the theatre—but oh! it was a fairyland!

For a long time Marie-Louise sat watching the stage with round eyes of marvel—

"Understand, p'tite femme, I distinctly forbid thee to go to-night with Isidor."

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enraptured. What dresses! what beauty! The heroine—but she was a goddess! And oh, the graceful dancing! It was magnificent, it was a dream! The handsome soldier, also, was very attentive. He diligently fanned her when she felt warm, amused her with stories of the actors and actresses, and told her the names of the grand people in the boxes.

"He is really a very nice fellow!" thought Marie-Louise.

But just as the naughty young woman had begun to realise that she was enjoying herself very much indeed, all at once the fluent stream of interesting conversation ceased to pour from the rosy lips of Monsieur Isidor. He paused, in fact, in the very middle of a sentence.

Marie, glancing at him in surprise, perceived that his attention had been distracted. She followed his gaze, and saw, some dozen rows away, two people whom she knew well enough, seeing they lived next door to the barber's shop. They were the son and daughter of Bompard, the shoemaker.

But what, then, of interest could one see in these people? Pierre? Such a stupid! Elise, then? "Plain Elise," as many people called her! It is true she had a very sweet smile, and she was a good creature, Elise—but Isidor? Hardly his style one would think!

Elise was a thin wisp of a girl one could have crushed in one's hands. She was very pale; her face was sad. Her hair, her eyes, her eye-brows were coal black. Yes, it was perhaps striking, that little face, but pretty?

"Madame will excuse me," said Isidor, after the first act.

"I see a friend over there, and if you will permit I will go and speak to him for two minutes."

And with a beautiful bow, but an abstracted expression, the charming fellow removed the light of his presence from Marie-Louise.

Half angry, half amused, Marie sat on by herself, waiting and wishing for the curtain to rise again. Monsieur Isidor made his way immediately to the Bompards, bowed politely to the brother, and took a seat beside pale Elise.

He . . . . told her the names of the grand people in the boxes.

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"*Mon Dieu!*" thought Marie-Louise, watching the proceedings. "Then it is Elise, the attraction, with her white face and her great black eyes! What airs! One would say she was a queen at least! Well, I suppose my brave soldier will return before the next act!"

But when the curtain rose the callous deserter only settled himself more snugly in his place beside Mademoiselle Bompard. Marie-Louise began to pout; she felt neglected; pretty women do not appreciate neglect.

People, sitting near, stared curiously at the forlorn young woman. Marie felt the looks, and grew hot and ill at ease. What could be possessing him, this Isidor? She tried to fix her attention on the stage, but her pleasure was spoilt.

The play had lost its charm. Dialogues, dances, songs, encores, passed before Marie's eyes without interesting her. The heroine had changed her dress and she never noticed it. Suddenly, glancing at the place where Isidor had been, she perceived that neither he nor his friends were there. She turned her head instinctively; the Bompards were in the act of leaving the theatre! What is more, they were not alone! That villain, that wretch, that monster, that *Isidor!*—went with them!

Marie sank back in her seat, aghast.

"How dare he? How dare he?" she said to herself. "To leave me so! After his intreaties, his implorings of yesterday, that I would come with him! Oh, I will never speak to him again as long as I live!"

Upon which, disdainfully regardless of staring looks and freely uttered comments, she flung on her shawl with defiant energy, and, erect as a young poplar, swept out of the theatre.

So far, well; but when she reached the street the high spirit, which had thus far sustained her, received a severe shock; it rained in torrents. She had no money; she must walk.

"Alas, my poor Sunday dress!" she sighed. "Well, I have only myself to blame!"

And she stepped forward into the sodden night.

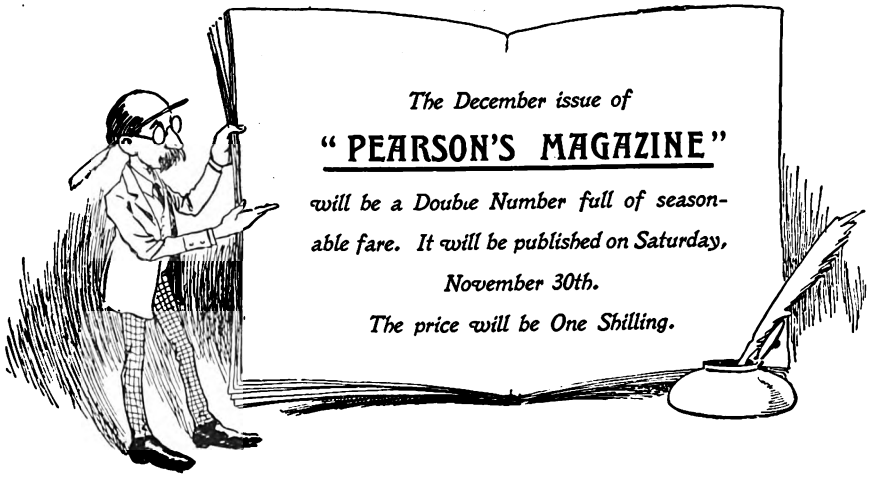
"I might take a cab," said Marie-Louise to herself, "but then I should have to ask Jean-Paul to pay for it. I would rather get wet."

The rain came soaking down in steady, vertical torrents, and Marie-Louise had no umbrella—not even a hat. Her black hair soon became a watershed, whence little rills trickled on to the shoulders of her once pink dress. All her clothes clung to her till she could scarcely walk.

"I am paying well for the pleasure of having my own way," she murmured. "Ah, if he could see me now, even Jean-Paul would be sorry for me!"

It was undeniably a lamentable home-coming, but at last, after what had seemed an eternity of woe, Marie came in sight of the welcome lamps, shining from the back window of the barber's shop.

"To get in without being seen—if I could manage it!" thought she. She opened the little garden gate very quietly, stole up the path and looked in at the window. Oh!—— there was dear, good, forgiving Jean-Paul, kneeling on the hearth, and carefully putting his wife's slippers by the fire to warm.


The December issue of
"PEARSON'S MAGAZINE"
will be a Double Number full of seasonable fare. It will be published on Saturday, November 30th.
The price will be One Shilling.

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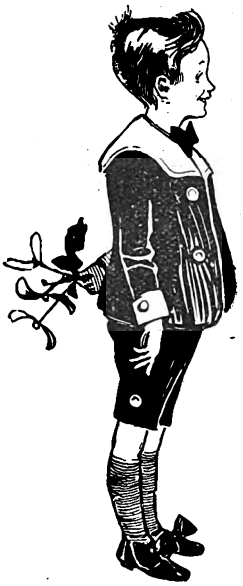

CHRISTMAS - - - IN - - - CHILDLAND.

By Reginald Maingay.

Christmas in Childland!

What a time it is! Even you and I, who have, of course, put away childish things and are staid and sedate people, are not altogether indifferent as the day of days approaches—even you and I, though we have, in all probability, long forsaken our teens and may very possibly have left the twenties behind us as well. There is an irresistibly light-hearted spirit moving in the world, and do what we may—and there are few, I hope, silly enough to try to evade it—it takes possession of us, willy-nilly, and believe me, we are none the worse.

The real fun for the children begins when the lights have been lit.

Dinner time is close at hand, and various little cousins arrive. For both in England and Germany, the two countries where Christmas is most thoroughly appreciated, the party is composed almost entirely of members of the family. Outsiders are seldom tolerated. At the big parties that follow Christmas, you can meet as many of your friends as you like. But Christmas itself is generally dedicated to the family.

Well, the cousins arrive, all very prettily dressed, excited, and happy. Of shyness there's not a trace, as each one knows the other intimately, and chatter and laughter soon become fast and furious. The boys, ungallant youths! all gather together, and the girls, who seem to be able to get on very well without them, are busy exchanging confidences.

The talk is chiefly concerned with the presents they have already received or are about to get. To cart all the presents to the house where the party is to be held and distribute them after dinner used invariably to be the custom; to-day many parents seem to find that it entails too much bother, and presents are either received in the morning or the previous evening.

The pretty custom of hanging a stocking on to the bedpost is almost entirely extinct. Our children have grown so alarmingly wise that I very much doubt whether a child of five would not feel himself deeply insulted if required to believe that Santa Claus makes his way down the chimney in the dead of night, softly enters the bedroom, and fills the stocking with toys.

Dinner and all its glories over, comes the first great excitement of the evening—crackers. Shall I confess?—In a year or so I may very possibly find some grey hairs in my head, but I have still an unholy *penchant* for crackers—

The baby has somehow or other got at the box of crackers.

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Enter Santa Claus.

crackers containing, not bonbons, rings, or cards, but one of those marvellous paper crowns or caps. There is something so intensely dramatic about a cracker—a pull, a flash, a crack, the eager fumbling for the prize, the unfolding of the cap, the coronation, and, finally, the gazing of yourself in the mirror.

And what a noise the children make at this period of the evening, and what a mess! The dining-room floor and table are littered with paper. When everyone is crowned a move is made for the drawing-room, whence all the furniture has been cleared away as much as possible to make room for the games. And here I must beg your leave while I retail two little incidents which occurred a few years ago, when I was at a children's party.

One small boy had been somehow detained and arrived late for dinner. As a consequence he was still paying homage to the crystallised fruit when the rest had retired. I happened to return to the dining-room together with a friend, a man who always addresses children with a: "Well, and how are we getting on?" There sat the belated reveller alone at the great table. His appetite seemed excellent.

"Well, sir," said my friend addressing him, "we look rather isolated."

"I'm quite warm, thank you," replied the youngster gravely.

Here is the other incident. It occurred also over crystallised fruit. On either side of the hostess at table was her nephew and niece. I had watched the former all through dinner with some apprehension. He was in excellent form, so far as his appetite was concerned, but his manners were "shocking bad." When this or that dainty tickled his fancy he made no bones about it, but pointed it out, demanded it, and took no denial. Finally his aunt ventured on a mild reproof.

"Look at Maud," the lady wound up—Maud was the little girl—"she always waits until she's asked."

I turned my attention to the exemplary Maud, and when dessert came round saw her fix her eye on a large crystallised apricot in a bed of cherries. She glanced carefully at her aunt; her aunt's attention was engaged elsewhere so she prepared to snatch at the prize, and raised her hand. Her aunt looked round and the hand dropped like lightning.

Other tactics had to be adopted.

"Auntie," she said sedately, "if I were as rude as George I should ask for that big apricot there."

But the children have long ago trooped

Snap-dragon.

into the drawing-room, and we must make haste or we shall miss the distribution of presents. For this is a conservative Christmas party and all the presents have been brought to the house earlier in the day.

Of all methods of distribution I think Santa Claus and his bag far and away the best. A Christmas tree makes a very pretty picture, no doubt—but children somehow don't care very much for pretty pictures. A "Bran Pie," is of course, excellent fun, but no use whatever for the distribution of "serious presents,"—as a youth once explained to me. For the point of a Bran Pie consists in everyone

A dip into the "Bran Pie."

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keeping what he has hauled forth, and what, pray would a boy of ten do with a half-guinea doll?

No, Santa Claus is the best method and satisfies all.

For while his appearance can be appreciated by the youngest, it cannot possibly hurt the dignity of any wise and experienced man of, say, twelve or thirteen years. Of course, he (the wise and experienced man) sees through the benevolent old Saint's disguise in a moment, and recognises in the feigned voice the tones of an uncle or cousin, but far from being offended at the show, rather enjoys to watch his relative's undignified performance. And then, it is always satisfactory to know that you have outgrown the childish credulity of your juniors.

But to watch those juniors on the appearance of Santa Claus is a perfect delight. They do not greet him hilariously—far from it; they regard him with perfectly grave faces and very wide-opened eyes. Without being at all frightened, for they have been told often enough that the good old Saint is their best friend, their excitement is strongly touched with awe. Good old Saint though he undoubtedly is, he is reported as being very severe with naughty children and quite capable of presenting them with a birch instead of the longed-for box of bricks or tin soldiers.

Charades.

I remember well one Christmas when Santa Claus drew out from his sack a very bulky-looking parcel. He read the lucky recipient's name to himself and then looked severely along the row of eager child faces ranged in front of him.

"This," he remarked gravely, "is for the best child here. Will he or she kindly take it?"

There was a painful silence. Nobody felt justified in coming forward, until a young man—he must have been four years old—piped timidly:

"Please, d'you mean the goodest?"

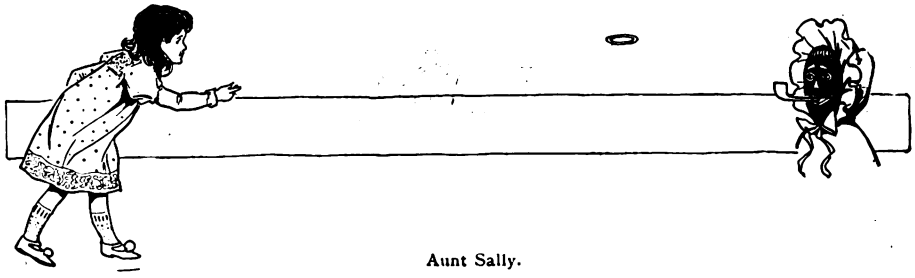
"I mean the 'goodest,'" replied Santa Claus.

And the young man heaved a deep sigh and relapsed into silence. He felt that the bulky present was not for him.

It contained, as afterwards transpired, nothing but a very diminutive rattle in a large cardboard box, and was presented to the baby. After which transaction I have always had my serious doubts as to Santa Claus's qualifications for the discernment of good from bad, for the baby was certainly not the "goodest," unless squalling be a virtue.

Blind-Man's-Buff.
"It isn't fair! Somebody's pulling my dress."

The "Bran Pie," as before said, is an impossible medium for the presentation of "serious presents." But as a game it makes excellent fun. Fill it with all manner of little parcels—small dolls, boxes of chocolate, penny



Aunt Sally.

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whistles, birch-rods, boxes containing absolutely nothing, and so forth, and then let the children one by one plunge their hands into its mysterious depths. There is high glee when some very good and sedate little girl draws forth a birch-rod, or when a superior young man becomes the proud possessor of a little china doll.

Of course, some children don't see at all where the joke comes in. I have a vivid recollection of a little boy, who had never before seen a "Bran Pie," and whose expectations as to its contents had been raised to dizzy heights by some mischievous friend. He was the first to dip his hand into the pie, and, red with agitation, he drew forth a small square parcel. With feverish fingers he opened it, and to see his face when he discovered that it contained nothing but a lump of coal was worth a king's ransom. With the coal still in his hand he cast an unutterable glance at the laughing faces which surrounded him ; then vented wrath and chagrin in such a howl that he had to be petted and pacified (with chocolate creams) some time before he consented to forget and forgive.

"Snap-dragon" — what Christmas party would be complete without it? And yet I always wonder that parents seem to think nothing of the risks which accompany it, and the many accidents of which it has been the cause. I, fortunately, have never witnessed any of these, and would very much regret the omission of Snap-dragon at any Christmas party to which I had been invited. There is no game—always excepting "Blind-Man's-Buff"—which seems to excite children more, nor any so picturesque to watch.

The bobbing apple. It hangs by a string from the ceiling, and you must set your teeth in it without touching it with your hands.

Lucky, indeed, are the children who spend their Christmas Day at a house in which a large accumulation of gorgeous old clothes, Indian shawls, wigs, and so forth may be had for the rummaging. I remember, when I was quite a child, spending the whole Christmas week in such a paradise for children. Our host and hostess had travelled many years in the East, and one of their attic rooms was full of boxes crammed with brilliant coloured stuffs and barbaric beads. And what a time we had that Christmas! Directly after dinner we all sallied upstairs, turned the boxes topsy-turvy, and decked ourselves out for charades.

And those charades were, I venture to say, the finest ever witnessed — from a spectacular point of view. Otherwise they can scarcely have been very brilliant, for the children were composed of three nationalities — English, French, and Dutch, no one nationality understanding the language of the other. A miniature Babel truly! but it was great fun.

For charades is one of the kings of Christmas games. But it requires an intelligent child to enter properly into the spirit of the thing, and a sympathetic adult to coach the actors and dress them for their parts. And the seriousness with which children take charades gives an added charm to the performances. No humbugging, no laughter! and a little girl of five sweeps into the room dressed in her father's overcoat,

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his hat on her head and covering her ears—but without a smile on her face. And her young brother follows in her wake in an equally outlandish costume, and equally solemn.

But "Blind-Man's-Buff," in the estimation of children generally, still holds the foremost place. For when all is said and done boys and girls, no matter what their age, enjoy a game most when it entails plenty of romping horse play, and a fast and furious game of "Blind-Man's-Buff" is wild enough to satisfy the most exuberant child.

Musical Chairs. The last chair.

"Aunt Sally," on the other hand, is a quiet enough game, which may, perhaps, account for its comparative rarity at Christmas festivals nowadays. The fearful effigy of Aunt Sally is hung up on the wall, a long pipe protruding from her lips. The game consists of throwing rings so that they catch on to the pipe. It's a good game for good children, therefore not so popular as it might be.

On the other hand, the "Bobbing Apple" is delight pure and simple. The tamer and less merry way of playing this game is to hang an apple from the ceiling, while one child after the other attempts to grasp it with the teeth, without, of course, fingering it in any way. But far more boisterous fun is got out of the "Bobbing Apple" if you let it float in a tub of water and then try and bite on to it. It is contrary to the rules of the game to press the apple against the sides of the tub, so bringing it to a standstill while you fix it with your teeth. But you may, if so inclined, thrust it to the bottom — with your face, of course: hands are not allowed—when you will find little difficulty in securing it. But to do this you would have to immerse your head, and, if the tub be sufficiently deep, your shoulders as well. This way of playing "Bobbing Apple" is somehow not very popular—with the parents. The children don't mind it at all. What child is not happiest when getting itself into a mess?

"Musical Chairs" and "Oranges and Lemons" are two of the oldest and most patronised Christmas games. Neither are particularly boisterous, though "Musical Chairs" can be made lively enough if a quick tune should be played; but they remain perennially popular, and as much a part of the child's Christmas festivities as Santa Claus, "Snap-dragon," and plum-pudding.

Oranges and Lemons.

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A QUIET LITTLE DINNER

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By Thomas Cobb.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Pinney	The host.
Mrs. Pinney	The hostess.
Mr. Simpson	Their guest.
Mrs. Simpson	His wife.
Sarah	Mrs. Pinney's housemaid.
The Cook.	
A Cadman.	

Scene: Mrs. Pinney's drawing-room, on the ground floor of a suburban house.
Time: Five minutes past seven in the evening.

The room is furnished in an ordinary manner, but with a substantial table in the centre at the back. One or two photographs in frames are standing on it, as well as a conspicuous, small-necked flower vase, which contains a few artificial flowers, a very good imitation of real ones. But instead of being in water, they are stuck in bran, though the fact is not suspected by the guests on the stage.

The only door is on the right side, and on the left a sofa is placed, sloping away from the curtain towards the side of the room. Four or five chairs stand about, with a small occasional table and a coal-box.

When the curtain rises, Mr. and Mrs. Pinney are awaiting the arrival of their friends Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who were invited to dinner at seven.

Mrs. Pinney is thirty years of age; she is quietly dressed in a darkish skirt and a lightish blouse, so that she is not exactly in evening clothes, but has made a sort of compromise.

Mr. Pinney is ten years older than his wife, of a rather stout figure, with a florid face, a moustache, and a distinctly cheerful aspect. He wears a black cut-away coat, a blue necktie, and a pair of very light trousers. He is standing in the middle of the room, in the front, with his back towards his wife, who is on tip-toes in the act of pinning his necktie to his collar.

Mr. Pinney. O—oh! please be more careful, my dear.

Mrs. Pinney. What a fuss you're making. (*She steps backwards towards the right and Mr. Pinney turns to face her.*)

Mr. Pinney (*with his hand on the back of his neck*). If you had half an inch of pin stuck in the back of your neck—

Mrs. Pinney. You certainly ought to have put on your evening clothes.

Mr. Pinney. No, no. Simpson wouldn't like it. He isn't that sort of man. I know Simpson. I asked him just to bring his wife for a quiet little dinner; no fuss, no nonsense, no ceremony.

Mrs. Pinney (*looking at her watch*). I

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certainly wish he had brought her punctually. I am quite sure everything will be spoilt. (*Enter Sarah, the housemaid, who is sixteen years of age, but does her best to look twenty-six. She wears a large cap, with long streamers, and a very stiff muslin apron over a black dress. Sarah appears extremely nervous, this being her first experience of anything like a dinner-party.*)

SARAH. Please m'm, it's Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. (*Enter Mrs. Simpson quickly, fussily and noisily, followed by Mr. Simpson, who runs against Sarah and then stumbles over her feet. Exit Sarah. Mrs. Simpson is in pronounced evening dress, suitable for a ball or the opera. She wears flowers at her breast and in her hair, she carries a noticeable fan and always speaks in a loud consequential voice. She holds her hand very high as she greets Mrs. Pinney. Mr. Simpson is about forty, a rather formal, irritable-looking man.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. I am afraid we're rather late.

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, not at all.

MR. SIMPSON. You know what ladies are, Pinney. Always behind time.

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms with an expression of extreme cheerfulness*). No matter, no matter. We never stand on ceremony. Do we, my dear?

MRS. PINNEY (*aside to Mr. Pinney*). Run upstairs quickly and put on your evening coat. (*To Mrs. Simpson.*) Please sit down.

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). I can't.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Why not?

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). I haven't got a white tie.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Wear a black one. Don't be foolish.

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). But I haven't got a black one either. (*To Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.*) We never make a fuss. Never stand on ceremony. Just a quiet——. (*Mr. Pinney is interrupted by a loud ringing at the street door bell, followed by a violent knocking, then there is a noise as of the bell breaking from the wire and rolling on to the floor.*)

MR. PINNEY. Just a quiet—

CABMAN (*outside the room*). I mean to see him, so there! (*Enter Sarah excitedly.*)

SARAH. Please m'm, the cabman says you gave him a bad sixpence. (*Mr. Simpson steps towards the door.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Don't go, Jonathan, don't have anything to do with the dreadful man. (*To Sarah.*) Tell him to go away. (*Enter cabman, pushing Sarah aside.*)

CABMAN. Tell him as much as you like, but he's going to have his rights first. What do you call that? (*He holds forth his right hand with a sixpenny piece on its palm. Mrs. Simpson puts on her double eye-glasses and they all draw a little nearer to look at the coin. Mr. Pinney leans forward, and the cabman who has been staring antagonistically at each in turn, takes a step towards him, almost touching Mr. Pinney's nose with the sixpence. Mr. Pinney moves back and places a chair in front of him.*)

MR. SIMPSON. I call that a sixpenny bit.

CABMAN. It's like you, a bad 'un.

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself rapidly*). Impudence!

CABMAN (*moving his hand up and down with the sixpence on its palm*). Bring me three miles, and give me three sixpences, and one of 'em no good!

MRS. PINNEY. Pray give him another, and let him go.

CABMAN. You'd better. (*Mr. Simpson takes a handful of loose money from his trousers pocket, and selects a sixpence, which he hands to the cabman.*)

MR. SIMPSON. There. Now be off.

CABMAN. How about my time?

MR. PINNEY. My good man——

CABMAN. I ain't a good man. I've got my living to get.

MRS. SIMPSON. Pray make him go away, Jonathan.

CABMAN. I'd like to see him. It'd take half a dozen of his sort. (*The cabman puts both coins deliberately in his pocket, then he doubles his fists and begins to jump sideways about the room sparring. Mr. Simpson looks around for a weapon of defence, and seeing the coal-box, he seizes the shovel, which he flourishes in front of him. Mr. Pinney prances about, always keeping Mr. Simpson between himself and the infuriated cabman.*)

MR. PINNEY. Listen to me!

CABMAN. Put your hands up!

MR. SIMPSON. Leave the room. (*He flourishes the shovel.*)

CABMAN. I'll smash the pair of you!

MRS. SIMPSON. Help! help! Send for the police.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah! Sarah! blow the whistle for the police.

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CABMAN (*lowering his hands*). All right, mum. Don't you alarm yourself. I'm a-going; I wish you good evening. (*Exit cabman laughing noisily.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. So sorry to keep the dinner waiting.

MR. PINNEY. Not at all. We never stand on ceremony—neither did the cabman. Ha! ha! We never make a fuss; just a quiet little dinner, you know.

MRS. PINNEY. I really think we might ring for it. (*Mr. Pinney rings the bell and Sarah enters.*)

MRS. PINNEY. We are quite ready, Sarah.

SARAH. Please, m'm, cook says the fishmonger hasn't sent the turbot. (*She waits by the door.*)

MR. SIMPSON (*aside to Mrs. Simpson*). Shocking bad management.

MRS. SIMPSON. Just what I expected.

MRS. PINNEY (*greatly agitated*). Not sent the turbot. How extremely provoking! Why didn't cook tell me before?

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms cheerfully*). Never mind, my dear. Never mind. Simpson will excuse the fish.

MR. SIMPSON. Oh, certainly.

MR. PINNEY. We never stand on ceremony. (*Mr. Pinney stands in the middle of the stage, glancing briskly from one to the other.*) After all, what does a man want but a little soup, an *entrée*, and a bird?

MR. SIMPSON. Capital. Capital.

MRS. SIMPSON. If I were you, my dear Mrs. Pinney, I should order what there is to be served immediately.

MR. SIMPSON. Yes, the sooner the better. Just so.

MRS. PINNEY (*to Sarah, who has been waiting at the door*). Serve dinner at once. (*Exit Sarah.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Do you know, Pinney, I think there must be a house on fire.

MRS. PINNEY (*alarmed*). A house on fire!

MR. SIMPSON. In the neighbourhood. Quite close.

MRS. SIMPSON. Yes, we noticed the noise directly we entered.

MRS. PINNEY. Noise! In our house?

MR. SIMPSON. A sound of running water.

MRS. PINNEY. You said fire.

MR. SIMPSON. Quite so. I said fire and I meant fire. The water to put it out must be turned on at the main. There, listen! (*Mr. Simpson holds up the forefinger of his right hand. The others stand with their heads on one side listening. Mr. Pinney puts a hand to his left ear.*)

MR. PINNEY. It sounds like the wind.

MRS. SIMPSON. Water! (*Enter Sarah in a state of great excitement. A tress of hair has fallen loose from beneath her cap, and in one hand she carries a large sponge. Her white apron is splashed with water.*)

CABMAN. Put your hands up!

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SARAH. The dining-room ceiling's tumbled down, all over the table.

MRS. PINNEY. Whatever is the matter now?

SARAH. Oh, please, m'm——

MRS. SIMPSON. Can't the girl speak?

MR. PINNEY. Now, my good girl, don't be nervous.

MR. SIMPSON. What's the matter? What's the matter?

SARAH. Please, m'm, master left the tap turned on——

MR. PINNEY. Eh, what?

SARAH. Please, sir, you left the tap turned on——

MR. PINNEY. Turn it off, then. Turn it off.

SARAH. In the dressing-room. And the water's running all over the floor.

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, don't make a fuss. Wipe it up.

SARAH. But, please, it's dripping through the dining-room ceiling just as if it was raining.

MRS. PINNEY. Not on to my new table centre!

MR. PINNEY. Never mind, my dear. Keep calm, keep calm. It doesn't matter about the table centre; it will all wash out. Suppose we have dinner—just a quiet——

MRS. SIMPSON (*looking down at her dress*). But you surely don't expect us to dine in the rain!

MR. PINNEY. Move the table, you know. (*As he is speaking, a tremendous crash is heard. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson start from their seats in consternation. Mrs. Simpson fans herself. Mrs. Pinney sinks back into her chair. Sarah screams and runs out of the room.*)

SARAH (*outside*). Missis! Missis! (*Enter Sarah.*) Missis! The dining-room ceiling's tumbled down, all over the table.

MRS. PINNEY. I hope it hasn't broken my dinner service! (*Exit Mrs. Pinney, followed by Sarah. A scream is heard without. Re-enter Mrs. Pinney with her handkerchief to her eyes.*) Smashed to pieces, and it was a wedding present from poor Aunt Matilda!

MR. PINNEY. Never mind, my dear. It was a very common pattern.

MRS. PINNEY. Edward! How can you say so!

MR. PINNEY. Easily matched, easily matched.

MRS. SIMPSON. That is just like a man!

MR. SIMPSON (*looking at his watch*). Very annoying.

(*Enter Sarah.*)

SARAH. Please, m'm, cook wants to know what she 's to do about dinner?

MRS. PINNEY. I'm sure I don't know!

MR. PINNEY. There, there; why shouldn't we have dinner where we are?

MR. SIMPSON. A capital idea. Anywhere, so that we have it.

MRS. PINNEY (*rising*). Be as quick as you can or everything will be spoilt. Bring a table-cloth and I will help you. I hope you will excuse me, Mrs. Simpson?

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). Anything, so that I get something to eat.

MRS. SIMPSON. Suppose we begin to clear the table. (*They all help to remove the photograph frames from the centre table. Mr. Simpson takes the flower vase, containing the artificial flowers, and looks around the room for a place to put it. He holds it very carefully as if to avoid spilling the water and finally rests it on*

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the smaller table on the right. Enter Sarah, flustered, carrying a folded table-cloth in one hand and a number of spoons, knives and forks in the other. Mr. Simpson secures the table-cloth and at once begins to shake it out so that half of it lies on the floor.)

MRS. SIMPSON. Don't put the cloth on the floor. It is intended for the table.

MR. SIMPSON. I am quite aware of that.

MR. PINNEY. Let me help you, Simpson. It's like a picnic. I was always fond of picnics. (*Mr. Pinney stoops to pick up the end of the table-cloth and they hold it between them spread out to its fullest extent.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Do please be quick. (*Standing near the table, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Pinney wave the cloth about, throwing up the centre and letting it fall upon Mrs. Simpson so as completely to envelop her.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Take it off, take it off. (*Mr. Simpson and Mr. Pinney drop the table-cloth in their alarm so that it covers Mrs. Simpson like an extinguisher.*)

MRS. SIMPSON (*from beneath the table-cloth.*) Kindly uncover me, Mrs. Pinney, I am being suffocated. I can scarcely breathe. Pray be careful. (*Mrs. Pinney carefully removes the cloth and Mrs. Simpson emerges flushed and indignant.*)

MR. PINNEY. Ha! ha!

MRS. SIMPSON. Really, I do not see anything to laugh at.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, certainly not. (*Sarah re-enters with bread and glasses, and Mrs. Simpson rises to take them from her.*)

MRS. PINNEY. Now, Sarah!

SARAH (*shaking with haste and excitement*). Yes, m'm.

MRS. PINNEY. Don't lose a moment. Be as quick as ever you can. Bring the soup. (*exit Sarah.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Suppose I place the chairs. (*He moves four chairs to the table.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. We may as well sit down. (*They all sit at the table.*)

MR. PINNEY. These things will happen in the best regulated households. (*Mrs. Simpson coughs loudly.*) After all, what does it matter where you dine. The dinner is the thing, no matter where you eat it.

MR. SIMPSON. Yes, the dinner's the chief thing.

MR. PINNEY. A quiet little dinner—no fuss, no ceremony. My wife and a couple of friends — just a quiet —— (*A loud noise is heard outside the room as if a metal tray had fallen, and some crockery had been smashed. A soup-ladle drops through the open doorway into the room, and Mrs. Simpson rises, puts on her eyeglasses, and leans forward, staring at it. Enter Sarah, staggering. She supports herself by holding the back of Mrs. Pinney's chair.*)

SARAH. Oh! Oh! Oh!

MR. SIMPSON. Well, upon my word—

SARAH (*holding one hand to her side and gasping*). The door mat!

MRS. SIMPSON (*still staring at the ladle on the floor*). The door mat?

MRS. PINNEY. What about the door mat?

SARAH. I caught my foot in it. I knew I should some day.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). I wish it had not been to-day. I feel quite ravenous.

MR. PINNEY. Do you mean to say you have injured your foot?

SARAH. No, sir, the soup, please, sir.

MRS. PINNEY. You have never upset the soup?

SARAH. I caught my foot in the mat.

MR. SIMPSON (*losing his temper and shouting*). Never mind the mat. What about the soup?

MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan, you must remember you are not in your own house.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside, shaking his fist*). How I wish I were!

SARAH. I caught my foot in the mat.

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, you have told us that before.

SARAH. And the tray went and slipped out of my hand.

MRS. PINNEY. Then I suppose you've broken my soup tureen!

SARAH. I didn't break it, m'm.

MR. PINNEY. That's right, at all events. You see things might be worse, my dear.

MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). I doubt it.

SARAH. It went and fell off the tray and smashed itself to bits.

MRS. PINNEY. A wedding present from Aunt Matilda!

MR. PINNEY (*cheerfully*). Well, if the rest of the service was broken when the ceiling fell down, the tureen wasn't of much use.

MR. SIMPSON. But what about the soup?

MRS. PINNEY. What shall we have for dinner?

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MRS. SIMPSON. Dear me, it's nearly eight o'clock.

MR. PINNEY. After all eight is a very good hour to dine.

MR. SIMPSON. Not when your dinner is cooked for seven.

MR. PINNEY. A fashionable hour. Not that we pretend to be fashionable people. Not a bit of it.

MRS. SIMPSON. But shall we have it by eight?

MR. PINNEY. For my part I never care a fig for soup. Give me a nicely cooked *entrée*, not too rich, and a bird——

MR. SIMPSON. Give me anything so long as you do give it to me.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah, don't stand there. Why don't you fetch the cutlets.

SARAH. Yes, m'm. (*exit Sarah*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Ah! cutlets.

MR. PINNEY. Nothing is better than cutlets. Not fried—nicely grilled with sauce *piquante*.

MRS. PINNEY. I ordered tomato sauce.

MR. SIMPSON (*pulling down his evening waistcoat*). I confess I prefer tomato sauce.

MRS. SIMPSON. And I am sure we shall all have most excellent appetites.

MR. PINNEY. What more can any man want! Here we are, just the four of us. Quite ready for our dinner——

MR. SIMPSON (*beginning to eat his bread*). Quite ready.

MR. PINNEY. And the dinner ready for us. Ha! Ha!

MR. SIMPSON (*sniffing loudly*). A curious smell!

MRS. SIMPSON (*sniffing*). Very curious!

MR. PINNEY (*also sniffing*). Most likely it comes from next door. Odd sort of people next door.

MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). So are their neighbours. (*Aloud.*) It smells to me like burning.

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, pray—pray don't suggest that it's the cutlets.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, only a little water spilt on the stove.

MR. SIMPSON. Would you like me to ring——

MR. PINNEY. Don't trouble, Simpson. Our cook is rather short-tempered. It might irritate her.

MRS. PINNEY. Why doesn't she send up the cutlets?

MR. PINNEY. But as my wife told her, we only wanted a quiet little dinner, no fuss, no ceremony, nothing out of the way.

MR. SIMPSON (*eating bread*). In short, we only want the dinner, Pinney.

MR. PINNEY. Just so. A quiet—— (*The door is pushed violently open and the cook enters in a state of intense excitement. She wears a cotton dress with the sleeves rolled back to the elbows, and she has obviously just left the front of the fire; her face looking red and hot, her hair being rather untidy. Crossing the room, the cook sinks on to the sofa, leans back and throws her apron over her head. She then appears to have a fit of "hysterics." She begins to laugh wildly.*)

MR. PINNEY. My good woman. (*The cook screams.*)

MRS. PINNEY. Fetch the doctor! (*The cook laughs wildly.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Where is there a pail of water? (*The cook screams.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Please remember you are not in your own house, Jonathan! (*The cook laughs.*)

MRS. PINNEY. And this carpet shows the slightest stain. (*Mr. Simpson looks about the table for some water without seeing any. He hastens about the room, excitedly, opening the coal-box and peering into every impossible place*).

MR. SIMPSON. No water anywhere. (*The cook laughs.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan take away that apron. (*The cook screams as Mr. Simpson takes hold, gingerly, of the corner of the apron. He is about to uncover her head, when she shouts more loudly than ever, and Mr. Simpson draws back in alarm. Mrs. Simpson draws near to the sofa and snatches away the apron. The cook is seen with her head very much on one side and her eyes closed.*)

MR. PINNEY. The poor creature doesn't seem to be coming round.

MR. SIMPSON. I would soon bring her round if I had——(*As the cook screams again, he glances at the smaller table and sees the vase of flowers*).

MR. SIMPSON (*taking the vase in his right hand*). Ah, this'll do!

MRS. SIMPSON. Mind the flowers, Jonathan. (*Raising the vase over his head, with a great deal of gesture, Mr. Simpson is about to throw the contents over the cook, when Mrs. Pinney starts forward to hinder him. She is too late. The flowers fall on the carpet, but the cook, instead of being deluged with water, has her head covered with dry bran.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Well, I never!

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COOK (*opening her eyes and rising suddenly*). Brutes! Call yourselves men! Brutes!

MR. PINNEY. Gently, cook, gently.

MRS. SIMPSON. Audacious!

MR. SIMPSON. Ha! ha! I told you I'd soon cure her.

COOK (*crying loudly*). I always do my best, and always have done. It wasn't my fault if the master went and left the tap on.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, of course not.

COOK. And I couldn't help the ceiling falling down or Sarah dropping the tray—

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, but what about the cutlets and the bird?

COOK. The bird's all right.

MR. SIMPSON. Well, I never!

MRS. SIMPSON. Well that's something to be thankful for.

COOK. It's all ready dished up on the kitchen table.

MRS. PINNEY. I hope you covered it over.

MR. PINNEY. Well, now, just go downstairs and send up the cutlets. (*At the mention of the cutlets, the cook threatens another fit of hysterics. She throws her arms about wildly and laughs and cries by turns.*)

MR. SIMPSON. It shall be water this time, if I have to fetch it myself.

MRS. SIMPSON. You will find plenty in the next room.

MRS. PINNEY. For goodness' sake, go downstairs and send up the cutlets.

COOK. Cutlets—cutlets—

MR. SIMPSON. And the tomato sauce.

MR. PINNEY. Go back to the kitchen, there's a good woman, and send them up at once.

COOK (*wildly*). Send them up?

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself*). Yes, send up the cutlets.

COOK. I always do my best, and no one can't do more.

MR PINNEY. No, no, certainly not,

MRS. PINNEY. But what about the cutlets?

COOK. Burnt.

MR. SIMPSON. Burnt!

MRS. SIMPSON. Burnt!

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, dear. Whatever shall we do now?

MR. PINNEY. Ah, yes; but we shan't mind if they're rather well done. For my part I prefer a cutlet well cooked.

COOK. Cinders.

MRS. SIMPSON. Cinders!

MRS. PINNEY. The cutlets?

COOK. Cinders is nothing to 'em. I couldn't help it. I always do my best. I couldn't help the gridiron turning over and tumbling 'em into the fire.

MRS. SIMPSON. I told you so. I was sure I smelt burning.

MR. SIMPSON. If she were my cook I should give her a month's notice on the spot.

MRS. SIMPSON. Pray recollect you are not at home.

MR. SIMPSON. If I were I should have something to say, I can assure you!

MRS. SIMPSON. Then I'm glad you're not, because I have heard you say it before.

COOK. I don't want no month's warning. I'll go to-night.

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MRS. PINNEY. Not before you have sent up the bird.

COOK. I'll pack my box this minute.

MRS. SIMPSON. All through your interference, Jonathan.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Such a good cook, too. I shall never get another like her.

MRS. SIMPSON. I shouldn't think you would want one.

COOK. I'll pack my box at once and I won't give the poor cabman a bad sixpence neither. (*Exit cook.*)

MR. PINNEY. One for you, Simpson. Ha! Ha!

MRS. PINNEY (*reproachfully*). Oh, pray don't laugh, Edward.

MR. PINNEY. I really think you were a little too outspoken, my dear Simpson.

MR. SIMPSON. Outspoken! Why, I've been bottling myself up the last hour.

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, only who's to send up the bird?

MRS. PINNEY. Cook said it was already on the kitchen table. Kindly ring the bell, Edward. (*Mr. Pinney rings the bell.*) (*Enter Sarah.*)

SARAH. Yes, m'm?

MRS. PINNEY. Bring up the bird at once.

SARAH. Yes, m'm. (*exit Sarah*).

MR. PINNEY. Suppose we sit down again. (*They all sit at the table as before. Mrs. Simpson fans herself. Mr. Simpson eats Mr. Pinney's bread, having finished his own. Mr. Pinney sits sideways to watch the door.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Half-past eight. (*Looking at her watch.*)

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms*). One thing you're not an early bird. You're in no hurry, Simpson.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). Just as well!

MR. PINNEY. After all, what does a man want with fallals and kickshaws for his dinner? What can be better than a roasted bird? What kind of bird is it, my dear?

MRS. PINNEY. A pheasant.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). One pheasant. And I am as hungry as a hunter. I could eat it all.

MR. PINNEY. Ah! Pheasant with bread sauce. What could be better or more wholesome? Give me a comfortable dinner at home with my wife and an old friend. No fuss, no ceremony. Just a quiet little dinner——

MR. SIMPSON. A quiet little dinner. Ha! Ha!

MRS. SIMPSON. A quiet little dinner. Ha! Ha!

MRS. PINNEY (*watching the door with great anxiety*). How can you laugh about it?

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, you mustn't agitate yourself about trifles. (*Enter the cook, wearing a dark dress, a bonnet and a jacket. She is carrying a bag and an umbrella.*)

COOK. Perhaps, you'd like to look in my box!

MR. PINNEY. My good woman——

COOK. Don't talk so much and give me my money.

MR. SIMPSON. She shouldn't have a penny from me.

COOK. My money, and if you don't want them to see how little you pay me come outside.

MRS. PINNEY (*as Mr. Pinney rises*). Oh, pray give her the money and let her go, Edward. (*Exit cook, followed by Mr. Pinney. Their voices are heard indistinctly. The cook shouts.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Nearly twenty minutes to nine.

MRS. SIMPSON. I am afraid that pheasant will be getting cold. (*Re-enter Mr. Pinney.*)

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms cheerfully*). Well, that's all right. She's gone to fetch down her box. Now, we may as well begin dinner.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). What is left of it.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah is a long time bringing up the bird! (*A loud bumping noise is heard as of a box being dragged downstairs, bumping from step to step.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. What is that noise?

MR. PINNEY. Only the cook's box. (*The street door is violently slammed.*)

MRS. PINNEY. I wish I knew who was going to cook the breakfast to-morrow morning.

MR. PINNEY. Don't worry yourself. A little bacon and an egg; a new laid egg. Anyone could cook an egg. *I* could cook an egg.

MR. SIMPSON. Shall I ring the bell? (*Enter Sarah with a long broom in her hand. She rushes to the sofa, and stooping, whilst the others stare at her in astonishment, thrusts the broom underneath it.*)

SARAH. S—sh! S—sh! S—sh!

MRS. PINNEY (*rising*). Sarah! (*Sarah comes behind Mrs. Simpson's chair and thrusts the broom under the table. She strikes Mrs. Simpson's feet. Mrs. Simpson rises, walks to the sofa and sits, fanning herself.*)

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SARAH (*stooping and looking under the table*). S—sh! S—sh!

MR. PINNEY. What is the matter, Sarah? (*Sarah is now brushing Mr. Simpson's boots, he rises and joins Mrs. Simpson, standing by the sofa.*)

MR. SIMPSON. If this were my house——

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself*). Pray remember it isn't.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah, what are you looking for?

SARAH. The pheasant, m'm.

MR. PINNEY. My good girl, it ought to be on the table not underneath it.

into tears. The broom falls to the floor, and she rubs her eyes with her apron.)

MR. PINNEY. Now, now, my good girl——

MRS. SIMPSON. Good girl, indeed.

MRS. PINNEY. Why ever can't you speak, Sarah?

SARAH (*still sobbing*). Oh dear! Oh dear!

MR. SIMPSON. If I were you, Pinney——

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, of course. Now listen to me, Sarah.

SARAH (*lowering apron and showing a tearful face*). Yes, sir.

MR. PINNEY. You have told us cook left the pheasant on the table.

"Don't talk so much, and give me my money."

MR. SIMPSON. Just so. (*He blows out his cheeks and opens his fists and closes them.*)

SARAH (*still penetrating every recess with the broom*). It was on the table.

MRS. SIMPSON. The kitchen table.

MRS. PINNEY. Cook said she left it there!

MRS. SIMPSON. Oh, the girl's mad.

MR. SIMPSON. No wonder. I am sure I shall be if there's much more of it.

MR. PINNEY. The pheasant was dead—cooked—roasted. It couldn't fly away, Sarah!

SARAH. No, sir, but——

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, don't be afraid. Speak out.

(*Sarah comes to a standstill and bursts*

MR. SIMPSON. Why do you want to go over it all again, Pinney?

MRS. SIMPSON (*in a warning voice*). Jonathan!

MR. PINNEY. Yes, of course, Simpson. (*To Sarah.*) Now, don't be alarmed. I am not going to eat you——

MR. SIMPSON. No fear of eating anything in this house.

MR. PINNEY. Ha! Ha! Now, Sarah, who took the pheasant——

SARAH. The cat!

MRS. PINNEY. The cat!

MRS. SIMPSON. What about the cat?

MR. SIMPSON. Oh, of course, it's always the cat.

SARAH. My back wasn't turned a minute when the cat——

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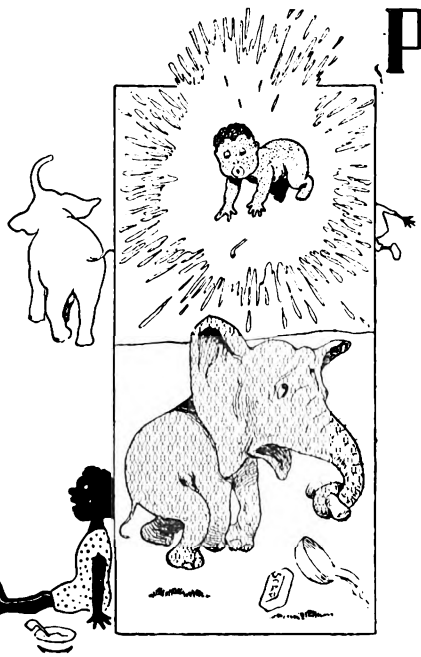
MRS. PINNEY. What did the cat do?
SARAH. Got on the table and——
MRS. PINNEY. You don't mean——
SARAH. Yes, m'm, the cat ran off with the pheasant!
MRS. PINNEY (*throwing out her hands*). What's to be done now? Was there ever such a chapter of accidents! First the fishmonger didn't send the turbot. Then the soup was spilt. Cook upset the cutlets in the fire. And now the cat has stolen the pheasant.
MR. SIMPSON. I confess that the cat is extremely fortunate.
SARAH (*shaking the broom*). Not if I find her.
MRS. PINNEY (*sobbing*). Oh dear! Oh, dear!
MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms*). Well, well, it can't be helped. Make the best of things—that's my motto.
MRS. SIMPSON (*looking at the table*). Of what things?
MR. PINNEY. Bread and cheese, with celery and the sweets. After all, it's the way you look at it. I could sit down to a quiet little dinner of bread and cheese——
MR. SIMPSON. I couldn't.
MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan! Pray remember you're not in your own house.
MR. SIMPSON. No, but it's almost time I was. (*He looks at his watch.*) Nearly nine o'clock. Now I'll tell you what I propose. Suppose you all dine with me!
MRS. SIMPSON. But what is there for dinner?
MR. SIMPSON. No difficulty about that. We'll take a cab to the Criterion. What do you say, Mrs. Pinney. (*They form a row in front of the stage. Mrs. Pinney is nearest to the door, Mr. Pinney next to her, then Mrs. Simpson, with Mr. Simpson by the sofa.*)
MRS. PINNEY. To tell you the truth, I shall feel thankful to get out of the house for an hour or two.
MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). So shall I, and if ever I am persuaded to dine here again—— Well!
MR. SIMPSON. What do you say, Pinney?
MR. PINNEY. A capital plan.
MR. SIMPSON. I promise that the soup shan't be spilt this time.
MR. PINNEY. And we won't give the cabman a bad sixpence, eh, Simpson?
MR. SIMPSON. One to you, my boy. Ha! ha! Now, perhaps, you ladies will get ready. We'll send for a cab and we'll just have——
MR. PINNEY. A quiet little dinner.
MR. SIMPSON. Ha! ha! yes; a quiet little dinner.



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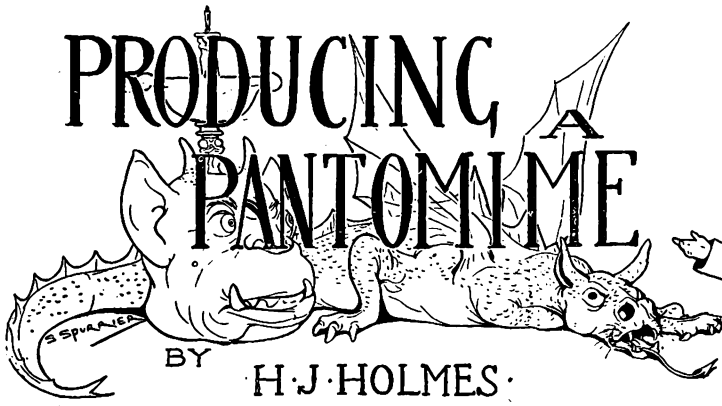
PRODUCING A PANTOMIME



BY H·J·HOLMES·

"There, my boy; you can write me a magnificent pantomime around those!"

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist, beginning his literary career as a pantomime writer, was escorted by the manager of the theatre to the mysterious regions beneath the stage, where the budding genius was promptly introduced to an enormous demon mask, a painted fountain, and a ten-feet-long dragon!

"There, my boy! You can write me a magnificent pantomime around those," said the manager, with a majestic sweep of his right hand.

Times have changed since then. King Pantomime still reigns at Christmastide, and reigns in a more dignified state of splendour than ever!

Job-line "properties," although revered to this day by the managers of fourth-rate provincial theatres, would be unpalatable to a discerning and critical public, and they are accordingly tabooed. Pantomimes are nowadays produced on a scale of magnificence that would have made the theatrical proprietors of the good old days fairly gasp. In the matter of scenery, costumes, and general effects, the Christmas pantomimes of 1901 will be found still further ahead of anything yet produced.

The growing taste for spectacular sensations in pantomime makes the stage manager a far more important personage than the author, who will always be sacrificed on the slightest provocation. This proves that the great British public thinks more of its eyes than its ears—small blame to it, for pantomimic verse and jocularity are not always gratifying to senses.

Yes; in pantomime the Producer (with a capital "P") takes absolute control; he is the presiding genius, and the man to whom the possession of brains is attributed. He it is who reaps all the credit; the author is nowhere.

The late Sir Augustus Harris, it is said, before one of his wonderful Drury Lane spectacles had run its course, had his next pantomime well in head and hand, the scenario prepared, the "effects" planned, and his "book" roughed out.

But the vast majority of managers do not of necessity require to get so far ahead; they regard their pantomime as the big thing of the year, of course, and begin their preparations as soon as possible after Easter, taking time by the forelock to the best advantage.

They have the artists to engage—and a very careful selection they make, particularly with regard to the principal characters. The hero will very likely be some dashing lady serio of the music hall stage; a lady who usually "stars" in light opera or musical comedy will be invited to represent the heroine; the villain—always severely comic in pantomime—will be a popular comic also hailing from the music-halls.

The designer of costumes

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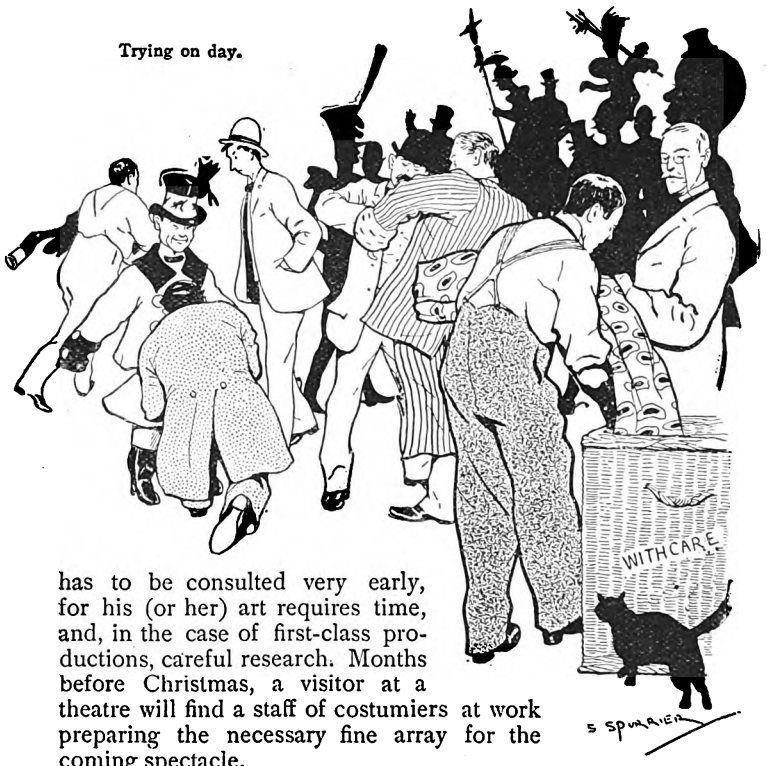
Trying on day.



has to be consulted very early, for his (or her) art requires time, and, in the case of first-class productions, careful research. Months before Christmas, a visitor at a theatre will find a staff of costumiers at work preparing the necessary fine array for the coming spectacle.

As the November and December days go by, the activity in the costumier's workshops becomes bee-hive like in energy, and overtime, so far as the laws allow, is the order of the night. I saw, not very long ago, the busiest workshop I have ever been in. Over 400 costumes were being prepared, and all for a single pantomime!

In many theatres, only the dresses of the auxiliaries are produced on the premises. There are several well-known firms in London and Paris which never cease work in connection with the making of the costliest of dresses for English pantomime. The amount spent upon this one item is often enormous. One of the most successful of last year's London pantomimes (not Drury Lane) had a costumier's bill of close on £5000 to settle!

Another department which must be looked after at an early date is that responsible for the correct "wigging" of the production. Most pantomimes are "wigged" by the famous firm of Clarkson, where a very large staff is employed all the year round at the production of some of the most wonderful things in hirsute adornments that ever bore joy to the pantomimist's heart.

To make the pantomime the thing of beauty it ought to be, it must be properly shod. In other words, the shoes worn by all hands—or rather, feet—must be costly and elegant. In first class theatres the shoe bill comes to a very pretty penny, but there are managers who firmly, yet economically, insist that each performer, the highest and the lowest, shall provide his and her own footwear.

Why this should be when all other finery is provided free, gratis, and for nothing, at the expense of the managerial exchequer, is a problem which no poor chorus girl or supernumerary can investigate without risking their superior's everlasting enmity.

"Trying-on-day" has its trials for all concerned. Huge baskets of costumes are produced, and everybody goes through the ordeal. It is hard for all concerned, and especially for the costumier and his assistants.

Of course, not a soul is satisfied with the things. Wearers find faults where only their own angularities are refractory.

Meantime, the scene-dock, the place where the scenery is prepared, has not escaped the universal bustle. Not that all the scenery are from the brushes of the resident artists. It has become the custom, in less important theatres, for one or more scenic experts of high degree to provide the big set scene, wherein the whole of the company turn up in a remarkable manner, and where a ballet is inevitable and the doom of the comic villain is generally sealed.

The scene-dock of a good theatre is always an interesting place to see, but particularly so during pantomime preparations, when the biggest efforts of resident scenic artists are generally produced.

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The artist stands on a platform, brushes and palette in hand. The huge back-cloth or sheet of canvas has outlined upon it in charcoal the scene which presently will begin to glow and flash in the electric light.

With the aid of some ingeniously arranged mechanical contrivance, the great sheet, at the artist's pleasure, moves to right or left, upwards or downwards. The painter can thus use his brush upon any part without changing his place, or disturbing his materials.

Yonder an assistant is preparing colours for application, while, behind, another is spreading by means of a large brush, and a pail of distemper, the groundwork of another great scene, which a more expert hand than his is destined to create later on.

In the carpenter's shop the busy hands are preparing the frame-work of some ingenious scene, which has to follow on another with almost lightning rapidity. At the present moment it is a mass of wheels and pulleys, and ugly to look upon, but when the canvas has been stretched on that frame all those blemishes will disappear.

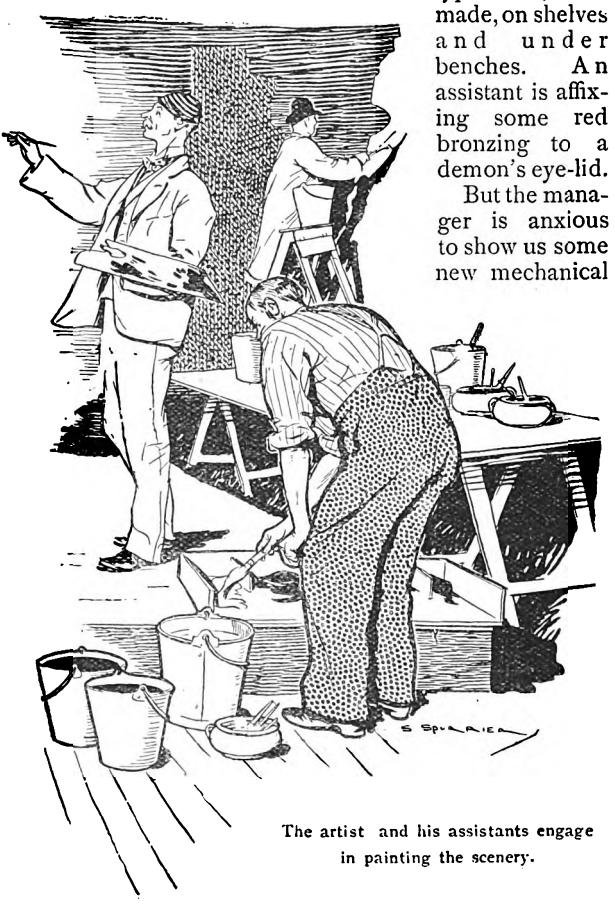
The scene will be fair in the spectator's eyes, giving pleasure and delight. The massive "set" changes in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the stage carpenter's whistle, into something of a light and airy nature. "Stage waits" are unpopular nowadays. A suddenly-darkened stage, the rush of naked feet, a subdued whistle, and lo! a bright new scene stretches away back to the full depth of the boards. That is what an up-to-date audience wants—and gets.

Let us run back to the electrician's work-shop. Here we find half-a-dozen experts preparing a novel effect in electrical lighting which should prove the big sensation of a forthcoming London pantomime.

There is no space in this article to describe how the most wonderful effects of lighting are produced—better so, as many of my readers will, no doubt, visit during the pantomime, and it would not do to let them into the secret and destroy the illusion. As the little lamps look now, it is almost impossible for the lay mind to imagine all the startling and marvellous effects they will produce on Boxing Night.

A visit to the property master's den comes next. There appears to be a revival of the favouring of quaint and grotesque masks, animated vegetation, and living rocks and trees. On all sides lie and hang specimens of the strangest animals and reptiles, whose forms must have found their first shape in the mind of some extraordinary imaginative artist; even that walking encyclopædia, the father of the "Swiss Family Robinson," would have found no little difficulty in establishing their identity. Scarlet-tongued dragons and scowling carnivora of various types rest, half-made, on shelves and under benches. An assistant is affixing some red bronzing to a demon's eye-lid.

But the manager is anxious to show us some new mechanical



The artist and his assistants engage in painting the scenery.

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contrivances below the stage, and we descend into the lower regions. Electricity guides us, and presently we are inspecting the new machinery which enables one man and a few levers to do the work of quite a little staff of stage carpenters. The heaviest of scenery can be raised or lowered by a boy. And here is a wonderful tank which is guaranteed to form a river, lake, fountain, or miniature Niagara at ten minutes' notice.

December opens, and with it the fearfully hard work of the pantomime Producer really begins. From this time onward until the first week of public performances his work will scarcely end, and the amount of sleep which he snatches now and then will not be worth talking about. He must be here, there, and everywhere, if not quite at the same time, as near to it as human possibilities and legs will carry him.

Rehearsals of supernumeraries, and choristers, and ballet are in full swing. Every square inch of available space in the theatre is occupied. The choristers are in the circle saloon wrestling with the cold and a grand piano, not to mention the chorus master or musical director, both with grievances of a pronounced type. If only the chorus ladies really could read music, and sing it, what a lot of trouble it would save them! The chorus gentlemen, too, wearing overcoats, seem so careful of their voices that they cannot be heard by the conductor, who looks extremely worried.

The stage manager is rehearsing the supernumeraries in a partially cleared space in the pit stalls. There are close on fifty in the batch, and more waiting their turn in the aisles. The movements directed by the stage manager are as often executed wrongly as not, but he is a good-natured man, who knows his business, and his display of patience is truly marvellous.

Still, he is sure he will succeed in his object eventually. In the afternoon you will find him executing the most difficult steps and figures demanded of his ballet. For his young ladies, although experienced, require a little showing. "Like this," says the stage manager, and almost to a leg the movement is performed.

Day by day, sundry important notices and "calls for rehearsals" are posted near the stage door, for all to read. The Producer has kept his eyes open, and bit by bit he is gathering up the strings in his fingers and

A rehearsal of the chorus singers.

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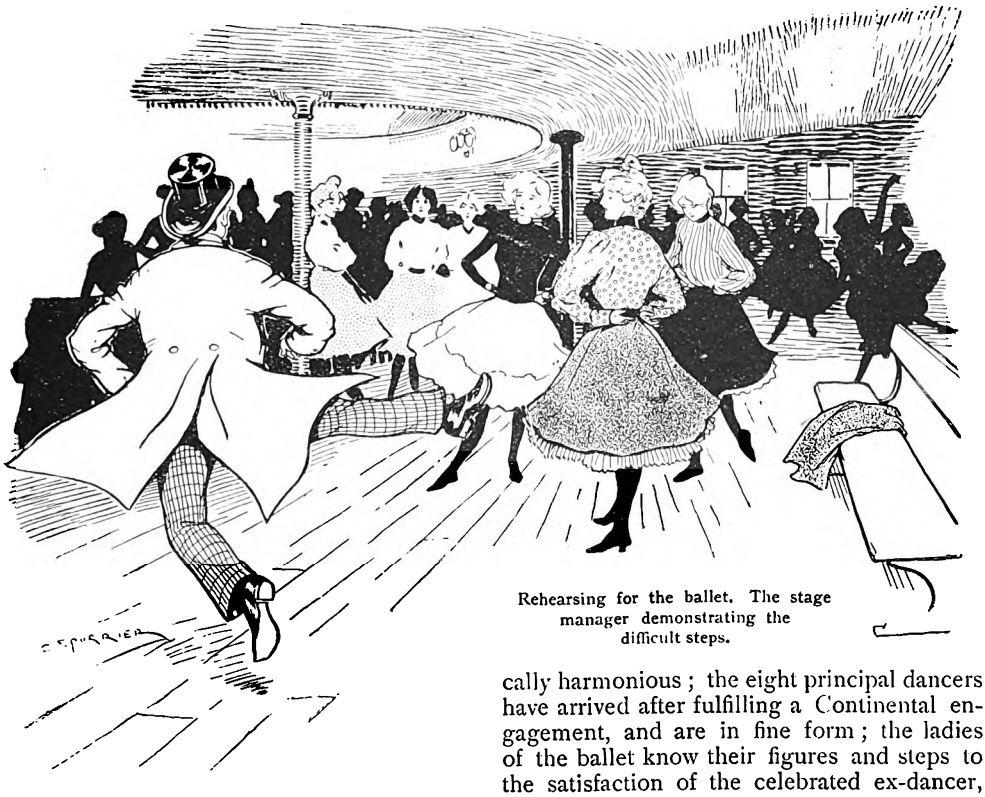

Rehearsing for the ballet. The stage manager demonstrating the difficult steps.

will soon be able to pull them with good and orderly results.

The stage carpenters have taken possession of the stage, piecing the scenery together, and getting at its points as fast as it comes from the hands of the artists, whose work is nearly completed, the transformation scene borders and details taking up every moment of their time—and they are no sloths.

The opening of the second week in December sees the principal characters in rehearsal. They are supposed to know their words, but they don't! The phrase mostly heard during the first few rehearsals is "We'll cut that out." Luckily, the author is a gentleman who is accustomed to such trifles, and he stands by while his book is being literally slashed to pieces, and fails to utter a single word of protest!

At last the scenic artists, the musical director, the chief electrician, the master carpenter, and the property master, have finished their respective duties under the hard pressure of the Producer; the carpenters have got the stage into something resembling order; the principals know their parts—with a little help from the prompter now and then; the choristers, ladies and gentlemen, are practically harmonious; the eight principal dancers have arrived after fulfilling a Continental engagement, and are in fine form; the ladies of the ballet know their figures and steps to the satisfaction of the celebrated ex-dancer, now too stout to do anything but oversee; and the supernumeraries succeed in keeping their places in the marches and tableaux.

Considering all these facts, the Producer decides on a full rehearsal, which is accordingly held. The result is not quite what he had expected and hoped for. Another rehearsal in the afternoon improves matters, and a third for the benefit of the chorus, ballet, and supernumeraries. And so on for a week. Further improvements are visible. Then a dress rehearsal. It is now only five days from the eventful Boxing Day!

Strenuous efforts are put forth by the chiefs of all departments to smarten up everything. The Producer is more energetic in his advice than ever. He threatens a rehearsal on Sunday—and doesn't call it!

And the final dress rehearsal, held on Christmas Day whilst theatrical patrons are enjoying their turkey and plum pudding, justifies his more merciful view. It is satisfactory.

On Boxing Day, as the big crowd willingly pronounces approval, the Producer is happy.

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A Bundle of Papers

By Errol Stanhope

① MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT

June 8th 1889

Dear Jane,
I ought to have written you before but poor Martha's death has left me with my hands full. I promised her, poor soul, to look after the two boys and they are with me now - Cuthbert a nice quiet lad and Hal, your godson, who seems as if he were born to be a

Trouble and anxiety to every one. I never have a minute's peace with him, and yet he has such endearing ways that you feel you can't be angry with him. There! I hear a crash upstairs. I feel sure Hal has dropped the water jug and I am afraid of the drawing-room ceiling.
Excuse more.
Your affectionate sister,
Maria Skerps

② 25 Priory Road
Southport
July 4 / 1889

Madam
I am indeed sorry to have to complain again of your nephew. This morning I found 5 panes in my conservatory broken, the nets off my plum trees, and my wife's pet cat nearly mad through having had a tin tomato can tied to her tail. I am told by my gardener that your nephew has been seen in my grounds. I must ask you to be good enough to have the conservatory repaired
I remain, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
To Miss Skerps — T. S. Whelpin

③ July 5th 1889

Miss Skerps

To GEORGE BROWN, Dr.
PLUMBER, GLAZIER, GAS, STEAM, and WATER FITTER, etc.

To 5 panes of best glass in conservatory	5	
Man's time	2	6
	7	6

Paid with thanks
G.B.

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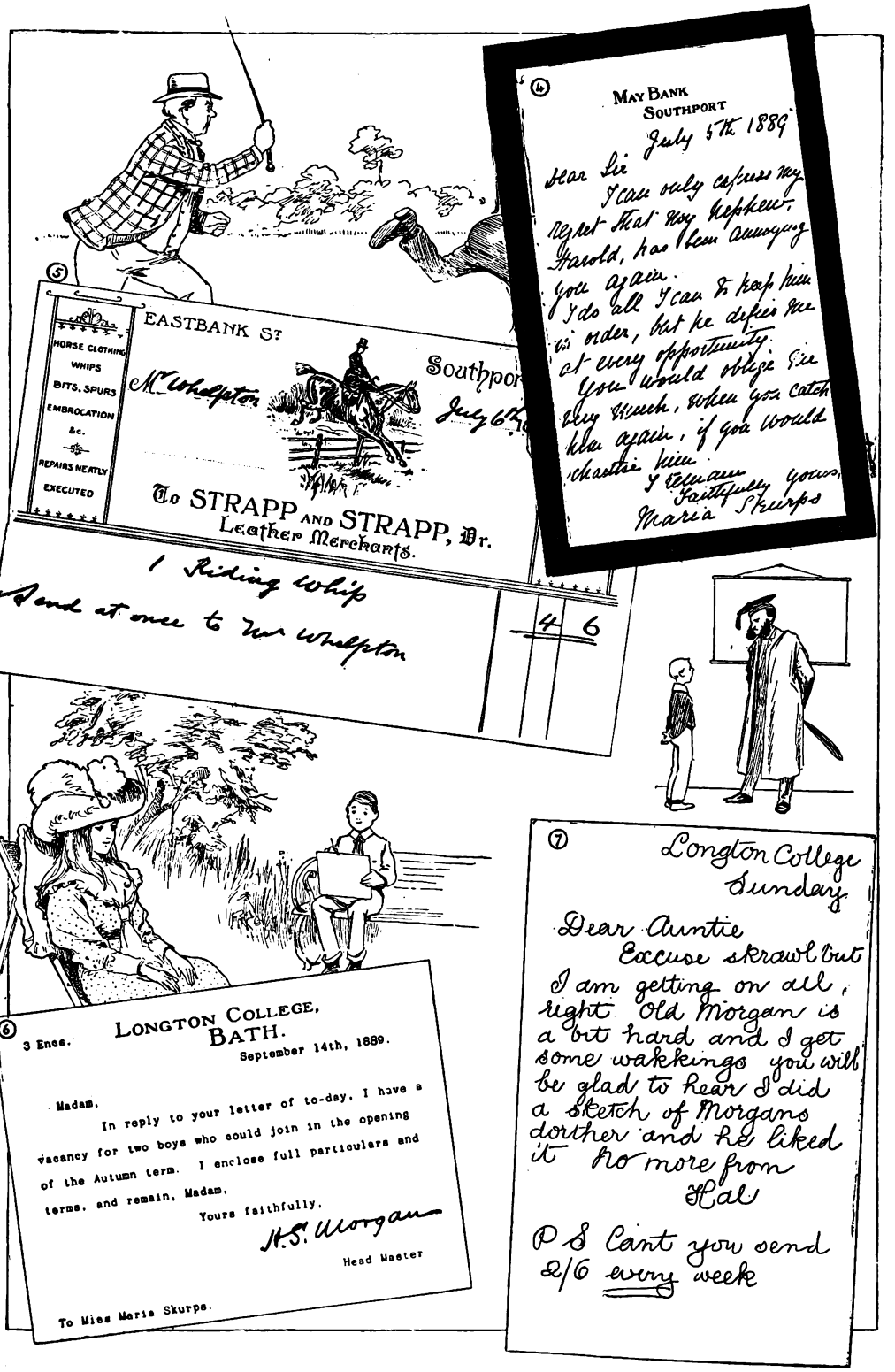

(4)

MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT
July 5th 1889

Dear Sir

I can only express my regret that my nephew, Harold, has been annoying you again.

I do all I can to keep him in order, but he defies me at every opportunity.

You would oblige Sir very much, when you catch him again, if you would chastise him.

I remain
Faithfully yours,
Maria Skurps

(5)

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HORSE CLOTHING
WHIPS
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EMBROCATION
&c.
REPAIRS NEATLY
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Mr Whelpton

Southpor

July 6th

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Send at once to Mr Whelpton

(6)

3 Encs.

LONGTON COLLEGE,
BATH.
September 14th, 1889.

Madam,

In reply to your letter of to-day, I have a vacancy for two boys who could join in the opening of the Autumn term. I enclose full particulars and terms, and remain, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

H.S. Morgan

Head Master

To Miss Maria Skurps.

(7)

Longton College
Sunday

Dear Auntie

Excuse skrawl but I am getting on all right Old Morgan is a bit hard and I get some wakkings you will be glad to hear I did a sketch of Morgans dorther and he liked it No more from

Hal

P S Cant you send 2/6 every week

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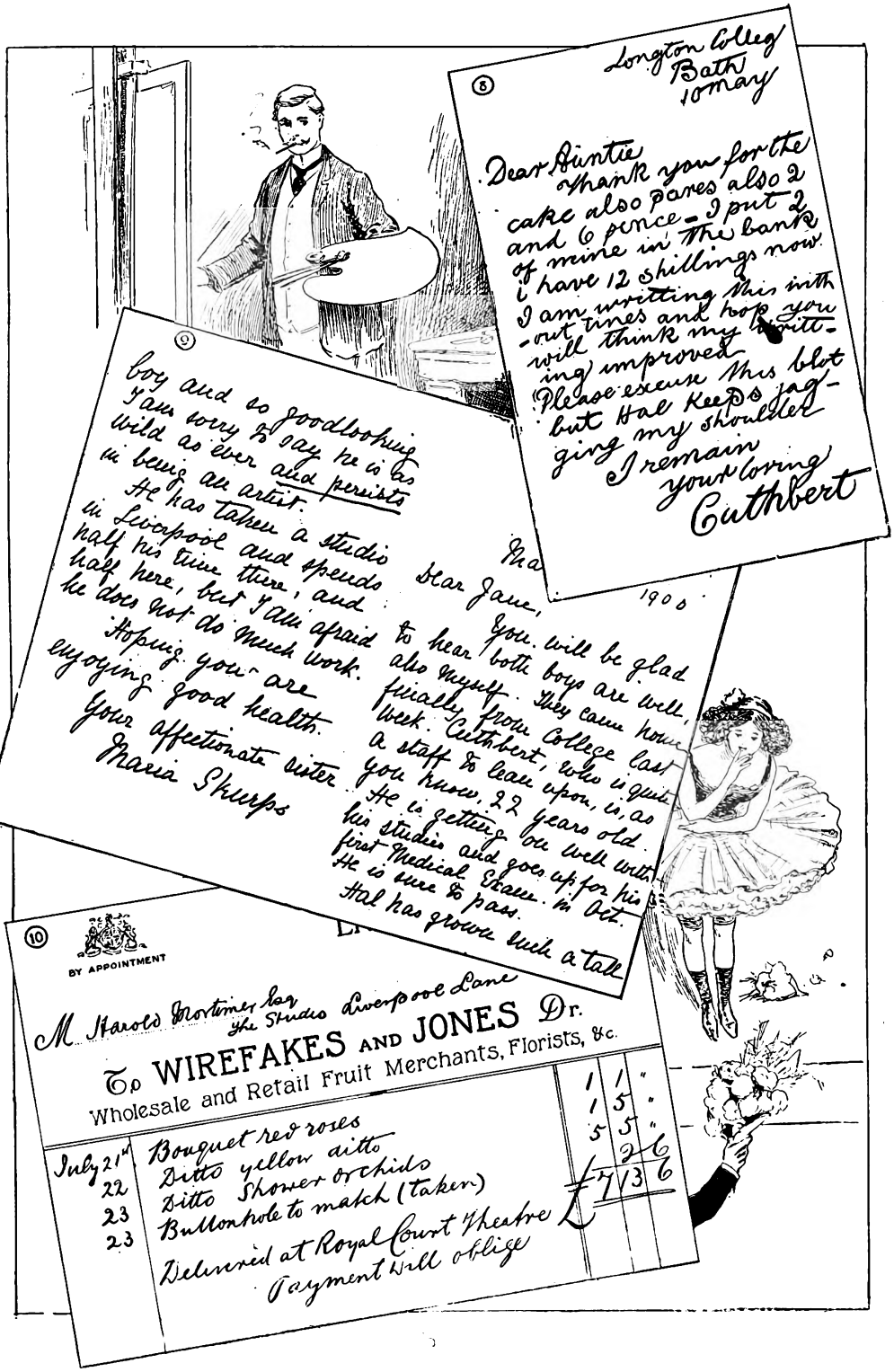

(8)

Longton College
Bath
10 May

Dear Auntie
Thank you for the cake also pares also 2 and 6 pence - I put 2 of mine in the bank I have 12 shillings now. I am writting this with out lines and hop you will think my writting improved Please escuse this blot but Hal KeepDo jagging my shoulder
I remain
your loving
Cuthbert

(9)

Ina

Dear Jane,

1900

You will be glad to hear both boys are well. also myself. They came home finally from College last week. Cuthbert, who is quite a staff to lean upon, is, as you know, 22 years old. He is getting on well with his studies and goes up for his first Medical Exam. in Oct. He is sure to pass.
Hal has grown such a tall boy and so goodlooking I am sorry to say he is as wild as ever and persists in being an artist. He has taken a studio in Liverpool and spends half his time there, and half here, but I am afraid he does not do much work.
Hoping you are enjoying good health.
Your affectionate sister
Maria Skurps

(10)

BY APPOINTMENT

M. Harold Mortimer Esq. the Studio Liverpool Lane

To WIREFAKES AND JONES Dr.

Wholesale and Retail Fruit Merchants, Florists, &c.

July 21st	Bouquet red roses	1	1	"
22	Ditto yellow ditto	1	5	"
23	Ditto Shower orchids	5	5	"
23	Buttonhole to match (taken)		2	6
	Delivered at Royal Court Theatre	£	14	6
	Payment will oblige			

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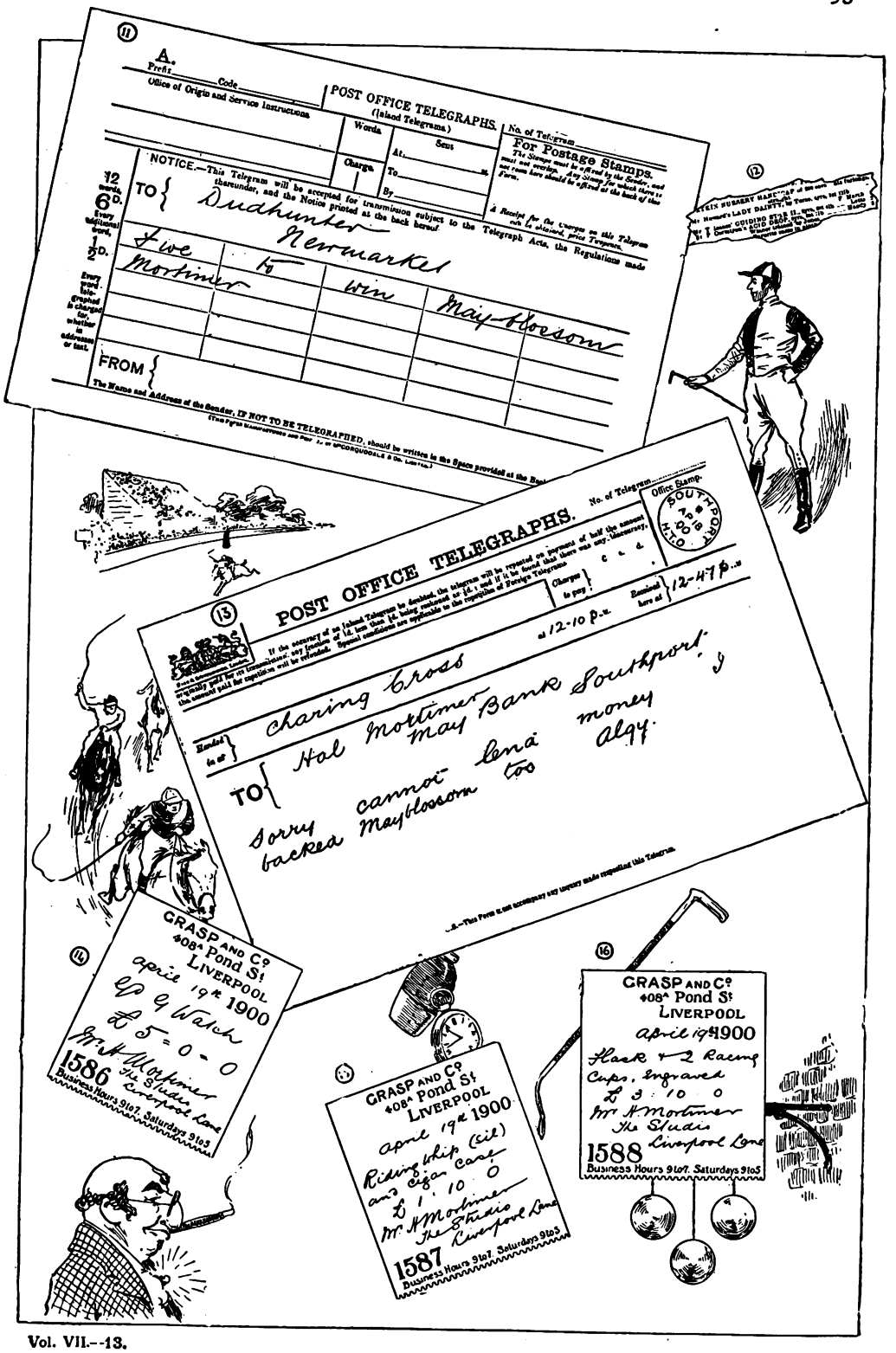

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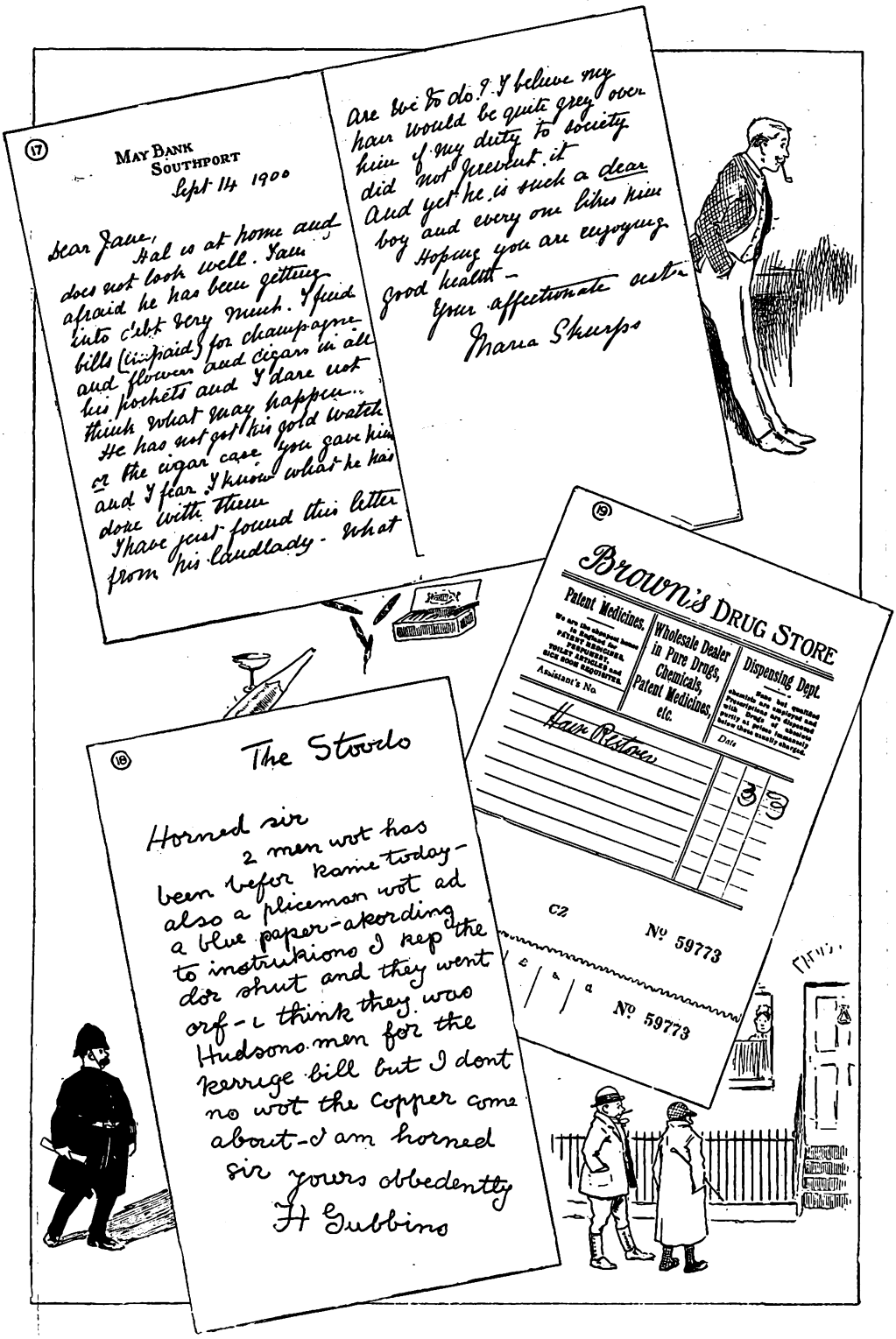

(17)

MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT
Sept 14 1900

Dear Jane,
Hal is at home and does not look well. I am afraid he has been getting into debt very much. I find bills (unpaid) for champagne and flowers and cigars in all his pockets and I dare not think what may happen... He has not got his gold watch or the cigar case you gave him and I fear I know what he has done with them.
I have just found this letter from his landlady. What are we to do. I believe my hair would be quite grey over him if my duty to society did not prevent it. And yet he is such a dear boy and every one likes him.
Hoping you are enjoying good health—
Your affectionate aunt
Maria Sharps

(18)

The Stoodo

Horned sir
2 men wot has been befor Rome today— also a pliceman wot ad a blue paper—akording to instrukions I kep the dor shut and they went orf—I think they was Hudsons men for the kerrige bill but I dont no wot the copper come about—I am horned sir yours obbedently
H Gubbins

(19)

BROWN'S DRUG STORE

Patent Medicines.
We are the cheapest house in Southport for PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, TOILET REQUISITES, and SICK ROOM REQUISITES.
Assistant's No.

Wholesale Dealer in Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, etc.

Dispensing Dept.
Date

Hair Restorer 3 3

C2 No 59773

£ s d No 59773

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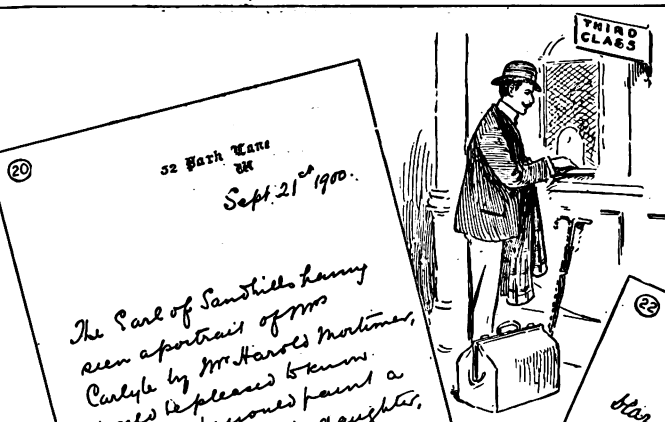


(20)

52 Park Lane
W
Sept. 21st 1900.

The Earl of Sandhills having seen a portrait of Mrs Carlyle by Mr Harold Mortimer, would be pleased to know whether he would paint a similar one of his daughter, Lady Mary Jocelyn. The Earl of Sandhills would be glad to see Mr Mortimer any day—

(21)

(22)

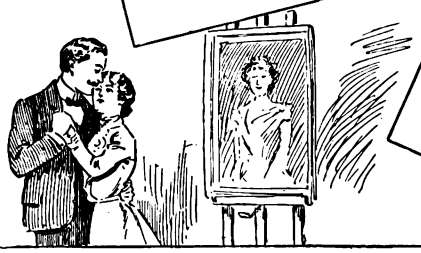
May Bank
Southport
Thursday

Dear Jane,

I'm a great hurry. I am delighted to tell you that Hal has an order at last. And it is to paint the portrait for the Royal Academy, of the great heiress, Lady Mary Jocelyn — The Earl seems delighted with him, and he is always there. It may be the turning point of his career — I'm sure I devoutly hope so —

Excuse more.

Your affectionate sister,
Maria Shurps



(23)

52 Park Lane
W
April 26th 01

Dearest Eileen —

Such a romance! The handsome painter who has just finished my portrait (and it is beautiful) told me that he loved me and asked me if I'd marry him after he had made a name for himself? My first proposal! Of course I said yes and told Papa last night. Hal did not want him to know but I was so happy I had to tell him. There was a scene, but, of course, I have always had my own way, so I got it this time — on condition that the picture is a great success. Hal is coming to see Papa today. Oh Eileen, I feel so happy I could bite someone. Write to me soon, you dear old thing —

With heaps of love from

Mary

P.S. I shall wear cream not white for my wedding. N.B. And you will be bridesmaid won't you?

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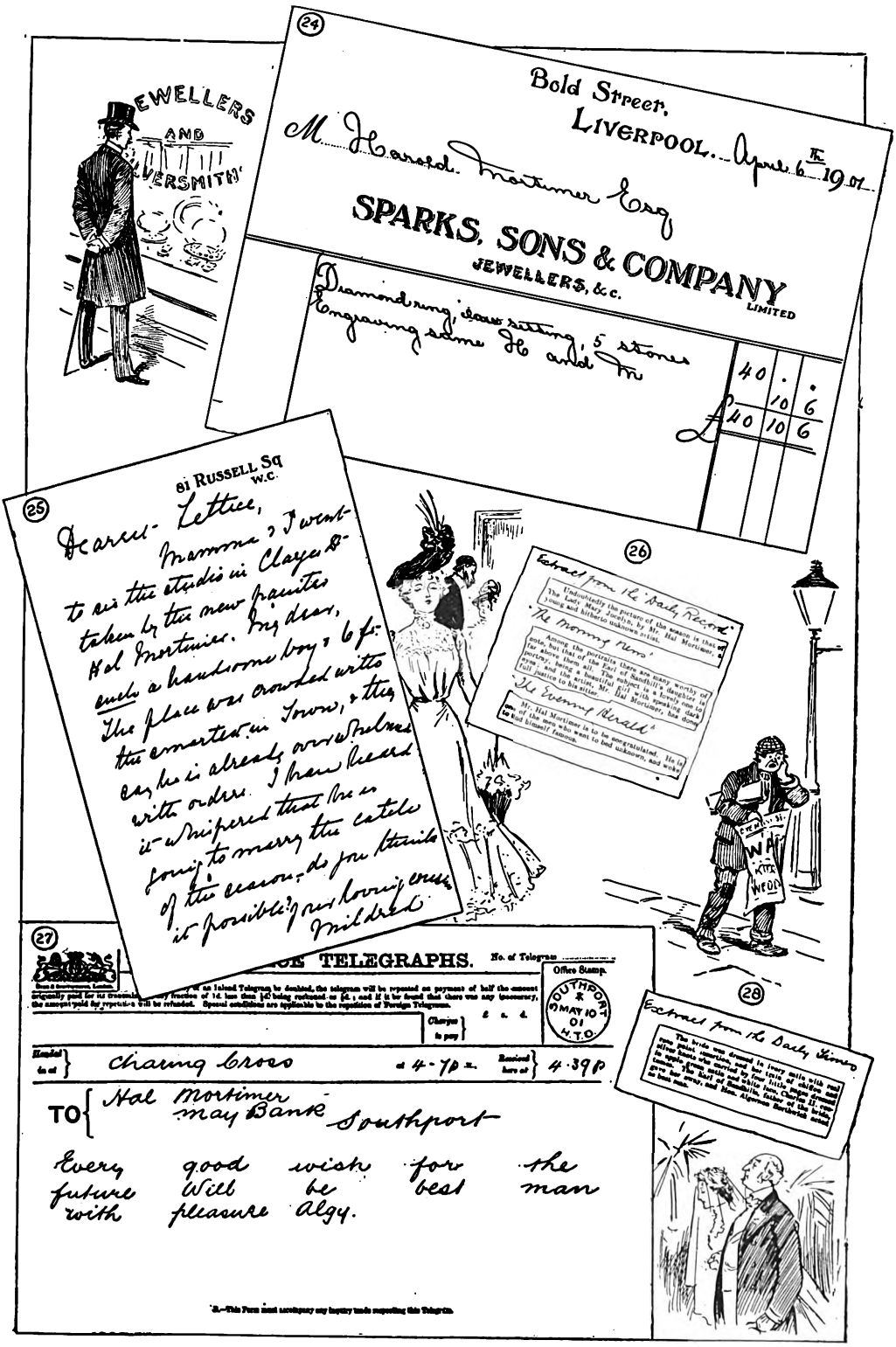
JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS
(24)
Bold Street,
LIVERPOOL. April 6 1901
M. Harold Mortimer Esq
SPARKS, SONS & COMPANY
JEWELLERS, &c.
LIMITED
Diamond ring, three setting, 5 stones
Engraving same H and M
40 . .
10 6
£40 10 6
(25)
81 RUSSELL SQ W.C.
Dearest Lettice,
Mamma & I went to see the studio in Clayes & taken by the new painter Hal Mortimer. Big dear, such a handsome boy, 6 ft. The place was crowded with the smartest in town, & they say he is already overwhelmed with orders. I have heard it whispered that he is going to marry the catch of the season, do you think it possible? yrs lovingly ever Mildred
(26)
Extract from the 'Daily Record'
The Undeniably the picture of the season is that of Lady Mary Meredith, by Mr. Hal Mortimer. Lovely and hitherto unknown artiste.
'The Morning News'
Among the portraits there are many worthy of note, but that of the fair Lady Mary Meredith, daughter of the above, by Mr. Hal Mortimer, is lovely to a degree. The subject is splendidly treated, and the artiste, Mr. Hal Mortimer, has done full justice to his sitter.
'The Evening Herald'
Mr. Hal Mortimer is to be congratulated. He is the man who went to bed unknown, and woke up famous.
(27)
TELEGRAPHS. No. of Telegram
Office Stamp.
SOUTHPORT R MAY 10 01 H.T.O.
Charges to pay £ s. d.
Handed in at Charing Cross at 4-7p m. Received here at 4-39p
TO Hal Mortimer, May Bank, Southport
Every good wish for the future Will be best man with pleasure algy.
(28)
Extract from the Daily Graphic
The bride was dressed in ivory satin, with real white point, inherited from her mother, and wore the historic pearls and diamond tiara, which was worn by four brides of the Meredith family. The bouquet was composed of white orchids and lilies of the valley, and was the gift of the bridegroom. Among the presents were a diamond necklace from Queen Alexandra, Buckingham Palace, and a gold cup from the Prince of Wales.

Digitized by Google

BATH was in the heyday of its glory, and the long, well-lighted public room was crowded with a fashionable gathering. For this was the night of the ball, and all who were not absolutely decrepit usually managed to be present.

The participants in the festivities at this most fashionable watering-place were, indeed, a heterogeneous collection. Suffering from every disease, known or unknown, imaginary or real, they included duchesses and beaux from Mayfair, mulatto heiresses from St. Christopher's, and self-made *parvenus* who had obtained their money by unknown means; Scotch lords and penniless knights from Ireland, and rich traders' wives from Wapping and Houndsditch; judges, bishops, wits and poets—all crowded to Bath.

This evening the gathering was even greater than usual, thus absolutely forbidding many from attempting to dance. Possibly for this reason two people were seated in one of the window corners. She looked very young—barely twenty—and possessed a complexion which had evidently not yet been spoiled by late hours and excitement, and a pair of bright dark-grey eyes that followed every movement of the gay scene before her; he looked nearer forty, and although not *blasé* in appearance, had certainly left his brighter youth behind.

"Clarinda," he said, as he produced a little case containing a ring, "I have brought you a little present. I hope you will like it."

Her face lighted up with joy as she saw the flashing stones.

"Oh! how lovely," she exclaimed, and then her smile vanished. "But—but—I have told you I do not love you."

"Will you not wear it, and then, perhaps, you may come to love me in time?"

"No, I shall never love you, Sir Hubert," she answered. "I know—I am sure."

"Is there, then, someone else who has gained your affection?" he asked.

The colour rose to her cheeks, but she did not answer.

"Before we left Asburton," he continued, "you seemed to care for me. The Squire, your father, says I am to marry you, and I had hoped you would learn to love me. Have you, during this last month at Bath, seen someone you like better? Tell me, Clarinda, do you love me less?"

She held her head down, but her voice came softly and slowly to him.

"I never really loved you, Sir Hubert. I was fresh from school—I did not know what love is. And now——"

She left her phrase unfinished.

"You will wear this ring in case you may come to love me?" he asked. "Let me put it on your finger," and she gave him her hand.

"You shall never be forced into marrying me, dear Clarinda," he added. "I care for you too much. If you come to me, you

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shall come freely, whatever the Squire may say."

She looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you," she said, "you are kind."

The air buzzed with voices and laughter, and jewels flashed on bare necks. The dance was at its highest and the dancers becoming more gay.

"I fear I keep you from the dance," he said. "To-morrow, if it please you, I should like the honour of conducting you and your aunt to the theatre. Sheridan's new play—'The Rivals'—is to be performed. Would you care to go?"

"To the theatre? Oh, yes," she answered eagerly.

"You seem fond of the theatre," he smiled.

She looked at her ring as she answered, "Yes."

After the dance Sir Hubert conducted Clarinda and her aunt Margaret to their house in King's Mead Street, where the Squire was awaiting their return.

He had come to Bath partly on account of Clarinda, but mainly because of his gout, and he swore freely at the inefficacy of the water in relieving him. The noise and bustle and gaiety of the watering-place suited him still less. He hated the life, and the bowing and scraping of the *habitués* of the Pump-room.

When his sister, Margaret, announced that Sir Hubert was to conduct Clarinda and herself to the theatre on the morrow, he sniffed scornfully, and looked almost with disdain at Sir Hubert.

"Gad," he snorted, "'tis nothing but dances and theatres. Never content to rest a moment. Always rushing, pushing. I'll have no more of it. Back we go to Asburton. One can rest there in quiet."

Nevertheless they went to the theatre, and as "The Rivals" was fresh from its first success at Covent Garden, all the *élite* of Bath went too.

The audience followed with the keenest interest to the climax of the play where Captain Absolute and Sir Lucius O'Trigger meet to fight in the King's Mead Fields. Their swords had crossed, and Sir Anthony, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia and Julia had just entered in order to stop the duel, when owing either to accident or the eagerness with which he fought, Sir Lucius slipped, and, falling against Captain Absolute, his sword appeared to pierce the latter and they both fell to the ground.

A sudden cry broke upon the stillness and quietude, and all eyes, previously directed to the stage, now turned to the seat where Clarinda had fainted. She soon recovered, however, and brightened up when she heard that nothing had happened to the actors. And the play continued to its happy termination.

"Whatever possessed you, child," asked her aunt, "to turn all the eyes of Bath on us? When the Squire hears of this we shall have no peace. He'll surely hurry back to Asburton."

"I'm so sorry," said Clarinda, "but I feared Paxley—I mean Captain Absolute—was hurt."

"And if George Paxley had been hurt, why should you be the only one to cry out? One would think you were in love with the actor. Why, Clarry, I do believe you're blushing. And Sir Hubert here, too! What nonsense is this now? If you let the Squire guess that you fancy an actor, I don't know what he'll do."

But the Squire had more than guessed, as they soon discovered. He had forsaken his chair and hobbled up and down the room, holding a small piece of paper in his hand, cursing and mumbling the while. As soon as they entered he burst out:

"So, miss, this is what I came to Bath for, is it? To be annoyed and worried by a chit like you."

They all stood in amazement. Could the Squire be referring to the recent incident? And if so, how could he have heard of it?

"Don't stand there staring as if you'd never seen me before," he shouted.

"But, brother, what is the matter?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Matter, ma'am, matter, why everything's the matter. Do you think I came her for pleasure? Do you think I'd have put a foot in this cursed place if it wasn't for my gout? And now, as if that wasn't enough, here am I pestered with the doings of this chit of a girl."

"What has she done now then?" burst in aunt Margaret.

"Done!" shouted the Squire, almost purple in the face. "Zounds! ma'am, did you say 'done?'"

"Don't shout so, brother," remonstrated aunt Margaret.

"'Sdeath, ma'am, mustn't I speak in my own place? Do you take me for a mouse? Here, read this," and he gave her the piece of paper which he held in his hand. "Read it aloud. Let us all hear it. The hussy will like it."

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Aunt Margaret looked at the paper.

"It is a letter, but with no address," she said.

This roused the Squire again.

"Zounds! couldn't a bat see that? Read, ma'am. Will you read, or shall I?"

So she read the following:—

DEAREST AND SWEETEST,

It is an age since last I heard from you, and the world has grown old since I saw your dear face, and basked in the sunshine of your smile. All day I think of you, and at night I am with you always in my dreams. My heart rejoices at the thought that I may see you soon, that I may gaze in your eyes, and listen to the sweet cadence of your voice. When will you meet me at the old rendezvous? When will you grant me the joy that alone can make me happy? Send me a word that I may live till then, and be for ever your devoted, humble, and obedient servant,

GEORGE PAXLEY.

"Your slut of a maid can tell you all that, and a few lies, too, if you will listen."

"George Paxley!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret. "Why, he's the actor. But who is this letter for?"

"Who, ma'am?" asked the Squire. "Yes, who would you think? For me or for you? Lud, ma'am, there she is," and he pointed to Clarinda, who was sitting on a chair at the farther side of the room with her head bent.

"But how do you know it is for her? It bears no address."

"Your slut of a maid can tell you all that, and a few lies, too, if you will listen. 'Sdeath, and did you say this Paxley was an actor? Come here, you hussy," he shouted to Clarinda, "do you think you were sent to the best boarding-school and taught music and heaven knows what else to go running after these actor-fellows? Gad, I'll horsewhip him, I'll—I'll—" but he could say no more, for his rage made him speechless.

In the end Sir Hubert was deputed to interview Paxley and convey the Squire's sentiments towards him, and Clarinda, sobbing and utterly dispirited, was taken to her room by her aunt.

Her love dream had been suddenly blighted, and she sobbed to ease her heartache. She knew the Squire would now compel her, if possible, to marry Sir Hubert. And were all her meetings with Paxley at her school friend's rooms, all the dear letters that had passed between them, to be forgotten?

It was impossible. She would not be dragged away from Bath and her lover. At least she would see him before she went. She knew he called at her friend's rooms every day about the same time, so she must endeavour to evade the vigilance of her aunt.

She had feared that their daily visit to the Pump-room would be discontinued owing to recent occurrences, but on the morning following, Aunt Margaret prepared, as was her rule, for the customary call, doubtless intending to keep a very strict eye upon Clarinda.

As usual the room was crowded, whilst the music playing in the gallery, and the hum and buzz of the conversation of the visitors, made it peculiarly easy for Clarinda to escape her aunt's vigilance. In this she soon succeeded and hastened to her friend's rooms, where, as she had expected, Paxley was awaiting her possible call.

He was evidently agitated, but evinced the greatest anxiety as to her health.

"I knew it was you who fainted at the

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"Be strong, dearest, and all happiness will be ours."

theatre," he said, "and could scarcely stay from leaping off the stage. What was it that ailed you?"

"I feared you were hurt," she said quietly.

"And do you care for me so much that a possible danger to me could affect you so?"

She did not answer, and his arm crept round her.

"Dearest," he said, "I knew it. I was sure that you loved me. The thought has made my life immeasurably happy. I have loved you with my whole heart and being. But, till recently, I had scarcely dared hope that my love would be returned. Now I know the truth. Now I know that our hearts beat together. Now I feel that the greatest of all joys is ours."

She held her face up to him and their lips met. Suddenly she shook herself free and a sob burst from her.

"But it is all impossible," she said weakly.

"Love, dearest," he whispered, "can make all things possible."

She smiled sadly.

"The Squire will never consent to our marriage. He has found out all. He obtained from Millicent the last letter you sent me, and I shall have no opportunity of seeing you again. I expect we shall very soon leave Bath."

"I know, dearest," he answered. "Sir Hubert Mickleham has called upon me and informed me of the Squire's wrath at my presumption. But did I not know that? He also hinted, though, that he was proffering his hand to you. Is it true, dear?"

She nodded.

"But I have never loved him," she said. "I have never loved anyone save you. And now—now I shall lose all. I shall be dragged away, and you will forget me."

"Never, dearest," he burst out, "if you love me, if you will consent to do as I wish. Will you leave all for me? To-night I will have a post-chaise ready, and we will leave Bath together. Do you love me so much? Will you put your trust in me?"

She smiled through the tears which her anxiety had called up.

"Do you not know?" she asked. "I could not live away from you. It would kill me if I was dragged away and forced to marry a man I did not love."

"My love," he murmured. "Be strong, dearest, and all happiness will be ours. A post-chaise shall await us just outside the town, and I will stay at the King's Mead Fields till you come."

Her lips quivered as she looked at him.

"I must hasten back now," she said, "and allay my aunt's anxiety, or else there will be a hue and cry after me soon."

"And I can depend on you?"

"All in my power," she smiled. "Farewell!" and she was gone.

Aunt Margaret had searched in vain for Clarinda, but the assembly being very large, it had taken her some considerable while, and Clarinda arrived just in time to go home with her. For the rest of the day Clarinda feigned a bad headache, and would not appear at meals with the Squire. Her maid, Millicent, who had been entrapped by him, could be absolutely depended upon, she was

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certain. And Millicent, it turned out, was overjoyed to think of the Squire being outdone after all.

Consequently it was with little difficulty that Clarinda contrived to creep out of the house at dark enshrouded in a large cloak. Paxley was awaiting her, and a few minutes' walk brought them to their post-chaise.

The night was dry and clear, and the moon, which rose early, lighted all the country with its brilliance. The horses were fresh, the postillion had been promised exceptional fees, and everything seemed to guarantee a successful issue.

Yet disaster befell them. The postillion swore he was not asleep, but the fact remained that about two hours after leaving Bath, and at a distance of three or four miles from the nearest village, one of the horses jibbed so suddenly that the post-chaise, which was travelling very rapidly, half-swerved into the ditch, and ere it could be righted, the frightened horse reared and the carriage was upset.

The occupants crawled out unhurt, and on examination the post-chaise appeared only to require lifting up. The position in which it had fallen was such, however, that it defied the efforts of the three men. Half an hour passed, and Paxley, who was constantly scanning the long road behind, was becoming extremely anxious of pursuit.

At last a couple of villagers who were passing rendered the necessary assistance, and Clarinda stepped into the chaise once more. Paxley was about to follow, when he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs breaking the stillness of the night. If this was the Squire, then to fly was hopeless, for a post-chaise was no match in speed against mounted horsemen. He lingered a moment, and three riders galloped up and passed the chaise some little distance before they could stop their steeds.

Alas! it was as he had feared, for they were the Squire, his servant, and Sir Hubert. Aunt Margaret had soon discovered Clarinda's flight, and had frightened the secret out of Millicent, and the Squire had sent immediately to several hostelries for three good horses, on which the pursuit by the most likely road was started.

The brilliant full moon made it all well nigh as light as day, and as the Squire now sat endeavouring at the same time to get his breath and to speak, the purple of his face shone out.

"'Sdeath, you vagabond!" he at last managed to say, whilst in his hand he held a pistol which he pointed at Paxley, and whether from excitement or purpose his pistol went off with a loud report.

There was a shriek from Clarinda in the chaise, and Sir Hubert hastily dismounted to see the result of the Squire's petulance. But Clarinda was unhurt, for the shot had gone

Clarinda contrived to creep out of the house.

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His pistol went off with a loud report.

clean through the top of Paxley's hat. The Squire, who had calmed down over the recent incident, called for his daughter, and at last Clarinda came out of the chaise.

"Well, miss," he said, quite calmly for him, "what is the meaning of this?

"I do not love Sir Hubert and I love my Paxley," said Clarinda.

"Good gad! but you shall love Sir Hubert. Am I to be ever contradicted by a hussy?

But Sir Hubert intervened and stopped the Squire from saying more.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I will never marry Clarinda against her will.

At this the Squire became furious.

"And you side with her too!" he shouted.

"Might I speak for a moment?" suggested Paxley.

The Squire nearly choked with rage, but Paxley took the opportunity of his silence.

"I am not an actor by profession," he said, "but because I enjoy the life. My real name is Sir George Aylesford and my estate is at Whitchurch in Bucks, but for certain reasons I am not now occupying my true position. I love your daughter, Squire, and am eager to marry her as soon as possible.

The Squire listened in surprise.

"Why the blazes didn't you speak up before?" he asked.

"I wanted my wife to love me for myself."

"Another fool," grunted the Squire, "but what does Sir Hubert say?"

"Clarinda knows what I think," said Sir Hubert. "I would never be a bar to her happiness."

Clarinda moved towards him and held out the ring he had given her.

"Won't you wear it still," he asked, "and think sometimes of one who wished you well?"

And she put it back on her finger.

"Well, I think I'll ride back with you in the chaise. Horseback doesn't suit me now," said the Squire

"And I'll ride your horse," said Paxley.

"Ride him well, for you've had one narrow escape to-night," laughed the Squire. "Ha, ha! Margaret will be in raptures at the thought of a wedding."

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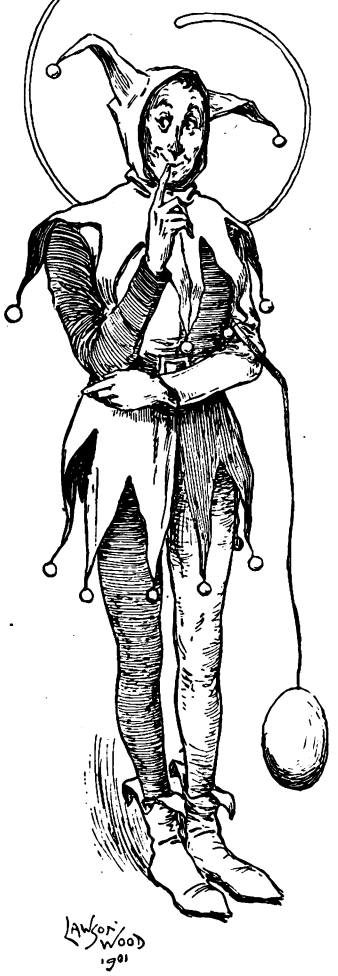
CAP AND BELLS



The canned article that goes the quickest is a dog's tail.

* * * *

OFFICIAL AT THE TURNSTILE (to fat lady): "Sure, 'tis no use ma'am; ye'll have to come in by the way out."

* * * *

It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.

"She had the nerve to propose to a deaf and dumb man, and now she wants to bring suit for breach of promise, on the ground that silence means consent."

* * * * *

DEPOSITOR: "Is the cashier in?"

THE PORTER: "He is, ma'am, for ten years. Perhaps th' assistant cashier'll do, ma'am?"

* * * * *

Medical attendance in the King's household is calculated to cost £53 a week. It is, perhaps, charitable to hope that the Royalties do not get their full money's worth.

* * * * *

MR. GOODSOUL: "For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses on."

MENDICANT: "Yes, sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job."

* * * * *

Calino's wife goes out to work. The other day she reproached him for getting up so late, he replied: "Ah, my dear, I sleep very slowly, and I need in consequence more time for repose than you."

* * * * *

FIRST TRAMP: "There ain't goin' to be good livin' for our profession in the future, I'm afraid."

SECOND TRAMP: "Blow me! 'ow's that?"

FIRST TRAMP: "It's this 'ere civilisation. These cookin' schools is teachin' gals how to use up cold wittles.

* * * * *

A Frenchman just arrived in England, who had been taking English lessons on the voyage from a fellow-passenger, complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially of the irregular verbs. "For instance," says he, "se verb, to go. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:—"I go, thou departest, he clears out, we cut stick, you make tracks, they absquatulate. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! What irregular verbs you have in your English language!"

* * * * *

SEPARATION.

I never, never can forget,
How far apart from you I drifted
My bitter anguish and regret,
I never, never can forget.
My foot half slipped, the punt upset,
You watched me soar on pole uplifted;
I never, never can forget,
How far apart from you I drifted.

G. T. Walker.

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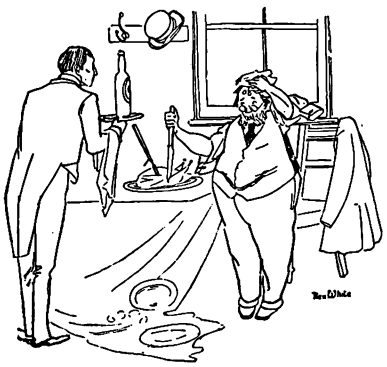


"Waiter, this chicken is very tough!"

"Very sorry, sir, but that chicken is a peculiar bird. When we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so, at last, we had to shoot it. It flew on to the house-top——"

"Then you must have shot the weathercock by a mistake."

* * * * *

HER FIRST CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Once a bride, unused to cooking, made a Christmas pudding rare,
And in weight, at least, no pudding ever did with it compare.
Then the bride unused to cooking bowed her weary head and cried,
But her cheerful husband whispered: "Never mind, my precious bride;
It is just the thing I needed; we will yet out-wit the fates!"
And he cut it up in segments which he used as paper weights.

* * * * *

OUR COOK: She takes a tremendous pride in her personal adornment—hangs such a lot of things of various descriptions upon herself, that we call her the kitchen dresser.

* * *

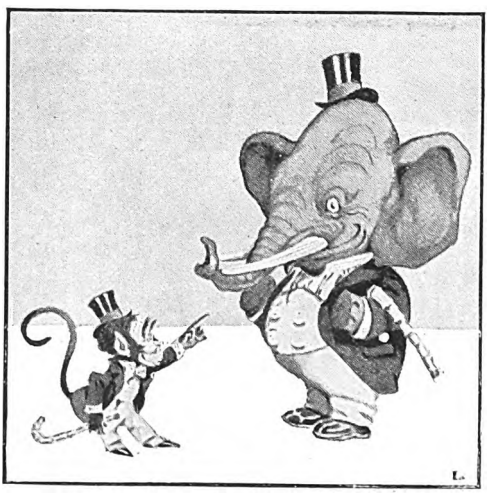
It is hardly fair to send a blind man to gaol for having no visible means of support.

* * *

The surest proof that a man isn't hen-pecked is the fact that he has a pretty servant girl.

* * *

A little boy, having lost his balloon, his sister said, "Never mind, Neddy, when you die and go to heaven you'll get it."



"I say, old chap, would you mind lending me one of those toothpicks?"

TRAMP: "Please lady, kin I have a fit on your lawn, I feel it a-comin'?"

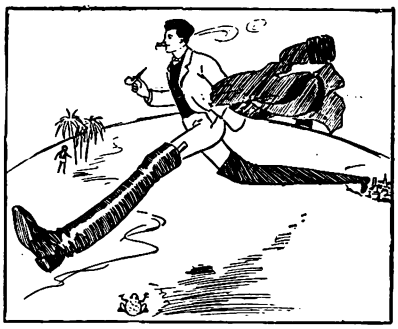
LADY: "Go round the back and have it on my daughter's tennis-court, it needs rolling."

* * * * *

"How old is your coat of arms?" asked Mrs. Dimling of Mrs. Freshrox.

"Old?" replied Mrs. Freshrox, with some feeling, "why, we had that coat of arms made to order."

* * * * *



Had I a pair of seven-league boots
Like those in fairy lore,
The city'd be my office,
My home upon the moor.

And every Sunday when the sky
Was cloudless, bright, and clear,
I'd take a constitutional
Around the hemisphere.

* * * * *

"Nursin' ain't what it used to be," said Mrs. Gamp. "They make up their medicines so nice nowadays that there ain't no fun in makin' people take 'em at all."

* * *

"Ah! I feel for you deeply," murmured the sympathetic pickpocket to the watch in its owner's pocket.

* * *

SHOP ASSISTANT: "How shall I mark these goods?"

OLD TAPEYARD: "Just figure out fifty per cent. profit, and add 11¾d., so the women will think it's a bargain."

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THE CHOIR.

Viewed by the congregation:

Little white-robed cherubim!
  Sweetly surge the tender voices
In the soul-inspiring hymn,
  And the listing ear rejoices;
Softly swell the silv'ry throats,
  In exalted measures blending,
And the strain divinely floats,
  Pulsing clear, and high ascending.

Little white-robed cherubim!
  Pure t..e vision and uplifting
And the gazing eye grows dim
  As the golden sunlight shifting
To the faces rapt and sweet—
  Strangely sentient in its flitting—
Casts a halo that is meet,
  Casts a glory well befitting!

And overheard by the organist:

"Bet you can't guess what I got!"
  "I smell pep'mint; who's got any?"
"Gracious, ain't her hair red-hot!"
  "You hold on, I dropped that penny!"
"Gimme 'nother pear-drop." "Say,
  See this jack-knife? Want to swap her?"
"See the dog fight yesterday?
  Bill Smith's puppy licked a whopper!"

"Shove along, you've got my seat!"
  "I shan't come to your old party!"
"Now, look here, get off my feet!"
  "Pooh! you dassent do it, smarty!"
"Just you stop now, that ain't fair!"
  "Who's the feller pulled my hair?"
"Pinch me once more and I'll holler!"

* * * * *

The subject of "kissing before engagement for marriage" came up at a whist club of half-a-dozen married couples. It turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. One of the men had a poor memory.

"We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife.

"No, sir," she said, with deep indignation; "you never kissed me till after we were engaged; you tried, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many—"

"What? What did you say?" the wife asked.

There was a pause. Intense but suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of the other married men.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began."

Then the other men breathed freely.

The Snapdragon, or Tommy's Christmas dream.

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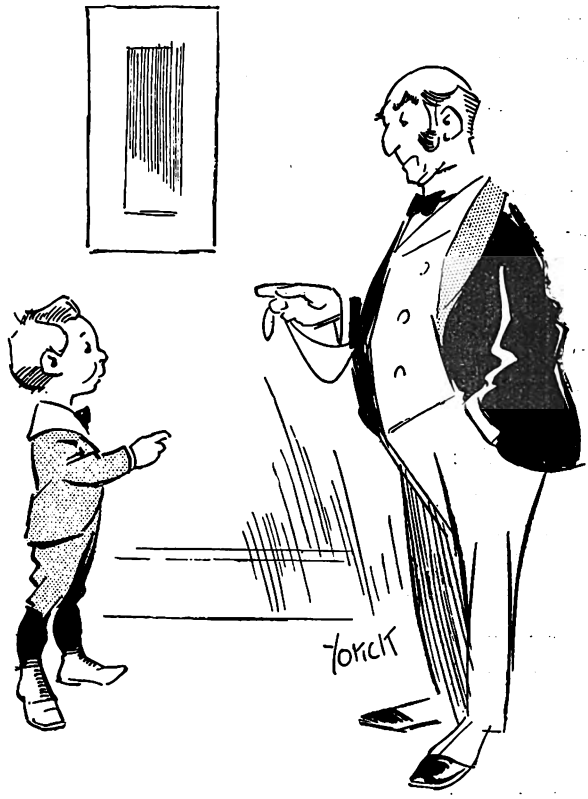
A physician says that more wrinkles come from laughing than from worrying. Young women should remember this when they see a man's hat blow off and go whirling down the street.

* *

It is a great shock to a young married woman to realise that when her husband comes home it is not to tell her how much he thinks of her, but to get something to eat.

* *

The gushing young poetess has sent us in a poem which she wrote two or three weeks ago, beginning "What shall I find in my stocking on early Christmas morn?" and asks what we think of it. We think, dear, that unless you try and make money out of something else but poetry you will find holes in both stockings.



"Grandpapa, do you know that Tommy hadn't all his toes on one foot?"
"How very sad!"
"'Tisn't sad at all. He's got five on each foot."

"She is a perfect Amazon!"

"Why do you say that? She is not at all like the Amazons of old."

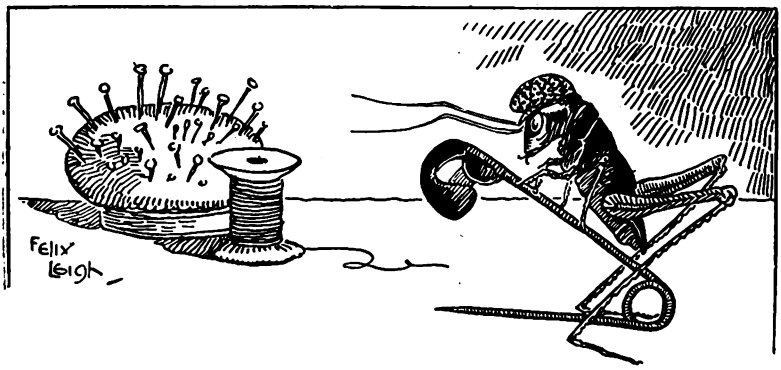
"Oh, no; I mean like the river. She has a large mouth and babbles on for ever."

* *

When lovely woman stoops to weather
The stormy blast that sweeps the street,
Beware, young man, her fixed umbrella—
'Twill knock your teeth out if you meet!

* *

"The sun is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer." This fact will quieten a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.



Mr. Grasshopper: "These chainless safeties may be excellent machines for short-legged people, but I really don't see how *I'm* going to learn to ride on one of them."

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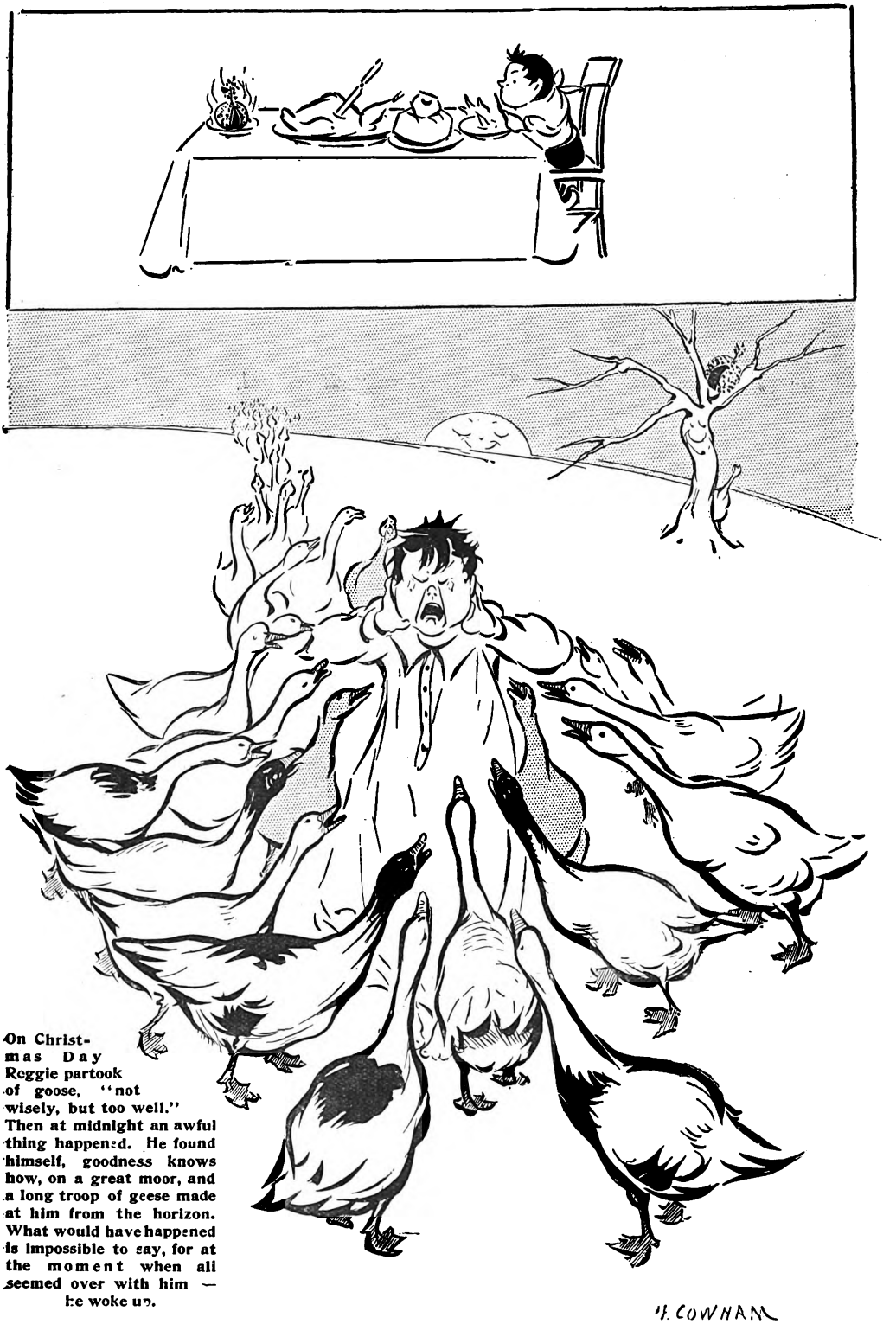

On Christmas Day Reggie partook of goose, "not wisely, but too well." Then at midnight an awful thing happened. He found himself, goodness knows how, on a great moor, and a long troop of geese made at him from the horizon. What would have happened is impossible to say, for at the moment when all seemed over with him — he woke up.

H. COWHAM

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"He knows nothing, you say?"

"Absolutely nothing. Why, man, he has such a poverty of mental resources that when a friend has a cold he cannot give him a sure cure for it."

* * *

JESS: "I thought that you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him."

BESS: "I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused he would let the rain drip on my hat."

* * *

EDWIN: "My dearest Angelina, why are you putting a twopenny-halfpenny stamp on a letter for Belgrave Square?"

ANGELINA: "Well, you see, I've run out of my thick notepaper, and was obliged to use a foreign envelope."

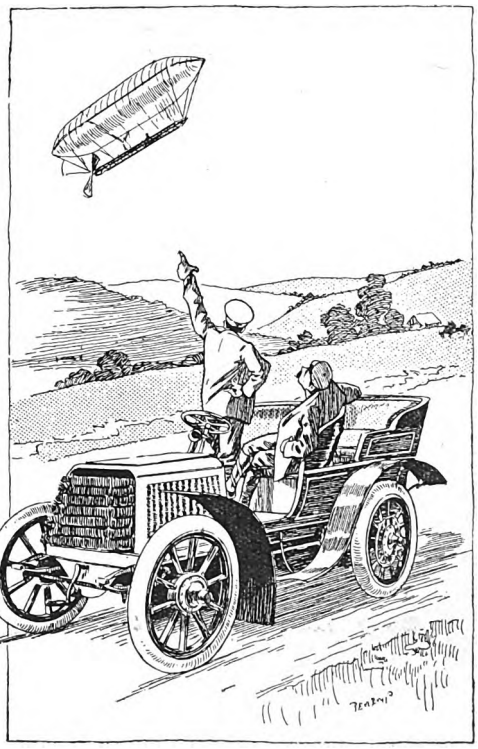
* * *

"I don't know what to do with the old furniture. I don't want it, yet I can't throw it away."

"Get a cheap carter to move it. He'll break it all to pieces."

* * *

A paragraph in a provincial paper reads "A thunder-storm made Beranger a poet, a mother's kiss made West a painter, and a salary of thirty shillings a week makes us a journalist."



Owner of lordly motor: "Great Scott, what a fool I was to spend two hundred pounds on this car. *That is* what I want, of course.

"'Tis the most exasperating thing," said Chumley, "to find you have the ticket next to the winning number in a lottery. To prevent it, when I buy a ticket I always buy the numbers on both sides of it, too."

* * *

HE: "Before proposing, Miss Lulu, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank."

SHE: "Yes, Mr. Poorman, I have a lover there. He is the cashier, and we are to marry next week."

* * *

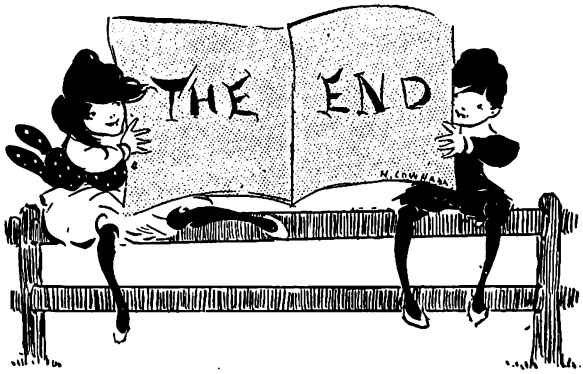
Elsie, who is the youngest of the family, was entertaining me the other day. During the conversation she said:

"All the folks who come to our house are so much older than I am." Giving a little sigh she continued, "There seems to be awfully few people seven years old nowadays.

* * * * *

PHILANTHROPIC VISITOR (to Gaol Bird): "My friend, may I ask what brought you here?"

GAOL BIRD: "The same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window."



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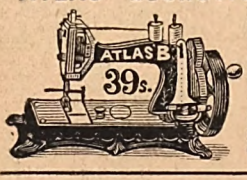

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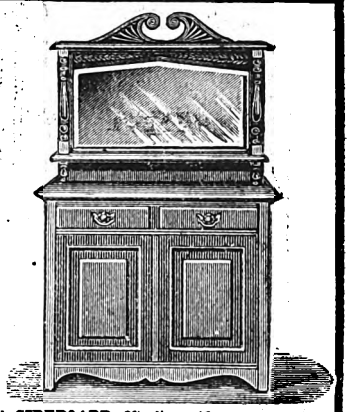

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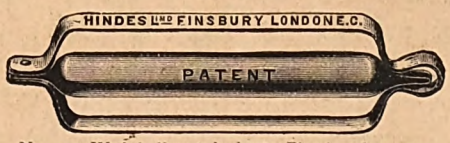

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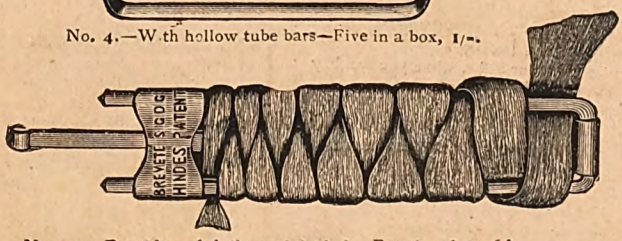

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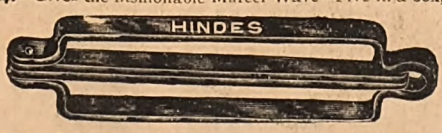

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VOL. VII.
LONDON, W.C.

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Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Throat Irritation, Influenza, Worry, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, etc., use

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It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.

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IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA, AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.

You cannot overstate the great value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in keeping the blood pure and free from disease. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of Life is immensely increased.

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CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"TATCHO"

The Hair Renewer.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair, **Greeting. Know all of you**—In consequence of the immediate demand for my remedy—'TATCHO'—and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."—

Mr. G. R. SIMS, in the *Referee*.

Photo by] The Discoverer of "TATCHO." [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

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"**BETTER THAN ANYTHING**—" "I find the Renewer better than anything I have ever tried. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time."—Major-Gen. KEATE, High Croft, Winchester.

"**THE MARVELLOUS RESULTS**—" "I have used one bottle, but (being so pleased with the marvellous results) I had given nearly the whole of it away to my friends, whom I induced to try it."—Col. PERRY, 16, Duke Street, Dublin, October 26, 1901.

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COUPON.

R. M.,

January, 1902.

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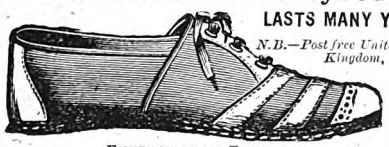

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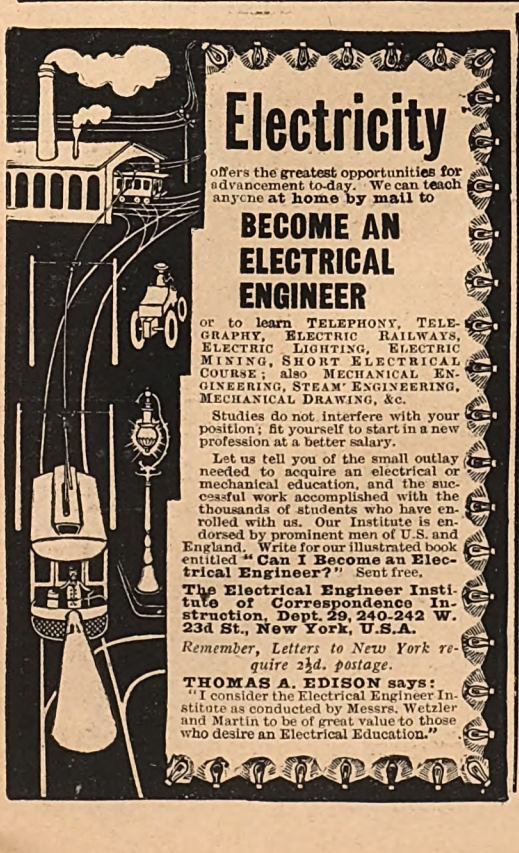

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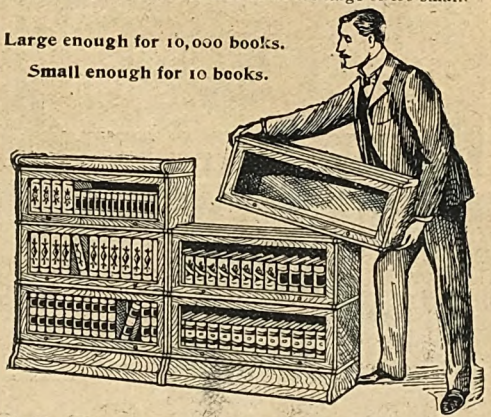

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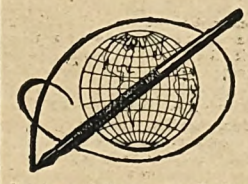

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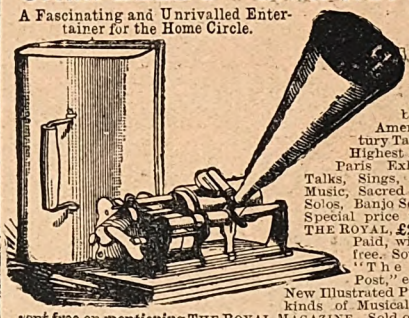

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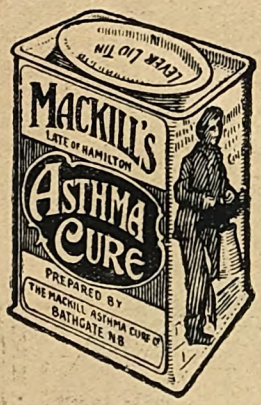

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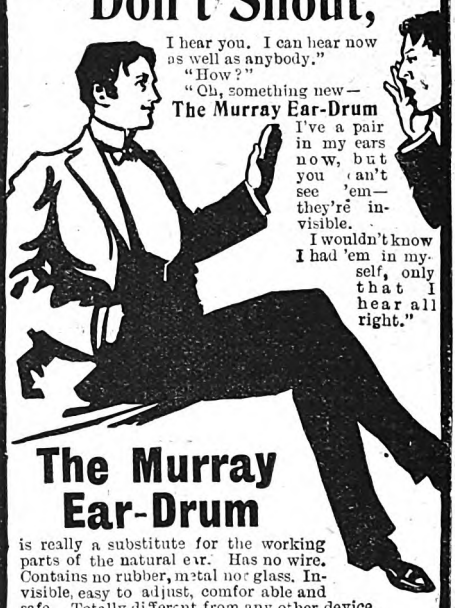

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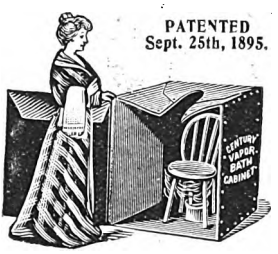

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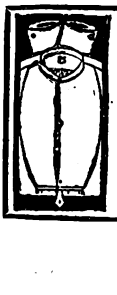

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In the November Royal various opinions were credited to Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., which he by no means entertains. We beg to express our regret for the misapprehension to which their publication was due.

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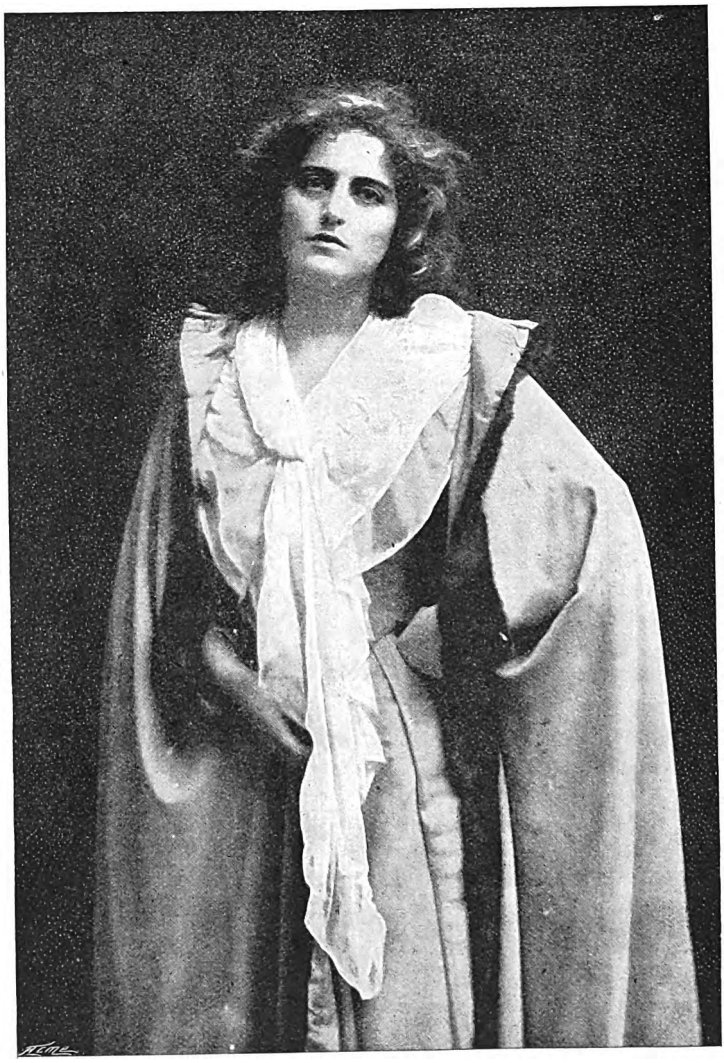

Photo, Bushnell.

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

By general consent, she holds the enviable position of the fairest woman on the stage: and grace and genius are also hers. Was there ever a woman more divinely gifted? And yet "if a long-suffering public would only pension me off," she says, "how happy I would be to leave the stage!" Her husband, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, has a large place in Kent where "Miss Elliott" would gladly spend the rest of her days far from the excitement and worry which invariably follow in the wake of success.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

WILLIAM GILLETTE,

As SHERLOCK HOLMES.

He is an American of good family, a distinguished playwright, one of the most remarkable actors on the modern stage, and a personality distinctly original. When not playing, his time is divided between his home in Hartford, his yacht, and the bungalow he owns in the mountains of South Carolina. This bungalow is in the heart of a densely wooded tract, and Mr. Gillette spends his vacation there with only a servant as companion. It is a portion of the United States infested by a desperate class of men who distil illicit whisky, and many a fatal fight has taken place between them and the Revenue Officers. For some years these desperadoes looked upon Mr. Gillette with suspicion, but now he and his neighbours are on fairly friendly terms.

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Photo W & D. Downey

MAUDE FEALY.

Raise your hats, gentlemen, for this is Miss Maude Fealy, of Memphis, a genius of seventeen: the youngest leading lady in the world. Her history is given best in her own words: "I made my *début* when I was barely three years old. I was an angel in the ascending scene of *Faust*. Until I was eleven I took children's parts, and then left the stage and went to school, playing in stock companies during the summer holidays. But later on I found some difficulty in getting an engagement. The managers said I was capable enough but too young. Oh, how I longed to be five and twenty!" But now Miss Fealy is fairly launched, and in a few years she may become one of the best-known actresses in the world. As for her personal appearance, look at her picture. Is she not as fresh and sweet as those lilies in her dress?

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

WILLIE EDOUIN.

"I am one of the oldest actors on the stage—not in age, but in experience." For Mr. Edouin's first appearance on the boards was in 1849. He was Master Willie Edouin then, and the piece in which he appeared was a play, entitled, "The Living Marionettes.' His success since then has been slow but sure, and to-day there is no more popular actor on the stage than he. A hard worker, Willie Edouin, wonderfully energetic and never tired. He has played in every part of the globe, and especially in Australia during the gold fever of the sixties. There he travelled about from camp to camp with his family in a van, on the sides of which were inscribed in large red letters: "The Celebrated Edouin Family, in Farce, Comedy, and Burlesque." The performances mostly took place in tents, sometimes in the open air. But those days are long past. Mr. Edouin always plays in a theatre to-day.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

LILY HANBURY.

Mr. George Alexander has given many fine actresses their first chance, and Miss Lily Hanbury was his most successful *protégé*. He gave her the leading part in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and since then the world of managers has treated her with great deference. Tall and superbly handsome, Miss Hanbury is the least affected of women. Her sole aversions seem to be hansom cabs and cats—but the former she continues to patronise, preferring to risk her life than to descend to four-wheelers, whilst a very swarthy member of the latter was lately seated in the most comfortable chair in her drawing-room. I pointed to it. "Ah well," she said, "it threw itself on my hospitality. I hadn't really the heart to turn it away."

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

PHYLLIS DARE.

Did I say a few months ago that Miss Beatrice Terry was the prettiest and best child-actress on the English stage? If so, I must express my apologies to Miss Dare, sweet little Miss Phyllis Dare, for having placed her among the second best. She is quite in the first row: a clever actress, a charming singer, and a wonderful dancer for one so young. May she live and prosper as the years go on!

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Concerning a Kiss.

By J. J. Bell.

It was five o'clock in the morning when I stopped pacing the floor of my room and sat down at the writing-table. I dipped my pen and wrote:—"My dear Mildred." For about a minute I regarded this beginning, then I tore up the sheet of notepaper and started afresh.

My dear Miss Mildred,—A few hours ago you told me that our friendship was at an end, and that you did not wish to see me again. I daresay my behaviour merited punishment, but if you knew how much I have felt your displeasure since you left me last night I think you would be merciful. I can offer no excuse that you would accept; yet I write to ask your forgiveness and your forgetfulness of my rude folly. Pray try to blot that one moment of madness from your memory with the belief in my regret for having offended you. I may not see you before I leave for town this morning, but, if you can grant my request, will you write to me? and allow me still to remain—Your friend, J. M.

It was a wretchedly bald epistle I thought as I read it over; yet it had cost me much misery, and I groaned as I sealed it in an envelope. The sun was blazing in at my window as I softly opened the door and crept downstairs. Mildred's room was on the ground floor, and, after listening to make sure that I was the only person stirring in the house, I pushed the letter under her door and hastened away guiltily. It wasn't worth while going to bed, I argued on my way upstairs, so I retraced my steps, and quietly let myself out into the garden.

The cool morning air refreshed, if it did not cheer me; and after half-an-hour's stroll among the shrubs and flower beds I sat down in the summer-house and lit a cigarette. It was rather disgusting to my dignity to find my fingers decidedly shaky as I applied the match, and I was calling myself a nervous idiot and a sentimental ass when I heard the sound of footsteps approaching my refuge. I hoped it was not Mildred's father out for an early stroll, for I was in no humour for a discussion on roses, the favourite theme of the genial old gentleman. So, dropping my cigarette and treading on it, I shrank into a corner of the summer-house to wait the passing of the other early riser.

Suddenly, through the tiny gaps in the green, I caught sight of something white and, a moment later, the gleam of a silver belt, which I recognised as Mildred's. She passed the summer-house without looking in, and somehow a mist came before my eyes, and my throat seemed half-choked. With an effort I rose, stepped into the garden, and said "good morning" to the back of her trim figure.

She turned and bowed, but did not retrace her steps. "Good morning," she said quietly.

"It's a lovely morning," I remarked, after moistening my lips. I had stopped short on leaving the summer-house, and there were fully five yards between us. "I—I didn't know you got up so early here," I said, as she made no response to my former observation.

"I happened to waken early this morning," she returned.

I took out my watch, but found it had stopped. "What time is it now, do you know?" I asked.

"Nearly seven. Your breakfast will soon be ready. You are going by the 8.15 train, aren't you?"

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"Yes, Miss Mildred."

"Then you may have some packing to do, so I won't keep you. Good-bye, Mr. Maclean."

She didn't move, so I went forward and held out my hand. She gave me hers slowly and, it seemed, grudgingly.

"Did you get my note?" I blurted out.

"Yes," she answered, withdrawing her hand and looking away from me.

"And—and your answer?"

She did not appear to have heard me.

"Mildred!" I whispered.

She shook her head impatiently.

"You mean you don't want to be friends again?"

"Oh, it's impossible!"

"Why—why?"

She glanced at me—just for a second—and I forgot my own trouble.

"Don't be miserable about it, Mildred," I cried. "I'll go."

She nodded approvingly, I thought.

"I understand how it is," I said sadly. "You can't see me without thinking about—*it*. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," she answered very softly.

"Well, then, if that's the case, I've no hope. I thought you might forget, and be friends again."

There was a pause. Then—"I can't forget . . . I suppose you think I'm stupid . . . but . . . oh, please go."

"What a brute I was!" I muttered.

"It's different for you, I expect," she sighed.

"Of course it is," I broke out; "the—the thing was hateful to you, and—and sweet to me."

"Hush, Mr. Maclean," she murmured, and her face grew rosy.

"Though I've lost your friendship," I went on madly, "I've got something dearer to—"

"Oh, don't!"

"Forgive me! I wanted more than your friendship, Mildred, and now I've nothing—nothing but the memory of a ——"

"Oh!"

"A kiss—a kiss stolen in the dark of this garden—ah! Mildred!"

She shivered, and her face was pale. "It was horrible," she whispered as if to herself.

"Horrible for you."

"You believe that; you truly believe that?" she demanded, looking me straight in the eyes.

"Surely I've reason to believe it," I answered bitterly.

I said 'good morning" to the back of her trim figure.

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"I'm so glad," she said softly, and turned away.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "was it such a crime? Is it such a sin to love you?"

She started as if she had been struck.

"Mildred," I said gently, after a moment.

She made no response, and the long silence which followed was disturbed only by a bird hidden somewhere near us, who suddenly burst into a fit of hysterical delight as if he knew all about it, and was, therefore, immensely amused. I kicked the gravel savagely, and he fled with a foolish little shriek. I glanced at Mildred, but she was nervously fingering and carefully examining one of the silver buttons of her blouse; she appeared to have forgotten my presence, and the words I would have spoken deserted me.

Not that I had anything of importance to say; I felt that I had already said too much. Yet, while common sense suggested my immediate departure, I lingered on in the melancholy hope of receiving the only thing I could hope for—a friendly word.

But that never came; and at last, in despair, I spoke again. "You needn't worry about what I said just now. I was a fool to allow myself to say it."

She let go the silver button, and looked up at me.

"But—but I can't help loving you, dear," I cried, losing once more my self-command before the loveliness of her eyes. Her mouth quivered. "Don't be sorry about me, Mildred. It isn't your fault. Or—is it possible that you're still angry?"

She simply stared at me.

"Mildred, if you can't forget, you might forgive. If I kissed you once last night I had resisted the temptation a thousand times before. I knew you didn't care for me except in a friendly way, but last night I—oh, I couldn't help it."

Still she stared at me.

"I believe you're right after all—it's impossible for us to be friends again. . . . Good-bye." And I made to go.

But suddenly she held out her hands.

"Oh, Jim!" she said. "Oh, Jim!"

"What, Mildred?" I asked stupidly.

"Oh, Jim!"

And that seemed to be all she could say, and she trembled so that I made her enter the summer-house and sit down.

"Shall I leave you here?" I said, thinking she was overwrought.

A smile—a little smile—came and hovered about the corners of her mouth.

"If—if you like," she said.

"What is it? What do you mean, Mildred?" I demanded. "I've been up all night, and perhaps—"

"So have I!"

"Mildred!"

"Oh, it's nothing," she said airily, and began to cry; and before I quite knew what I had done I had her in my arms.

"I thought you didn't really c—c—care for me," she said presently. "And it was dreadful to be k—k—kissed in f—fun."

"And what is it to be kissed in earnest?" I asked, laughing with a lump in my throat.

"I—I don't know, Jim."

"Don't you? . . . Well, do you know now?"

"Y—es."

"What's it like, dear?"

"It's b—bearable. . . . Oh, there's the gong for your breakfast!" she exclaimed, as a booming sound came from the house.

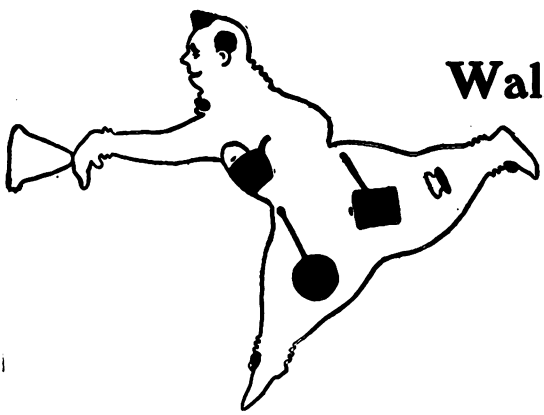
"Bother breakfast!" said I.

"But the eight-fifteen train, Jim?"

"Bother it, also!"

"You'll get the nine-forty, then?"

"Yes," said I, comfortably. But I didn't.



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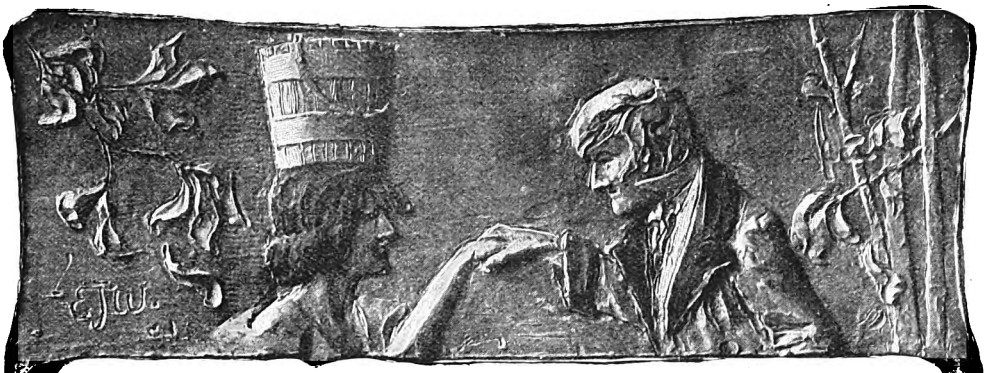

JOHNNY LEE.

By W. J. Crosbie.

He is wonderfully shy, tho' he's over six feet high;
  Yet he's plucky tho' he looks so very meek.
For in spite of snow or hail Johnny Lee will never fail
  To come here half a dozen times a week.
In the corner he will sit; and at times he talks to Kit,
  But he very seldom says a word to me;
For he seems to be afraid of a saucy country maid—
  Oh, you very silly, stupid Johnny Lee!
    You silly, stupid, six-foot Johnny Lee!

Now a day or two ago I was milking Floss; and so
  As I came along I couldn't help a smile,
For there in front of me, I could see big Johnny Lee,
  Arrayed in all his glory, at the stile.
"Good morning, John!" I said, with the milk-can on my head,
  And with that, he said he'd carry it for me;
So I handed him the can, while he blushed beneath the tan:
  "I thank ye, Nell!" said Farmer Johnny Lee.
    And not another word said Johnny Lee.

With his brown eyes fixed on me, foolish Johnny couldn't see
  The path that stretched before him, I suppose,
Anyhow, the clumsy man tumbled headlong with the can,
  And upset the milk all over his new clothes,
It was rude to laugh, I know, but poor Johnny's look of woe
  Was really very comical to see.
"The can is empty—quite; but your eyes, Nell, are so bright
  They blinded me!" said blushing Johnny Lee—
    'Twas rather smart, I thought, for Johnny Lee.

Mother says it is too bad to be teasing the poor lad.
  (Now I wonder if he's coming here to-day!)
P'raps she's right. And if he's true—well I guess it doesn't do
  To be playing tricks on Cupid in this way.
Yes, his heart is true, I know. But h'sclumsy and he's slow,
  And I tell them all he's not the man for me.
He's the nuisance of my life. But—he seems to need a wife,
  So I think I'll have to marry Johnny Lee,
    Yes, I think I'd like to marry Johnny Lee.

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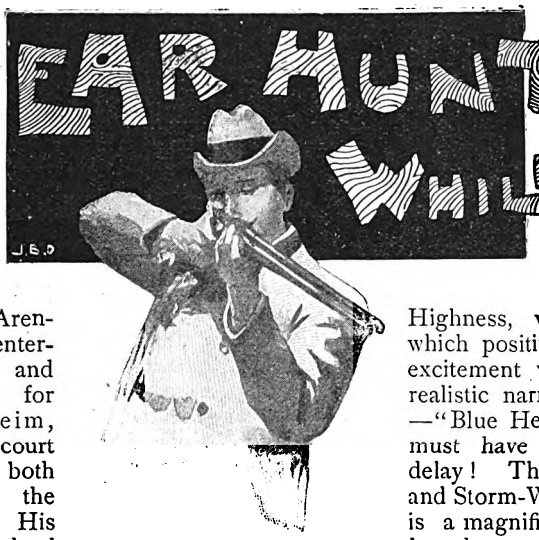
A BEAR HUNT WHILE YOU WAIT



By

Fred Whishaw.

Prince Henry of Arenburg-Lipphausen entertained a marked and peculiar admiration for Baron von Arnheim, chamberlain of his court and prime favourite both of himself and of the Princess his spouse. His serene Highness had missed the Baron sorely while the latter had been absent upon a certain mission to the court of St. Petersburg, a mission connected with matrimonial projects between princely and Grand Ducal persons which, though interesting, have nothing to do with this narrative. Von Arnheim dined with the Prince and his family on the night of his return, and entertained his serene Highness with a spirited description of his doings at the Court of Muscovy.

That which interested Prince Henry more than anything else in this narrative was the account Arnheim gave—a sufficiently realistic one, be it admitted—of a certain battue organised by the Grand Duke Anthony with a view to showing the envoy from Lipphausen one of the methods of hunting and killing the Russian bear. Von Arnheim seeing the interest which his narrative aroused, enlarged upon the thrilling excitement of the occasion: the ringing of the huge, fierce creature; the waiting of the sportsmen, each at his post; the deafening tumult suddenly—at a signal—upraised by the beaters; the agitation; the uncertainty; which way would he go? Upon whom would he deliver his savage attack? to whom would fall the glory of overthrowing the great beast? Then the shot fired, the yells of the beaters, the attempts of the wounded creature to force his way through; the intrepidity of the peasants who turned him back; the shout from the Grand Duke and then the discharge of His Imperial Highness's gun and his cry of triumph "the bear is dead, let the shouting cease."

"*Blauer Himmel!*" exclaimed his serene Highness, wiping his forehead, which positively glistened with the excitement which von Arnheim's realistic narrative had occasioned—"Blue Heaven, von Arnheim, I must have a bear-hunt without delay! Thunder and Lightning and Storm-Weather! why, the sport is a magnificent one! Why has a bear-hunt never been suggested to me?" Prince Henry now looked quite indignant.

"Bears are not so common in your serene Highness's dominions as in the country of the Tsar," began von Arnheim.

"But they do exist?" interrupted the Prince.

"Undoubtedly so, though they are rare. I have seen them in the forest of Schwartzenveldt, and even nearer the capital—"

"Ha! nearer the capital—that is good! Send for Bergmann, the Master of the Hunt, and we will organise forthwith a bear battue. Storm-Weather! von Arnheim, you have revived my appetite for the chase which has slumbered for years."

Von Arnheim was not too pleased to hear it. He knew Prince Henry well, and was fully aware that when his Highness set his heart upon anything, there was no peace until he had obtained his desire. An obstinate disposition as ever marred the benevolent character of a prince was that of Henry of Arenburg-Lipphausen, though the prince was usually kind and considerate to a fault.

Therefore von Arnheim merely replied that whatsoever his Highness deigned to command—whether a bear-hunt or anything else—he might rest assured that his orders should be promptly executed.

Moreover he contrived to see Bergmann before his admission into the private apartment of the Prince, and to warn him.

"The Prince desires a bear-hunt," he whispered hurriedly; "is there any chance of a bear within ten miles or so?"

"Not the slightest; he'd have to go to the

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Schwartzenveldt forest;" said Bergmann. "What is this new and foolish idea?"

"He won't go so far and he means to have the bear," said Arnheim. "You'll have to——"

But the Prince at this moment sent a hurried message to Bergmann to appear before him at once, and the embarrassed Master of the Hunt entered his Highness's dining-room in some trepidation. Von Arnheim followed him, though he would rather have kept away. He feared that Bergmann might require his support, which indeed was the case.

"Aha, Bergmann!" said the prince; "von Arnheim, you will be pleased to hear, has aroused my dormant taste for the sport. I wish to enjoy a bear chase."

"When, your Highness?" asked Bergmann.

"The sooner the better, while I am in the mood. To-morrow afternoon shall we say?"

Bergmann glanced helplessly at von Arnheim, who nobly stepped into the gap.

"I think such an undertaking demands more time for preparation, Highness," he said—"four days, or three at the least."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Prince, to Bergmann's immense surprise and disgust, for he had never seen his Highness in this obstinate mood. "Why do I pay a high salary to a Master of the Hunt if I may not enjoy a chase when I feel so disposed! To-morrow, I say, let it be; no later.

"But, Highness," faltered poor Bergmann —"your Highness perhaps forgets that this is not Russia; bears are—"

"I forget nothing; Arnheim has seen bears near the capital; let your *Jaegers* go out and find one; they grow fat for want of work; I shall not spare them."

"But, Highness," began Bergmann foolishly, but the Prince turned upon him with an angry stamp of the foot. Again von Arnheim saved the situation:

"It is true, Highness, there are bears nearer the capital than the Schwartzenveldt forests; one shall be found by to-morrow; I have myself seen one near the village of Kuhlenkranz, and there we shall set the *Jaegers* to search."

"Good," said the Prince relaxing his frowns, "that is good, von Arnheim. And Bergmann," he added, "von Arnheim has lately taken part in a bear chase; you will profit by his experience. I should like the battue to be arranged upon the lines of those which the Baron has seen in Russia."

"This is a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Bergmann, when the Prince had dispatched both men. "What on earth did you mean by promising him a bear at Kuhlenkranz, Arnheim? You must surely be aware that the last bear disappeared from those parts before you were in your cradle! How could you tell his Highness you had seen one? Were you mad or are you trying to discredit and ruin me?"

"My good man, you did not realise that his Highness was in that state of mind that to contradict him was impossible. He must have a bear-hunt to-morrow; very well, he *shall* have one. It is true that I have seen a bear at Kuhlenkranz; it was a dancing bear and belonged to a huge peasant who used to bring it to town and make a living out of the poor beast whenever work was scarce. The Prince wants a bear—very well, there's the bear. We can drive over to Kuhlenkranz to-night, and buy it."

"But, man, it will get up on its hind legs and dance before him!" said Bergmann. "And what shall we say then?"

"Bah! His serene Highness knows no more about bears than you do, my friend, and that is nothing. We shall tell him that bears always walk upon their hind legs when about to hurl themselves upon the enemy."

"Well—I see no other way out of the dilemma. I do not think very highly of your scheme, Arnheim; it is dangerous and liable to sudden failure, but we are in a tight place, thanks to your rashness, and we must get out of it as best we may."

This was not generous of Bergmann, but von Arnheim made allowances for him, since he was obviously frightened and embarrassed by the strange vagary of the Prince.

So the two courtiers drove down to Kuhlenkranz without delay, and found, after some trouble, the owner of the bear, one Max Gerster. This was a huge man, standing several inches over six feet, and built like a Hercules. He listened to von Arnheim's explanation; a bear was required, alive: would he sell his?

"What, old Kapitan?" said Max grinning.

"If that is his name, yes!"

"I'll show you all that remains of old Kapitan," said Max, retiring to a closet, and he brought out the skin of a large bear that must have weighed 400 pounds. The head was roughly stuffed with tightly packed tow, and a pair of big glass eyes had been stuck in the sockets; the mouth was open in a perpetual grin, showing a fine set of teeth and a wooden tongue coloured bright red.

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"That's all that remains of old Kapitan," said Max, "and it is not for sale, though you can hire it if you please."

Bergmann was about to turn aside in anger and disappointment. He got as far as the curse with which he intended to preface his remark, but von Arnheim interrupted him.

"We will not only hire the skin, my friend," he said, "but yourself also; and if we are satisfied with your efforts to perform the part imposed upon you, you shall be paid a sum of five hundred marks for your services. Do you agree?" Max roared with laughter.

"That is good pay for a day's work, but what shall I be expected to do, Herr Graf?" he asked.

Then von Arnheim invited Max into the little inn of the place, and over a glass or two of Bavarian beer certain arrangements were made which caused Max immense amusement, and von Bergmann anxiety equally acute, though he was obliged perforce to agree to them, for want of any other exit from an awkward dilemma.

The net result of the conference was, that by the following afternoon Bergmann was enabled to report to his Highness that a bear had been ringed near Kuhlenkranz; that beaters had been engaged and posted, and that all was prepared for the chase which the Prince had commanded.

"I hope to goodness it will turn out all right," said Bergmann despondently as the two conspirators, in their landau, preceded the princely equipage *en route* for the chase.

"If Max is not too drunk to remember my last injunctions," replied Arnheim, "it *must* turn out all right."

Arnheim's "last injunctions" had consisted of the following mysterious words: "Be sure you escape through the beaters, in the direction of Karlshut, and when you are out of the ring, run like the wind. Stand no nonsense from any beater who tries to stop you!"

His serene Highness Prince Henry IV. of Arenberg-Lipphausen was in a state of exaltation of spirit when Bergmann and Arnheim assisted him from his carriage at a spot within half a mile of the "ring."

"Is all well?" he inquired anxiously. "Is the bear a large one, and is there no doubt of his presence in the ring?"

"Not the slightest, Highness," said Arnheim with truth; "all is well; the bear is both large and fierce—"

As though to justify the first part of Arnheim's speech, there was heard at this moment an awe-inspiring sound of roaring, mingled with moaning, as of a bear who is both vexed and also unquiet in mind. The din came from the forest half a mile away, and the Prince's cheek seemed to blanch somewhat at the sound of it.

"Blue Heaven!" he exclaimed, "he is certainly there. Why does he roar, von Arnheim. Does it mean that he has become alarmed by the presence of beaters?"

Arnheim would have replied, if he could have expressed his real thoughts, that the bear roared because he was an impatient, and probably intoxicated idiot; but what he actually said was, that undoubtedly the creature had become alarmed and would probably attempt to escape. "The sooner the chase begins, Highness, the surer we shall be of him," he ended.

So the Prince was hurried to his place—a small open space in the midst of thick cover,

"Blue Heaven, von Arnheim. I must have a bear hunt without delay."

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and Arnheim himself stood at his elbow. The Prince was well armed with a double-barrelled rifle of the best English make, and Arnheim held in his own hands the companion to it. The Prince also carried a hunting knife of huge dimensions and formidable sharpness, in case the bear should come, by some accident, to close quarters.

A quarter of an hour passed in silence and almost breathless expectancy, while Bergmann walked round the ring in order to inform the head *Jaeger* that the prince was in his place and awaiting the commencement of the chase.

On his way Bergmann passed through a portion of the ring with the intention of finding, if he could, the bear, and of impressing upon that ferocious animal the necessity of behaving himself like a reasonable being. But as Bergmann peered about for the brute, it suddenly jumped out at him with a roar and pursued him, to his unutterable disgust, almost into the arms of the *Jaeger*.

The *Jaeger* behaved with great presence of mind. Anticipating the intention of Bergmann in coming to find him, he instantly blew his horn, and the beaters with one accord proceeded to shout, to work their rattles, to whistle, to yell, and to turn the silence of the forest into a general pandemonium of din which seemed to startle and bewilder the bear and drove him back into the ring.

As a matter of fact, sufficient watch had not been put upon the actions of Max Gerster during the night which preceded the chase. Consequently the bear, impatiently awaiting the battue of the following afternoon, had incautiously over-fortified himself against the fatigues and perils of the coming chase, with the result that when the din and uproar of the beaters commenced, he incontinently lost his head—as a poor, driven creature, from a hare to a tiger, will do under similar circumstances—and began to run hither and thither wondering which was the precise direction which meant danger and possible death to him, at the muzzle of his Highness's rifle.

The Prince himself was almost equally agitated. When the uproar began, his pulses took the infection of the general excitement and dinned in his ears with the thunder of waves upon the seashore. He peered this way and that through the dense growths and listened with all his might for the footfall of the great beast he half longed and half feared to see.

"Stand ready, Arnheim, in case I miss!" he repeated a dozen times. "Have you the spare gun cocked?"

"All is ready at an instant's notice, Highness," said Arnheim absently. He was surprised and somewhat concerned not to have yet heard that redoubled and trebled uproar from the edge of the ring which would indicate an attempt of the bear to escape through the beaters.

Suddenly, to Arnheim's immeasurable disgust, and to the unspeakable excitement of His Highness, there came the unmistakable sound of approaching footsteps, and before the Baron could take any measures to prevent it a great, erect brown form rushed headlong into the open space in front of His Highness. In an instant the Prince fired. The bear, which had arrived upon its hind legs, instantly dropped upon all fours, turned, and scampered quickly back into cover, his Highness getting his left barrel in as he disappeared.

"He must be wounded, he must be wounded!" exclaimed the Prince in the extremity of excitement. "I sighted him along the barrel—he is as good as dead!"

Arnheim devoutly hoped not. "We must follow him up, Highness," he said; "stop, let me reload your rifle."

The Baron pretended that the extractor had stuck, in order to gain time; the bear, he felt, must be allowed to make his escape without the risk of more shooting; if the Prince had missed this time, he might not miss the next. So Arnheim fumbled with the rifle until his Highness waxed furious and stamped, and it became necessary to slip the cartridge in, and allow his Highness to be off in pursuit.

Away rushed Arnheim through the forest, and away sped the Prince after him, puffing and blowing, but doing wonders of speed and endurance if one considers the circumstance that his Highness was both short and utterly out of condition.

Suddenly a terrific uproar arose from the edge of the beat.

"The beaters have stopped him, Highness," panted Arnheim. "They will turn him back into the ring, perhaps we had better return to our old position, else the *Jaegers* will not know in which direction to drive the brute."

"No, no!" cried the Prince; "I think I distinguish from the nature of the cries of the beaters, that they are attacked—let us hasten onward to their assistance, remember the poor creatures are unarmed, Arnheim."

Arnheim recognised that there was nothing

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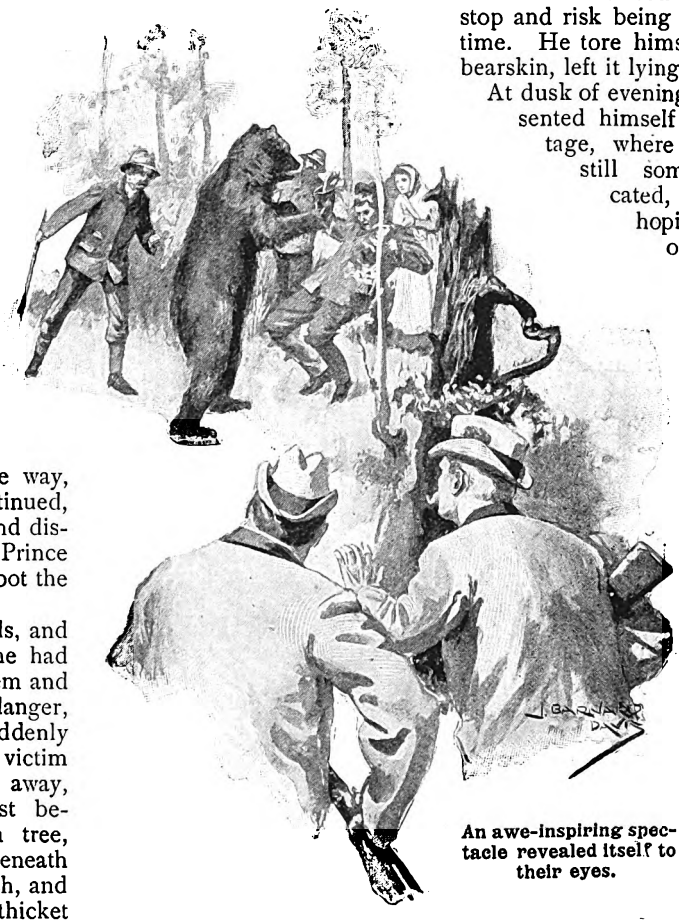
for it but to obey the Prince; he went forward cursing, in his heart, both bears and beaters; he had not anticipated so harrowing an experience when organising a bear-chase for his serene Highness.

The next moment the two men reached a spot whence the line of beaters could be seen, and an awe-inspiring spectacle revealed itself to their eyes. The bear was upon his hind legs battling with several peasants.

The savage creature, even as they gazed, contrived to seize one of his assailants, and fell with him to the ground.

Up went the Prince's rifle — Arnheim seized his arm.

"Don't shoot, Highness," he shouted. "You are as likely to kill the peasant as the bear. Get out of the way, all," he continued, very loudly and distinctly, "the Prince is about to shoot the bear!"



An awe-inspiring spectacle revealed itself to their eyes.

At the words, and exactly as if he had understood them and realised his danger, the bear suddenly abandoned his victim and rushed away, scrambling first behind a fallen tree, then ducking beneath a bramble bush, and so reaching a thicket into which he disappeared. The Prince fired twice as the brute dived in and out of the cover, but the bear ran on.

"He is wounded, Highness," cried Arnheim rushing after him and waving back one of the *Jaegers* who showed a disposition to follow him. "I claim the honour to follow and administer the *coup-de-grâce!*"

"Let the Baron go alone," said the Prince; "he is accustomed to the hunting of bears." The shouts of Arnheim died away in the distance. The Prince waited an hour, grew tired, and departed.

Arnheim had much difficulty in keeping the bear in view, for Max was, by this time, thoroughly frightened, and desired no more shots fired at him. Arnheim shouted, hoping that the bear would recognise his voice and stop.

As a matter of fact, Max heard and recognised, but so great and so many had been his alarms this day, that he preferred to take a middle course rather than stop and risk being shot at a third time. He tore himself free of his bearskin, left it lying, and ran on.

At dusk of evening Arnheim presented himself at Max's cottage, where Max himself, still somewhat intoxicated, awaited events, hoping that someone would arrive to pay him 500 marks, the earning of which had so nearly cost him his life.

"Well, fool, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the Baron angrily, entering and throwing down the bearskin. "You deserved to be shot, and it is not your fault that the bullets flew wide of you."

"I am guilty, Excellence," said Max, "the noise confused me—"

"You had been drinking, fool!"

"Perhaps a little, Excellence, to give me courage; I did not mean to run into danger, but, as I say, I was confused. At any rate my roaring and my movements were very correct, for I imitated old Kapitan who lived with me for ten years—"

"Maybe, but why in thunder did you stop to fight with the beaters, thereby risking both

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"Well, fool, what have you to say for yourself?" said the Baron angrily.

your life and the safety of the secret, which mattered much more!"

"Ah, Excellence," said Max, "that was an unexpected event; I saw among the beaters my rival and enemy, one who courts the girl I wish to marry, she, too, was a beater to-day, and stood with him; I could not resist!"

"Blue Heaven!" thought von Arnheim, "when one employs a man of this kind, one wheel of the apple-cart is already in the ditch!"

"Take the skin, fool," he said, "and grease it on the inside, make the thing look as though it had been taken from a freshly killed beast; do it well and you shall have your 500 marks, though you do not deserve them—quickly, now!"

Max performed the operation very well. Von Arnheim felt that if only his Highness did not inspect the skin too closely, the trophy would pass muster. He found the Prince in his cabinet, later on in the evening.

"Well, Arnheim, well?" said his Highness; "what of the bear?"

"My congratulations, Highness!" said Arnheim, "you aimed well with your first and—I think—third shots. The bear is dead."

"What, you found him?" said the prince flushing with delight.

"His skin is at this moment in your Highness's stables."

"Storm-Weather, Arnheim — you are the prince of hunters! come, we will inspect it at once!"

This was exactly what Arnheim most desired; the light in the stables was feeble; the prince examined the skin, especially the two slits Arnheim had carefully made to serve for bullet holes; his Highness was more than satisfied. "See where I shot him!" he said—"twice, mark you! Thunder and Storm Weather!" he continued, "we will have a bear hunt every week!"

"Your Highness will have to go farther for bears if you do," laughed Arnheim. "They are somewhat scarce so near home!"

"I would go a thousand miles for each!" said the delighted prince, a declaration which greatly relieved the mind of his faithful courtier.

Thus Prince Henry's bear chase ended satisfactorily all round. For while his Highness scored a fine bearskin (now beautifully set up, and adorning the Entrance Hall of his palace), and Max Gerster a gratuity of 500 marks, Von Arnheim received the bronze eagle, a decoration which he thoroughly deserved; and even Bergmann, who contributed little more than pessimistic prophecy towards the success of the affair, was not forgotten, and wears to this day the ribbon of St. Anne in memory of the happy event.

But Prince Henry has since discovered that bears are rare indeed nearer the capital than the Schwartzenveld forests, and that even in those splendid preserves the animal is coy. The Prince rarely sees one, and when he does, the bear—as Arnheim invariably remarks—"carries a lot of shot away," so that old Kapitan remains to this day his only trophy.

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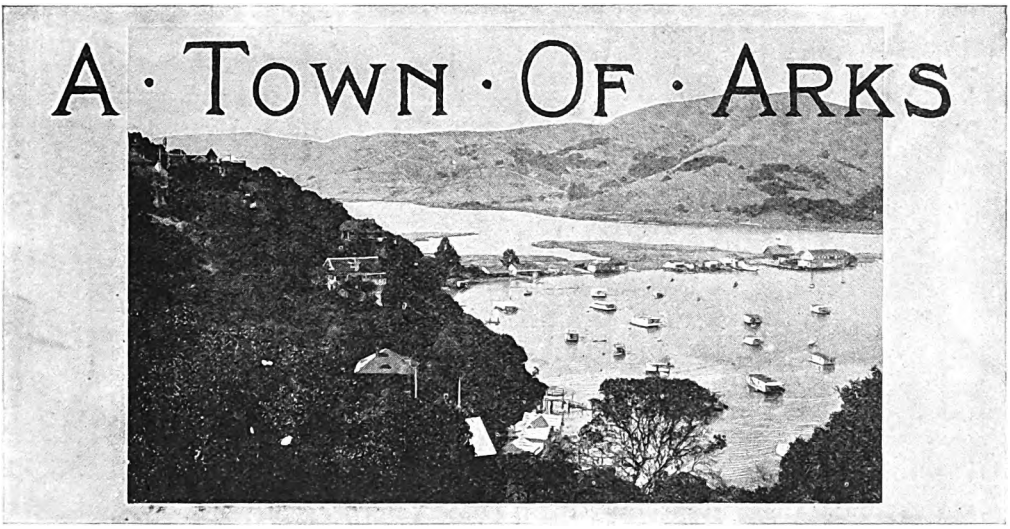
A · Town · Of · Arks



General view of "Arktown" from the surrounding hills.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

One of the most salient characteristics of the upper reaches of the Thames during the summer season is the houseboats. Here the jaded business Londoner rests in peace, ease, and quietness, far from the madding crowd and the humdrum and bustle of city life. The sight of these tasty, symmetrical, and luxurious river residences never fails to impress the American visitor, who, in the course of his peregrinations through this country, seldom omits to explore the charms of the upper reaches of our capital river. To him the houseboat is almost entirely unknown. The Eastern American is too deeply immersed in his business to indulge in such a luxury as residing in a houseboat for several weeks during the hottest months of the year in the seclusion of some quiet river.

But if one takes a trip to San Francisco on the opposite side of the North American continent, one may see a spectacle reminiscent of the Thames. Within easy distance of the prominent Californian port is the popular seaside resort of Belvidere, but more familiarly known to the inhabitants of that part of the country as "Arktown." Its very name explains its peculiarity. The bay extends inland between two large ranges of hills, and its expanse is dotted with a number of floating dwellings.

Although the innovation is practically modern, having only sprung into existence two or three years ago, the originator of the idea is not known. Probably he was some poor mortal who, oppressed with the fœtid scorching air that pervaded his conventional home upon the mainland, conceived the idea of obtaining a little respite from the heat by living upon the water. At any rate he constructed the ark *Nautilus*, which was the nucleus of what is now a floating township.

The American is nothing if not novel. When the idea had matured in the brain of the originator he desired to erect his temporary home as economically as possible. He had no wish to emulate the ambitious creations to be found on the Thames.

During his search for possible materials with which to construct the domicile he came upon some tramcars which, having completed their lease of life upon the streets of the city, had been abandoned to be destroyed. Here was his golden opportunity. With but little alteration these cars could be converted into the most comfortable shanty possible to desire. They being practically of no value, he was able to secure possession of them at a low figure. They were dismounted from their trolleys, and taken to the waterside ready for the alterations that were to be carried out to enable the resourceful American's ideas to be fulfilled.

First of all, a flat-bottomed boat was constructed sufficiently large to carry the four cars placed in two pairs, thus forming a square. The cars were then erected upon this deck. The interior sides of the cars were removed, so that two cars produced one

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spacious apartment. This was a very simple operation, and was readily accomplished. The American tramcars are not provided with seats upon the roofs for the accommodation of passengers. The vehicles are splendidly ventilated.

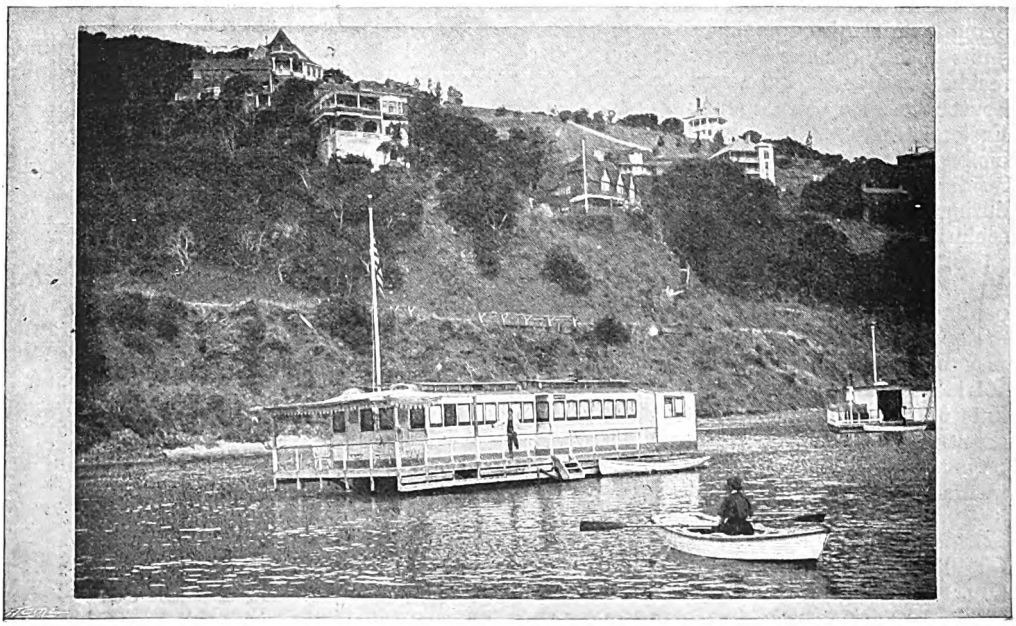
The seats extending longitudinally along the outer sides of the car were allowed to remain, and by the plenteous utilisation of rich upholstery and numerous cushions were converted into inviting and comfortable lounges. The sliding doors at either end of the cars were also retained as a means of affording convenient access to the various apartments. Compact furniture was then installed and everything possible to render the dwelling cosy and comfortable requisitioned. When the furnishing was completed satisfactorily the improvised houseboat was towed out into the bay and anchored. A sufficient length of chain was paid out so that the boat could readily rise, fall, and turn with the varying motions of the tide.

The houseboat is surrounded by a narrow platform or piazza whereon the inhabitant can partake of his morning constitutional, or mid-day siesta in a comfortable armchair beneath the awning which shields him from the fierce rays of the sun. Or should he be an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, he can enjoy himself by casting his line over the side of the boat, for there is a great variety of fish in the bay. Further diversion can be obtained by paying afternoon calls to the neighbouring houseboats.

Life in one of these floating residences is an ideal existence. The tax collector has no terrors for the householder, since he is exempt from the calls of that incubus. Rates are also unknown, while even rent ceases to possess any worrying tendencies. The inmate of a boathouse has no necessity to go ashore, unless he is so inclined, since the various tradesmen go the rounds of the floating city in rowing boats in the early morning, and having received their respective orders, deliver them in the same manner with commendable celerity.

From a hygienic point of view it would be an almost impossible task to find a more suitable site for a residence. The breeze that is always blowing gives a bracing tone to the atmosphere and dispels the languor that is induced by the summer heat. When one awakes in the morning a dive through the bedroom window will land the sleeper in a pleasant, refreshing sea-water bath. Again, a row is always more enjoyable when the participants have not to walk far in order to gain the sea. A string of rowing boats is always anchored in the wake of these arks, literally within a stone's throw of the front door.

Charming though such a life is during the



The *Nautilus*, the first houseboat of Arktown. It is built of old tramcars.

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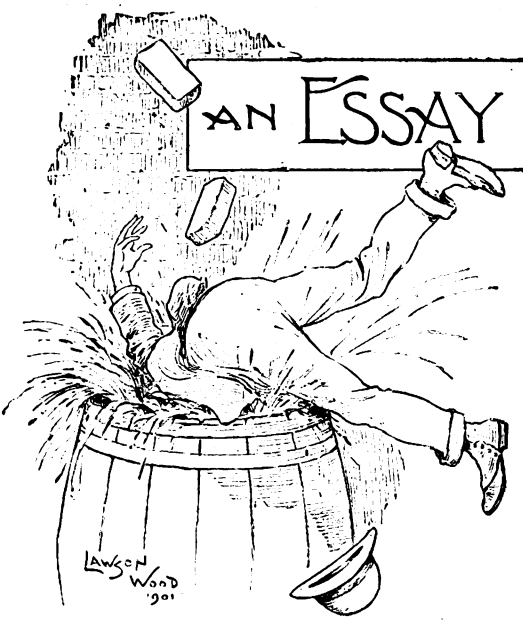

AN ESSAY IN DETECTION.

By Harold Aker.

It was one morning last week and we—I was staying with the Chalcotts—had half finished breakfast, before Edith, the eldest of them, appeared. She looked vexed, and, after peering at her father's face, exclaimed:

"I've lost my bracelet—the one with the turquoises!"

"Oh, Edith!" said the family.

"Careless creatures women are," exclaimed Mr. Chalcott. "Why can't you remember where you put your things?"

"But I do remember where I put it," insisted Edith. "I remember the exact spot on the dressing-table. Some one has stolen it."

"Think so?" said her father. "Now then, Arliss, here's your chance. You're a barrister, aren't you?"

Mr. Chalcott has some sort of idea that a barrister is a kind of private detective.

"These cases are as a rule extremely simple," I remarked. "In the first place, when did you last see it?"

"Last night," said Edith. "I was up rather early this morning and went into Mary's room. I was there some time and when I went back for the bracelet, it wasn't there."

"Had anyone been into the room in the meanwhile?" I asked.

"Two of the maids—Susan and Hannah," she answered.

"Either of them alone?"

"Hannah was there by herself, when I went back. Susan was dusting the passage."

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"But I asked them both and they said they hadn't seen anything of the bracelet."

"Naturally," I said. "Can I have a word with Hannah?"

"All right, but, please don't worry her," she replied. "She is such a good little thing. I would not have her think that I suspected her for worlds."

"But before we come to that," I said, "I think we will take a stroll in the garden."

"Why?" she said, "it's rather wet."

"You will see," I answered with a smile, "your room, I think, is on the first floor at the corner nearest the kitchen-garden?"

"Yes," she answered, and we got hats and went out.

In silence we reached the corner of the house. Up to the wall there was a broad bed with newly-planted geraniums and lobelias—an eye-racking combination, then a belt of grass, then a freshly-gravelled path, which was this morning something like a quagmire.

I was willing that she should share my train of thought, and so explained to her how favourable was the state of the ground for the investigations I intended to make.

"For instance," I said, "the holes made by the ends of a ladder would be clearly visible on the path or the grass, and they would be very deep in the bed. There are no such holes."

"But suppose they put a board underneath the ladder?" suggested Edith.

I had not got to that yet.

"If they had," I said, "we should see the mark of the board. It would leave a square depression. Besides, it's most unlikely that they brought a board with them."

"Oh, there are footmarks!" exclaimed Edith. Of course they had been visible all

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along, but the dear girl would not wait for the evolution of my ideas.

"Yes, yes," I said, "their value will appear when I have examined them."

Although the path was unpleasantly muddy and the grass extremely wet, I knelt down and carefully examined the footmarks. After some time I rose and said:

"The man who has your bracelet is a tall man with bandy legs. He wears dark blue trousers with a narrow white stripe and muddy at the foot, and had a pink carnation buttonhole. He is probably a carpenter by trade, and I think he is young and handsome."

"However did you know?" said Edith, with surprise on every feature.

Her reverent admiration assuaged somewhat the annoyance I naturally felt at seeing Freddie—a junior member of the family—giving a ridiculous imitation of my investigations at the end of the lawn, to the amusement of the rest.

"The footprints are large, deep, and far apart, and they are deeper on the outside of the foot than on the inner," I explained. "He has been on the bed, and has not scraped his feet afterwards, therefore his trousers are muddy. This piece of cloth is of a sort never made into coats, and must have been torn from his trousers." I showed her a strip I had found beneath a geranium.

"It is torn very clean," she remarked. "How did he do it?" Her faith in my powers amused me.

"That I do not know," I confessed with a smile. "This carnation, though trodden on, is fresh. There are no carnations in the bed. Unless you threw it from your window——"

"No, I didn't," she said; "there are none in my room."

"He must have brought it. This new nail gives us a hint as to his employment."

"It is like the nails on the wall," she remarked. "Why do you think he is young and handsome?"

"There I am going to leave you!" I said. "You will see that later."

"And how did he get into the room?" she asked. "There is nothing to climb up by, and the ladders are ever so far away in the kitchen garden, and the gate is always locked until the men are about."

"He did not get in—" I said.

For a moment the swiftness of my deduction silenced her, then she exclaimed:

"Oh, you mean that someone inside took it. Bother the bracelet! I can't bear to suspect anybody. Don't let us trouble about it any more. Look! What *is* Freddie doing? Let's go over and play with them."

She ran off, but something of the sleuth-hound had been awakened within me, and, having got so far, I must confess to a certain mental pleasure and excitement in the idea of piecing my problem together. I strolled into the house, and after going through most of the rooms came upon the girl called Hannah dusting the legs of the billiard table.

She was a ruddy-cheeked girl with black eyes and hair and she fitted admirably into my theory from all appearances. To see if those appearances were justified needed a certain amount of circumlocution in my inquiries.

"It is a nice spring morning," I said genially.

"Yes, sir—" was her respectful answer.

"What did the poet say about spring?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"'In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' Do you think that the poet aptly describes the influence of the season?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir," she repeated.

"Now, I should have thought you did," I remarked.

She flipped a leg of the billiard-table with a duster, and retreated to the other end of the room. It was evident that my question had caused her some confusion. I felt that I must press it home.

"Do you admit the soft impeachment?" I asked.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she said, getting very red. I leaned over the billiard-table.

"What is his name?" I asked—"Charles? George?"

"I think I hear the bell, sir," she said, picking up the dustpan and showing every sign of consternation. I gently restrained her by holding the other end of the dustpan.

"Did you see the cows on the lawn this morning?" I asked. It was a bold stroke, for there had been no cows on the lawn that morning, but it told.

She gave me a frightened look and said—

"No, sir."

"Not out of Miss Edith's window?"

"No, sir."

"Was it open?"

"I don't know, sir. When, sir?'

"When you were in the room alone before breakfast this morning."

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The shot went home.

Suddenly she let go of her end of the dustpan and rushed from the room sobbing into her duster.

So my theory was beginning to be justified. She had a lover and the question as to the open window had aroused every outward and visible sign of guilt. I felt sorry for her, as she was such a nice-looking girl, but justice before all. Besides I reflected that I would use my influence on her behalf, when things came to a crisis. And now for the lover!

Suddenly she let go of her end of the dustpan and rushed from the room sobbing into her duster.

Realising that I still had possession of the dustpan, I placed it upon the billiard-table and sauntered out into the garden. I had not gone far before chance came in as an assistant to my mental acumen. On the sopping gravel path were clearly visible footprints exactly similar to those I had investigated by Edith's window. My powers of observation, which are I may say of rather more than ordinary development, could not be deceived. I traced them along until they suddenly ended in the feet of the Chalcott's head gardener, a man called Anderson, who was standing tying up a rose-tree. By his side was a basket containing a hammer, some odd leaves, and a carnation exactly similar to the one I had found by the window.

He is a rugged, sturdy, black-bearded man of forty odd—not quite the lover I had pictured, but nothing surprises me in women! He had changed his trousers, but the rest of the evidence was almost conclusive. A few questions would make it entirely so.

I thought it best to tackle him first on his own subject, gain his confidence and so lead him whither I would. Therefore I opened a conversation on flowers and spoke, with a side glance at the geraniums and lobelias, of colour combinations which might be made and how rude Nature might be bridled by Art.

He did not appear to take much interest in his occupation. All he did was to gruffly remark that the flowers I suggested did not bloom at the same time of year.

I led him on to the lawn—conversationally I mean of course. He said that with another man and a boy he might make the place look ship-shape (why ship-shape?). I have never heard a gardener say otherwise.

From the lawn I proceeded to the path, and falling into his humour remarked:

"This gravel must take a good deal of rolling, my man."

He seemed to resent the friendly tone in which I said 'My man' as I gathered from a muttered reference to that form of address.

"It is so full of stones," I said.

He preserved a sullen demeanour and made no reply.

"Some people believe," I said, "that stones

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not only work up through the ground, but actually grow in the process."

He observed that some people were fools enough to believe anything.

"Now, if those stones were diamonds—" I suggested.

"There wouldn't be many diggin' for 'taters," he opined.

"Or turquoises," I added significantly.

I must confess that I was not quite prepared for such a sudden confirmation of my question. He turned sharply round with a face alight with indignation, and really I thought he was about to offer me personal violence.

"What d'you mean by it?" he shouted. "What d'you mean by coming here with yer insinuating and yer 'my man'ing?' I'll have you to know——"

I did not hear the rest, though his anger sustained him in a lengthy outburst. If the fellow thought to browbeat me into any weakness with his violence he had mistaken his man. I swiftly evaded him, and, entering the house, watched him at last retreat in dudgeon in the direction of the glass-houses.

One thing was certain. The man's movements had to be watched and followed. He was evidently of violent temper, and physically he was a coarse, muscular creature; but putting aside my personal fears, I went out to do my duty.

Leaving the house I stole along taking all the cover that bay windows and other projections offered. Then sheltered by a thick-set hedge I saw the man enter the second grape-house.

Immediately it struck me that by skirting the kitchen garden and looking over the wall which formed the back of the glass-houses I should be able to see what he was doing from above and so I ran round at once to put my plan into execution.

The wall was about ten feet high but the absence of a brick from one of the buttresses enabled me to stand upon the rim of a water-butt, which took the water from the roofs of the houses, and by clinging to the top of the wall and straining over, I obtained a view of the interior.

The first thing I saw was that the man, whose back was turned towards me, was putting something into his pocket, but before I could perceive what it was my attention was attracted by the sight of the girl Hannah, who ran into the garden crying and betraying every sign of confusion.

Happily she did not see me and advanced without suspicion to the house in which Anderson was. Having entered she stood with her apron to her eyes as though unable to say what she had intended, and the man putting his arm round her kissed her.

It was not surprise at the correctness of my deductions but the desire to hear as much as possible of the conversation which induced me to lean further forward. As I did so my foot missed the rim of the water-butt and I perceived for the first time that the brickwork at the top of the wall was in a bad state of repair. In the effort to regain the top of the water-butt I gave a fatal pull. Two bricks came away in my hands and another dropped through the glass-house roof. I swayed and fell, seriously hurting myself as I did so, into the water-butt. The water was in a condition dangerous to human health. It is impossible to imagine anything more offensive to smell or more disagreeable—I speak from a loathsome experience—to taste.

With a Herculean effort I wrenched myself from the slimy horrors of the water-butt and, remembering that the man Anderson must have been aroused—if not hit—by the falling brick, I made a dash for the house. Unfortunately, in my hurry, I forgot that at the corner of the kitchen-garden at the back of the gardener's cottage, a dog—a savage creature which it should be made impermissible to keep—was kenneled; and I passed too near the kennel. The brute just caught me by the trouser leg. I believe to this day that I owe my life to the insecurity with which that trouser leg was sewn together.

The condition of my mind as I made my way to my room, torn, wet, bruised and coated with an offensive green slime, will have to be imagined—I cannot describe it. I need hardly say that the fact that Freddie was at one of the windows, and had called several to behold before I slipped in at the door did not tend to improve matters. I cursed the logical faculty and the powers of observation which had been the means of putting me into this filthy mess and spoiling a most successful suit of clothes. Next time, I bitterly resolved, they should find their burglars for themselves. There was a sound of scuffling and of laughter in the hall. I was almost glad that I had spoilt the wall paper on the staircase and that the carpet was sloppy with malodorous drippings.

There was a silence as I came in to luncheon, and then Mr. Chalcott, who appeared to be angry about something, said to them, but at me—I felt it—

"Anderson has given me notice."

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I sat down and said quietly:

"Ah, I thought he would."

Mr. Chalcott checked what I saw would have been a hasty exclamation and remarked in substitution.

"I shall never get another like him."

"That is just as well," I said.

"Just as well—Why?" he growled. His manner was most disagreeable.

"Because he's got the turquoise bracelet."

I expected a general exclamation of surprise, and it came: but I did not expect that Mr. Chalcott would burst out brusquely:

"Nonsense!"

I merely raised my eyebrows to protest.

"But," said Edith with a puzzled expression breaking in—"I thought that the man who had the bracelet was young and handsome and tall, and a carpenter with blue trousers and a pink carnation buttonhole."

"Anderson's not young."

"Nor handsome."

"Nor tall."

"Nor a carpenter."

"I've never seen his blue trousers."

"I'm sure he never wore a buttonhole," came consecutively from the various members of the family.

I explained that these were superficial differences and showed them how I had identified my man.

"But how did he do it?" someone asked.

"He had a sweetheart in the house—" I said, and paused before telling them how I had found her.

At this moment Mrs. Chalcott came into the room, visibly annoyed.

"It's very vexing," she exclaimed; "Hannah says she wants to leave to-day. It's because—Oh!"

She stopped as she saw me, and looked uncomfortable. I could not help smiling.

"I daresay she wants to leave," I said.

Mr. Chalcott again obviously repressed a hasty remark.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because she's the sweetheart. I saw him kiss her," I said.

"Why, he's her father," shouted Mr. Chalcott.

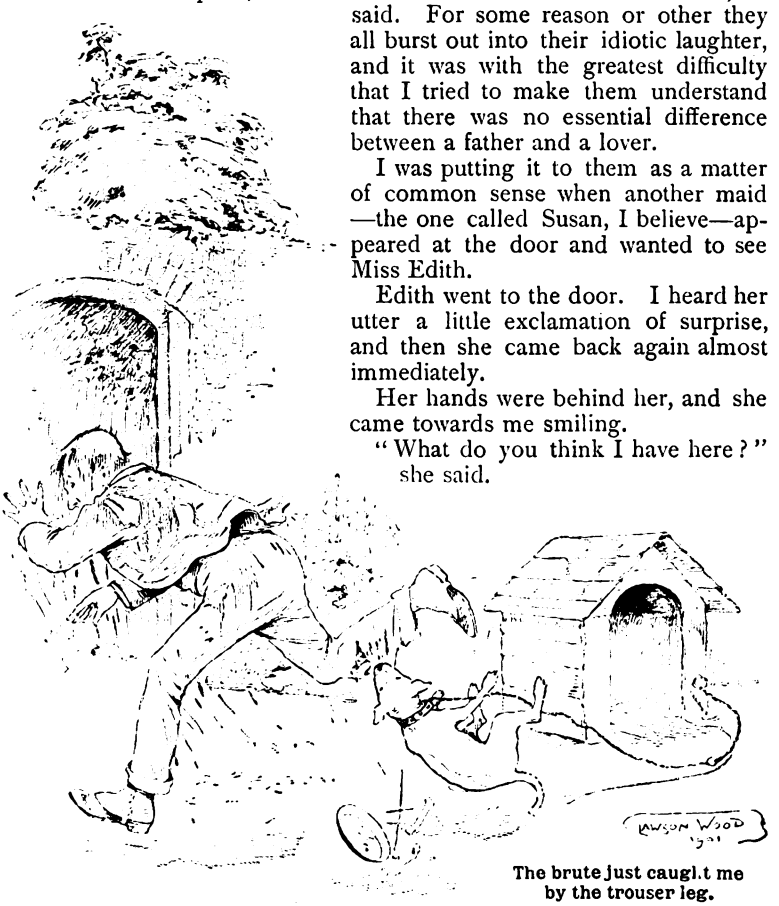
"Then that makes it all the worse," I said. For some reason or other they all burst out into their idiotic laughter, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I tried to make them understand that there was no essential difference between a father and a lover.

I was putting it to them as a matter of common sense when another maid—the one called Susan, I believe—appeared at the door and wanted to see Miss Edith.

Edith went to the door. I heard her utter a little exclamation of surprise, and then she came back again almost immediately.

Her hands were behind her, and she came towards me smiling.

"What do you think I have here?" she said.



The brute just caught me by the trouser leg.

"I don't know," I answered. "Oh, perhaps it's my sleeve-link. I believe I dropped it in the kitchen garden."

"No, it isn't," she said. "Guess again."

I couldn't.

"Well, then, it's my bracelet," she said holding it up with an air of triumph. "Susan found it in one of the curtains by my dressing-table—they are that flouncy sort, you know. It was never lost at all!"

A loud guffaw burst forth. The ridiculous tale was actually believed!

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Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his office.

HOW TO BECOME A JOURNALIST.

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

If you ask the most successful of barristers how you should become a barrister, he will tell you that it would be wiser for you to become a grocer's assistant; if you ask a West-end doctor, who is driving his coach-and-four and earning an income that might make a prince envious, whether your son should become a physician, he will shout out to you that of all trades in the world, the medical is the vilest; and when the father of Millais brought him as a boy to Sir M. Shee, who had so far succeeded in his art as to be President of the Royal Academy, and asked whether the young boy ought to adopt painting as a profession, the President replied by remarking that it would be much wiser for him to become a crossing-sweeper.

My young reader, who thinks of becoming a journalist, must not, therefore, be surprised if I begin by warning him against becoming a journalist at all. I regard it as a very precarious profession even when success has come; and as perhaps worse paid than any other profession. Indeed, when I read of the sums paid to music-hall artistes and to minor *prima donnas*, I often wish that the salaries of editors bore any comparison.

However, it is not my business here to give advice on the question of whether the young man should become a journalist or not. I start from the point when he has irrevocably made that choice, and I am asked what steps he should take to carry out his intention.

My first words are that unless a young man has a very distinct talent for writing, it is not wise for him finally to make up his mind to join the literary side of a newspaper. I believe that to-day it is much easier to obtain a good editor than a good manager of a newspaper. The business side of newspapers is becoming every day more important, for newspapers are daily becoming larger properties, with larger incomes, larger interests, and larger numbers financially interested in them.

If a young fellow has a talent for figures, understands machinery quickly, and

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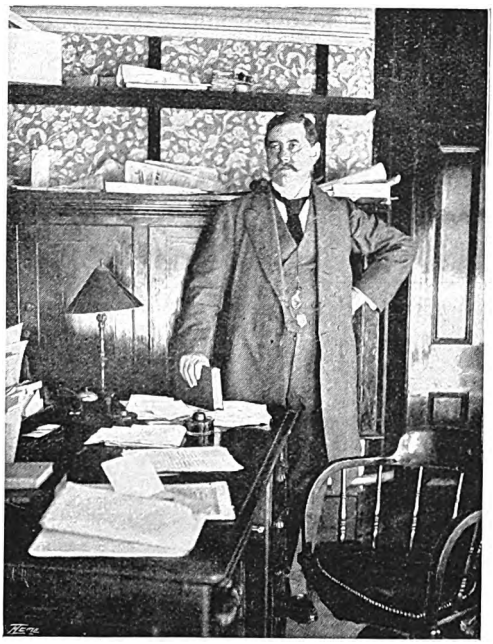
has a naturally economical turn of mind, I think he might do worse than thoroughly master the business side of a newspaper. He ought to take lessons in book-keeping, to learn arithmetic thoroughly, and then he should take in detail the other departments of a newspaper office.

In these days a large number of newspapers are set up by the Linotype, and as time goes on the number of papers printed by that or some other type-setting machine is bound to increase. That is all to the advantage of the youth who is learning the business side of the paper. Hand-setting after the old fashion would take years to learn; but I believe a quick and diligent pupil could learn all about setting by the Linotype in a few months.

It would be an advantage to the young manager to know all about type-setting. The type-setting bill is one of the largest bills of a newspaper office, and a bill, moreover, which is capable of a great deal either of expansion or contraction. And though there are business managers who are able to deal with such bills without any practical experience of their own, it is always much better when the bill is supervised by someone who has gone through the mill himself.



This is the desk at which Mr. O'Connor does most of his journalistic work.

I need not go into any further hints with regard to the training of the business manager. I will conclude that portion of my remarks by saying that if a young man has a father with money, and if he has thoroughly mastered the business, he could find no better investment for his money than a going newspaper that has several years of successful working behind it.

I turn to the training of the young aspirant for the literary side of a paper. First, I repeat the warning I have already given; it is not wise for any man to take up journalism unless he has a distinct gift for writing. Let me, however, immediately add that it is not easy always for the young man to answer that question satisfactorily in his own case. He may err on the side of want of modesty; but he also may err on the side of excess of it.

It is difficult for most of us to know what powers we have or what we lack, until we have been tried—until the opportunity has come to us. There is one way of testing your powers of writing that is a snare. Young writers constantly come to me with what they call essays. I never look at them; life is too short now for essays. When you have become a literary man of repute, and can write like Matthew Arnold or Mr. Birrell, you can do something with essays; but until that moment arrives, it is difficult for you to get anybody to look at your essays.

Take an incident within your own knowledge—a departure of volunteers, say, for the war; a trial at the Assize town in which you live, if you live in one—or something of that kind; try to seize the human and dramatic points of the story; and then let your article be read by some competent critic; and so you will get something like a judgment worth attending to as to whether you have or have not the gift of writing. I use the word gift advisedly.

The longer I live, the more I see that though you may enormously improve natural gifts by training and practice, you cannot supply them if they be wanting. At schools they still compel unfortunate children, who have not a note of music in their brains, to spend years at the piano. It is just as wicked a waste of time to send to journalism anybody who has no original gift for writing from the hand of Nature. For journalism is one of the professions where one ought to be really good. Mere moderate ability does not bring sufficient remuneration or sufficient certainty of work to make journalism a good profession.

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The office of the *Morning Post*—London's oldest newspaper.

It is like painting: either a man is a good painter and then makes a handsome income, or he is just a middling painter, and then he is liable to starve.

As to the kind of education for a journalist, I think he will spend his time most profitably in the study of history, of continental languages, and of the masters of style in his own tongue. I regard time spent by anybody who does not intend to be a professional scholar, over Latin and Greek, as sheer waste. It does not do a young man any harm to go through a University; but I cannot say that I think it does him so very much good: though, after all, there is no University for one who has to make his living, so good as the University of Life.

But, on the other hand, unless a young man devote some years of his life to learning, it is possible that he will never get the habit of reading at all, and without good reading it is difficult for a man to rise to good writing.

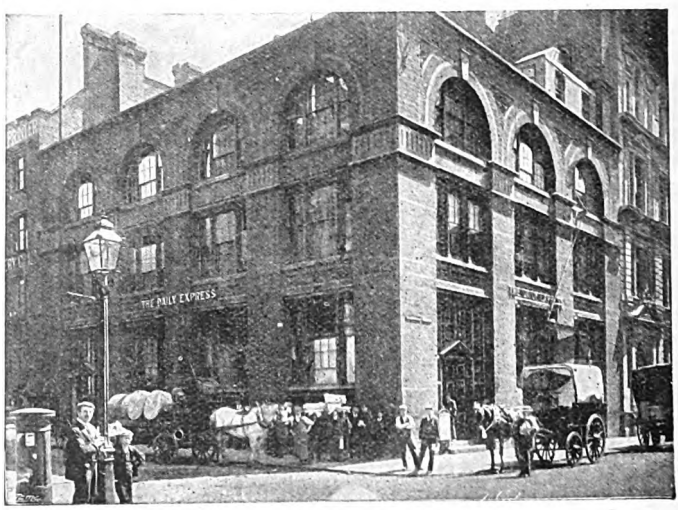
The two most read, and, in the true sense, most scholarly men I ever met in my life, are Justin McCarthy and the late George Augustus Sala, and neither the one nor the other ever went to a University. The one began earning his living when he was fourteen as a reporter; the other started even at an earlier age, for, I think, he was a call-boy or a scene painter at a theatre as a start in life.

And when you put these men by the side of a University man, and even a University man of a high degree, you saw how ignorant was the University man and how learned the two who had never heard a University lecture.

But then these are two exceptional men, and, whatever had been their lives, would have been great readers. But to most men reading—especially with the serious purpose of acquiring knowledge—is an art to be taught, and taught under the compulsion of competition and a master, and all the rest of the machinery of a scholastic establishment.

I attach, as will be seen, great importance to reading as a training for the journalist. When I omit Latin and Greek from the journalist's curriculum it is not that I do not think that the study of great literary models will not be most useful; but there are literary models in our own tongue, and if a student is to read them all, he will find that several years will not be too many for the work.

For journalists I especially recommend Macaulay, J. R. Green, De Quincey, Newman, Kipling. This is, of course, not an exhaustive list, but these are the kind of



The office of *The Daily Express*—London's newest newspaper.

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authors a journalist ought to study. In French a course of Balzac is very useful. Balzac is wonderful in his power of grouping facts and indicating a character, and that is part of the work of the journalist.

Should a journalist learn shorthand or not? When I was beginning there was but one answer to such a question. It was next to impossible for most young fellows to enter a newspaper office except through the reporter's room; and if he didn't learn shorthand, then he couldn't become a journalist. But things have changed greatly in the last thirty years. Work—especially in London—is more specialised than it used to be.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor reviewing a "Book of the Week."
(1) Reading the book.

If I had my life as a journalist to live over again, and if I could have got into a newspaper office as a writer even of the smallest paragraphs, I doubt if I would have bothered myself with shorthand. To be a good shorthand writer is a work of many years. The best shorthand writers I know—the only real shorthand writers, indeed, according to my estimate—are the gentlemen employed in Gurney's firm of shorthand writers; but then, they are almost miracles.

You see a man writing down every word in examination and cross-examination in a committee, and then you see the note-book taken away, and these notes are subsequently written out into long-hand by some others who have not been present in the committee at all. I have known a great many reporters in my time, but I never knew a reporter who could accomplish a feat like that with the copy of another reporter.

But then, the Gurney shorthand reporter has to spend seven years in learning his business, and seven years is a long time to spend in learning shorthand. But there is no harm in knowing shorthand; it often comes in very handy. When I have been in America I have found the absence of a knowledge of shorthand among the newspaper reporters there a great drawback, for it compelled me to spend hours with them in case I had any statement, even a brief one, to give out. In the lobby of the House of Commons I could do the same thing in some five minutes, because every Press representative there knows shorthand; and can take down what I say in a few minutes. I believe a fairly good knowledge of shorthand—not sufficient to take down a speech, but sufficient to take a note—could be acquired with hard work in six months; and if the student can spare the six months, why then he had better learn shorthand. But again I say, if a man has a distinct gift for writing and can get a chance, he may find that he can do without shorthand;

(2) Typing out the review.

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and, if so, he is foolish to waste time over it.

In these days, a writer—or a man with a gift for writing—can in the end obtain work. It may take time; it probably will take time; and opportunity may not come—and when it does come, may again recede. But, taken as a general principle, a man who can write well can get work. But he must have plenty of patience and tremendous tenacity.

Newspaper editors are not too willing to read manuscripts. To them it represents drudgery in its most unwelcome form. But on the other hand, there is a great desire to get hold of good writing and good writers; and an editor is not worth his place if he does not try to get hold of any writer of promise who sends a manuscript.

The advice I have to give to the aspiring writer is that he should try and try and try again. Some of the best books in the world were rejected a dozen times before they were finally accepted. The writer should learn type-writing, and should always send in his copy type-written — it increases tenfold its chance of being read, and he should also always keep at least one copy, for a newspaper office is a maelstrom that devours manuscripts.

(3) Correcting the proofs of the review.

I have only dealt with the journalist who wants to get to be editor or leader-writer. But, as everybody knows, there is another and a wider class of newspaper employes. Next to the business manager, the news editor is rapidly becoming one of the most important and sought after journalists; and a man may be an excellent news editor and not in the least a good writer. The best news editor I ever met couldn't write a paragraph.

If you have a keen interest in human nature, if your instinct teaches you what people like to hear about, then you ought to aspire to the position of news editor or a descriptive writer. In case your ambition take that shape you ought undoubtedly to learn shorthand, for the reporters' room is the very best place to begin with, and you can't get into the reporters' room without a knowledge of shorthand. And better than a high school, and better than a University for your training, for the future news editor, is a newspaper office. Never mind what kind of an office it is—let it be a weakly little thing that appears in a village; get into that office if you can.

Actors laugh at a school of acting; yet on the boards they tell you, be it on the smallest provincial theatre or even in a travelling booth, you will learn more in that way than in all the schools in the world.

And similarly the real University for the journalist who does not aspire to be a great writer and wants simply to bring out a good newspaper, is a newspaper office.

The world, I think, is inclined to attach too much importance to practical training. Go to any editor and if you are able to tell him that you have been six months in a newspaper office, he will be ready to give you a much heartier reception than if you are a man of genius who has never smelt the ink of the printing machine.

And, finally, I would say to the young journalist that he ought to cultivate athletics, for his work is often sedentary, and it requires great resolution to take up constant exercise. Trained, however, to athletic exercise in youth, the middle aged man will be glad to find some excuse for that life in the open air which is the best preservative of health.

And let me whisper this word finally in your ear. It won't do you the least harm if you are a teetotaller. You may lose something but you gain tenfold. I believe in half a century from now no man will rise to the height of any profession in the field, in the forum, or at the desk, who is not a teetotaller. And I could tell tales of journalists—but that is not my business now.

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A Peep into the Desk of a Young Lady

Early 20th Century

(1)

The Elms
April 1st.

Dear Miss Dickson -
I know you'll think it cheek of me writing to you, but Briggs Minor, (that's my chum, says he'd do it if he were me) you see I've seen you often in your garden as I've passed & that I feel I almost know you. Have you seen me? I hear you have a fine collection of these cards, so I send you these to add to them, and I hope you don't mind and please write me an answer soon.

Jack Trevelyan.

PS I enclose this in an envelope & should you deign to answer, please drop your card into the hollow tree at the Vicarage gate, it will be quite safe, and I will put mine there also in future J T.

(2)

The Cedars.
April 9th

Dear Mr Trevelyan
I do think it very impertinent of you to write to me, and as to your nearly knowing me, indeed you do not, and I have not seen you go past Briggs Minor, whoever he is is very rude, and you must not write to me any more for I shall not answer you. And who told you I had a fine collection of cards?

Daisy Montgomery Dickson

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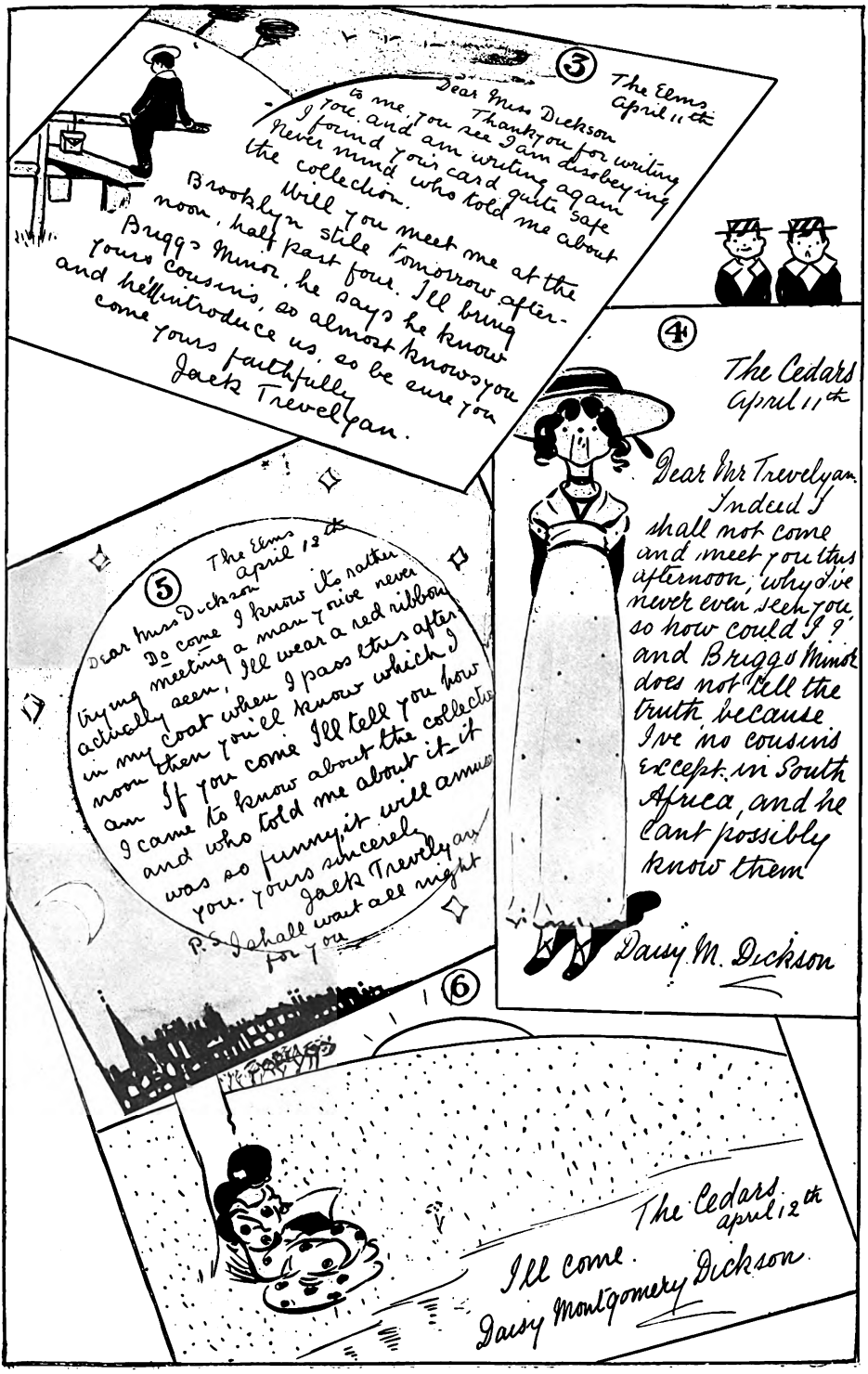
3
The Elms
April 11th
Dear Miss Dickson
Thank you for writing to me, you see I am disobeying you. and am writing again
I found your card quite safe
Never mind who told me about the collection.
Will you meet me at the Brooklyn stile tomorrow afternoon, half past four. I'll bring Bruggs Minor. he says he know yours cousins, so almost knows you and he'll introduce us, so be sure you come yours faithfully
Jack Trevelyan.
4
The Cedars
April 11th
Dear Mr Trevelyan.
Indeed I shall not come and meet you this afternoon, why I've never even seen you so how could I?
and Bruggs Minor does not tell the truth because I've no cousins except in South Africa, and he cant possibly know them
Daisy M. Dickson
5
The Elms
April 12th
Dear Miss Dickson I know it's rather late but I've never seen you
Do come I know it's rather trying meeting a man you've never actually seen, I'll wear a red ribbon in my coat when I pass this afternoon then you'll know which I am If you come I'll tell you how I came to know about the collection and who told me about it it was so funny it will amuse you. yours sincerely
Jack Trevelyan
P.S. I shall wait all night for you
6
The Cedars
April 12th
I'll come.
Daisy Montgomery Dickson

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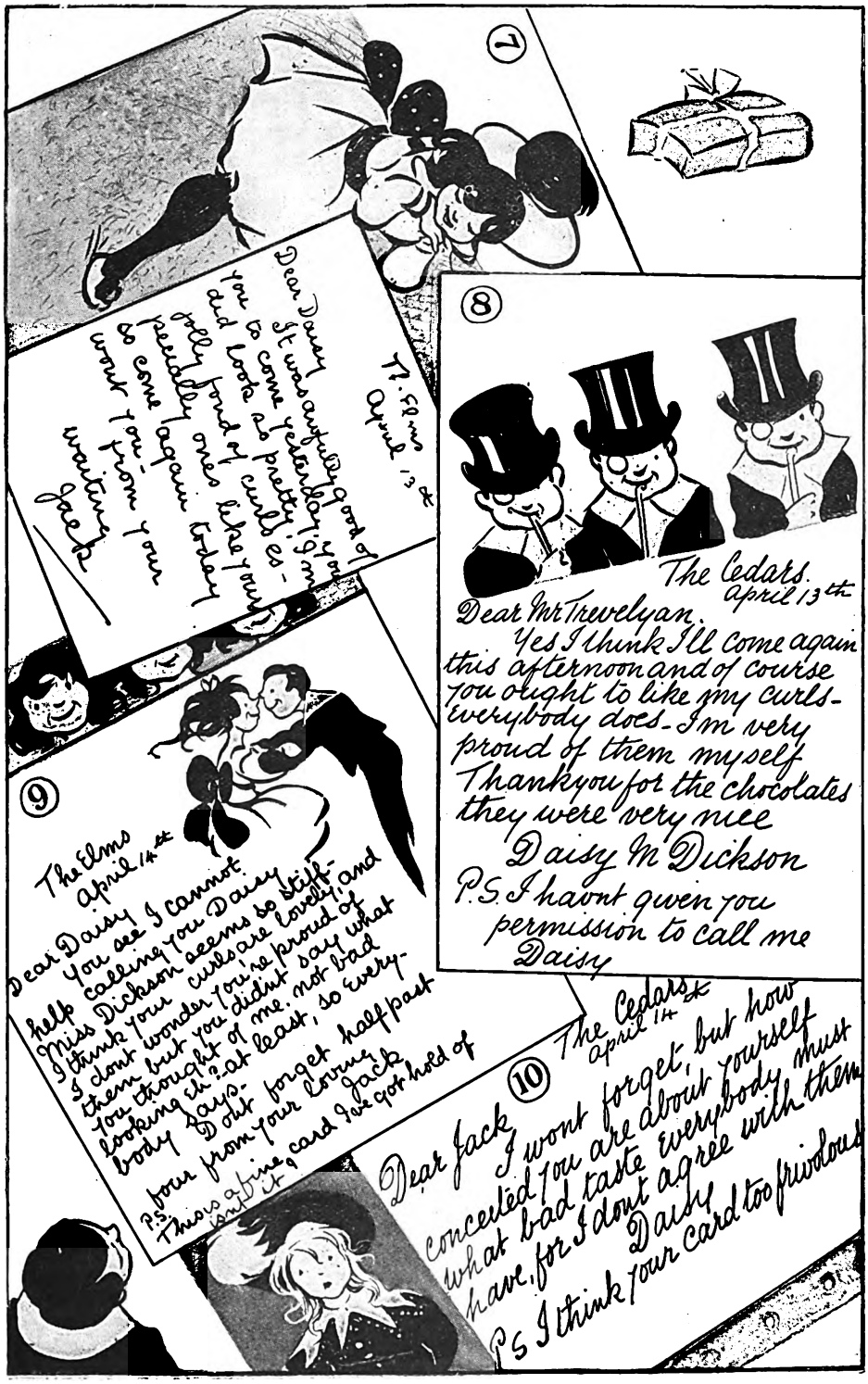
7
Dear Daisy
It was awfully good of you to come yesterday I'm glad Looks so pretty curls es- pecially ones like yours so come again today work you from your waiting Jack
T. Elms April 13th
8
The Cedars. April 13th
Dear Mr Trevelyan.
Yes I think I'll come again this afternoon and of course you ought to like my curls- everybody does- I'm very proud of them myself Thankyou for the chocolates they were very nice
Daisy M Dickson
P.S. I havnt given you permission to call me Daisy
9
The Elms April 14th
Dear Daisy I cannot help calling you Daisy You see I cannot Miss Dickson seems so stiff- I think your curls are lovely and I dont wonder you're proud of them but you didnt say what you thought of me. not bad looking eh? at least, so every- body says- Dont forget half past four from your loving Jack
P.S. Thanks awfully good of it, card for got hold of
10
The Cedars April 14th
Dear Jack
I wont forget, but how conceited you are about yourself what bad taste everybody must have, for I dont agree with them
Daisy
P.S. I think your card too frivolous

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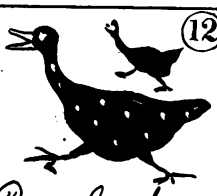
(11)

The Elms
April 15th

Darling
I'm so sorry I kept you waiting but honour bright, I was kept in, you might have waited a minute or two longer.
Be sure you come today, and I'll tell you why it was, and forgive
your ever loving, Penitent
Jack

P.S. I don't think this is a very frivolous card do you? Briggs Minor got it for me.



(12)

The Cedars
April 15th

Dear Jack
Well I may come this afternoon, I don't know you see I've never been kept waiting before, I think you might have wired or something yours perhaps.
Daisy

P.S. I didn't care much for your card

(13)

The Elms
April 16th

Dear Daisy
Do not come today I believe we are watched - somebody has split, I don't think it can be Briggs and he's the only one that knows. Old Crump, that's my form master, said to me today, now Trevelyan you go straight home, now mind straight home, that looked queer didn't it? What could he mean? You don't mind do you dear? I'll find another meeting place and let you know
your loving
Jack

P.S. If Briggs has split, I'll chop him into little bits

(14)

The Elms
April 17th.

Dear Daisy
It's only a false alarm after all I think, nothing more has been said but I'm changing the meeting place, to make quite sure Come down to the brook that runs past old Brown's fence, it's shady there, so no one can possibly see us
Be sure you come, yours through everything
Jack

P.S. Your last card was fine, old girl

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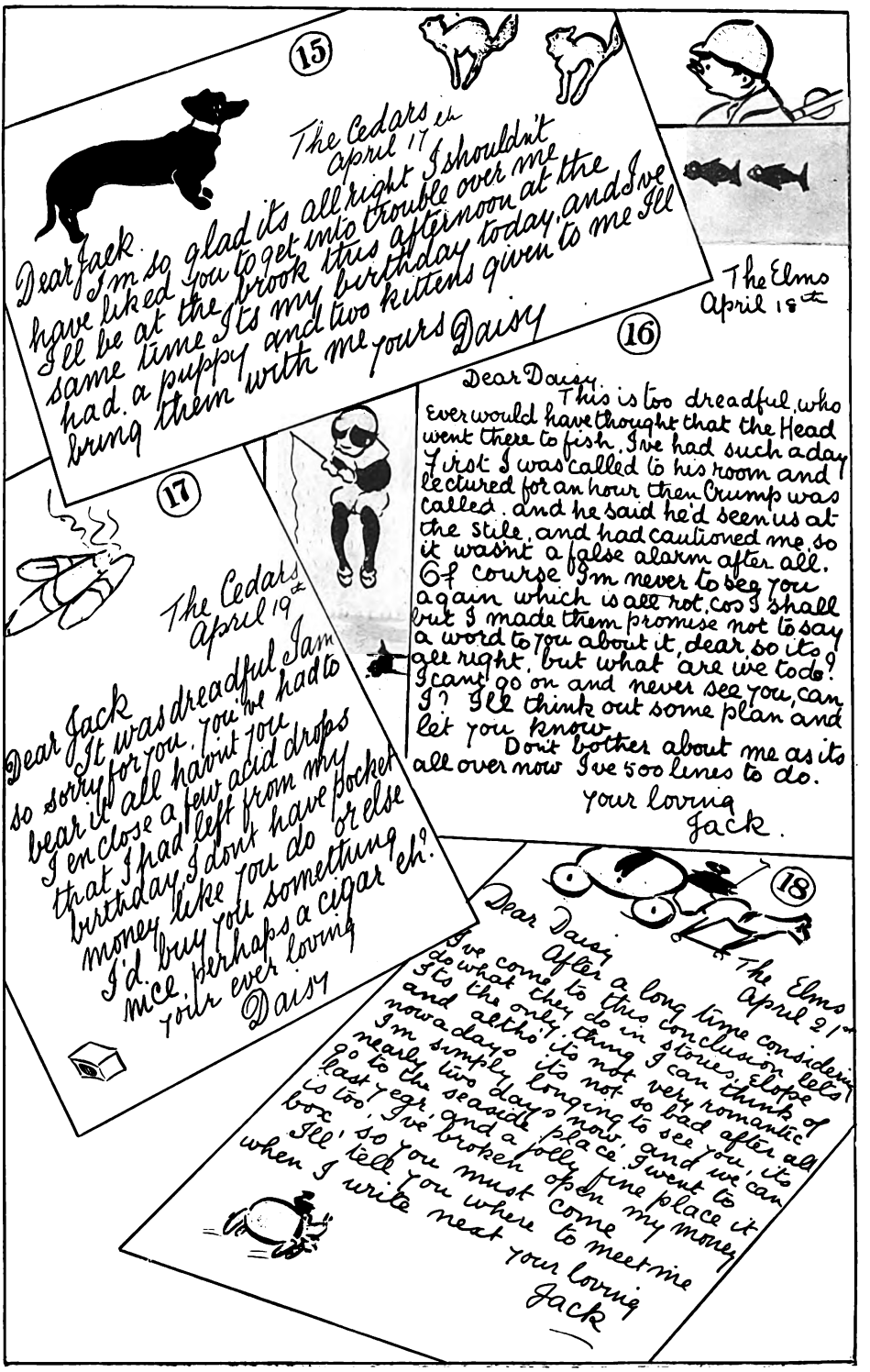
15
The Cedars
April 17th
Dear Jack
I'm so glad its all right I shouldn't have liked you to get into trouble over me I'll be at the brook this afternoon at the same time. It's my birthday today and I've had a puppy and two kittens given to me I'll bring them with me yours Daisy
16
The Elms
April 18th
Dear Daisy
This is too dreadful who ever would have thought that the Head went there to fish. I've had such a day first I was called to his room and lectured for an hour then Crump was called and he said he'd seen us at the stile and had cautioned me so it wasn't a false alarm after all. Of course I'm never to see you again which is all rot cos I shall but I made them promise not to say a word to you about it dear so its all right but what are we to do? I can't go on and never see you can I? I'll think out some plan and let you know
Don't bother about me as its all over now I've 500 lines to do.
Your loving
Jack.
17
The Cedars
April 19th
Dear Jack
It was dreadful I'm so sorry for you. You've had to bear it all about you
I enclose a few acid drops that I had left from my birthday I don't have pocket money like you do or else I'd buy you something nice perhaps a cigar eh!
Your ever loving
Daisy
18
The Elms
April 21st
Dear Daisy
After a long time considering I've come to this conclusion I'll do what they do in stories elope it is the only thing I can think of and altho' its not very romantic now a days its not so bad after all I'm simply living to see you its nearly two days now and we can go to the seaside place I went to last year and a jolly fine place it is too I've broken open my money box so you must come my self I'll tell you where to meet me when I write next your loving
Jack

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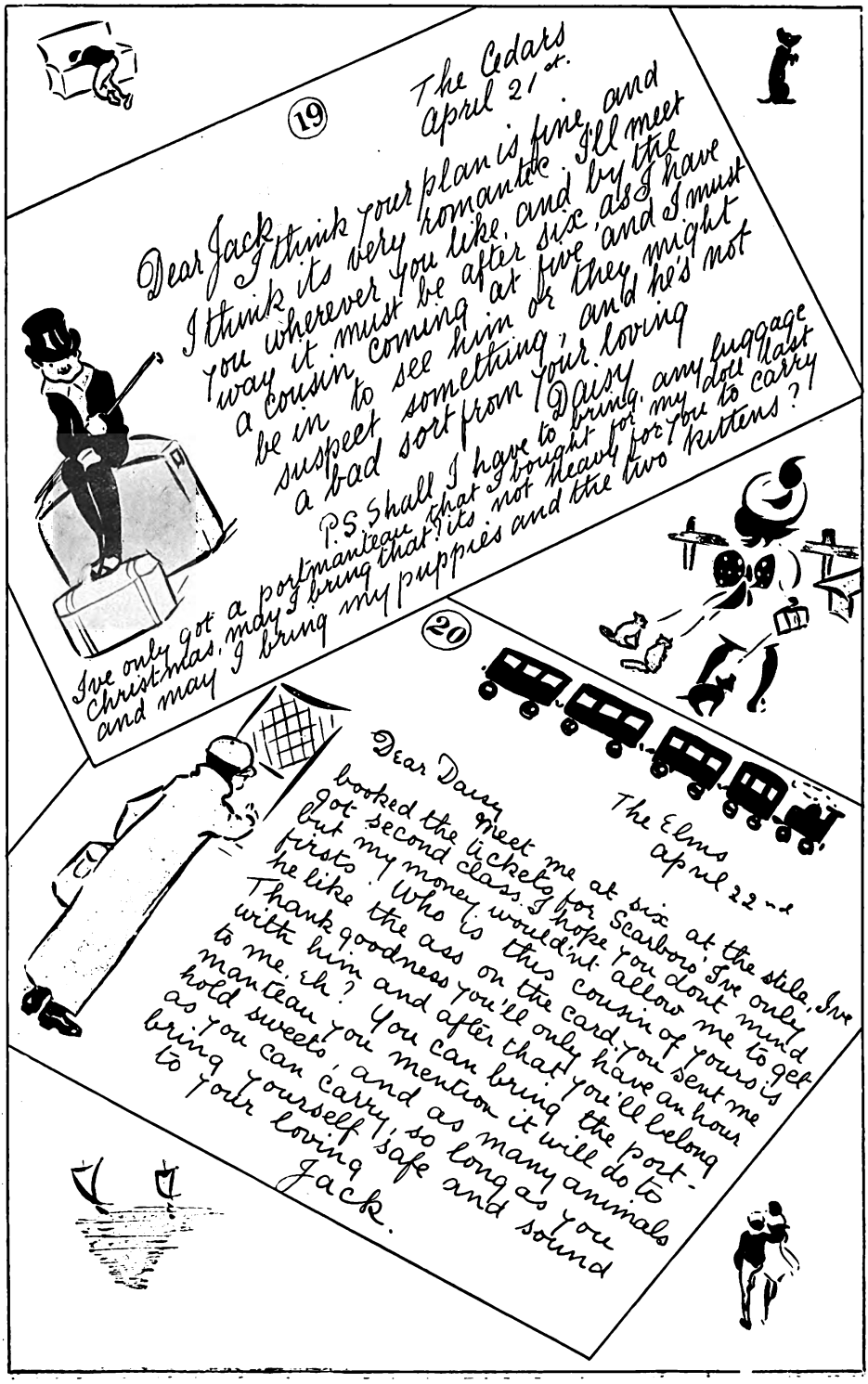
19
The Cedars
April 21st.
Dear Jack I think your plan is fine and I think its very romantic. I'll meet you wherever you like, and by the way it must be after six, as I have a cousin coming at five, and I must be in to see him or they might suspect something, and he's not a bad sort from your loving Daisy
P.S. Shall I have to bring any luggage and may I bring my puppies and the two kittens?
I've only got a portmanteau that I bought for my doll last Christmas, may I bring that?
20
The Elms
April 22nd
Dear Daisy Meet me at six at the stile. I've booked the tickets for Scarboro'. I've only got second class. I hope you don't mind but my money wouldn't allow me to get first. Who is this cousin of yours is he like the ass on the card you sent me Thank goodness you'll only have an hour with him and after that you'll belong to me, eh? You can bring the portmanteau you mention it will do to hold sweets, and as many animals as you can carry, so long as you bring yourself safe and sound to your loving Jack.

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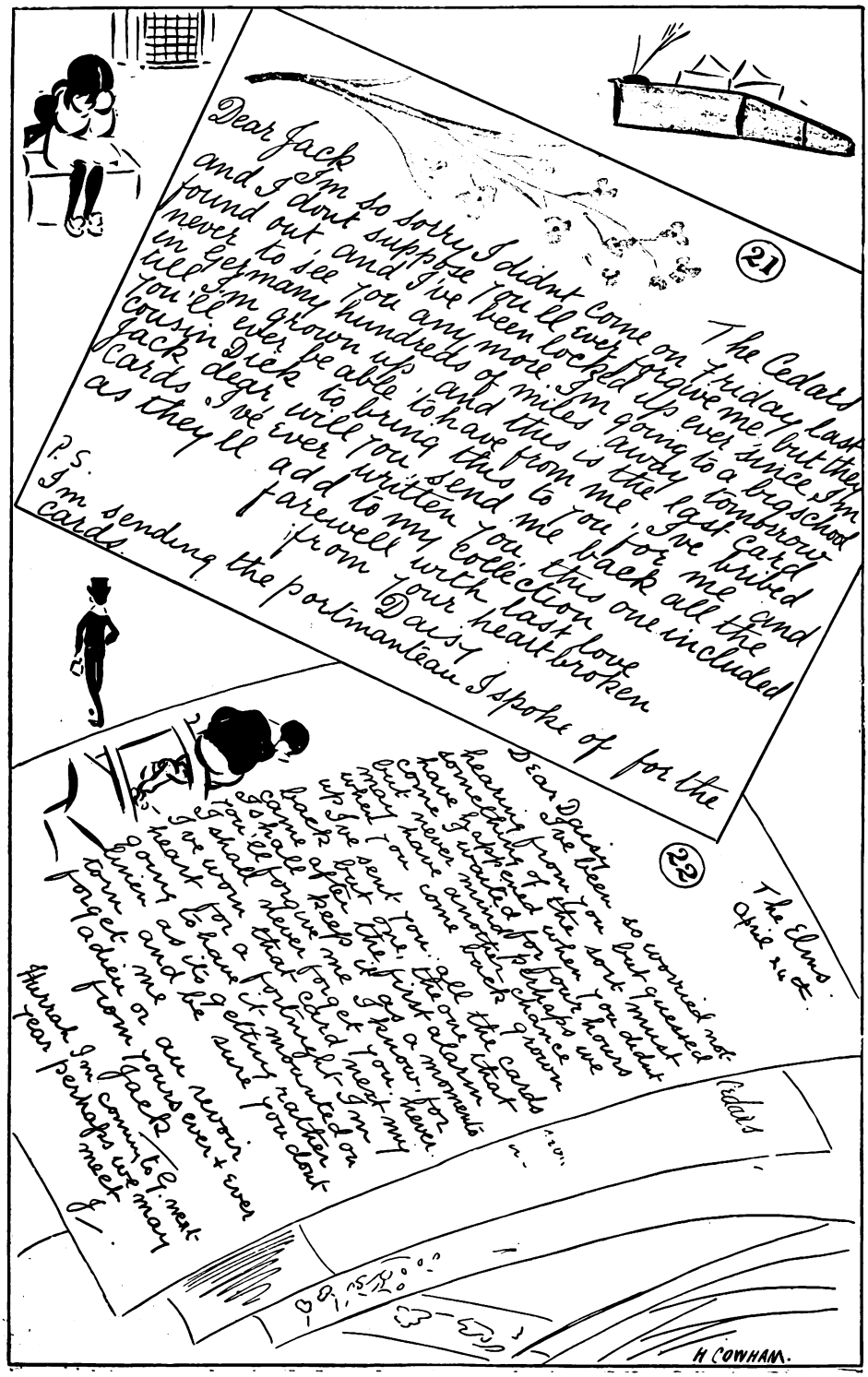
21
The Cedars
Friday last
Dear Jack
I'm so sorry I didnt come on
and I dont suppose you'll ever forgive me but they
found out and I've been locked up ever since I'm
never to see you any more I'm going to a big school
in Germany hundreds of miles away tomorrow
till I'm grown up and this is the last card
you'll ever be able to have from me I've buried
Cousin Dick to bring this to you for me and
Jack dear will you send me back all the
Cards I've ever written you this one included
as they'll add to my collection
farewell with last love
from your heart-broken
Daisy
P.S. I'm sending the portmanteau I spoke of for the
cards.
22
The Elms
Ospie 24th
Dear Daisy
I've been so worried not
hearing from you but guessed
something must have happened when work
came I suppose it's
but never mind for when I
may never have another chance
up I've sent you
back your
I've left open
Same to that
you shall forgive me
I've worn heaven
heart
going to have
town as its getting
forget and
me
adieu or au revoir
from yours ever + ever
Hurrah I'm coming to London next
Year perhaps we may
meet
H COWHAM.

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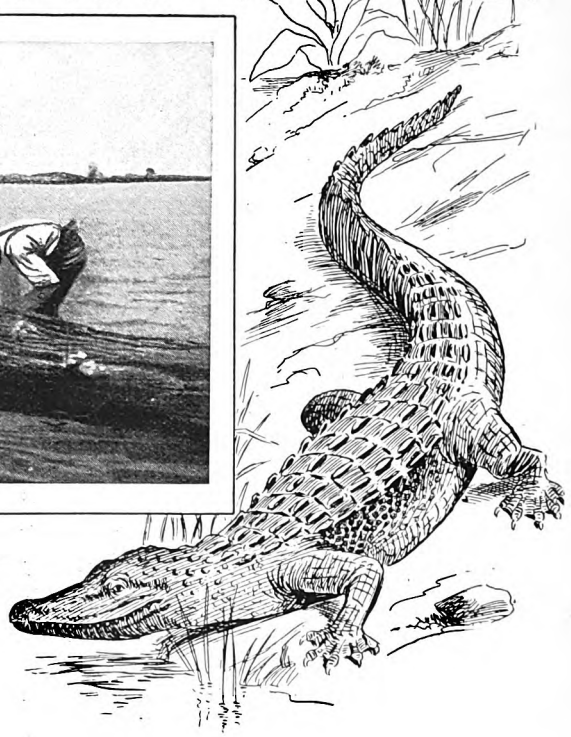
PTOLEMY·THE CHAMPION DIVER



Ptolemy posing for his photograph before starting on his awful journey.

How Ptolemy, the Crocodile, passed over the Falls of Niagara, and arrived safe and sound on shore.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Only two living creatures have ever passed over the Falls of Niagara and been known to come out alive—a crocodile and a woman. Ptolemy, for such was the crocodile's name, made his champion dive last June, Mrs Taylor last October, and both enjoy to-day the best health, although I hardly think that either would care to do the thing over again.

Most people have read of Mrs. Taylor's feat; how she consented to be shut up in a specially-made barrel, and, after the terrible dive, was brought to land just as she was drifting to certain death on some rocks that lie a mile or so below the Falls. When they opened the barrel she was perfectly conscious, and expressed the utmost surprise on learning that she had actually passed over the Falls. Subsequent examination showed her to have sustained no worse injury than a slight concussion of the brain.

Ptolemy's feat, on the other hand, has been very little talked about, although it caused a good deal of excitement among American naturalists at the time. It was then believed that no creature could possibly pass alive over the Falls, but Mr. Boswick, a well-known scientist, had his doubts on the matter, and determined to try the experiment with a crocodile. So Ptolemy, a fine specimen of his race, hard as a rock, a hundred years old, and a very powerful swimmer, was selected by Mr. Boswick for the perilous dive.

It was from Navy Island, a small island situated a short distance above the Falls, that Ptolemy started on his sensational journey. Before his final departure he was photographed, then the rope by which he was tethered was undone, and he drifted away on a log with which Mr. Boswick had thoughtfully provided him.

Those who watched his progress declare that he evinced not the slightest nervousness at the rapid drifting of the log. He stood on it and quietly surveyed the shores on either hand. And when he arrived nearer to the edge of the Falls, and the current becoming more turbulent, the log overturned, Ptolemy showed not the least alarm, but continued to drift with the utmost placidity. A powerful swimmer even for a crocodile, Ptolemy

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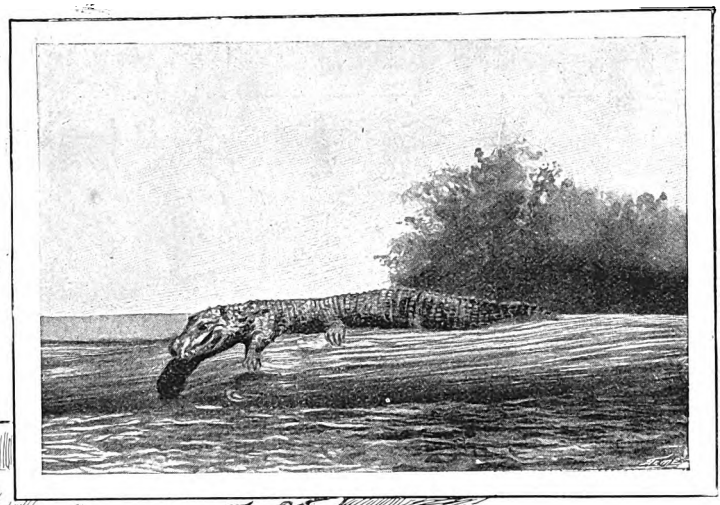
might still have turned about and made for land, but, suspecting nothing, he gave himself passively to the current.

Those watching his progress from the shore lost sight of him when he arrived amid the choppy water quite near the dreadful brink. But at the last supreme moment he rose to the full view of all, for, just before the great drop, realisation of his position seems to have at length



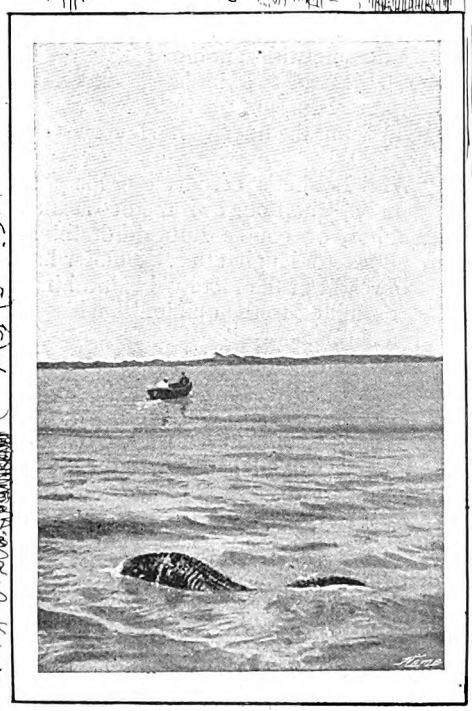
Ptolemy making his start on a log.

entered Ptolemy's brain. With what must have been a tremendous effort he lifted almost half his body out of the water, waved his forelegs wildly in the air, and opened his jaws and closed them with a snap of despair. Then he dropped into the abyss.

Ptolemy's immediate fall was 164 feet. Then he descended the "hole" which the vast volume of water has made for itself through the ages, the depth of which has never yet been sounded.

It was exactly half-past three when Ptolemy passed over the Falls, and for a full hour the crowd eagerly scanned the comparatively smooth water beyond for a sign of him—and scanned in vain. Ptolemy, was the general opinion, had become one of the numerous martyrs to science; he had been crushed to a jelly in those awful subterranean depths. Even Mr. Boswick, who had so firmly believed that Ptolemy would emerge safe and sound, at length gave up hope.

It was at five o'clock that Ptolemy's trainer descried a black spot up the river. He gave the peculiar whistle which he always uses to draw the creature's attention, and after a while, to the joy of the watchers, the black spot turned about and made for the shore. It was indeed Ptolemy! dead beat, truly, but safe and whole.



Ptolemy drifting down the river towards the Falls.

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THE GRANVILLE GARDENS MYSTERY.

By H. Hunter.

Paul Rutterforth's wife was dead. Doctor Boulter, of Harley Street, had given a certificate, and the lonely widower had promptly sent in his claim for £10,000 to the Minerva Life Office, in which Mrs. Rutterforth's life had been insured.

At seven o'clock in the evening of a certain day in July Mrs. Rutterforth sat down to dinner with a small party of friends at her house, No. 19, Granville Gardens. At midnight she complained of feeling unwell. At daybreak she was worse. At noon Mr. Rutterforth was advised to abandon hope; and before five, Mrs. Rutterforth was dead.

It was just three years since Mrs. Rutterforth's life had been accepted by the Minerva for £10,000.

"There should have been a *post-mortem*," said the chairman testily, discussing the matter with Doctor Blake, the Board's medical adviser, on the morning of the day when the Rutterforth claim was coming up for final consideration. "The man knows a bit more than the profession."

The doctor passed his hand slowly over his chin and smiled.

"It was a very curious case" he said. "A case which had many points of interest for the profession"

"It was a common swindle" snapped the chairman, "perpetrated by a man with an uncommon knowledge of toxicology. The woman was poisoned. Yes—poisoned," repeated the chairman, irritated by the smile which still lingered round the mouth of the doctor, "poisoned by a drug, which in its action developed the symptoms that deceived Boulter—a drug of whose very existence, Doctor Blake, medical science may probably be ignorant; for I don't suppose the schools will claim to have exhausted the whole repertory of Nature. I say again, there should have been a *post-mortem*."

"A *post-mortem*," said the doctor, "would have revealed nothing—nothing that is that we do not know. The woman died of the disorder set forth upon her certificate."

The chairman of the Minerva shrugged his shoulders. "On a question of pathology a layman must necessarily defer to a physician," he murmured wearily. "But I've a firm conviction, notwithstanding, that we are being most shamefully swindled," and Herbert Frampton, Esq., got up from his chair, and began pacing the floor with slow and regular steps.

"With Boulter's certificate in his pocket," he went on, "and our own medico at the back of Boulter, of course Rutterforth thinks he can afford to laugh at us. Boulter has the whole weight of the faculty behind him, and he's committed to the opinion that his patient died of cholera ——"

"Of Asiatic cholera," the doctor put in.

"I won't split words with you, Doctor Blake," said the chairman, a little grumpily. "Moreover, a point which sticks very much in my mind, is the fact that of the members of the Rutterforth dinner party on the night in question, Mrs. Rutterforth was the only victim of the mysterious malady; her life, by one of those little ironies which Fate is said to delight in, being worth £10,000. Of course it is open to you to use this very circumstance to defend Boulter's opinion; but——"

"I have always admitted the Rutterforth case to be a very interesting study," interjected the doctor. "But you must allow me

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to set you right on one particular, Mr. Frampton. True! we've not been able to learn very much about those present on that unfortunate occasion. For while the Rutterforth's lived in a style above suspicion, their acquaintances seem to have been mostly 'casuals'—people picked up at foreign watering-places. They travelled a good deal, Mr Rutterforth being bitten with an unhappy mania for games of chance. But that is by-the-bye."

"Ah!" exclaimed the chairman, resuming his seat.

"Yes," nodded the doctor, with a meaning look. "But, *apropos* of the guests. I've made a little discovery. Indeed, I may call it an interesting discovery."

The chairman crossed his legs, and began nursing his knee.

"Amongst the partakers of Mr Rutterforth's hospitality on that particular evening was a Mr Richard Thornbury—a gentleman with an address at Charlton. Well, he was attacked during the night with symptoms exactly similar to those of which Mrs Rutterforth complained, and with the same result. He died next day, but three hours earlier than Boulter's patient—the local practitioner certifying for *cholera*."

The chairman of the Minerva looked thoughtfully at the doctor. "Well," he said slowly, "does that help us?"

"I'm not prepared to say at this moment," replied the doctor oracularly.

"It complicates matters for us a little, doesn't it?" pursued the chairman. "But I still maintain the opinion I first expressed."

The doctor's eyes twinkled while the doctor's voice said, "Poison? My dear sir, the woman died from natural causes. Boulter will prove that. And if you decide to fight Rutterforth after you've heard my story, Boulter's certificate will be the corner stone on which we shall build our case."

There was doubt on the chairman's face, but he composed himself to listen.

"Certain of the purely professional aspects of the case, you know, have always struck me as being a bit peculiar—as being outside the experience of the man whose practice has been confined within his native borders. Well, finding the matter grow in interest the longer I looked at it, and having regard to the meeting to take place this afternoon, I called on Doctor Boulter a day or two ago. It was at Boulter's suggestion, you know, that Sir Trevor Hudson, the great specialist, was called in. About the cause of Mrs Rutterforth's death there has never been the slightest room for doubt. It was cholera—Asiatic cholera.

"Questioned by Boulter, Rutterforth could only suppose that his wife caught it down east.

"Slumming, he said, was a favourite fad of hers. There was an opium den in the neighbourhood of the docks, which he knew she had visited to obtain 'copy' for a novel she said she was writing. He had protested, but Mrs. Rutterforth was wilful. She had been to the place that very morning—had talked of it during dinner. It was there, no doubt, she had caught the contagion.

"When Sir Trevor arrived the patient was delirious, her skin mottled, her lips black. He was surprised, but hearing the explanation which Boulter had received from Rutterforth, expressed himself satisfied. When death ensued, the cause was clear. There was no excuse for withholding the certificate.

"But while death may be due to natural causes Mr. Frampton," said the doctor impressively, "the causes themselves may be

"A post-mortem," said the doctor, "would have revealed nothing."

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set in operation by unlawful means. Knowledge has always meant power.

"That same evening," continued the M.D., "I was looking through the *Lancet*, when my attention was attracted by the heading to a letter. It was a technical phrase, seldom heard on the lips of a London practitioner, and had been employed by Boulter to describe the precise nature of the malady which had killed Mrs. Rutterforth. The letter proved to be from the surgeon at Charlton who had attended Mr. Thornbury.

"The writer said, he thought the features of the case sufficiently remarkable to warrant him in calling attention to the facts.

"'This is the Rutterforth business over again,' said I, laying down the paper. The coincidence struck me as much too singular to be casual.

"Next morning, I ran down to Charlton, found out my man and had a little talk with him. He was an ex-Army surgeon, who had seen cholera in India, Hong-Kong and other places in the east. We discussed the case together.

"'Thornbury,' said he, 'died from cholera of a most peculiar and malignant type.' A type that he had never met with, save in two places in the east.

"The Army-man refused to believe that cholera in that particular form could be contracted in England by ordinary means, and through ordinary channels.

"Thornbury, unfortunately, when seen, had already passed into the comatose stage. A man of independent means; a bachelor with few relations—his housekeeper supplied the information that he had been dining out—with friends in the west of London, she believed.

"The Charlton man undertook to ascertain if the 'friends' lived in Granville Gardens. A note from him received last night puts the matter beyond a doubt.

"It must have been at Rutterforth's, therefore, that Thornbury contracted the disease which killed him. The man was *murdered*, in fact—murdered, as surely as if struck down by the steel of the assassin. Yet the hand was the hand of Nature. It was the selection of the victim that was the work of man.

"The death of Mrs. Rutterforth on the same day, from the same type of the same malady—a type practically unknown in England, a type which must have been carefully cultivated to a most diabolical pitch of deadliness—is proof conclusive that in both cases impregnation was effected at the same place and at the same time. So much, I think, is clear.

"It's only when we come to the why, and the how," continued the doctor, "that the road gets a bit foggy. Motives, however, do not concern me. My interest in the matter is purely professional. Rutterforth's profit in the death of his wife may have led him to commit a criminal act. But what was the motive in the case of Thornbury? That, I conceive, may be a not unimportant subject of inquiry; but it is what happened in Granville Gardens which interests me.

"You said just now, Mr. Frampton, that Rutterforth knew more than the profession. Well, perhaps the doctors may know a little more than the laity give them credit for. But Rutterforth, I should say, has certainly acquired knowledge of a kind with which only the fewest in the profession have any practical acquaintance. The man who has done this thing is no novice, Mr. Frampton. He can go "one better," to borrow your own phrase, than the hypodermic injection needle. The needle pricks and leaves a mark. But Rutterforth can introduce death into the human system while the victim, all unconscious of the ghastly business, is in full enjoyment of the pleasures of the moment. He compels Nature to do the work for him. He makes *her* his accomplice. To convict him of procuring the demise of these two persons—of Mrs. Rutterforth and Richard Thornbury—will be no easy task. He has devised a means of introducing death into the system, which is novel, secret, safe and *certain*. The man is evidently a skilled bacteriologist; a scoundrel who has graduated in science—a vampire who lives on blood and thrives by the trade of *murder*."

"So you have come round to my opinion, after all doctor," murmured the chairman.

"Pardon me!"

"That Rutterforth killed his wife."

"*Poisoned*, I think, was the original word, Mr. Frampton," said the M.D. mildly. "Rutterforth did not poison his wife. He knew, as you say, 'one better.' Mrs Rutterforth died of cholera. The question always was—how did she contract it? I am convinced now that it was communicated. We have still to discover through what agent. And, as the first step towards discovery, I have taken it upon me to ask Mr Stonewall, late of the C.I.D., to call here this morning at eleven. He is probably in the waiting-room at this moment."

Mr. Frampton pressed an electric button.

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"If Mr Stonewall is in the waiting-room," said the chairman when the messenger appeared, "show him in here."

* * * * *

"Well, gentlemen," said ex-inspector Stonewall after Doctor Blake had opened the case, "it's curious now; but what you've just been telling me reminds me of a case that occurred about five years ago in Baltimore, when I was over on an extradition job, only it was Yellow Jack that time. It caused no end of a scare. That's how I come to remember it.

"A woman had died pretty suddenly—after a few hours illness. Yellow fever, whispered the doctor. But the Port Sanitary Authority had declared the place free. And the *Mercury* of New York declined to put up the money—25,000 dollars; for which the 'life' had been insured. They refused to accept the certificate. The husband threatened an action; and the Insurance people had up the body. That settled it. It *was* yellow fever sure enough—though how she got it was a mystery, for there wasn't but this solitary case in the town. However, the man got his 25,000 dollars. It was just a nine days wonder and then forgotten.

"This Granville Gardens job looks like a London edition. I never heard of two cases, at once so singular, and yet so much alike."

The chairman and the doctor exchanged glances.

"Do you remember the name?" asked the chairman.

"Drexel," returned the ex-policeman promptly. "Douglas Drexel. But s'posin' Rutterforth to be a 'crook,' he'll change his name as often as he changes his address."

"Could you recognise Drexel if you saw him?"

"Can't say as I could, sir—not to swear to, you know. But by happy chance, there's a man here now who might recognise him—Inspector Cassidy, of New York. He was employed by the *Mercury* to watch Drexel. He's over for a holiday. But he'd be real proud if he could spot Drexel in Rutterforth."

"What would you say the man's age might be, doctor?"

"Age? Oh! about two-or-three and-forty. Suffers from weak eyes and wears coloured glasses."

"Drexel hadn't weak eyes, and didn't wear glasses," commented the inspector. "But as near as I can say two-and-forty would be about his mark. Cassidy could fill in the bill though. I must put Jimmy on the job.

"But, allowing that Cassidy identifies the man, that won't take us very far in the Gardens business, Mr. Frampton. There was no charge made against Drexel, and the *Mercury* had to pay."

"It will be the first strand in the rope that will hang him," put in the doctor, "for I shall accept such identification as corroborating my theory that the disease was introduced into the healthy body by means of germs, cultivated to a potency which converts the patient into a simple victim. What we don't know, but what we've sent for you to find out for us, Mr. Stonewall, is how the introduction took place, and who was responsible for it.

"If my surmise be correct," added the doctor, "Rutterforth is a man who has made a close study of bacteriology. He must be at home amongst the tubes and processes of the laboratory. He will probably have a private laboratory fitted up in his own house. The manipulation and cultivation of bacteria is a very delicate business, Mr Stonewall."

"Do you suppose the organisms to have been conveyed in the food, doctor?" asked the ex-inspector.

"In the dinner? No. The dishes would be prepared in the kitchen. To introduce the germs in the food Rutterforth would have to concoct the dish himself. I suggest that the bacilli were introduced in some kind of beverage—some liqueur probably. Some special liqueur which Mrs. Rutterforth was in the habit of taking."

"And Thornbury?" queried Stonewall.

The doctor shook his head "I'm afraid we cannot help you. From the point of view in which such cases are usually approached, Thornbury's is the more mysterious of the two."

"You can suggest no motive?"

"None—nor how the virus was introduced into his blood. For while I can easily conceive that Mrs. Rutterforth may have affected some special fancy; and the husband have taken advantage of the knowledge—though in what manner is not clear—I cannot suppose a similar thing in the case of a mere dinner guest, who would be served in the ordinary way and after the usual fashion."

The ex-inspector pondered a moment; and then said "I s'pose now you can't tell me doctor, if Rutterforth knows about this—this affair of Thornbury's I mean."

"Haven't the ghost of a notion. Only heard of it myself through the *Lancet*."

"H'm. I always find it simplifies matters when you can lay hold of a motive. Well,

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"Sorry you've had to take to glasses, Mr. Drexel."

s'pose we draft a par, and I'll leave it at one of the News Agencies on my way back. It'll be in all the papers to-morrow, and amongst 'em Rutterforth's bound to see it. The way he takes it will give me the hint I want. And I'm bound to find that out through the servants. There's never any secret, gentlemen, in a house full of servants."

And the ex-inspector laughed.

The paragraph which Mr Stonewall left at the Amalgamated Press Agency half an hour later ran as follows:

We learn that the mysterious deaths from cholera which have lately taken place at the West End of London, where a lady succumbed after a few hours' illness—and at Croxley Place, Charlton, where the victim, a gentleman who had been dining in the neighbourhood of Granville Gardens, was carried off in a still shorter time, are likely to form the subject of judicial inquiry.

It is pointed out as a curious circumstance that in both cases the disease developed features of a peculiar and distinctive type.

* * * * *

"Cassidy bowled him with an old trick, Mr Frampton," said the inquiry agent a few days later, explaining matters to the chairman and the doctor in the manager's room. "Stalked him through half-a-dozen streets. Recognised him by a peculiar movement of the left shoulder which only shows in walking—some contraction of the muscles on that side. Hailed him as Drexel. Off guard, the man half-turned; but recovering himself instantly proceeded on his way. 'Sorry you've had to take to glasses, Mr. Drexel,' said Cassidy offering his hand. 'Nothing serious I hope with the sight. You remember me? Inspector Cassidy of New York. Met you last in Baltimore.'

"But Drexel denied all knowledge of his questioner. His name, he said, was not Drexel; and he had never been in Baltimore.

"'No?' said Cassidy. 'Well, I *am* surprised. Never heard of the *Mercury* Life, p'raps, in New York? Well, if you ain't Douglas Drexel, mister, you ought to be. You've acquired his walk and borrowed his *voice*,' and Jimmy having fired his bolt apologised and withdrew.

"That encounter, gentlemen, and the *par* in the papers," said Stonewall deliberately winking at the doctor, "has been a bit more than Rutterforth could swallow. He's had a row with his valet, who is also his butler; and given the whole job away.

"My man got it from one of the servants who's sister to the cook. Our information gentlemen, has often to come *viâ* the kitchen; but it isn't to be despised on that account. We find it's pretty correct in the main, if the details are not quite in order.

"The man, Giorgio Cerritanno, an Italian from New Orleans if you please, dropped a few words to the cook which should settle the Rutterforth business.

"His master, he said, had rung for a brandy-and-soda; and when he, Giorgio, took it in, his master flung down the paper he was reading, and started on him about the *créme de menthe* which Madame always took after her coffee."

The doctor pricked up his ears.

"'Master' said he, 'say he know now how he lose his dear wife.' And, 'what you do with that *créme de menthe*? You no bis'ness to serve any *créme de menthe* only to Madame,' and I say—'It *was* Madame who ask for it—for Monsieur. She say to him, she always take it, and will he take one with her. So I put in the ice that was left and serve to Monsieur.'"

"'You born idiot!' roar the master, 'Your blunder will cost you dear. The man is dead; the story is in the papers and the pollice will be coming to-night. You have made one ver big mistake Messer

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Giorgio, and if the pollice find you here they will hang you. I ought,' he say, 'to give you up, but as you're more fool than rogue, I'm willing to help you out.'"

"You see, Mr. Frampton," said the doctor, "the bacilli were in the ice. But I don't understand Rutterforth's leaving the concoction of such a deadly dose to a valet. That p'raps will account for the extraordinary virulence of the attack which killed Thornbury, whose death, after all, would appear to have been something of a misadventure."

"Which is just what I was wanting to find out," said the ex-Inspector, "when I proposed to get a 'par' into the papers. You could suggest no motive. Then it occurred to me that supposin' Thornbury had been ignorantly made a victim, the 'par' ought to give Rutterforth shivers. He'd see at once how much it added to the risk he was taking, and be almost certain to give himself away—somehow."

"But the real clincher's to come. Says Giorgio, speaking of the cook. 'I tol him that if anything was to blame it was the ice, it smelt ver bad.' He say, 'Pack your box and get away. I ver sorry for you Giorgio, but I want no pollice in my house. Leef Englandt to-night, and to show I haf no ill-feeling—it was mistake I know—but the pollice, you cannot convince them—I gif you fifty pounds to start with in Milano. As for Madame, she die of cholera. The doctor say so. I no blame you for that.'"

"Can't we get hold of him, Stonewall—of this fellow Giorgio?" cried the chairman excitedly.

"I'm afraid he's gone, sir," said the ex-inspector. "But ——"

"You must go after him. We'll take out a warrant for Rutterforth's arrest, and trust to the chapter of accidents providing us with the legal proof at the proper moment."

* * * * *

The trial of Paul Rutterforth for the murder of his wife was the sensation of the season.

The chief points made against him were the discovery at the house in Granville Gardens of a laboratory fitted with every appliance for the study of bacteriology, together with a very considerable number of micro-organisms, culture specimens and specific germs of deadly diseases in various stages of growth and preparation, and his identification by Inspector Cassidy, of the New York Detective Force, as Douglas Drexel, who had been suspected of procuring the death of a woman at Baltimore five years before, when he had been paid 25,000 dollars by the Mercury Office in New York.

The case, however, seemed on the point of breaking down for want of positive evidence, when a telegram was handed up to the judge, who, after reading it, consented to adjourn the case over the next day.

It was understood that an important witness had just arrived at Queenstown by mail steamer. Ex-Inspector Stonewall had had a longer chase after Giorgio Cerritanno than he had anticipated.

Rutterforth, playing on the Italian's not ill-founded dread of being brought into contact with the police, had succeeded in fairly frightening the man, whose past was a bit hazy, and whom he had picked up in New Orleans and brought over as valet.

Traced to Genoa, Stonewall found that Cerritanno had taken steamer to New York. Following by next packet, the ex-detective had found his man at a restaurant kept by one of his compatriots in Lower Broadway. But to induce Giorgio to return and give evidence against Rutterforth had been no easy matter.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when Cerritanno stepped into the box. His appearance produced a marked effect upon the man in the dock. A deathly pallor overspread his features, and he clutched with convulsive fingers at the rail in front of him.

"His master," said the witness, "came to him in the pantry with a small block of ice, which he had brought from the laboratory, whither he, Giorgio, had often taken ice at his master's request. Crushing a portion of the block into small pieces he half filled one of the glasses with it, and bade him, Giorgio, pour in *créme de menthe*, which Madame took instead of cognac, and serve."

"Ah!" whispered the doctor to the chairman, "I thought he would never trust such delicate business to a valet."

"The prisoner had done the same thing on previous occasions; but the witness could not say if Madame had been unwell in consequence.

"It was Madame who asked for the *créme de menthe* for Monsieur.

"It was the custom of the prisoner himself to throw away the ice left over; but on this occasion he neglected to do so; and when he, Giorgio, prepared the second *créme de menthe*—to save himself the trouble of opening the refrigerator, he filled up the glass with what was left.

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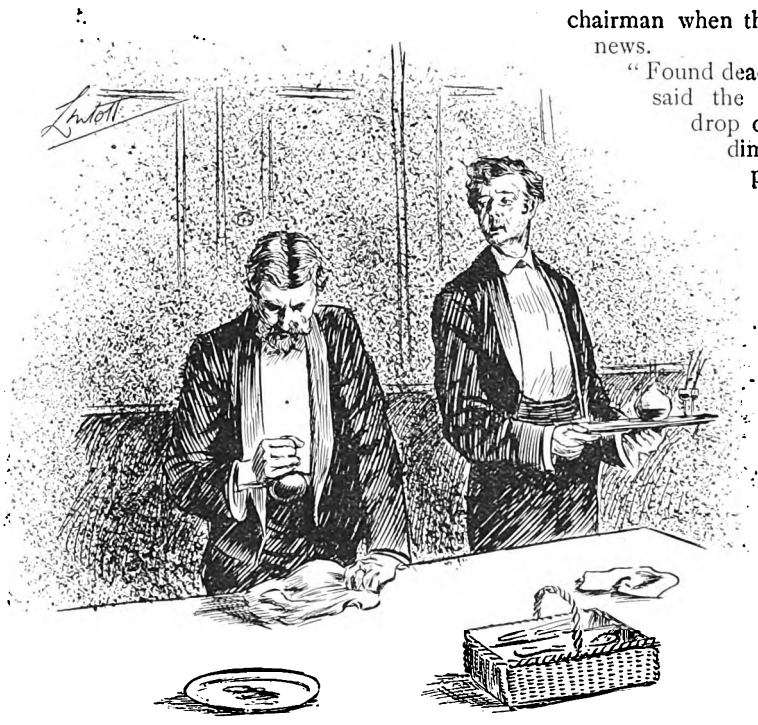

"Crushing a portion of the block into small pieces, he half filled one of the glasses with it."

"Clearing up the pantry later, he found some pieces of half melted ice on the floor. They gave off a very bad smell;' and picking them up he placed them in a stoppered bottle which he put at the back of the top shelf in the pantry cupboard.

"He supposed it was because he thought there was something wrong with the ice, and he might get the blame. It was the same ice which his master used."

A professor from St. Mary's Hospital deposed that, he had received from the police a stoppered bottle containing a quantity of melted ice which he had examined. He found that it was a living mass of cholera bacilli, originally from active cholera; but raised by cultivation to a frightful potency; and frozen without affecting their activity.

Upon their introduction to the human system they would at once come to life, developing in a few hours a most malignant type of Asiatic cholera."

After hearing the professor the verdict was inevitable.

* * * * *

"Dead! Rutterforth dead!" cried the chairman when the doctor burst in with the news.

"Found dead in his cell this morning," said the doctor. "Killed by a drop of poison concealed in a diminutive golden capsule placed in a hollow tooth. He was prepared for the emergency you see.

"The warders, thinking he was sleeping overlong, went to wake him, and found he was dead."

"Well!" exclaimed the chairman. "This case *has* been one of surprises."

"Surprises!" echoed the Doctor. "My dear sir! In the man who called himself Paul Rutterforth we laid hands on one of the greatest surprises of the century—the cunningly equipped, highly polished, *scientific murderer*, Borgia *redivivus*.

"Medical science, Mr. Frampton," continued the doctor, "may not have exhausted the whole repertory of Nature, but she knows 'a bit more' than the scoundrel who tries to 'go one better' on the profession."

"You've scored off me there, doctor, certainly," said the chairman smiling. "Allow me to congratulate you. But ten thousand, you know! Ten thousand isn't exactly what you'd call a trifle. And when a man feels that he's just being diddled out of his coppers by an unconscionable scoundrel, who boasts about having law and science behind him—well, he may p'r'aps be excused if his language *is* a little bit loose and extravagant.

"Yet," he added, "it was not the prospect of losing the money which made me furious as of losing it to Rutterforth—a man I felt certain to be a rascal—and to see all you fellows going over to his side in a body——. Well, well! apparently—of course, only apparently.

"You medical gentlemen are scientists before all; and my apologies are due to a distinguished profession. I beg you to accept them."

"Patience is a virtue, Mr. Frampton," laughed the doctor as he left the room, "of which every M.D. knows the value. But I'm afraid your modern man of business has left the word out of his vocabulary."

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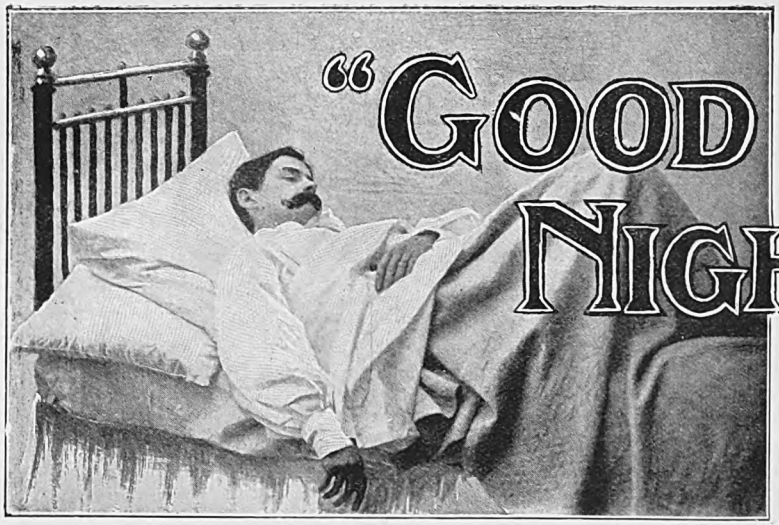
"GOOD NIGHT!"

By R. Saxon.



To sleep on your back with your legs drawn up is the sign of a weak heart.

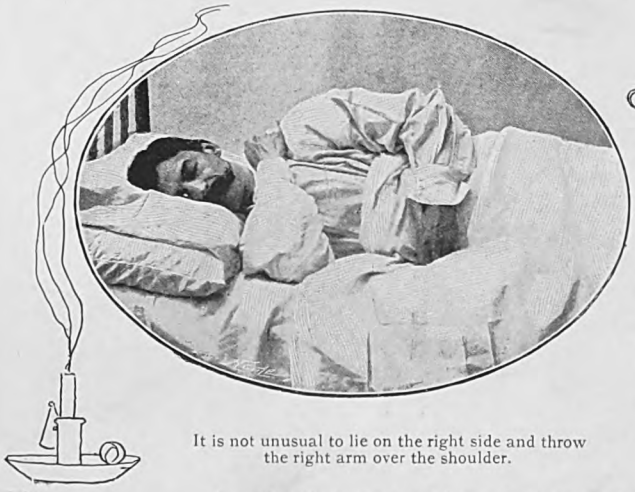
When night has come and you are settling yourself comfortably in bed, does it ever occur to you that you spend about twenty-three years of your life in bed? Of course, some people require more sleep than others, and we do not all die at the same age, but the man who sleeps for eight hours out of the twenty-four, and attains the ripe age of three score years and ten has devoted nearly a quarter of a hundred of his years to sleep. Just think of it!

And yet it is by no means wasted time, for "sleep, that great consoler," is the best brain and nerve tonic imaginable.

To sleep like this is distinctly unhealthy.

"Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," says the old proverb, but at the risk of being fools I think we most of us share the cry of Sophie Fulgarny in "The Gay Lord Quex" — "I *must* have my eight hours."

When the great Lord Cardinal wanted to curse the little



It is not unusual to lie on the right side and throw the right arm over the shoulder.

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Jackdaw of Rheims he hit upon a most ingenious anathema:

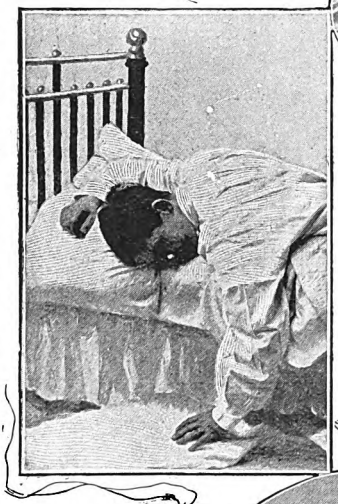
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil and wake in a fright.

Everybody knows the harrowing effect of this curse upon the little jackdaw, and if you *will* eat crab and sliced cucumber, and then go to sleep lying upon your back, you have only yourself to blame if you find yourself in a similar case.

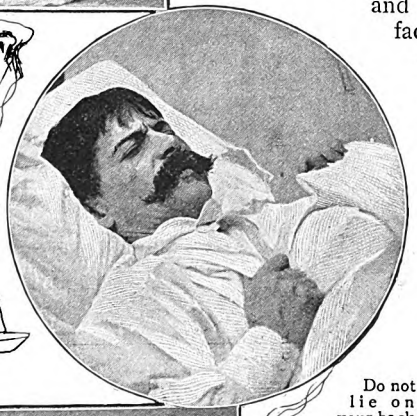
Have you ever started up in bed with your hair on end and beads of cold perspiration breaking out upon your face, shaking with fright and looking about for the grim goblins of your dreams — only to find that they are merely the effect of a really rabid attack of indigestion?

It is not a sweet sensation, so take care not to encourage it. Some people are such good sleepers that they can sleep almost anywhere and anyhow. The cold flags of Waterloo Bridge, or the cobble-stones of the market-place, make a pillow of down to the tired worker at noonday. Men sleep soundly the night before execution, soldiers sleep upon the march, and it is a well-known fact that Wellington and other great generals could always rest like children on the eve of battle.

To be seen on a frosty night.

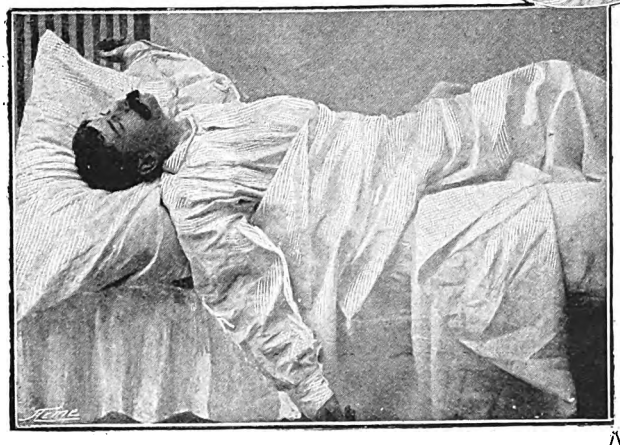


Have you ever awakened to find yourself in this position?



There was once a man who apologised for sleeping through an earthquake, on the ground that his wife's curtain-lectures had rendered him invulnerable to sound.

The sleeper who buries his face in his pillow would fare badly if burglars came. Pillows are not always comfortable things, as poor Desdemona found to her cost. They are intended for laying your head upon, and not for burying your face in as if you were a hunted ostrich in the desert. The sleeper who falls into this mistake, will regret it in the morning, for his slumber will be anything but calm and refreshing. It is a very great mistake to bury your



Do not lie on your back if you wish to avoid nightmare.

To be seen on a sweltering night.

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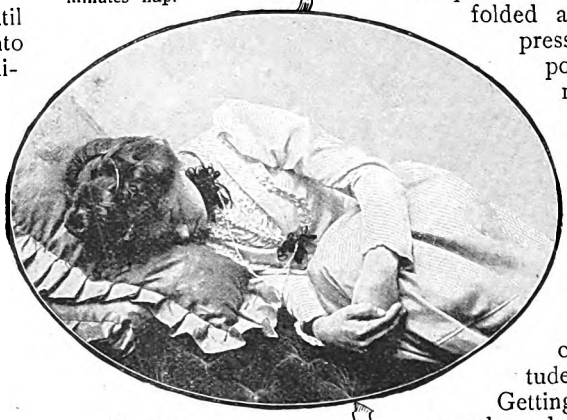
A favourite position with people who mean only to take a few minutes' nap.

head in your bed-clothes. Neither is it good to huddle the clothes round you until you turn yourself into a very respectable imitation of a chrysalis. It is generally done at the expense of your feet, which are left out in the cold; and if you happen to have a bed-fellow it is positively unkind, for you are bound to take the lion's share of the bed-clothes.



When you suffer from indigestion you often curl up like this

Troubled sleep manifests itself in all sorts of queer and unpleasant ways—tossings about, mutterings, and even somnambulism. It is not a nice experience to wake up and find yourself half out of bed, with your hand trying to grasp the floor, still under the impression that you are being shipwrecked.

If you fling yourself down upon a sofa for the traditional "forty winks" on a July afternoon, you usually assume a natural and comfortable pose. It does not always follow that it is a becoming one. Some persons are fond of resting the face upon the hand, which is a favourite attitude with children. Sometimes the arm is raised and flung carelessly above the head, which reminds one of the gruesome story of the vain young lady in the sixties who was willing to suffer to be made beautiful, and therefore tied her hands to the canopy of her bed by long cords—they had four-poster bedsteads in those days—to make them white, and was found stone dead in the morning as a natural consequence.

Sometimes the attitude assumed carelessly in sleep savours strongly of sleep's twin brother—death; the folded arms, peaceful expression, and utter repose are strikingly reminiscent of the last sleep of all, while sometimes a sleeper who hunts in dreams, like the uncomfortable squire in "Locksley Hall," will assume many and diverse uncomfortable attitudes.

Getting out of bed backwards makes things go wrong for the day, while to rise on the right side is accounted lucky, so it is well

To rest the face on the hand is a favourite position, especially with children.

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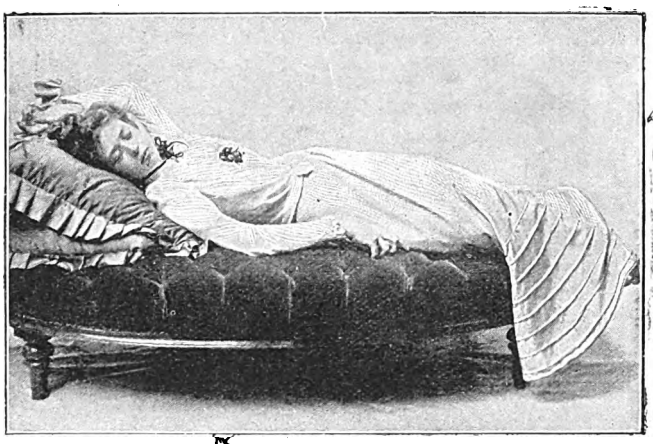
to bear these two facts in mind, and not fly directly in the face of—dream-books. It is all very well to jest at Fate and omens, but if you happen to have a cartload of bricks fall upon your devoted head, or be the only passenger injured in a railway accident, it is not pleasant to reflect that a little more care in your manner of getting up might have altered the stern course of events.



Unintentionally graceful.

Among the oddest of odd professions is that of the professional "waker up." The task of rousing the workers from their slumbers at an early hour is undertaken, for a moderate fee, by men who go from door to door waking the tired sleepers in time for their work. Both here and on the Continent this system prevails in many big towns, and if an unwelcome, it is, at all events, a useful, office, and invaluable to those who are prone to oversleep themselves.

In some positions the sleeper has a very death-like appearance.

The best way to insure a comfortable and healthy night's rest is to go to bed in reasonable time—mindful of beauty sleep—and go to sleep on your *right* side, slightly curled up. Avoid sleeping upon the left; it is quite a wrong position, and will soon show you that it is so by causing your heart-beats to make themselves felt in a highly uncomfortable manner, so much so that very few sleepers care to remain long lying upon the left side. If you follow these simple directions you will avoid restless and broken slumber, and will sleep as comfortably as Rip Van Winkle, and hear the soft sound of your alarm clock in the morning with a feeling of intense regret.

Scarcely pretty.

Above all things avoid the "health" methods of misguided people who scrub their skin off every morning, walk twenty miles a day, parboil themselves in Turkish baths, lift the weight of a rhinoceros before breakfast, and rise at 4 a.m.—on principle. Work and outdoor exercise are the best soporific in the world.

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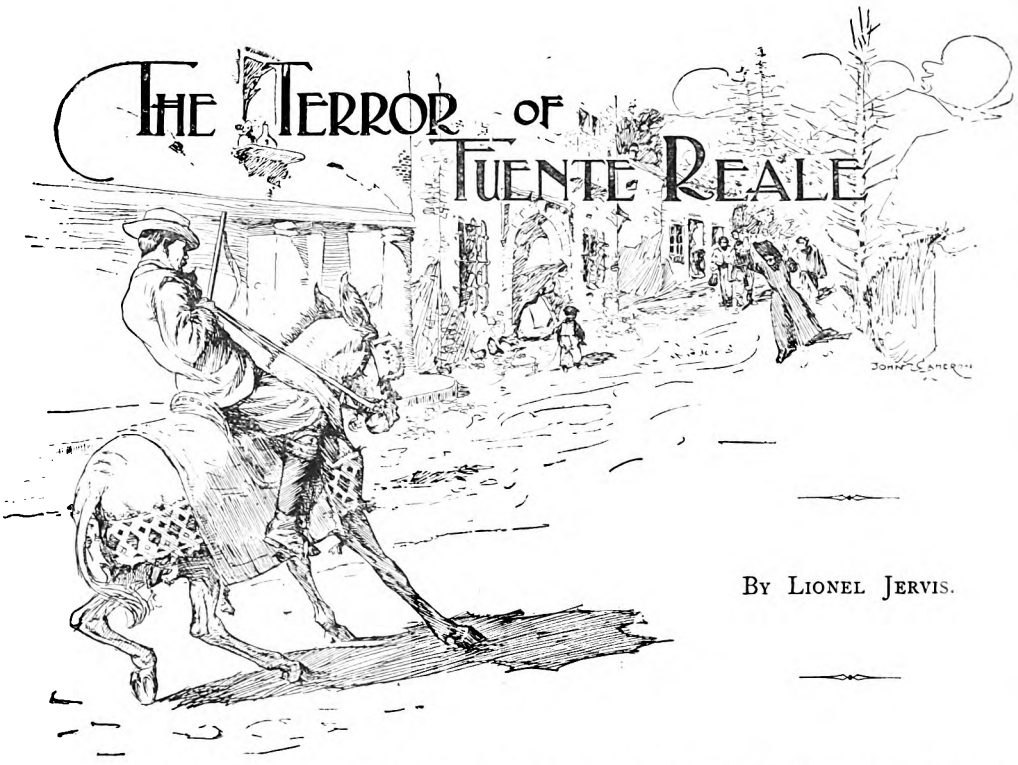
The Terror of Fuente Reale



By Lionel Jervis.

There had been a wreck during the night at Fuente Reale, and all hands had perished.

I learned this from my landlord. Old Manuel was full of information that morning. Before I had been down two minutes he had told me that I was very late, that it was a fine day, that it was finer than it had been yesterday.

A perfunctory glance at my watch confirmed his first observation; the two others were indisputably accurate. As I stepped on to the verandah into the fresh, salt air, and looked out over the gold-fretted billows sparkling in the sunlight, the glory of the morning and the contrast with the tumult and darkness in which night had shut down, had impressed even me; and I said so.

Manuel was evidently disappointed—possibly my manner was curt, for I was annoyed at being late—and endeavoured to whet my conversational appetite with the news of the wreck.

I fear I still continued unresponsive. In the event of a wreck on such a night on such a coast, I might have been surprised had I been told that anyone escaped; and the only factor that militated against the probability of many wrecks was the scantiness of the shipping.

The old man regarded me with strong disapproval.

"But this was no ordinary wreck," he snapped. "It was foretold. Foretold!" he repeated emphatically. "And it will bring Fear to Fuente Reale."

Clairvoyance and second sight are branches of occultism that have always attracted me. I forthwith exhibited a lively interest, and inquired who the old crone was who made such uncanny prophecies. Experience had told me that, amongst the peasantry, professors of second sight are generally "wise women," well stricken in years and ugliness.

Manuel was amused.

"O, ay, O, ay," he said. "Rosita Valdez. Yes, yes! Rosita Valdez. The señor had better ride over and see her. He is interested, and it is far too late for sport."

I was staying at a small sea-coast town, under the western spurs of the Pyrenees for a little mixed shooting. In the mountains were isard (or chamois), wolves, bears, boar and deer; and, besides, there were quail, etc., in abundance. Still, as mine host remarked, it was too late to set out with any reasonable hope of sport, and I *was* interested in the story of the prediction. Wherefore I ordered my mule—the track was impracticable for horses—and started to seek the Sibyl of Fuente Reale.

Since daybreak the peasantry had been on

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the shore watching for flotsam, but their harvest had been but scanty. The wind, indeed, had fallen with sunrise, but the great rollers were still coming in with tremendous power, and, even on the beach, salvage was precarious work.

There was no clue to the nationality of the unfortunate vessel; only three corpses had been washed up; of these, two, I judged, were Swedes, and one a Frenchman. The cargo, however, showed that she was a merchant ship laden with miscellaneous stores and odds and ends from South America. There were two casks of sugar, irretrievably damaged, several logs of greenheart and other timber, and a cage of macaws all twisted and torn, with a heap of dead, bedraggled birds at the bottom.

It seemed quite clear to me, from the nature of the coast, that the crew must have perished at once and practically without a struggle. I learned from the priest, however, that there was a theory that a rope had been got ashore, and certainly there were some marks on the sand that might have been caused by a heavy cable. Still it seemed to me that there was something unusual in the symmetry of the curves, and, besides, what had become of the men who had landed with it? Nobody was able to explain, though everyone had an explanation—which everyone else immediately proved to be untenable.

The priest had attached himself to me, as, he considered, hospitality demanded, which was very nice of him, but a great nuisance. I wanted to see the priestess of Apollo, and with such the Church of Rome hath no dealings. At length I escaped under the pretence of climbing the mountain behind the village, from which I had been told the view was magnificent.

The track lay along the banks of the Fuente Reale, the rivulet from which the village takes its name. The origin of this stream is very singular. It appears to be the overflow of an underground lake and first comes to light from beneath a natural archway at the foot of the great slate precipice that shuts in the head of the ravine.

This I ascertained afterwards. For the moment my object was to find the Sibyl of Fuente Reale without the supervision of the priest, and, as the entire population was on the beach, this did not seem probable. The scenery, too, was most depressing and gloomy, and it was far too hot to think of climbing the mountain.

I was about to return in very ill humour, when across the forbidding background at the head of the ravine flashed the bright figure of a peasant boy. He was crossing the stepping-stones near the source of the stream and singing gaily in his shrill, childish treble.

He would at least be able to tell me whereabouts to find the object of my quest—children always do know these things. He was coming towards me, too, so that all I had to do was to sit down and wait for him.

As I seated myself by the rivulet, it suddenly occurred to me that the water looked uncommonly clear and attractive and that I was exceedingly thirsty. In another minute I had scrambled down the bank and was kneeling by the stream. As I stooped towards the surface the singing suddenly ceased, and, when I looked up the boy was gone. I took no heed of this at the time—he might easily have been hidden by some projection of rock; moreover, the water itself occupied my entire attention.

It was quite warm, and a single evil-tasting, evil-smelling mouthful convinced me that it contained medicinal properties. In any other country but Spain there would have been hotels, baths, a pump-room, a casino, and what not, instead of merely a score or so of cottages.

But I would soon alter all that. I had plenty of money and I would buy the place, for a mere song. Then—then I would make a fortune; I saw myself on the front sheet of *The Times*, on the hoardings, on the Great Wheel. At home they would make me a knight, of course, but I aimed higher. The Zichys and Vichys and Hunjadi Janos would sneer at a simple English "Sir," but in a few years I would make the Spanish Government a handsome present. They manage these things better in Spain, and I should be created a Knight of the Golden Fleece, or something of that sort, and then I should be able to snap my fingers at all the Austro-Hungarian nobility that ever physicked bilious humanity. I was doing all these things and a great deal more, when a voice at my side brought me back from dreamland. It said:

"I see the señor is thinking, as I am, that death has come into the valley."

I looked round. The speaker was a tall slip of a girl, dressed in the picturesque garb of the peasantry. She was beautiful, even for a young Spanish girl, and in her eyes, poor child, was that peculiar far-away look which, without betokening ill-health, is said to be found oftenest in those whom the love of the gods has fated to die young. She was gazing into the stream with a troubled air,

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"No, señor!" she said. "It is not gold, it is death."

and the huge hound at her side kept glancing from her face to the water, and every now and then uttering a low growl.

"No, little one," I replied, "I was thinking that gold had come into the valley, and that more would come."

She shook her head.

"No, señor!" she said. "It is not gold, it is death. See! There is its mark on the water; it has taken some one already, and some day it will take me."

I looked down into the stream almost involuntarily, and certainly, just for a second, there was a ruddy stain on its surface—probably, I thought, attributable to a momentary excess of iron—but it was gone almost as quickly as it came.

"And where and what is this death, little one?" I asked.

She did not reply at once, but turned her eyes from me in the direction of the source of the stream. As I watched her I saw the wistful look die away, and its place was taken by an expression of unutterable horror and despair.

"It is there!" she said at length in trembling accents, pointing towards the arch at the base of the cliff. "It is strange and terrible. It has taken a life already, and some day it will take me, some day it will take me."

The incident took a strange hold on me, and, in place of continuing my walk, I returned to the village and recounted it to the priest. Somewhat to my surprise he seemed greatly perturbed and agitated by the story.

"Rosita Valdez is a strange girl," he said musingly. "There is little doubt that she does actually possess the gift of second sight. She prophesied last night's wreck. And she says a life has been taken to-day. I don't like it. I must inquire. I don't like it."

Rosita Valdez! So that was the Sibyl of Fuente Reale—that beautiful creature. She had foretold the wreck—and that it would bring fear to the village. At the thought, my heart seemed to contract with a nameless dread, and, for a moment—I was afraid. With a curt farewell, I turned away hurriedly, almost rudely, and, mounting my mule, rode sullenly back to my hotel.

The next morning I awoke with the presentiment of evil strong upon me. I dismissed it impatiently, once and again, but it persistently returned. As an antidote, I busied myself with preparing for an immediate journey to London with the object of realising money, in the event of my being able to negotiate my projected purchase of the stream. At two o'clock in the afternoon I rode out of the town southward towards the nearest railway station. Half-an hour later an urgent message arrived from Fuente Reale.

As I had anticipated, the change of surroundings and the bustle of business in London enabled me to shake off my depression. Only for a time, however; as matters approached completion and my mind was less occupied, the eerie sensation returned with ever increasing strength. At length one night I had a vision, I cannot call it a dream. I saw Rosita standing in the gorge; on her

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face was the same agonised expression I had noticed that day, and she was stretching out her hands appealingly; at the same moment a voice—her voice—whispered in my ear: "Save me, señor! For the love of the Virgin, save me!"

I could sleep no more that night, and three days later found me back at my old quarters. Old Manuel was genuinely glad to see me, and was, as usual, bubbling over with gossip, but this time his news was of a serious and startling nature. Fuente Reale was in great distress; on the day of the wreck a little boy had disappeared, and Rosita Valdez insisted that what she called the Terror of the Cavern had killed him.

The old man affected to laugh at the girl's fancy, but I did not feel like laughing. I recollected her mysterious words, the vanishing of the boy, the ruddy stain on the water, that "ripple running red"—Kipling's lines came back to me with most sinister significance. At least I would clear up the mystery once and for all, and, if necessary, search the cavern with fire and sword.

My sporting battery was in my room, as I had left it when I started so suddenly for London. Hastily piecing together my double Express and cramming some cartridges into my pocket, I hurried to the hotel porch where my mule was waiting. In another minute I was spurring furiously towards the valley of my vision.

I turned the last bend of the pass, and the sound became ominously distinct. It was the tolling of a bell. Full of vague misgiving, I pushed on to the main street of the village, and then—my heart seemed to stand still.

Round the furthest house, nearest the gorge, a group of men were advancing slowly. In their midst was a rude litter containing something—something whose long black hair lay straggling over the side, something that left a horrid dripping at every pace; and behind walked the great hound I had seen with Rosita.

I reined in, a strange feeling of horror creeping over me. I was aroused by the voice of the old priest. Grief and consternation were written on his face, and he could hardly speak. I knew his ill tidings before he could tell them; Rosita Valdez was dead, and men said the Terror of the Cavern had slain her.

"How did it happen?" I asked with a shudder.

His reply was incoherent. I gathered that some peasants coming down from the hills, were just rounding the rocks above the source of the stream, when they heard a shriek, followed by the worrying of a dog. They dashed down the path to find the hound standing at the mouth of the cave in an extremity of rage and terror, and just outside the archway was the body of Rosita.

The procession had now reached us, and, at my bidding, the litter was set down.

"She must have fallen from the cliff," said one man. "Of course, as Pedro says, it is strange that she should have been found right under the archway, but she may have struck a crag and bounded off."

"And how do you account for the dog being there?" exclaimed Pedro. "No! I tell you the Devil has carried off the little witch for himself."

There was an angry murmur at this, for Rosita had been beloved by all. As for me, I could have struck the brute at the time. I afterwards learned, however, that he was the father of the lost boy.

I turned my back on him, and bade them uncover the corpse for me to examine.

It was a shocking sight. No fall had killed her, that was evident; in fact, at first I thought she had been strangled—the veins on the face were swollen almost to bursting. But a closer inspection disposed of this theory. The body was absolutely smashed. I am not exaggerating; some of the bones were broken in half-a-dozen places.

As soon as the examination had been completed and the body removed to the chapel, I questioned the villagers about the cave. No! No one but Rosita seemed to think it dangerous. Stay a moment! Something had happened, but it was quite trivial. One day a girl had heard a tremendous clamour among a flock of geese at the end of the valley, and, when they were counted, one was missing.

This decided me. My ideas, till then but half-formed, took practical shape.

"Men!" I said, "I am convinced that some dangerous creature has taken up its abode in the cavern. What it is, I cannot guess, but it is a menace to the lives of all. I mean to destroy it. Now, who will help me?"

They all hung back; a sullen murmur of frightened dissent was the only answer.

"I do not propose that we should risk our lives," I continued. "We shall set a bait outside, and shoot the brute as soon as it appears. What! Surely Spaniards are not afraid?"

At this four men, four men only—it is due to Pedro to say that he was one—volunteered, and together we started for the fatal place.

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We were all armed; I with the rifle I had brought, the remainder with guns containing formidable charges of slugs. They also carried wood-cutters' axes, with which I reckoned on their doing considerable execution, even if the creature were armoured like an alligator. With us came the hound; he would not leave me.

The bait was to be a goat, and we were in the act of tethering it close to the archway, when the dog, with a furious growl, dashed past us, and stood at the cavern's mouth, every hair on end and every limb quivering in a frenzy of rage. In a flash, a long, greenish-grey, mottled body darted out of the darkness and enveloped the poor animal in its coils.

A gigantic serpent came darting at us through the smoke.

The men fired a simultaneous volley, some of which must have struck its mark, for, an instant after, a gigantic serpent came darting towards us through the smoke. I fired, and the rest, rushing in, quickly hacked the life out of the writhing body.

I recognised the snake at a glance. It was an Anaconda, the tremendous water boa of South America, and even amongst those Titans of the reptile tribe must have been a giant. It was over thirty-five feet in length and quite two feet in girth, and its strength was enormous. Even in the short space of time the men had taken to aim and fire it had crushed the hound to a jelly. Poor faithful dog! He had not long survived his mistress. Perhaps he was happier so.

The great serpent must have been brought over for some European collection in the vessel that was wrecked. No doubt it had swum easily ashore through the surf, so fatal to the crew; those mysterious marks on the sand, the track of the hawser, were the trail of the monster. Attracted by the warmth of the spring, it had naturally taken refuge in the deeper water of the cave, and from thence had levied terrible toll on the passers by.

Fuente Reale remains unexploited, and may do so for me. I am very certain that I could not sleep one night in that accursed valley—Rosita's reproachful eyes would haunt me; her voice, calling for help—on me, and in vain—would ring in my ears. Say what friends may (and they tell me I am morbid in blaming myself for the catastrophe), remorse for her death is with me now—is with me now—and may, perchance, be with me for ever.

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"Goal!" Rumour has it that a rule is about to be passed that a figure the size of an ordinary player should be drawn on Foulke. When the ball hits him outside the lines of the figure it must count as goal.

FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS' - - FADS.

By George Epping.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett.

There is no more pleasing sight to anyone interested in football than to see two well-matched and skilful teams opposed to each other. Speed, stamina, and self-control are all apparent, while the peculiarities which many of the players show add an additional charm to the struggle. Here you see a man like Needham, whose delight is to take the ball almost from the toe of an opponent; while in another place perhaps W. J. Oakley is sending the ball half the length of the field with one of his huge kicks.

Needham delights to take a ball from the toe of an opponent.

I am going to speak of some of these peculiarities in the course of this article. As winners of the English Cup last season, the Tottenham Hotspur players deserve premier place. Several of their men have decided mannerisms. Brown, for instance, who established a record in goal scoring in this particular competition, falls on his left knee the moment he has shot at goal, and intently watches the ball as it travels towards the net from this position. Should the shot be successful, the enthusiasm of his colleagues frequently makes his resting-place more lowly still, and it is no unusual sight to see two or three of them helping him to his feet.

Brown invariably falls on one knee when shooting a goal.

John Cameron, secretary and forward, signalises a goal by taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face. He is one of the most stolid of players and stands about the field in various attitudes, suggestive of a curate at a tea-party. Still he has been known to show excitement. This was when he had the pleasure of bringing the cup to Tottenham, and those who saw him on that occasion declare that he set his companions a good pace.

Tom Smith appears to be composed of nothing but legs and arms when dashing at top speed along the touch-line; while "Tiger" Erentz is an imposing figure as, with arms uplifted and body drawn back, he jumps for the ball.

G. O. Smith, the great amateur centre forward, has one little distinguished fad. Just before

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This is John Cameron, the most solemn of footballers.

kicking-off he places his right foot on the top of the ball, and, with his hands on his hips, takes a last look round to make sure that everyone is in his place.

C. B. Fry, that Admirable Crichton of sport — being cricketer, sprinter, and footballer —lets his enthusiasm run riot occasionally when playing. He ranges the field like Job's war horse, and whenever one of the players does something particularly smart, he stops short to shout, "Oh! Well played our side," accompanied by a hearty clap.

Milward, of Everton and Southampton fame, is the Adonis and dandy of the football world. His moustache is one of the prides of his life, and he cultivates it assiduously. When not busy with the ball, he is generally to be seen twirling his moustache's ends very carefully, the operation being carried on amid the admiring glances of a large number of the young ladies who visit the Southern Club's ground.

J. Bell has a weakness for doing the "splits" when on the field, while he also tries to mesmerise the backs opposed to him by swinging his foot rapidly round the ball whenever it comes to a tussle between them.

Characteristic attitude of "Tiger" Lrentz when preparing to do great deeds.

John Campbell, one of the makers of the Sunderland team, was for ever putting his hair tidy. It was always parted with mathematical exactness, and no matter what heading he did in the game, not a hair could be disturbed without causing him mental anguish. The moment the interval arrived, comb and brush were brought into play, and should an accident, or the weather, give the players a short respite, Campbell was often to be seen making for the dressing-room to indulge once more in his tonsorial exercise.

Tom Smith dashing at top speed along the touch-line. Never was there such a scorcher!

Hugh Wilson, another old Wearsider, was a source of anxiety to football legislators, and envy to all his fellow professionals. He is blessed with unusually long arms, and a throw-in by him was better than a free kick to his side. This the legislators soon recognised, and altered the rule relating to throwing-in in consequence. It is not everyone who can boast of having such an honour paid him by the governing body of a game.

Although acknowledged to be one of the finest half-backs ever seen, Wilson's great desire was to play forward, and, it is said, he gave the Sunderland club's managers some uncomfortable times when pressing his claims for a trial on the front rank.

Devey, of Aston Villa, is the Kaiser of captains. As a rule, a captain has all his work cut out to attend to his own play when on the field. Not so Devey, however. He not only does his share of the work, but sees that the others play as he wants them to. He issues orders all through a match in the most autocratic fashion, and woe betide the players who neglect to carry them out.

G. C. Vassall always takes the ball up to the corner flag before centreing.

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G. O. Smith never kicks off without first placing his right foot on the top of the ball.

Another person of eloquence is Robinson, the Southampton goal-keeper. On the field he not only takes care of goal, but makes sure that the referee knows all about the "off-side" rule. At least, that is the impression he gives the spectators by his frequent button-holing of the unfortunate official. It is said, in fact, that Robinson can rise to great heights of eloquence when "speaking gently" to the man with the whistle upon a decision with which the custodian does not agree. He practises diligently, and hopes to become a Cicero or Demosthenes some day.

Little Johnny Holt, who made his great name as a half-back when playing for Everton, is a regular "artful dodger," and the way he claims a foul might excite the sympathy of the most hard-hearted. Sometimes, the moment he is touched, down he falls, and up goes his hand in appeal. Should the referee not give him the decision, Holt gets up and walks away with a look on his face which clearly indicates that he thinks himself badly treated.

Holt is a great authority on the transfer question, and is ever ready to either talk or write against the iniquities of club directors in the matter. It is a dangerous subject altogether with John.

Millward, of Everton and Southampton fame, the Adonis of the football world, whose moustache is his pride and glory.

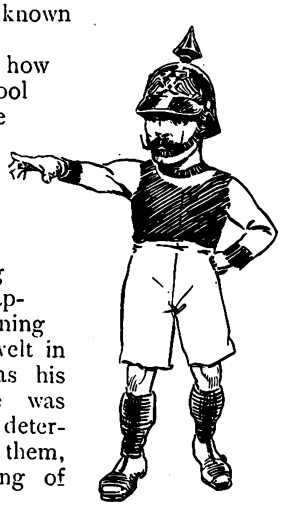
Those who have seen Foulke are not likely to forget the sight. Over twenty stones avoirdupois stands between the goal-posts when he takes up his position, and as his opponents rush for his goal he lumbers out to meet them with elephantine playfulness and agility. He stops so many of the shots—by the ball hitting his huge body, the opposing forwards declare—that several of them are anxious to have a special rule passed to apply to him. Their proposal is, so it is rumoured, that a figure the size of an ordinary player should be drawn on Foulke. If the ball hits him inside this figure it shall be recognised as a fair save; but if it hits him outside the lines the shot must count a goal. Whether the matter will be laid before the Football Association or not I cannot say.

J. Bell has a weakness for doing the "splits" when on the field.

Perhaps the greatest peculiarity shown by any player in Scotland is R. McColl's method of taking a penalty kick. This player begins by putting his hands as far into his pockets as they will go, and then, walking up to the ball, quietly tips it into the net. And he has scarcely ever been known to miss scoring.

We all know how fond public-school boys are of the Rugby code, and wherever they go they carry the game with them. A story is told of a worthy young curate, who was appointed to a mining village that still dwelt in darkness so far as his particular pastime was concerned. He determined to enlighten them, so called a meeting of the miners.

They accepted the suggestion, a ball was bought, and practising began.



"Kaiser" Devey, the autocrat of the football field. Woe betide the player who fails to carry out his orders!

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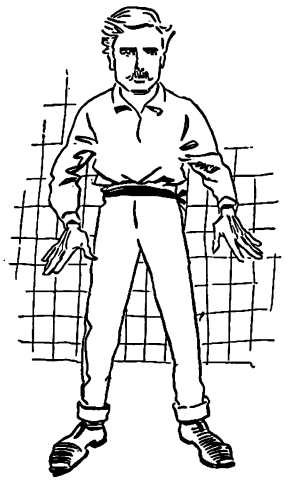

Why Reader always kept goal in his trousers has never to this day been explained.

The men enjoyed their new sport, particularly the scrums, though most of them never seemed to trouble about the rules. One eventful Saturday a trial match was played. Every villager that could walk or crawl turned out to see it, and as the game progressed their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The curate was referee.

First one side and then the other gained the advantage, until at last the ball was kicked into the next field. The scrummagers took no notice of this, but formed up for a pack, and began pushing against each other as hard as they could. "Hold on, there," shouted the curate, "wait till I get the ball and throw it in." "Oh, never mind the ball, sir," came the reply from one of the novices, "let's get on with the game."

J. E. Doig invariably wears a cap. Do not ask why!!

Since that time knowledge has increased, and now it is the poor, unfortunate referee that is generally considered the ignoramus.

Traill, of Derby. What do the rude boys remark when he appears on the field? "Get your ——!"

The referee may occasionally be a little slack; but one who was recently put through his facings showed he knew something. He belonged to an outlying district where railways were scarce, so the members of the local Rugby Union thought they would select a few likely men for the post, put them through an examination on the rules, and appoint the most capable.

The candidate of the story had answered every question satisfactorily until he was asked: "If the ball were to hit the cross-bar and lodge on it would you consider it a goal or not?" He scratched his head for a moment, and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, I've never seen that occur, and if I did, I'll be hanged if I would not consider it a miracle." He passed.

Among those who play under this code, probably R. O. Schwarz carries off the palm for personal neatness. No matter what the state of the weather, he always looks smart and spruce, and no one has seen a hair of his head ruffled even after a game in the mud. A. F. King-Stephens, like A. E. Stoddart before him, winds up his run by jumping over the full-back. This peculiarity, by the way, came near ending the days of the famous Middlesex cricketer once. He was playing in an Old Leysian match at Blackheath, and, being collared while jumping, was brought down with such force that he did not recover consciousness until the following day. Some bowlers think that particular collarer was not severe enough.

H. Rottenburg, of Scotland and Cambridge University fame, who is just now engaged in the Westinghouse electrical works, at Pittsburg, U.S.A., always made his appearance on the field with his hands in his pockets; while G. Fraser, of Richmond, being indifferent to heat, has the collar

Robinson, the Southampton coal-keeper, has a few gentle words with the referee.

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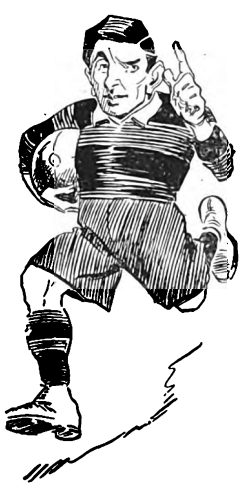
of his blazer turned up. G. L. Crimp, the Old Merchant Taylor, seems to be troubled with St. Vitas's dance, for he is never still a moment. J. Daniell, known among his friends as "The Prophet," likes to reserve his strength for the game. He walks on to the field leaning on one of his colleagues' shoulders.

I may, without fear of contradiction, say that no more popular man goes near a field than Kent's hon. secretary, G. H. Harnett. Who has not heard his shouts of encouragement and cheers in the course of a tough struggle? His enthusiasm is contagious.

Still, there are places where even he has had a rough experience. Who said Cardiff? Well, yes! A Cardiff crowd has been known to disagree with Mr. Harnett's decision, but the man who led the attack against the referee was a subject for the doctor immediately after the row.

E. B. Holmes, president of the Midland Counties, came near getting a ducking once through being mistaken for Mr. Harnett. The latter was watching a match at Northampton, and Mr. Holmes was referee. Two of the spectators stood next to the Kent secretary discussing some of the decisions, when one suddenly asked: "Who is the referee?"

"George Harnett," replied his friend. "He's a Londoner, is he not?" asked the questioner. "Yes," said his companion. "Oh well, that's all right, we'll duck him in the lake after the match."

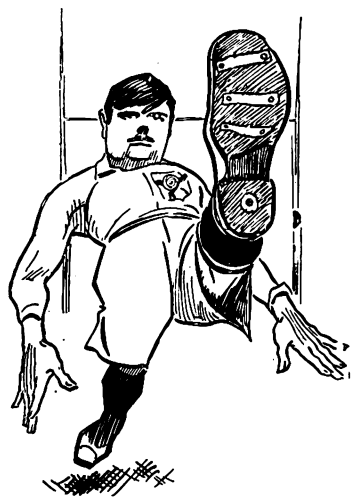


"Perkin" Tarbutt: "Don't tell anyone—I'm really a forward."

Whenever he can he leaves the scrum and joins the three-quarters.

J. A. Smith, secretary of the Scottish Rugby Union, is looked upon as a father by all players north of the Tweed, and none of them feels happy unless his "I told you so" has been heard at least a dozen times in any discussion they may be having. He has a great opinion of his voice, and it is a marvel to hear him sing "Jock McCaw."

A. O. Jones, the well-known Notts County cricket captain, now in Australia with A. MacLaren, has a weakness for drop-kicking. This seems a lost art among present day footballers, and it is pleasant to see that we have at any rate one worthy successor to G. C. Lindsay, who, a few years ago, scarcely ever played a game for either Oxford University, Scotland, or London Scottish without "doing the trick" for his side. Mr Lindsay, having given up playing football, has joined the ranks of those who write about the game, and his notes in one of the leading sporting dailies are widely read.



H. T. Gamlin never kicks with his right foot.

A. F. Todd, of Blackheath and Kent, can be generally heard shouting: "Come on boys," as he leads his forwards in a rush. The London Irish scrummagers are kept informed of the whereabouts of the ball by the dulcet tones of L. M. Magee's voice. H. T. Gamlin, England's full-

J. Daniell, known among his friends as The "Prophet," likes to reserve his strength. He makes it his custom to walk on to the field leaning on one of his colleagues' shoulders — on Alexander's for preference.

Little Johnny Holt never loses an opportunity for claiming a foul.

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Stephen Bloomer has many ways of getting up after a fall. Here is one.

back, kicks only with the left foot. C. Dixon's cry of "Jump!" at the line out has been known to lead to disastrous effects for Blackheath. Still, as he has "trained hard," his club-mates forgive him. His friend, P. C. Tarbutt, while ostensibly a forward, takes the earliest opportunity of leaving the scrum and joining the three-quarters. He thinks he would shine in the latter position. He answers to the name of "Perkin."

A. B. Cipriani (Harlequins) and J. H. S. McArthur (Old Leysians) are both record holders in their services to their clubs. The former, besides his football costume, wears a perpetual smile, and the latter has played in over two hundred matches for the old boys.

That old Scottish warrior, W. M'Millan, was always ready for the fray, and no game was too hard for him. He has done great service for Scotland, and his "On the ball, Scottish!" was a rallying cry to his side.

To judge from his appearance, one would think that E. C. Gallaway was a firm believer in the sunshine cure. His brilliant complexion naturally turns one's thoughts to autumn fields, and the healthy appearance of the Marlborough Nomad has aroused envious pangs in his clubmates' hearts.

Major W. N. Bolton, of Blackheath, is known among his friends as "Baby" Bolton. He is over 6ft. in height, and weighs 15st. in condition. These physical advantages enable him to force his way through the opposition, and he has never been seen trying to dodge round an opponent. He simply runs over him. Major Bolton served in South Africa with the Wiltshire Regiment, and was mentioned in the list of distinctions.

R. T. Skrimshire bringing in a try.

W. P. Wells's waistcoats are an everlasting source of surprise and joy to his Kensington comrades. Even Solomon in all his glory, they think, could not have indulged in a greater variety of colours. He plays football, too.

The duties of a county secretary are numerous, and the Middlesex secretary declares he was worked so hard one week that he fell asleep in his club on the Saturday night. At last the commissionaire came and shook him, and the sleeper, catching sight of the brass buttons and forgetting where he was, was heard to murmur: "I suppose I can get bail."

G. Rowland Hill, secretary of the Rugby Union, giving a decision. He sticks his thumbs into his waistcoat and his solemnity is wonderful to behold.

P. Gilliard, strictest of referees, is fond of walking, especially along the Harrow Road. He pays frequent visits to Paris with the English teams, and it is understood that he knows a few French words now.

No article would be complete without a reference to G. Rowland Hill, secretary of the Rugby Union. His active work is now that of a referee, and in the discharge of these duties he is to be seen with trousers turned up and thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, giving his decisions with the air of a Solon. Mr. Hill takes the game seriously, and the solemn tones in which he administers advice to young players is said to impress them more than an interview with the Lord Chief Justice would do.

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AN EXPERIMENT IN DARWINISM

By W. L. Alden.

"What I like about cats," remarked my friend, "is the patient and persevering way in which they carry out their plans. If a cat sees a hole in the wainscot that gives a fair surface show of mice, she'll sit by that hole, never moving a muscle and never so much as yawning, for two or three hours on end. And if there is a mouse within a hundred yards of that hole she'll nab him at last. The only animal that begins to have a cat's patience is a scientific man. Why, I once knew a Professor who started on an experiment which was to last five hundred years at the very least, and from the steady way in which he stuck to it you would have supposed that he expected to live to see the end of it.

"The thing came about in this way. One evening the Professor was disputing with another man in a *café* near the Mansion House over this theory of Mr. Darwin, that men used to be monkeys, and that they lived in trees, and went around the country with barrel-organs. The other man said that the theory was all stuff and nonsense, and that if there was the least grain of truth in it, now and then a man would show the characteristics of his monkey ancestors.

"Now the Professor had a little while before mentioned that every now and then a man would be born who was an exact duplicate of some one of his dead and gone ancestors, and this remark about men showing the characteristics of their monkey forefathers wasn't easy to answer. So he just took the bull by the horns and said that, with a little care, it would be perfectly practicable to breed a race of men that would resemble in nearly every particular the sort of monkeys from which they were descended.

"'What's more,' said the Professor, getting a little excited, as scientific chaps always do when they are arguing over some nonsensical question, 'I'll undertake to prove what I say by actual experiment. I'll guarantee that, barring accidents such as may happen to anybody, I'll produce within the next five hundred years an arboreal man, who will be four-handed, will live in trees, have a thick coat of natural fur, and a passion for barrel-organs.'

"Of course everybody laughed at him, but he was in dead earnest, and the very next

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"I used to drop into his nursery every day to see how **the kids were getting on."**

day he came to me to ask where he could get a couple of cheap children of assorted sexes to begin his experimenting with.

"I asked him what he proposed to do with the children, for my conscience wouldn't permit me to assist him in vivisecting even a boy in the so-called interests of science. He assured me that the children would be treated with the utmost kindness, and would have a better time than any other children in England. I knew that he would keep his word so far as he could, but I had a little doubt about his success, for the reason that he was an unmarried man, living alone with a single middle-aged Irishman, who attended to his wants, and it didn't seem to me very probable that either he or the Irishman would know exactly how to manage children.

"However, I told the Professor to go to one of the orphan asylums, where he could get all the children he wanted for a mere song; and he did so. In the course of a week I heard that he had secured two children (of assorted sexes) both of whom were under a year old. I thought that he would have a good time in bringing them up, but that was his affair not mine; so I didn't pass any remarks to him on the subject.

"I will say this for the Professor, that he was as good as half-a-dozen mothers to the kids. Everything was done for them that science could suggest, as he several times informed me. He kept them in a room without a particle of furniture except a soft carpet. The room was always kept at exactly the same temperature, and it was always full of fresh air. The kids didn't wear any clothes to speak of, and they were fed whenever they said that they were hungry.

"In the meantime the training of the children was going on. Instead of putting things into their hands to hold as women are always doing with babies, the Professor always made them hold things with their toes. You wouldn't believe how soon the kids caught on to this trick.

"By the time they were three years old and could pick up things of their own accord, they invariably picked them up with their toes; and the only use they put their hands to, so far as I could see, was to reach above their heads, or sometimes to put things into their mouths.

"Then the Professor planted a tree in the middle of the room—planting it in a big tub you understand. The children were encouraged to climb this tree and to use their feet as much as their hands in climbing.

"I got so much interested in the Professor's experiment that I used to drop

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into his nursery every day to see how the kids were getting on. They got on beautifully. I had had considerable experience in children myself, having been at one time an uncle of half-a-dozen children belonging to my sister who lived in the same house with me, and not one of them could compare with the Professor's kids in point of health and muscular strength. Besides, they were as happy as the day was long, and they would sit in the tree and eat the walnuts that the Professor tied to the branches, enjoying them as much as other children of that age would have enjoyed sweets.

"At first they couldn't crack the walnuts, for the reason that they hadn't any teeth, so the Professor always cracked the nuts for them up to a certain extent, and all they had to do in order to finish the cracking was to knock them against the Professor's skull—a trick which he enjoyed as much as they did, he having one of those thick, solid skulls which Nature generally gives to a scientific person, especially if he happens to be mathematical.

"'Those children are only about three years and a half old,' said the Professor to me one day. 'I allow them to eat whenever they like. Just you walk under that tree and you'll see how strong they are.'

"I never suspected any harm from such small children, and so I walked under the tree. The minute I was within reach they grabbed me by the hair with their feet and pretty nearly hauled me up into the tree before the Professor told them to stop. Then I understood what had become of the Professor's hair during the previous year. He had never had a very large amount, but now it had almost all vanished, and I imagined that those kids knew where it had gone.

"'Now, what do you think of their strength?' asked the Professor. 'A woman, being unable to comprehend the meaning of science, would have brought those children up on milk, and they would now be as weak as ordinary babies, whereas, as you see, they have the strength of an average boy of fifteen.'

"I didn't try any more experiments with the children, but I will say this for them, that they were well-behaved, as far as minding the Professor was concerned. They couldn't speak, but they could understand, and they never failed to do anything that he told them to do. He said that he had had grave doubts as to the propriety of teaching them to speak any human language, but on the whole he had concluded that it wouldn't affect the value of the experiment if they did learn to speak English, and that it might prove convenient in several ways.

"When the kids grew to be about five years old the Professor let them run in the garden, which was a big one and was surrounded by a fence of thick boards about ten feet high. They couldn't climb over this fence very well, for it was perfectly smooth, but they had no desire to try to climb it, the Professor having strictly forbidden them to do so.

"They enjoyed themselves very much, climbing the trees in the garden and in chasing each other over the lawn. The Professor had yielded to my representations that if he didn't make the children wear clothes he might get into trouble with the town authorities, not to mention the ladies of the place.

"So he had the youngsters wear a sort of bathing-dress made of fur, which left their arms and legs bare. He said that he was not without hope that this fur might suggest to Nature the advisability of covering the children with fur of her own manufacture; but Nature didn't seem to take the hint, and the Professor sadly admitted that fur was a development which could be expected only after several hundred years.

"Now it was not the Professor's idea that he could turn those two children into monkeys merely by bringing them up in a scientific way. He was no such idiot, though I admit that he was the most scientific man I ever knew. He often discussed the subject with me and I knew perfectly well what his intentions were. He meant to make the children four-handed and to accustom them to climbing trees and to living on fruit and nuts.

"This was all he expected to accomplish with them, and he pointed out to me that he had already succeeded better than he had had any right to expect that he would. After the children grew up he intended that they should be married—they not being any relation to one another—'and after that,' as he always said, 'heredity will do the rest.' He calculated that it would take from four to five hundred years for the descendants of those children to become in all respects monkeys, but he had not the least doubt that in the end his experiment would be successful.

"I differed from him, although I didn't tell him so. There would be room for a good many things to happen in the course of five hundred years, and it wasn't reasonable to expect that the descendants of those children would go on developing themselves backward

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into the monkeys, just to please a dead and gone scientific person.

"When the children had grown to be seven years or so old, they were about as strong as an average horse. If they had not been obedient children, the Professor would have had trouble with them. The fence wasn't any longer of use in keeping them in the garden, for they could climb anything, but they never tried to climb it, because the Professor forbade them to do so, and moreover told them that the world outside of his garden wasn't healthy for young people such as they were.

"But they had liberty to climb all over the house, and they would run up the lightning rod, or the waterspout, as easily as you or I would run upstairs. They would sit up and go to sleep in the gutter, where the least misstep would have cost them a tumble to the ground, but they never were known to fall.

"They were particularly fond of stealing things and taking them up to the roof to examine them. Several times they took the Professor's clothes, after he had gone to bed at night, and carried them up to the roof, where they sat down and slowly tore the clothes to pieces. The Professor didn't seem to mind this at all. He said it was a characteristic simian trait, and went a long way to prove the truth of the Darwinian hypothesis. But all the same, it cost him considerable money for new clothes, and occasionally forced him to go up to town to the tailor's with nothing on except a dressing-gown which the children had found too cumbersome to carry up to the roof.

"As I said, they were good children in the main, but they were certainly fond of mischief. One day I came into the Professor's room, and found him tied in a chair and being shaved by one of the children with a piece of a tomato can. He was suffering a good deal, but he was bearing it like a hero in the interests of science, especially as he couldn't help himself. He requested me to observe, as I untied him and kept the children away from him with a club, that they were exhibiting the characteristic fondness for imitation which monkeys notoriously possess.

"'They saw me shaving yesterday,' said he, 'and consequently to-day they try to imitate the act.' I suggested that a real monkey would have shown his fondness for imitation by shaving himself and not the Professor, and that the fact that the children preferred to shave him showed that they were still pretty human; but he wouldn't be convinced.

"On another occasion I found one of the children swinging head downward from the gutter just under the eaves of the house, with the Professor's watch in his hands. He was examining the works, and had spilt a good many of the wheels out on to the ground.

"I must say that to see the thing hanging by its toes and solemnly picking that watch to pieces did pretty well convince me that the Professor's experiment was promising to be successful, but when he came out into the garden and saw what had become of his watch, he used an expression that was more theological than scientific; and then he went back into the house in search of a whip.

"By this time the fact that the Professor was bringing up two children in an unusual way had attracted general attention, and had created considerable scandal. He kept the children out of sight when people came to his house, which was only at rare intervals, he not being a popular man—owing to his belief in the Darwinian theory and his want of interest in local politics, or indeed in anything except science. Still, the story got abroad that the Professor was bringing up two unfortunate orphans without teaching them to read or write, or giving them the least instruction in the Catechism.

"Then, too, it was said that he never allowed the children to wear clothes, which wasn't true, for they always wore their catskin bathing-dresses day and night, and it cost the Professor a good deal—in cats—to keep his children fully dressed. People all agreed that his cruel and inhuman treatment of those poor children was a disgrace to humanity, and several times a deputation of women tried to get into the Professor's house to remonstrate with him, but they never succeeded, owing to his having locked the front door and put the key in his pocket the moment they entered the front garden.

"I told the Professor that I thought he was wrong in not giving the children proper clothes and in not teaching them to read and write. I pointed out to him that they could easily be allowed to go barefoot so that they could use their feet freely, but that he ought to give them the sort of clothes that other children wore, if for no other reason than that public sentiment demanded it.

"Then, too, I insisted that teaching them to read and write would not interfere with his experiment and that it would put a stop to the hostility of the neighbours; but he refused to listen to my arguments. He asked me if I ever heard of a monkey in a state of Nature who could read and write, or

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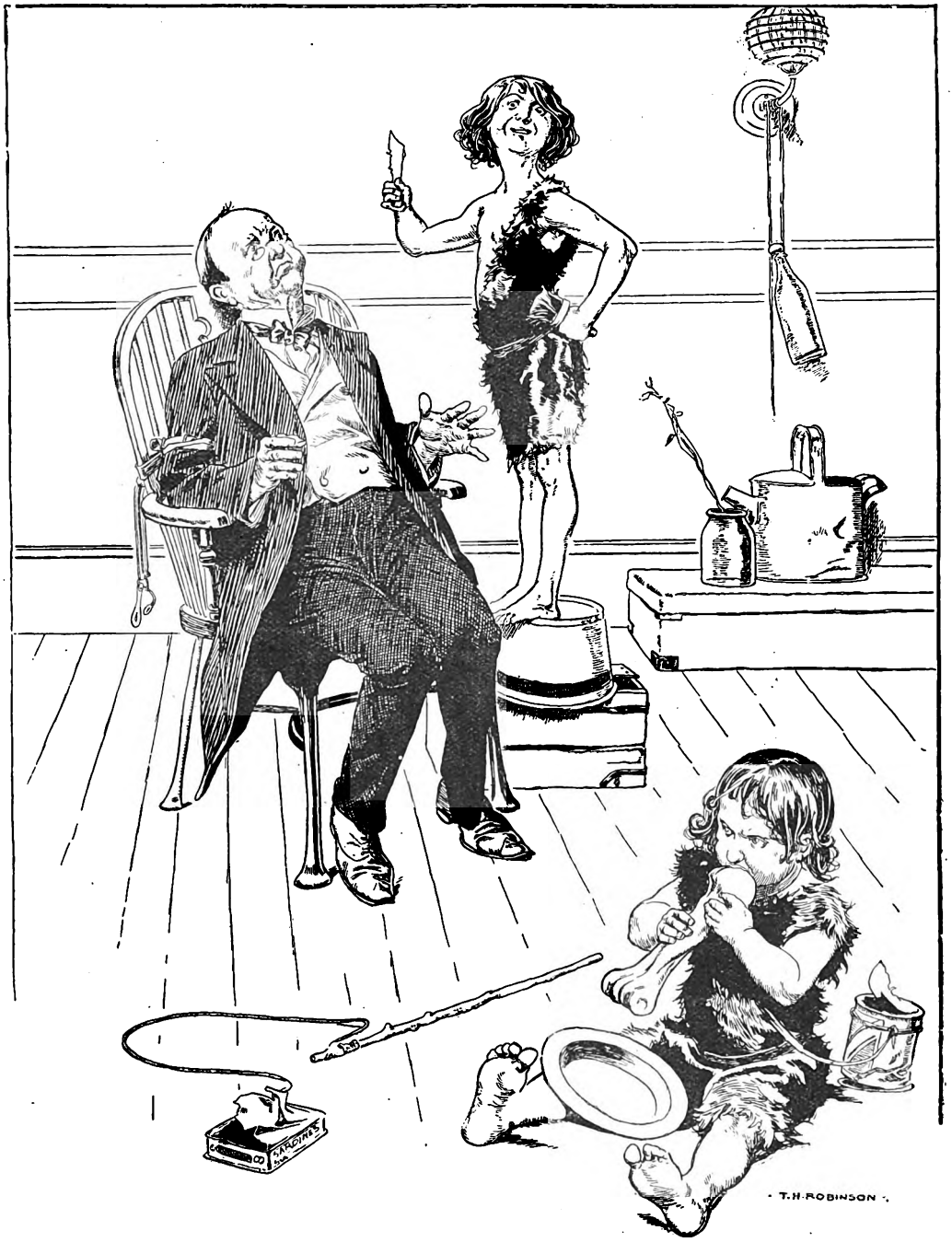

"One day I came into the Professor's room, and found him tied in a chair and being shaved by one of the children with a piece of tomato can."

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who wore trousers and a coat, and I had to admit that I never had heard of such a phenomenon. He wanted to know if I thought it would do a monkey any real good to be able to read the newspapers, and I had to say that I thought it wouldn't. Then he said that he was trying a scientific experiment, and that it would be the height of absurdity for him to manage his experiment in a way to suit the prejudices of ignorant people.

"I knew he meant me when he spoke of ignorant people, so I considered that the best thing I could do would be to let the Professor and science take their own way.

"But the Town Council entertained a totally different opinion. They discussed the Professor and his way of bringing up the children all one afternoon, and it was in some respects the most interesting session of the Town Council that had ever been known. Pretty nearly every man had a different opinion as to what should be done in the matter; but they agreed that the Professor was a disgrace to the town, and that he must be called to account without further delay.

"About half of the Council said that the Professor was violating all laws, human and divine, by not sending the children to Sunday school; that he was clearly an infidel, and as such had no rights that any one was bound to respect; while the other half said that he was no better than a brute for the reason that he didn't teach the children to read.

"They argued the question whether or not the Professor ought to be compelled to send the children to Sunday school with so much enthusiasm that when it was time for the Council to adjourn there wasn't a single member who wasn't more or less damaged about the face and head, and there were several of them who had to be carried to the hospital.

"Well, the upshot of the debate was that the next day some members of the Town Council called on the Professor to remonstrate with him. They told him that the Council had decided that he must either clothe and educate the children in the proper way, or else consent that a guardian should be appointed for them, and that they should be taken care of at the public expense. The Professor listened quietly, and then he said:

"'I understand that you think I have done very wrong not to teach the children to read and write. I should like to ask if every man here present can read and write?'

"Now he knew very well that Mr. Kerrigan, one of the members, couldn't sign his own name, or read the news of his election, and it was Mr. Kerrigan who acted as the spokesman of the Committee.

"There wasn't any answer to the Professor's question, and so he went on to say:

"'I also understand that you insist that I give the children a religious education. Will you please tell me what religion they should be taught?'

"There was a general discussion of the subject which took up the next half hour, during which the Professor leaned back in his chair and smiled serenely, while the members called one another all the names that they had come across during their political careers.

"When order was restored, the Professor said that until the Council were ready to instruct him as to what particular religion he should teach the children he rather thought things might remain as they were.

"Then he went on to talk about the noble scientific end he had in view, and how foolish it would be to permit any regard for such trifling matters as the bodies, minds, and souls of the two children to interfere with the grand interests of science. He explained that by bringing up the children in the way he had been doing, and by marrying them to one another, which was his intention, their descendants would finally revert to the condition of their ancestral apes, and would thus prove beyond the possibility of doubt that the Darwinian theory was true.

"The chief thing to do was to keep the children and their descendants from intermarrying with ordinary people, and as long as this should be done the process of reversion to the ancestral ape would go steadily on.

"'But, Professor,' said a member of the Council, 'whom do you believe that the children of these two unfortunate creatures will marry? You say that they must not marry ordinary people, for that would spoil your experiment, but it seems to me that if you take a sober view of the situation you'll see that they must marry ordinary people or else that they must marry their brothers and sisters. I put it to you as a moral man, though I grieve to say that you are not a hopefully religious man, that you can't allow any such marriages as those.'

"The Professor was knocked all of a heap, as you might say. It had never occurred to him when he talked of the intermarriage of

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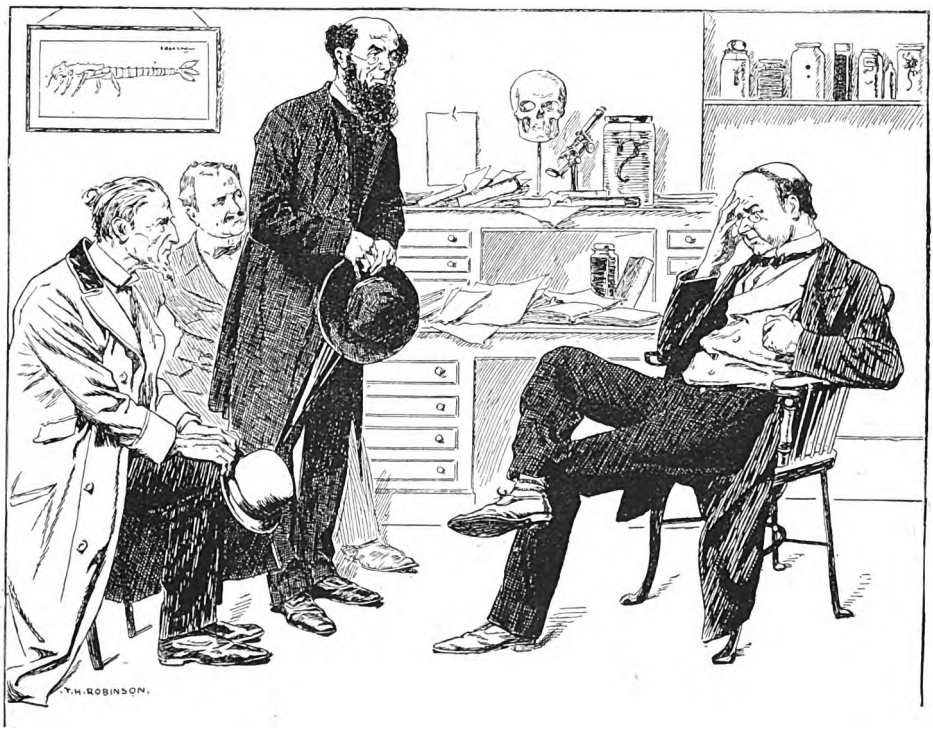
the descendants of his two children that there wouldn't be anybody for the second generation to intermarry with, except people of the usual sort, who had been raised in the ordinary way.

"What struck me as even more peculiar was that the idea had never occurred to me, and I knew little enough science to be able to think pretty clearly about most things. I suppose the reason was that when the Professor talked to me I generally smoked on in a quiet way, and heard very little of what he said. In any case, the man was right, and there was no denying the fact, so the Professor then and there admitted that he had made a mistake, and that his experiment was doomed to be a failure.

"Having no further use for the children, the Professor offered to give them up to the Council and allow them to be brought up in any way that the Council might think best. While he and the Council were wrangling over the matter, and the Council were doing their level best to get rid of the responsibility of bringing up the children, the servant came in with the news that both children had bolted with an Italian organ-grinder who had come into the garden through the front gate that the members had left open. The Professor was delighted, for he said that this was another proof of the close relationship between those children and monkeys.

"We never saw or heard of them from that day to this, though there was a report that they had been seen in a circus, where they were exhibited as the Wild Man and Woman of Borneo, and took large salaries.

"Still, the Professor always maintained that, even admitting that his experiment was a failure in its main purpose, he had proved that children, if properly trained, could be made to bear an amazingly close resemblance to monkeys, and I believe he was right, though I could have taken him to some of the best London clubs and pointed out young men who reminded me of monkeys quite as much as the children that the Professor had trained."



"'But, Professor,' said a member of the Council, 'whom do you believe that the children of these two unfortunate creatures will marry?'"

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THE MAN ON THE FOOT-PLATE.

Stories of Brave Deeds, and Strange Accidents on the Line—Of Mad Engine-Drivers, of Trains that have Lost their Engines, of Engines that have Lost their Drivers.

By John Jones.

The train steams into the terminus, the passengers stream out to go their ways in carriages or in cabs, in 'buses, in trams, or on foot—and who of them all spares a thought for the tired man on the foot-plate, wiping the grime from his eyes with grimy hand?

Yet he has held all their lives in the hollow of his hand. Through dangers many he has steered them safely—through lonely country, through crowded junctions, past a thousand signals, over a thousand points where a divergence of one inch from the right path would have meant disaster, certain and appalling.

He is a man of tried courage, of vast resource. His ear is so trained that the pulsations of his machinery tell him an unmistakable story—a story of an engine running smoothly and well, of an engine out of gear, or of some inequality or other on the road. He knows his engine as a rider knows the horse that he has trained, and he can coax the best out of his machinery in its every mood. And he is a man of tried experience—in all probability, before he ever set foot on the foot-plate as driver, he worked three years by day and four years by night on the road, travelling as fireman some two hundred thousand miles, and manipulating a matter of some three thousand tons of coal. This is the average computation of what a fireman does in the time mentioned.

For many, the engine and the road hold a fascination as strong as the fascination of the sea for others. Thus, as some boys run away from home to go to sea, other bad boys run away to become engine-drivers. They are said to be attacked by "locomotive measles"—and when once under the spell of the engine they never rest until they mount to the foot-plate of the fastest express on their line.

The engine-driver—as you see the finished, perfect specimen, tired and grimy, on the foot-plate of the great engine in the terminus—is evolved from a small boy, whose principal duty in life is to creep through the little fire-hole doors of engines to clear the ashes from the fire-boxes. This work must be carefully done, or dirt will prevent a free current of air passing to the fire.

The small boy spends many long days and nights swarming over dirty engines, with cleaning rods and rags in hand, learning the mysteries of their mechanism. In due course of time, when he is too big to creep through the fire-hole, he attains the rank of fireman —and now he will learn to manage the breaks, to hold the points on the line, and to couple up the carriages for the benefit of a shunting-engine. He will grow nimble and resourceful, and will often be seen, at this stage of his career, running behind locomotives, and jumping upon them when in motion, after having prepared their courses at the points.

From the shunting engine he is promoted to the goods engine—and he grows in knowledge of the road, of systems of signalling, and of the ways of engines. It becomes an easy matter to him to oil an engine when in motion, balanced on a little ledge, from which a sudden jerk will cause him to fall, unless he stands prepared for the unexpected.

Under the patronage of a kindly engine-driver he gathers knowledge with every moment. In course of time he is promoted to be fireman of a passenger engine, and it is from this grade that the majority of drivers are recruited. As engine-driver, he is first put in charge of a goods train, and his work will be mostly night work. A local passenger train is the next step, and the final goal is reached when he is placed in charge of an express passenger engine.

There is a great deal more for him to

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learn beyond the habits of engines. He must learn the roads—that is to say, he must know how to find his way from one place to another upon any of the various sections of his line. He must be able to decipher the messages of his signals, when running express trains, at one glance. That this entails practice you may imagine when I state that when running a train from Crewe to London and back a driver will encounter, and have to obey, as many as five hundred and seventy signals, concerned only with his own train.

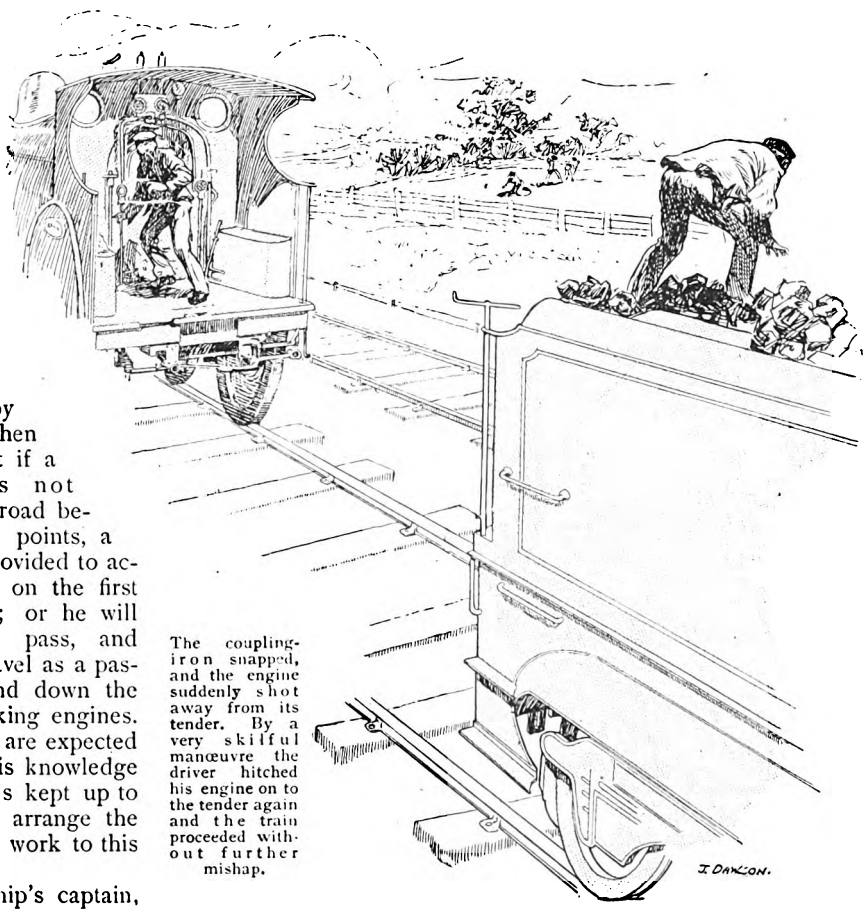
He must learn to know the roads so well that, in foggy or in snowy weather, he can locate his position at any time by distinctive landscape features; he must know where the signal posts are located, and also the gradients on his road, so that he can regulate the speed of his train accordingly. As it rarely happens that he will work regularly on one road, it is essential that he shall run over all the roads on his system as frequently as possible, so that he can note the frequent changes that are made in the positions of the signals, and in the permanent ways.

In most cases this knowledge of the roads is picked up by the drivers when firemen. But if a driver does not know a new road between certain points, a pilotman is provided to accompany him on the first few journeys; or he will be given a pass, and allowed to travel as a passenger up and down the line—on working engines. His superiors are expected to see that his knowledge of the roads is kept up to date, and to arrange the sphere of his work to this end.

Like the ship's captain, the engine-driver must be prepared to face unexpected danger at any moment. Engine-driving calls always for skill and endurance—often for bravery in facing terrible odds. The history of the railroads teems with stories of great heroism.

There is the story of the American engine-driver, George A. Sieg, who deliberately gave his life for the sake of the 600 passengers under his charge. One wild night his locomotive caught fire. He and his assistant were driven from their posts, and climbed to safety over the tender. The engine, left to itself, rushed forward with ever increasing speed, and the volume of the flames grew momentarily larger. A carriage caught fire behind the tender—and a panic ensued among the passengers.

Then Sieg acted. Battling his way through the flames, he regained the tender, climbed back to his engine, and brought the train to a standstill. When they came to him, they found him in the water-tank, his clothes



The coupling-iron snapped, and the engine suddenly shot away from its tender. By a very skilful manœuvre the driver hitched his engine on to the tender again and the train proceeded without further mishap.

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Mr. Fenwick, a skilled engine-driver, was driving Queen Victoria in Scotland, when he noticed that the communication-cord was entangled among the coal. In attempting to get it free he forgot an approaching bridge, and received a blow which proved instantly fatal.

burnt off, his body disfigured beyond recognition.

A brave and skilful deed stands to the credit of an English driver. He was running his train up a steep incline, when suddenly he noticed the rear part of another train coming headlong towards him on his line. It had broken loose at the top of the hill, and was racing back at terrific speed. The engine driver took in the situation at a glance; and stopping his train, he reversed the engine, and proceeded backwards almost at top speed, regulating the pace of his engine so that it was only slightly less than that of the oncoming carriages. Thus he allowed them to gain upon him, and received them on the buffers of his engine—but with a shock so slight that it was hardly felt by the passengers!

It was then an easy matter to push the loose carriages, filled with terror-stricken passengers, on before him to the nearest station. Had he contented himself with flight, in all probability the runaway carriages soon would have left the rails, and hurtled down an embankment to destruction.

Sometimes an engine-driver performs feats of valour that are rather too clever to meet with approval. Once some countrymen working in a field by the side of a line were startled to see the engine of a passenger train suddenly shoot away from its tender, run on ahead alone, then carefully return backwards—finally proceeding in the original direction, drawing the train, as though nothing at all had happened! This bordered on the supernatural — and the yokels talked the phenomenon over among themselves till at last it reached the ears of the station-master. Otherwise the matter might never have become public property.

It transpired that a coupling pin between engine and tender had suddenly snapped: the driver shot ahead with the engine: the fireman was left on the tender. He was about to apply the brake and stop, when the driver called to him to let the train run on, to take a coupling pin from the tool-box, and stand to action. Then, cleverly handling his engine, he brought it into touch with the tender, and sharply "reversed" against the weight of the train. This movement pushed the coupling tight, the fireman dropped the pin into place, and the situation was saved without a hitch.

The driver's reward was a reprimand.

Among the dangers that threaten the engine-driver are low bridges. Many an inexperienced fireman has damaged himself, or lost his life, through coming into contact with the edge of an arch, and sometimes experienced hands have been caught.

One of the saddest accidents of the kind proved fatal to engine-driver Fenwick when he was driving Queen Victoria in Scotland not many years before her death. This trained and skilled driver noticed, when not far from Perth, that the communication cord lay slightly entangled among the coal at the back of the tender. It was highly improbable that the cord would be required, and a

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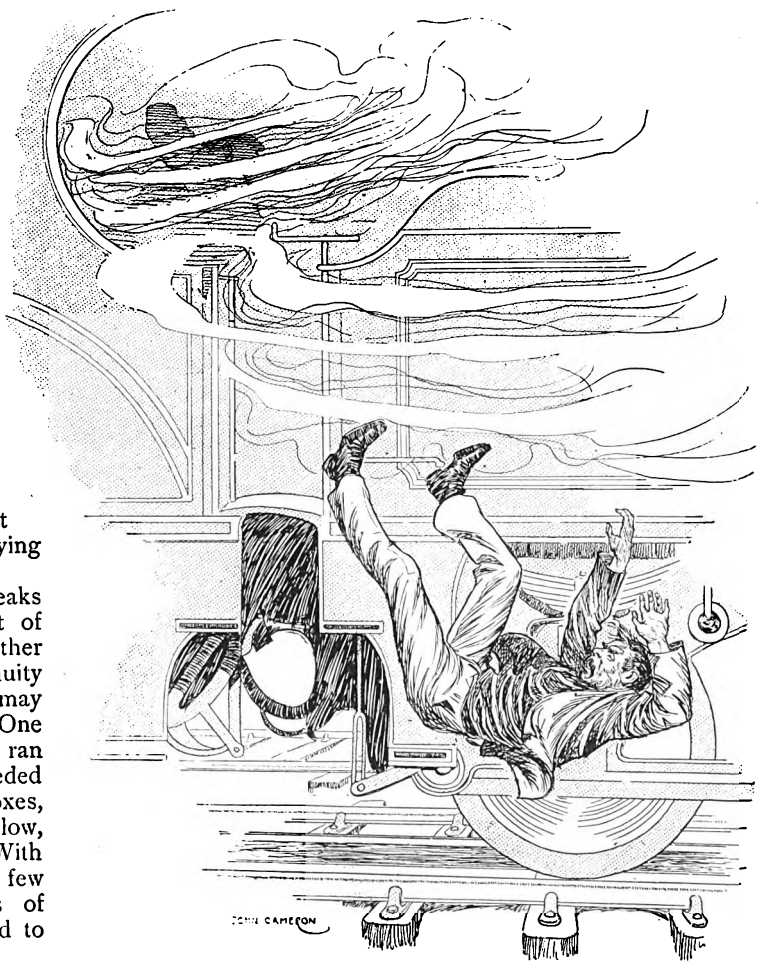
hundred men would have trusted that it would pull free if used. Not so Fenwick. Leaving his fireman on the foot-plate, he scrambled to the tender, freed the cord, and—forgot an approaching bridge! A terrible blow on the head proved instantly fatal. The Royal train steamed on its way, the Queen all unconscious of the tragedy.

A driver must often decide to act within a few seconds, when he fears danger ahead—when he sees, for instance, a horse or a cart, a strayed cow or a pack of hounds, approaching the line. A short time ago a driver on an express train passed a goods train going in the opposite direction. He noticed that though there were two engines on the "goods" there were very few carriages behind. The thought at once struck him that some of the train must be missing. Where, then, was the back portion? Instantly he shut off steam, and proceeded at a walking pace. Well that he did so, for a few hundred yards ahead he was stopped by a man waving a flag, who shouted to him that a portion of the goods train had become derailed, and that several trucks were lying across his track.

When an engine breaks down, or runs short of coal, or suffers any other mishap, a little ingenuity on the driver's part may save the situation. One wise old driver who ran short of coal, proceeded to burn his tool boxes, several pounds of tallow, and the tender-lid. With his foot-boards, and a few other little sacrifices of the kind, he managed to make his destination.

On another occasion this same driver, who had a bad habit of allowing his coal to run short, calmly drew up beside some coal trucks, and helped himself to the coal of a local merchant! For this, naturally, he was fined, and was forced to refund the value of the stolen goods.

Some drivers are dogged with bad luck, and unavoidable accidents meet them at every turn. A strange accident occurred only a few weeks ago in connection with the feed-pipe of a boiler. There is a remarkable arrangement on some lines whereby an express train can maintain its supply of water without stopping at a water tank. A trench, about a mile long and a foot deep, is dug out between the metals, and filled with water. A long scoop depends from the front of the



A train was watering *en route* when a volume of steam filled the driver's "cab." The man stepped back, missed the foot-plate, and fell out on the track. That he escaped with his life was little short of a miracle.

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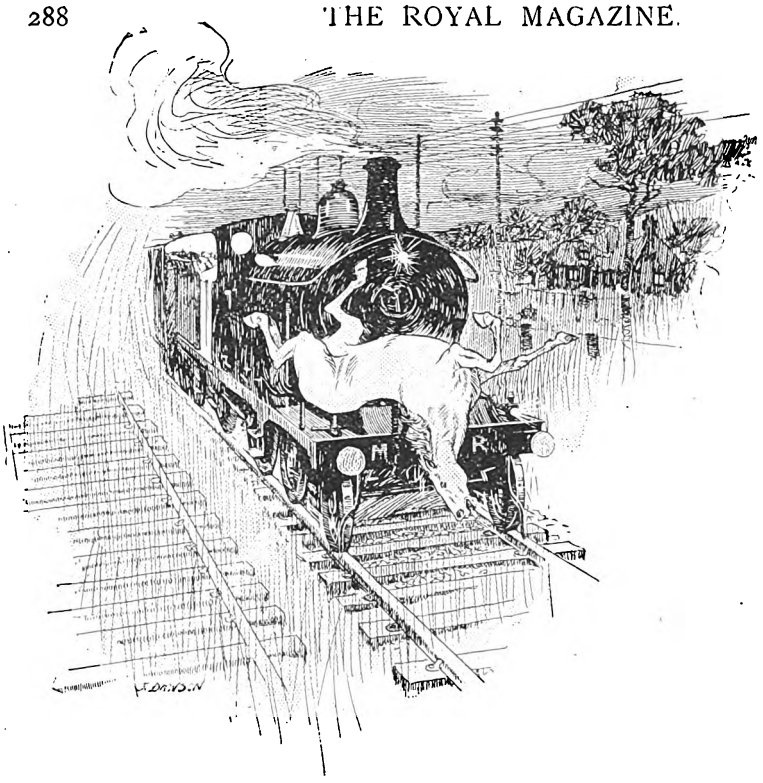

A horse happening to stray across the lines one night was caught up on to the bogie, or little platform in front of the engine.

engine, and through this scoop the water rushes up into the tank.

A great time-saver, this—when all goes right—but the other day, as an express train was watering *en route*, an unexpected volume of steam suddenly filled the engine-driver's "cab," and severely scalded the fireman. Involuntarily, he stepped back to the outer edge of the foot-plate, missed his footing, and suffered severe injuries from a dangerous fall. The pipe had been kept in the water-trough too long, so that an excessive supply of water had been forced into the tank.

A similar accident occurred on a mail train. The scoop was lowered as usual over the trough, but when the tank was full the fireman found himself unable to raise the pipe. Having no other outlet except the top of the tank, a violent rush of water overflowed, and swept the whole stock of coal, together with the shovel and tools, off the slope of the tender! The furnace door had been opened to light the fireman at the tank, and the water and coal, rushing into the furnace, very nearly extinguished the fire. Nothing daunted, the driver and his mate handled the coal with their fingers so expeditiously that they reached their next stopping-place on time.

A strange circumstance, uncontrollable so far as the engine-driver was concerned, nearly brought about a terrible accident. Drippings from a train ladened only with fish had made the rails on a certain single line in a terrible state of greasiness, so much so that the driver of an express passenger train following the fish suddenly found, on an emergency, that his breaks were useless.

He was rapidly approaching a point at which it was necessary for him to pull up, in order to allow another train to pass on a loop. In this case a station-master saved the situation. Perceiving the danger, he jumped on a horse that happened to be at hand, galloped up the line, and succeeded in warning the oncoming train just in time to allow the two trains to pull up within a few inches of one another.

A mysterious collision, proved to be the fault of neither signalman nor engine-driver, was eventually laid to the charge of an excessively violent storm. This storm was the cause of the ringing of a bell in a signalman's cabin, which made him think that the line was clear, and that it was safe to put down the signal to allow a passenger train to pass his box. As it happened, however, the line was *not* clear, a goods train was on the road, and a collision resulted.

Fog is what engine-drivers dread most. A driving snowstorm which blinds the glass of the "cab's" windows, and compels the driver to keep a constant look-out around the side, in full teeth of the gale, is bad enough—but there is more uncertainty, more treachery about a fog. Not in a few minutes can an elaborate system of fog-signals be put into working order; and meantime the mail is

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flying on, though signals may be invisible until the engine draws abreast. Often the drivers come to spots where the fog is less dense and where they can read the signals with ease — and often they have courted accidents by counting on the same conditions half a mile further on—perhaps half-a-minute's run—where, as it has happened, the white shroud again has descended heavily.

Nothing inspires uneasiness in an engine-driver's heart so much as fog. But sometimes fear seizes him, when he feels his engine suddenly jerk beneath him, and hears for a while a discordant note in the music of his wheels; and then again the rhythmical pulsations that tell that the engine is running smoothly and well. Then he knows that something — what he may not know — has been crushed beneath his wheels.

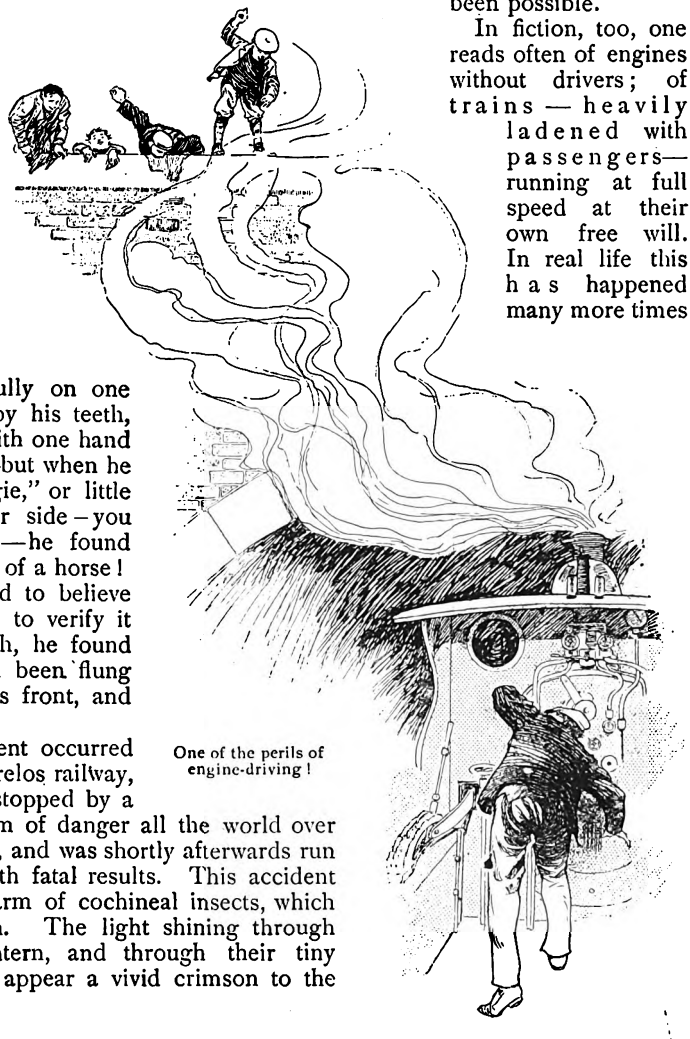
Sometimes an engine-driver may run down a straying cow or horse without knowing that he has done so. An express was running at a mile a minute one rough, wild night, when the driver thought he detected a strange noise on the permanent way. Shortly afterwards the fireman went forward along the engine to do some oiling. He did his work successfully on one side—holding his lantern by his teeth, and gripping the side-rail with one hand as he oiled with the other —but when he attempted to cross the "bogie," or little front platform, to the other side – you may conceive his surprise — he found his way blocked by the body of a horse!

The driver at first refused to believe his story, and went forward to verify it himself. Then, true enough, he found a dead white horse, that had been flung into the air by the engine's front, and caught by the bogie.

A most mysterious accident occurred some years ago on the Morelos railway, in Mexico. A train was stopped by a red signal lamp—the emblem of danger all the world over —in the middle of a section, and was shortly afterwards run into by a following train, with fatal results. This accident was caused by a dense swarm of cochineal insects, which had settled upon the lantern. The light shining through the white glass of the lantern, and through their tiny bodies, caused the glass to appear a vivid crimson to the engine-driver.

In fiction, one reads often of mad engine-drivers—but, fortunately, not often in the news columns of the papers. However, there have been several true instances where some terrible fright has turned the engine-driver's brain. One occurred on the Oregon railway, U.S.A. A driver went raving mad. He flung his fireman off the foot-plate, and, cramming all the coal possible into the fire-box, put on full steam. For nearly fifty miles the train ran at one hundred miles an hour, and it was only when the conductor and the brakesman made their way to the engine along a corridor, and succeeded in dealing the mad driver a blow on the head from behind, that the run-away train was pulled up. On a train built on the usual British system this solution would not have been possible.

In fiction, too, one reads often of engines without drivers; of trains — heavily laden with passengers— running at full speed at their own free will. In real life this has happened many more times



One of the perils of engine-driving!

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than once. On one occasion engine-driver and fireman took panic when a collision appeared inevitable, and both, with one accord, jumped, as they thought, for their lives. There was no collision, and the engine ran on at speed uncontrolled for many miles, the long passenger train behind it, with the disastrous result that was almost inevitable.

Another strange accident, free also from tragedy, befell the driver of a goods train. A signal was suddenly put up against him, so that he was forced to reverse his engine to bring it to a standstill. For a long time the signal remained up. The engine driver and fireman, having nothing to do, grew sleepy, dozed, dropped to sleep. On awaking a few minutes later the driver saw that his signal was down, and set the train in motion, forgetting to change the position of the reversing lever.

Of course, the train went the wrong way; and it was not until the gurad, in a state of frenzied perplexity, jumped from his van, and hailed the driver as the engine sped past him, that he awoke to the ludicrous situation.

The gigantic power of an engine was forcibly proved by a curious event. An engine was in its shed, and its furnace was lighted, preparatory to starting out. The fire burned faster than the fireman had calculated, and the engine began to move, with neither fireman nor driver on board. Before it could be stopped it drove its way sheer through a 14-inch wall of the engine shed.

At another time an engine was standing in a siding at a terminus "getting up steam," when it started off in the same way, with no one on board. In this case it ran for twenty miles alone, eventually crashing into a passenger train in the station of a market town, with the result that nearly twenty people were killed, and more than fifty were injured. The engine smashed six carriages to matchwood, and overturned eight others.

When the driver came on duty, his surprise may be imagined when he found that his engine had disappeared. Inquiries at the signal box revealed that the engine had passed some time before, the signalman imagining that it had been taken for a run in order to have the boilers filled, and not noticing that it was unoccupied. Telegrams were at once dispatched, and orders were given that the runaway should be thrown from the track by sleepers; but the answer soon came back: "Too late—engine passed."

It transpired that an engine cleaner had unintentionally interfered with the brakes, and that a boy had tampered with the regulator, with the fatal outcome.

Personal spite has caused many accidents. There is a well-known story in railroad circles which tells of a curious predicament brought about through an engine-driver's enemy throwing a pailful of soft soap into his water-tank. The soap coated the si les of the boiler, and prevented the heat from reaching the water, so that no steam could be generated.

To conclude with one other danger that sometimes makes the engine-driver's life unhappy. I refer to the small boy and his tricks. No engine-driver can approach a bridge with tranquility when he perceives a small boy sitting aloft, and reflects on the chances of pebbles, apples, or other missiles, hard or soft, dropping upon his head.

OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN!

The Captain:

"Yes, sir, I'm Captain Kettle, and I'd have you remember I'm a long way off being dead yet. By James! you get *PEARSON'S* and see."

THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN KETTLE STORIES RE-COMMENCE IN *PEARSON'S MAGAZINE* FOR JANUARY.

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By Sadi Grant.

Contrexeville is in a charming part of France, and has become a fashionable summer resort for the Parisians. All around it are shade and freshness, just what the inhabitants of the Gay City want, as a change from hot asphalte pavements. Green woods surround Contrexeville, where delicious little paths zig-zag about, and cool streams run by over pebbly beds. There is a well-kept Casino, where the visitors dance and amuse themselves by gambling at the "little horses." All these advantages bring strangers to Contrexeville, those who love the rest and repose of the green woods and others who only desire to amuse themselves.

Among these last, two or three years ago, was found Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville, one of the laziest and most delightful of Parisian ornamental young men. He was about twenty-eight, perhaps a little more. He had the ghost of a moustache, exquisitely trimmed, and turned up at the ends. He wore most perfectly-cut clothes, and he possessed much self-esteem combined with a thorough knowledge of the arts of pigeon shooting and lawn tennis.

Baron Alphonse arrived at Contrexeville for the season on a fine morning of July. He arrived one morning early; by the evening of the same day he had fallen most seriously in love. It was no new experience for him—he had a very inflammable heart; the smallest spark set fire to it. A word, a look, were enough to inflame the tender feelings of Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville. He was always in love; his sentiments did not vary in ardour, though they did as to the object. The last lady he distinguished by his affections was always the best, whole, burning love of his life. With the truest faith in the world he swore an eternal affection that usually lasted a fortnight.

In his first walk in the woods of Contrexeville he met a lady, young, tall, graceful—a dream of slimness and beauty! She walked alone, rather sadly, in the shade of the wood. Her dress, of indefinite colour, floated gracefully round her, evidently made by a good dressmaker. Her eyes were adorable! Poor Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville! As she passed him on the narrow path, he stood on one side and saluted her; she looked slightly astonished, but returned the salute by a small inclination of her head. It was slight, but it was enough to destroy the eternal peace of Baron de Vaudeville.

"Who is this divine creature?" thought he. "A girl? No! her grave dignity is more suited to a lady who has had some experience of life. A married woman? Despair! Fate cannot be so cruel! Perhaps she is a widow? Her dress may be half-mourning. Then I

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will not hesitate! I will place myself, my fortune, (or what is left of it) at her feet. I will marry her!"

Having taken this resolution, in which the sense of honour was worthy of much commendation, Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville started at once to find out the name, and also the hotel, of the lady destined from henceforth to be the companion of his life—its joys and its vicissitudes.

He went first to the Casino, where he met a friend, Monsieur Lebol, an old habitué of Contrexeville, and a good person to question about the fair unknown.

"Of course I know her!" he replied at once to Baron de Vaudeville's question. "She is charming, delicious, perfect! You have good taste, my friend."

"What is her name?" said the Baron feverishly.

"Roche—Rocher—something like that. Ah, I know!—de la Roche, or des Rochers. That is all I know. She lives very quietly, and never goes to the Casino. She is said to be a widow. I thought of her for myself, but I surrender her to our friendship, dear Baron de Vaudeville."

Alphonse went at once to the hotel pointed out by his disinterested friend, and asked if a lady called Madame de la Roche was staying there.

"Des Roches," corrected the manager. "She is here certainly. Room No. 14 on the first floor. Do you wish to call on her, sir?"

No, certainly not, this was advancing too quickly, so the Baron only said: "Not to-day, I think. I am acquainted with a Madame des Roches, and merely wished to know if it were the same lady now staying here. Do you happen to know her Christian name?"

"It is I who am able to tell you that," said the smiling manager's wife. "It is such a curious name that it arrested my attention. She is called Euphrosyne."

The Baron thanked her and withdrew. How much he had found out in one afternoon! Her name, her hotel, even her Christian name—a name so full of romance, of delicate poetry! The Baron possessed a book, a series of thirty-four love-letters, advancing in fervour from the first polite breaking of the ice to the rhapsodies of an accepted lover. Only a few words had to be altered to meet each individual case, so Alphonse sat down, and in his best handwriting copied letter No. 1.

"Madame,—To see you is to love you, etc., etc."

He added a phrase or two of his own composition, dealing with the name of Euphrosyne, the ancient history of which he looked up in a classical dictionary; and he sent off his letter that same evening to Madame Desroches at the Hotel Richelieu. The next day Baron Alphonse walked again in the same path in the woods where he had seen the lovely lady the day before. He again saw her, but alas! she passed him with the same indifference as yesterday—she scarcely noticed his very deep bow.

"I must go at once to letter No. 7," said the Baron. "The first letters are not sufficiently *empressées*." He hurried back and wrote No. 7. "Adored angel! idol of my life, divine Euphrosyne, etc., etc., etc." After which he set out for the Casino, to pass a saddened evening. Men are naturally so conceited that they are never astonished if people pay attention to them; this was the case with Baron Alphonse, who took it as a matter of course that women, even the ugliest, should fall in love with him. This evening one ill-favoured lady certainly paid him a great deal of attention. She was indeed ill-favoured, not to say positively ugly. She had a short figure, little rat-like eyes, false hair, and a bony neck. She was forty-eight at least. This lady pursued our friend, the Baron, from room to room, from the refreshment-room to the ball-room, to the salon, to the reading-room; she was like a nightmare; he could not get rid of her.

"I can understand that I am admired," thought the Baron, "but really, by this person, it is no compliment!"

At last he left the Casino, and returned to his hotel. Oh, what joy! on his dressing-table lay a little box containing some forget-me-nots, a morsel of ribbon, and a few words of encouragement from the lovely unknown.

"Take care, be prudent," she wrote, "great circumspection is necessary. One day I will tell you why. If to know you are loved makes you happy, be happy, my friend!" This precious letter was signed by a single "E." Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville was overpowered by his emotions; he kissed the forget-me-nots, he placed the ribbon next his heart, and he sat down at once to write his adored one letter No. 8.

When next day he met the lady in the wood, he affected a coolness he did not feel; and she, with great prudence, scarcely raised her eyes in answer to his salute. But in the evening, another box of flowers came, and another note, this one containing a lock of her hair.

"How one's eyesight deceives one!" said

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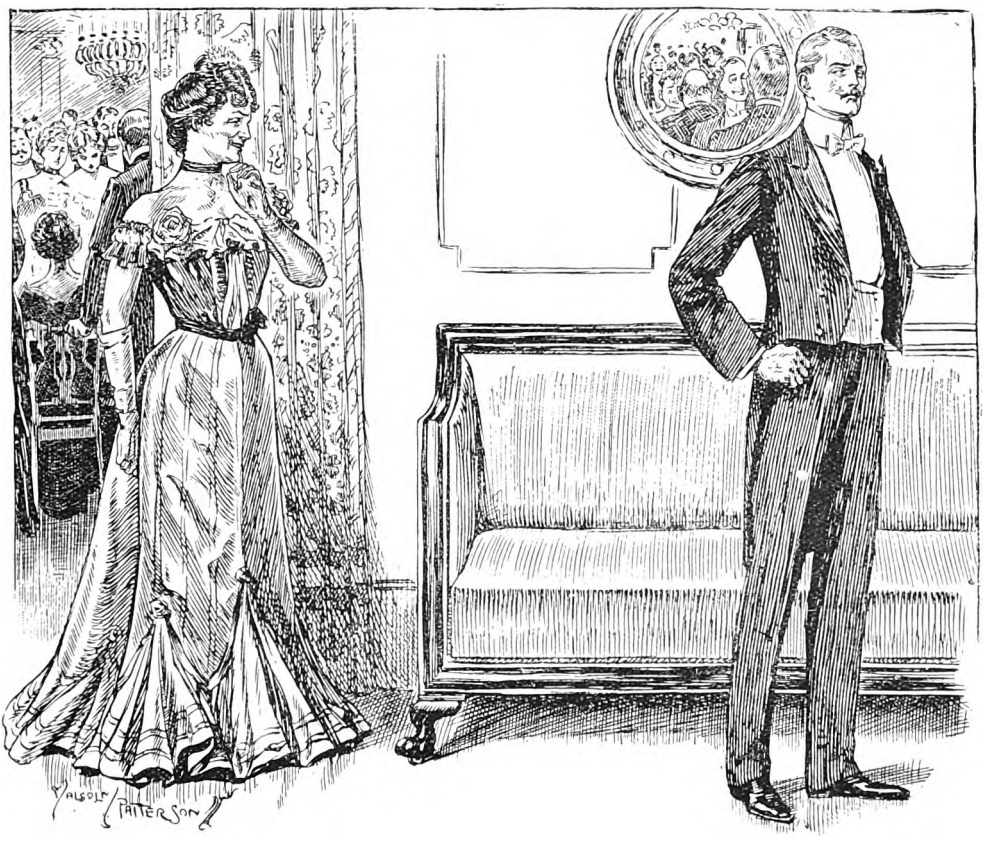

This lady pursued our friend, tho Baron, from room to room.

the Baron to himself, "I thought her hair was a lighter brown." But what did that matter? He rushed to the jeweller's and bought a locket, in which he enshrined the precious relic. So matters went on for more than two weeks. Baron Alphonse had now got to No. 23 in his series of letters—it was very impassioned indeed.

In answer to the letters he had received many flowers, old gloves, handkerchiefs, and bits of hair. Yet when he met the lady she was cold and icy in her demeanour as ever; and still all this time, also, he continued to receive the attentions of the nightmare lady at the Casino. Soon, the Baron felt, a climax must be reached. Time passed, the season advanced, and soon all the visitors would be thinking of leaving Contrexeville. Baron Alphonse decided to write a final letter—the last of the series—declaring his matrimonial intentions and asking for a definite answer. He was sitting in his room waiting nervously for an answer, when somebody knocked at his door.

"Can this be it?" he murmured nervously, and he called out "Come in."

A tall, fat man entered with a paternal air. The Baron thought he had met him somewhere, but could not remember where.

"Sir," said the visitor, "you must excuse me. I have a frank nature and I go straight to my point."

"Pardon me also," said the Baron, "but to whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"Ah!" said the visitor, "I had forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Desroches, sir, Léon Desroches, a merchant of Bordeaux."

The Baron paled! Desroches? Then there was a husband! Ah! things were becoming complicated. The Baron was a brave man. All the same, he rather regretted having sent off the whole series of those impassioned letters.

"Dear sir," continued the visitor, "let me explain myself. It appears that you are in love with my wife."

"Sir," stammered the Baron, "believe me——"

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"Let me continue," broke in the other. "Dear sir, I am not angry, as many might be. On the contrary, I am enchanted, and I think we can make a pleasant little arrangement to suit everybody. It is a chance I had never hoped for. You love Euphrosyne—you have indeed a curious taste! First, she is ugly—ugly to make one shudder! Then her character! Ah, I have known the sweetness of it for twenty-six years. But still, all that is your affair! I will not disturb your opinion for worlds, as you love Euphrosyne!

"The other day I found a packet of your letters, tied with pink ribbon. I read them. I roared with laughter. These letters are well written, beautifully written, but in the poetry of your nature you compare Euphrosyne to 'a lily, a pure lily that a zephyr bends.' Ha, ha! It would take a good strong zephyr to bend Euphrosyne! But it is a charming thought! I repeat, such is your poetic nature! Then, in yesterday's letter you say you wish to marry her—my wife. Well, we will try to arrange it. We will all go to Bordeaux, and you can go off with her; trust to me. I will arrange it. I will even pay the law expenses of the divorce. I cannot express my gratitude for the service you will render me. Thus I give you Euphrosyne! and we remain good friends. This is my proposition, sir; how does it suit you?"

"Can you tell me," gasped the Baron in a trembling voice, "if there is another lady in Contrexeville of the same name as yours?"

"No, not quite the same," said Monsieur Desroches, "there was a charming little lady, Madame de la Roche, a pretty young widow, who was in the hotel next ours—she left yesterday. Ah, she was charming! but Euphrosyne!—however, each man has his own tastes!"

"Sir," said the Baron, with dignity, "I will think over your proposition, if it can be done with honour. In two days I will give you my answer. Till then, I beg, not a word on the subject to Madame Desroches."

"This is my proposition, sir; how does it suit you?"

"I give you my word," said the excellent Monsieur Desroches, and departed smiling; but Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville had no smile left in his composition—he was devoured by despair.

"I see the mistake," he said to himself, "I mistook the hotel!"

Horror! he had kissed the ribbon that had encircled the fat lady's neck, he still carried on his heart a locket containing her hair! He tore it out and trampled on it; then in the evening he took the train for Paris, and Monsieur and Madame Desroches waited for him in vain. No more would the shady woods of Contrexeville see Baron Alphonse de Vaudeville wandering pensively along the zig-zag paths!

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THE LITTLE WHITE STAR

By H. Clifford Mortimer.

Long since had the sun arisen over the heights of the craggy Drakensberg, and far in the distance could be heard the lowing of the cattle as they were driven out to pasture, and the chanting of the girls as they brought water from the spring; but still Nbamuti, the Witch-doctor, sat crouched before the fire of his lonely hut among the mountains, gazing with unseeing eyes at the dying embers, with head bent low as if in thought.

Nbamuti, the Witch-doctor, was called by some Nbamuti the Cruel. In his hands lay the fate of nations, for was he not the chosen servant of the Spirits of the Air?

And as he sat, Bho the Evil, a large snake, lay coiled up at his feet, watching him with its shining beadlike eyes.

Presently it glided towards him, hissing softly as it went. Then Nbamuti took it and twined it round his neck, and spoke with it as though it understood.

"Bho," he said, "Thou art wise and very cunning, for within thee dwells the spirit of Incwadi the Isanusi, whom some men called 'the Wise,' but some 'the Evil.' Tell me, Bho, how I may avenge myself on him, for whom death is by far too sweet.

"Shall I tell thee again," he went on, gazing deep into its sparkling eyes, "of the man of whom I speak? Listen, and perchance we may be able, thou and I, to devise some plan to bring him to the dust. Listen, and I will tell thee all the tale.

"Thou knowest the White Man who dwells on the hill called 'Mkulu? A trader he is who sells my people goods. Katala, the people call him. It is he, Bho, whom thou and I are to make to rue the day of his birth. For as to-day I sat amongst the people, casting the bones and singing warlike songs, this man, this Katala, came upon us, as the people sang the chant of Death. He stood and he cried in a loud voice, 'What does this mean? Stop this folly!'

"And when they would not, Bho, he strode up and seized me,—me, Nbamuti the Wizard, Nbamuti the Foreteller of Evil and the Reader of the Things to Come; and he cast the bones into the fire, and trod them down, and while the people stood cowed and fearful, he struck me with his whip across the face, saying that I was a liar and a cheat, and—and——. But, hark!"

In a moment all traces of emotion left him, and he was crouching once more before the fire, listening, for he had heard the footsteps of one coming up the path towards the hut. Presently a grim smile crossed his face. "Bho," he whispered, "thou hast done well. It is 'Mlomu, the servant of the White Man, Katala."

Nearer the footsteps approached, and pre-

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sently he who came burst forth into a chant, singing as he walked. Then Nbamuti stirred the fire, and cast upon it a powder, which caused a pungent smoke. Soon the footsteps halted before the door, and the voice of 'Mlomu cried: "Father, art thou within?"

"Enter, my son," the Witch-doctor answered, and presently 'Mlomu entered.

"Hail, father," he said, as he stood upright within the hut.

"Greeting," said Nbamuti, and then was silent, gazing at the column of smoke that arose from the dying fire. And Bho the Evil uncoiled itself, and glided, with a muffled hiss, under a pile of skins which lay in the corner.

After they had remained thus for a long while in silence, Nbamuti said unto him that waited, "Sit." So 'Mlomu sat, glancing uneasily at the strange weird things that hung upon the wall.

"'Mlomu," said the Wizard in a monotonous, hollow voice, "tell me of this master of thine, this White Man who you call Katala."

"What wouldst thou know of him, father?"

"Tell me all, 'Mlomu," said Nbamuti. "All concerning him."

"It is well, my father," he said; "I will tell thee all, for well I know that nothing may be concealed from thee. It is now many moons since this white man came hither and built a house upon the hill 'Mkulu, and with him he brought his little daughter."

"*Hau*, what say you?" said the Wizard, looking up from the fire and gazing at 'Mlomu with his piercing eyes. "Speak, has this man a daughter?"

"Yea, father," answered 'Mlomu, with a smile, "a little maid as fair as the lilies that flower in the kloof, with hair as yellow as the sunshine and eyes as blue as the dwelling of my Lord the Sun. Irene, the White Man calls her, but with us she has another name, for we call her *'Nkenyeza 'Mhlopi*, the Little White Star. Behold, she is the very apple of her father's eye. She is but seldom from his sight, and then he will trust her to none but me."

So spoke 'Mlomu, and when he had finished speaking the Witch-doctor gave a low whistle, and forth from the heap of rugs glided Bho the Evil. And Nbamuti caressed it, and spoke with it in a low voice, with a strange smile of exultation upon his face. And presently he spoke once more aloud.

"'Mlomu," he said, and his words were spoken with a martial ring, "'Mlomu! Gone is the pride of the Zulu race. No longer do their impis roam the hills invincible, and the vulture and the jackal no longer flock after them to the fight. The vulture is hungry and the jackal is howling for blood. For blood, 'Mlomu, for the blood of the whites! For who are they that have done this thing? Who is it that have crushed the might of the Children of the Heavens, and made them as dogs? Answer me, 'Mlomu, who is it?"

"It is the Whites, father, the *'Mlungu* who swarm from the sea."

"Yes," continued the Witch-doctor, "it is the Whites. It is the accursed *'Mlungu* whose land is far across the waters. But it will not always be thus. The time of deliverance is at hand. But one thing remains to be done and the Whites shall be swept from the face of the land; and thou, 'Mlomu, son of 'Nyama, shalt do it."

"How may that be, my father, for, behold, I am even now the servant of a White Man?"

"It matters not, 'Mlomu; it was ever the custom of the Spirits to place their work into strange hands. Listen, and I will tell thee what thou hast to do, and let my words sink deep into thy heart. But one thing remains to be done ere the Amazulu rush o'er the land like a devastating flood and sweep these accursed Whites into the sea. And this is the thing, 'Mlomu, that must be done. There is a certain charm of strange powers, the secret of whose composition I only of the sons of men know. Much of this must be prepared and given to the sons of Amazulu, that they may be victorious in the war. Dost thou hear me, 'Mlomu, son of Nyama?" and he fixed his blazing eyes upon the face of his hearer.

"Yea, father, I hear," said 'Mlomu.

"And before that charm can be made, 'Mlomu, which shall mean victory to thy race, it is necessary that a child should die. Dost thou hearken well, 'Mlomu?"

"Yea, father, I hearken well," said 'Mlomu in a dreamy voice, still gazing deep in the Wizard's eyes; and for a long time they sat thus, while Bho, intently watching, lay coiled up betwixt them. Presently Nbamuti moved, and cast more powder on the fire, so that the smoke arose in a great white column. "Gaze," he said, "gaze, 'Mlomu, on that smoke, and thou shalt see the face of her whom the gods have ordained to die that thy nation might live."

And, as 'Mlomu gazed, slowly the smoke took shape, and he saw before him the face of Irene, the White Star, daughter of the White Man, Katala. Then his heart

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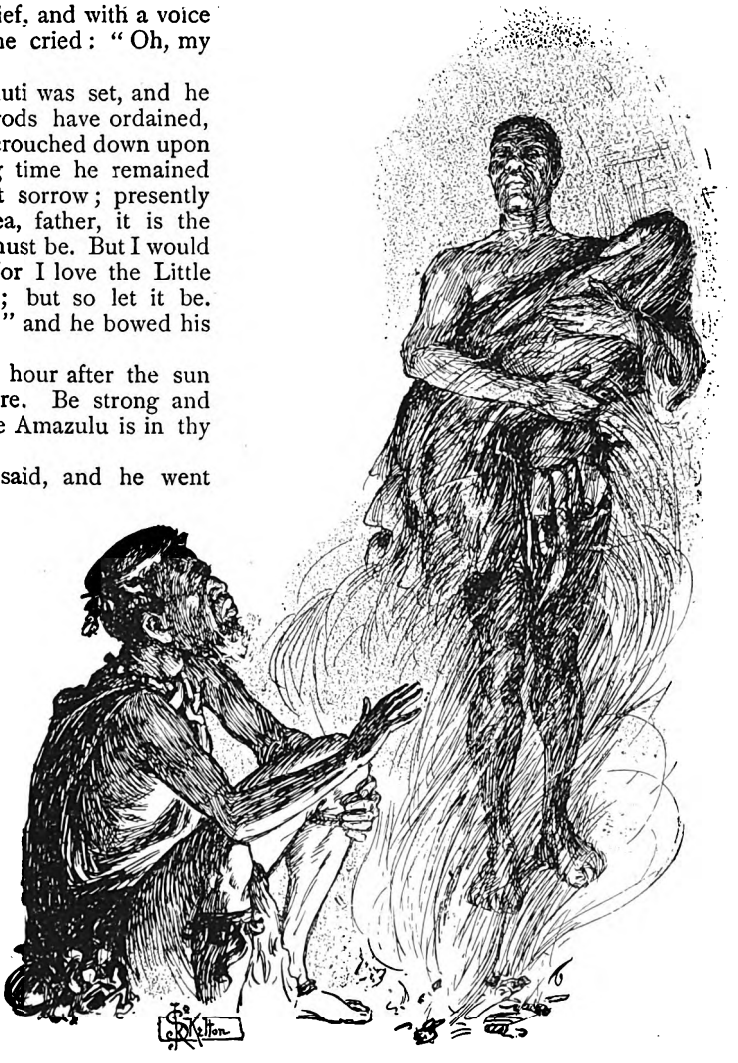
as filled with a great grief, and with a voice that shook with emotion he cried: "Oh, my father, not she, not she!"

But the face of Nbamuti was set, and he said only: "What the gods have ordained, that must be." 'Mlomu crouched down upon the floor and for a long time he remained silent, bowed with a great sorrow; presently he arose, and said: "Yea, father, it is the will of the gods, and so must be. But I would that it were otherwise, for I love the Little Star as mine own child; but so let it be. When shall I bring her?" and he bowed his head and waited.

"To-night, my son, an hour after the sun sets, I will await thee here. Be strong and fail not, for the fate of the Amazulu is in thy hands."

"I will not fail," he said, and he went down the path with his head bent very low, and Nbamuti noticed that he no longer sang as he had done when he had climbed the slope. At the door of the hut Nbamuti watched him go, and long after he had gone, there in the gateway Nbamuti sat, gazing into the distance, and in his heart was an unholy joy.

Presently, through the darkness, a form was seen climbing the hill towards the hut, and soon 'Mlomu stood before him, a hard set look upon his face. In his arms, wrapped in a rug, he held Irene asleep. His step was slow and his look was sad, and he said to Nbamuti: "My father, let it be swift and painless; see, she knows no danger here, but sleeps most gently, thinking I have borne her home once more," and before Nbamuti could answer, he strode away into the night and was lost from sight in the darkness.



In his arms, wrapped in a rug, he held Irene asleep.

They were alone, the Wizard and the little child—the Innocent and he that was called the Evil. His heart was full of rage against the father of the maid, and hate against her, while she, poor mite, lay sleeping peacefully, as calm as if within her bed at home. But still for long Nbamuti sat, gloating over the thought of his revenge.

"*Hau*, White Man!" he muttered, "now is the time come when thou shalt see that the enmity of Nbamuti is not a trifling thing. For from this day thou shalt have but little rest at night, if, indeed, 'Mlomu spoke truth, and thou dost love the child as he said.

"The Little Star, he called her. *Hau*, she is well named, for this night the Little Star shall set, leaving her father, the Sun, disconsolate. Swift and sure shall thy setting be, Little Star, for so I promised 'Mlomu, but the grief of thy father shall last until his life be set also, and he pass into the shades of which men know not."

So he spoke, then built up the fire, and

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rose and walked towards the child. "Come!" he said, "let us look upon the face of the Star that is so soon to set," and he knelt down and drew the rug from over her.

She was sleeping very peacefully, with her head resting upon her arm. Her golden hair hung in tangled ringlets about her face. Her lips were parted, and her long eyelashes cast deep shadows about her eyes.

Nbamuti gazed upon her with parted lips. Strange, but he had never seen such a beauteous thing before. Surely the child was not of earth, but rather some vision sent to cheer the hearts of men. So he kept quite still, fearing to waken her, and when Bho, seeing his master pause, crept to his side, he thrust the snake away lest it should rouse the child.

Presently, as he watched, Irene moved and turned in her sleep. Then her blue eyes slowly opened: "Father," she said; then turned and saw Nbamuti.

Now the Witch-doctor had expected her to start away from him, but no, she turned to him without a trace of fear, and said: "*Saku bona*, where's 'Mlomu?"

"'Mlomu has left thee for awhile, Little Star," said he, "but be not afraid, he will soon return."

"I'm not afraid," she said, "I know you. You'se 'Muti, who makes the Kaffirs dance and sing. I like to hear them sing, and sometimes 'Mlomu and me creeps up and watches, only my father says it is all nonsense. But I like to see them, 'Muti, and the funny things you wear. Oh!" she continued, clapping her hands, "you've got them on now. *Do* let me see! What a funny necklace!" and she jumped up and ran to him to see the necklace which he wore.

"Oh, it is funny!" she said. "But I don't think it's very pretty, you know, 'cos it's 'streamly dirty. Take it off, 'Muti, and come and talk to me till 'Mlomu comes, 'cos I'm sure you know lots of nice stories. Oh, here's a dear little stool! I'll sit here and you can talk to me."

Nbamuti took the necklace and laid it aside, and then sat beside her near the fire, only he did not talk much, but looked constantly at her as she sat there, her elbows resting on her knees, prattling in English and broken Kaffir.

Presently she turned to him and said: "Is your *real* name 'Muti? It's not a pretty name, is it? 'Muti means medicine, and I don't like medicine, do you?"

"My name, Little Star, is Nbamuti l'isanusi. Another name I have, but men do not often call me by that name."

"Oh, I have two names as well," said she. "How funny. Would you like to know what my name is? The Kaffirs call me 'Littie Star,' but my real name is Kathleen Irene Lorimer, and I was born at Lorimer House, Southsea. Where were you born, 'Muti?—but I forgot, that's not your name. I can't remember what you said, but I'll call you Jack; Jack's a pretty name, isn't it?"

Nbamuti leaned back and laughed with great enjoyment. She would call him Jack, this little white figure; and half-an-hour ago he would have killed her. He shuddered at the thought.

Suddenly it struck him that she might be hungry, so he said: "*Ulambele na?*"

"What does that mean, Jack?" said Irene. "I can't understand such long words. Speak in English."

"You hungry?"

"Oh! hungry? Yes, Jack, I am, for you see I didn't have any tea, and 'sides, it's *very* late."

So Nbamuti brought out *maas*, and she ate a little, and then lay back and closed her eyes. "Oh, Jack!" she said, "I'm so sleepy. I wish 'Mlomu would come."

"Would the Little Star care to sleep again?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" she said. "You shall put me to bed, Jack, and hear me say my prayers. You come and kneel down here, and I'll kneel down, too, and then you must keep quite still while I say my prayers."

So they knelt down together, and thus the Little Star prayed:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon Thy little child;
Pity my simplicity——"

And surely the Great Spirit, who listeneth from the Heavens, had looked down and surrounded with His everlasting arms the little child that night.

When she had made an end of praying, Nbamuti wrapped her in the rug once more, and very soon she fell fast asleep.

But long into the night Nbamuti sat and watched her as she slept, and Bho, the Evil, knew better than to disturb him as he watched.

* * * * *

When 'Mlomu left the hut he was sorely troubled at the fate of the Little Star. It was strange how it could be she whom the gods had chosen to die—a little child, so helpless and so fair. Surely the charm could have been made although she still lived. What

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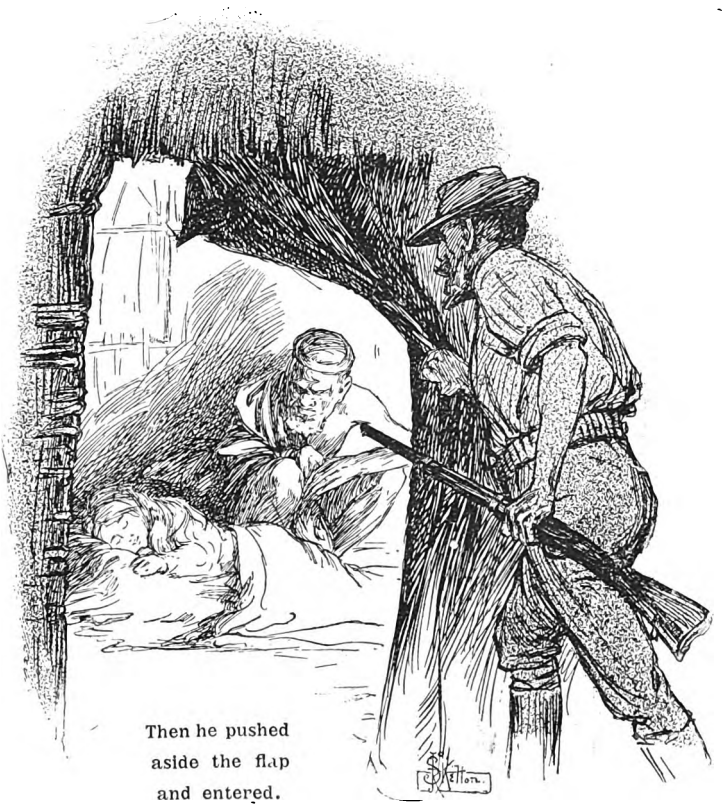
purpose could it serve that she should die?

Then he remembered her father. How he would grieve. He scarcely dared to think what effect the death of the Little Star would have on him. Perchance he would go mad – who knows?

Slain by the hand by Nbamuti! What a death!

Nbamuti the Wizard! How well he remembered that often he and the Little Star had crept up and watched him as he threw the bones. It was on the last time that they had thus watched, that Lorimer, Irene's father, had come upon the Wizard, and had cast his bones into the fire. Gods! how angry Nbamuti was then. He well remembered the look of hate on his face as he vowed revenge. Well, Nbamuti had had his revenge by this time. Revenge! How strangely this word did ring? Nbamuti had killed the Little Star for revenge, and he, poor fool, had helped to murder her!



Then he pushed aside the flap and entered.

In a moment 'Mlomu saw it all, and he turned to run back towards the Wizard's hut. But as he ran a fear seized him and he retraced his steps. He would first go and tell the child's father.

When he reached the house he found Lorimer watching for his return. The moment he caught sight of him he cried: Speak, man, where is the child?"

Now when 'Mlomu stood before him, his courage left him, and he could only stammer, "Father, she is in the hut of Nbamuti the Witch-doctor."

But Lorimer seized him by the throat, "Dog!" he said, "tell me what you mean, or, by Heaven, I'll kill you." So, slowly and in trembling accents, 'Mlomu told him all.

When he had finished Lorimer said nothing, only he took his gun and set off towards the hut of Nbamuti.

When they reached it Lorimer paused and listened. No sound could be heard within, and around them all was silent, save only the rustling of the night wind in the trees. Then he pushed aside the flap, and entered.

In the corner of the hut lay Irene, sleeping calmly, while, bending over her crouched Nbamuti. His eyes were half closed, and there was a peaceful smile upon his face.

For an instant Lorimer stood; then he rushed forward and clasped the Little Star to his heart. "Is that you, daddy?" she said sleepily. "Oh! I'm so glad you've come. 'Mlomu was such a long time, but Jack did tell me some lovely stories; didn't you, Jack?" and she turned to the Witch-doctor. "Let us go home now, daddy," she said as he did not answer, "but first you must thank Jack for taking care of me."

For a long time the White Man stood in silence and his look was very perplexed. But presently his face cleared, and, turning to Nbamuti, he said with a queer catch in his voice:

"Friend, thou art ill-named! From henceforth men shall call thee no longer the Worker of Evil, but the Doer of Good!"

But Nbamuti made no answer. Then suddenly he turned and left the hut, and as he went the Little Star called after him "Good-bye!" And when Bho the Evil would have followed him, he spurned it away with his heel.

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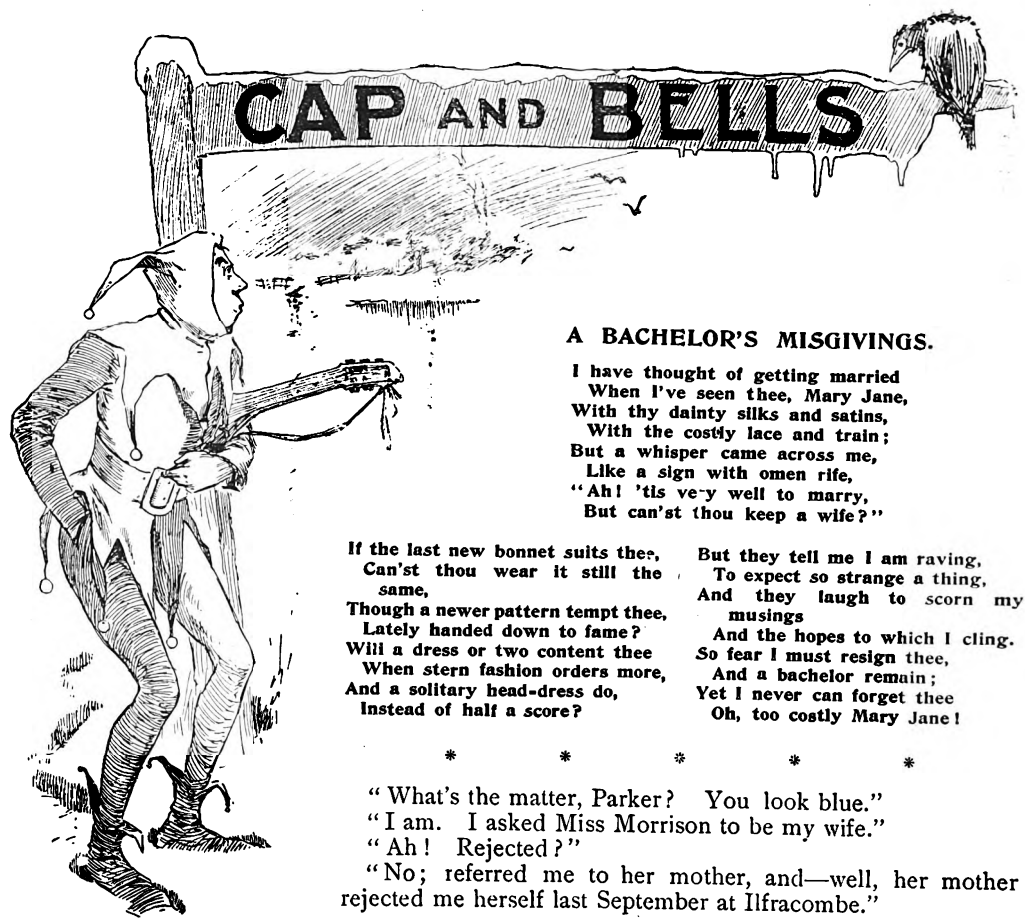


A BACHELOR'S MISGIVINGS.

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With the costly lace and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with omen rife,
"Ah! 'tis very well to marry,
But can'st thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee,
Can'st thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern fashion orders more,
And a solitary head-dress do,
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving,
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings
And the hopes to which I cling.
So fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain;
Yet I never can forget thee
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

* * * * *

"What's the matter, Parker? You look blue."

"I am. I asked Miss Morrison to be my wife."

"Ah! Rejected?"

"No; referred me to her mother, and—well, her mother rejected me herself last September at Ilfracombe."

* * * * *

If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma!" the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out to see what was the matter with her darling.

* * * *

A little knowledge of English is, indeed, a dangerous thing. At Bombay a native baker has had the words "European Loafer" painted over his door.

* * * *

A gallant young Irishman declared to his sweetheart that he could not sleep at night for dreaming of her.

* * * *

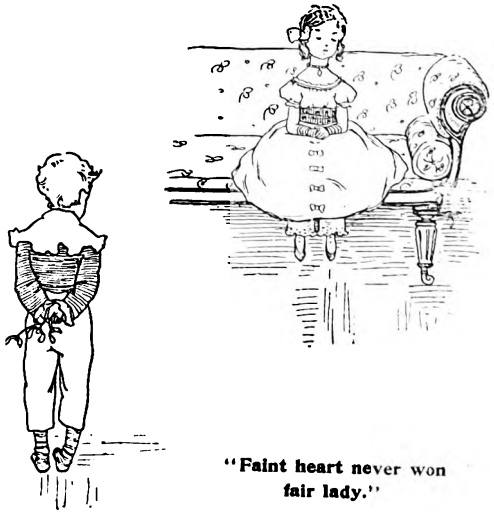
"Were you upset by the bank failure?"

"Yes. I lost my balance."

* * * *

CHAMP (savagely): "Your beast of a dog has bitten a piece clean out of my leg!"

SHARPE (ditto): "Confound it! I wanted to bring him up as a vegetarian!"



"Faint heart never won fair lady."

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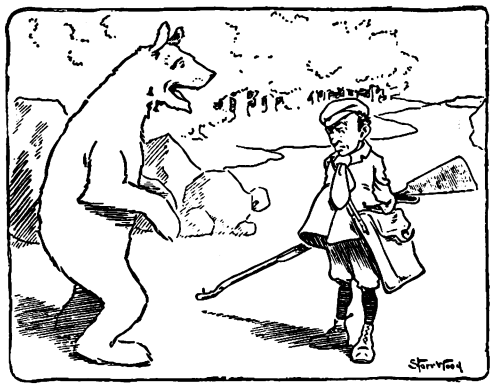
A notice posted in a certain town reads: "Cash paid for butchers' hides." This shows what popular indignation against butchers may lead to.

* * *

"What is a widow?" asked the teacher of a Sunday school class, the subject of the day's lesson being the raising of the widow's son of Nain.

There was silence until she nodded to a little boy on her left, and said: "You know what a widow is, don't you?" for she knew the boy's mother was one. "Yes'm," he answered, "it's a lady what takes in washin'."

* * * *



Hullo, Mr. Bear, don't be afraid—I—I won't h—hurt you. I—I am after rab—b—bits!

WOULD-BE SPECULATOR (entering stockbroker's office): "Are you the broker, sir?"

SOLITARY LOUNGER (very sadly): "No, my friend, I'm the brokee."

* * * *

DR. KENLEN: "We physicians can't encourage business as you tea dealers can by offering presents to every buyer of tea."

SIFTING (the tea dealer): "Oh, I don't know. You might offer a grave in a cemetery or an oak coffin to every patient who buys £10 worth of medical advice."

Anxious Mother: "I'm afraid Johnny is ill."

Father: "My goodness! What does he complain of?"

Mother: "He hasn't begun to complain yet; but I forgot to lock the jam closet to-day, and there isn't any missing."

* * *

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was describing a voyage at supper one night.

"Whilst cruising in the Mediterranean," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

* * *

CONTINGENCIES.—"Now, I want to know how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter?" a young lady demanded, with a tell-tale blush, as she handed the post office clerk a communication addressed to her lover.

"That depends," said His Majesty's representative, reflectively. "If he's in gaol they only let them write once a week, and in some places only once a month, on Sundays.

"If he's dead broke he'll have to wait until he earns the price of a stamp, and I have no data on which to base an opinion of his earning capacities.

"If he's ill in bed he may feel delicate about dictating his real sentiments to a cold, disinterested third person; and if it's small-pox they won't let him write at all.

"Then, again, if he's got a new girl——"

She did not wait for the clerk to complete his catalogue of contingencies.

* * *

There is a cadet who defines a kiss as a report at headquarters.

The tourist passing over the beautifully situated golf links is particularly struck by——

——a golf ball.

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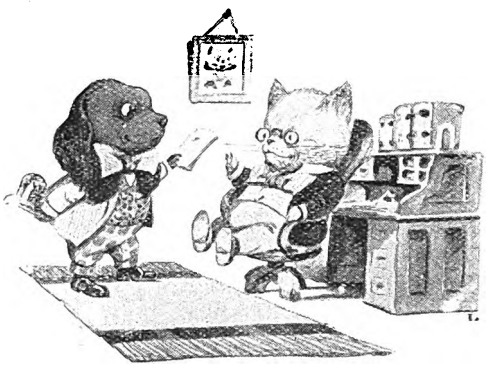


"Can I insure you with one of our life insurance policies?"

"Well, yes; if you'll give me a discount I'll let you write me out nine of 'em. I'm a cat, you know."

* * * * *

A Colonel in the French army who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his bandmaster on the appearance of his men.

"Their uniforms are neat," said the Colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement I must insist upon."

"What is it, Colonel?"

"You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

* * * * *

PLAYING COLUMBUS.

He stood on the deck of his vessel
(And that was the baby's high chair),
His glass was a roll made of paper;
The kitchen he scanned with great care.

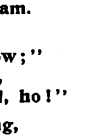
His crew was a cat and a baby,
In a tub just behind him they sat;
The baby looked pleased and contented—
I can't say as much for the cat.

"I know there's land just before me,
And near the great treasures I am!"
His eyes quite unconsciously wandered
To certain high shelves heaped with jam.

"Ah! here are some berries like coral,
They must come from off shore, I know;"
The baby looked hurt when he shouted,
"A light! See, a light!" and "Land, ho!"

And puss, with a gentle "me-yeou"-ing,
Was glad when the voyage was o'er;
And, arching its back in a hurry,
Was first of the crew upon shore.

The high chair just here slightly tilted,
And, with a big bump on his head,
In spite of his gallant discovery,
Columbus was packed off to bed!



The best adhesive label you can put on your luggage is to stick to it yourself.

* * *

A person who had got some little smattering of zoological lore, said one day to a novice that crocodiles were often seen in tears. "Oh, that's nothing," rejoined the novice, "I've often myself seen whales blubber."

* * *

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs."

"Yes," frankly replied Mr. Meggs, "that's the side her glass eye is on."

* * * * *

"Officer, you say this man was riotous in the street, singing and using slang, and quoting bad poetry to the passers-by."

"Yes, sir."

"Ten days."

"But, your worship, I'm a poet, and I don't want to be sent to prison."

"A poet?"

"Yes, sir. I'm the greatest poet of this country, I am. My works have the largest

Mr. Goodsoul: "For a beggar, you look rather respectable with glasses on."

Mendicant: "Yes, sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job."

"We'll call it six months."

circulation. Everybody has my poetry in his house."

"What do you write?"

"I'm the gentleman what gits up the poetry on the comic valentines."

"Oh, you are. Well, that alters the case. Did I say ten days? We'll call it six months."

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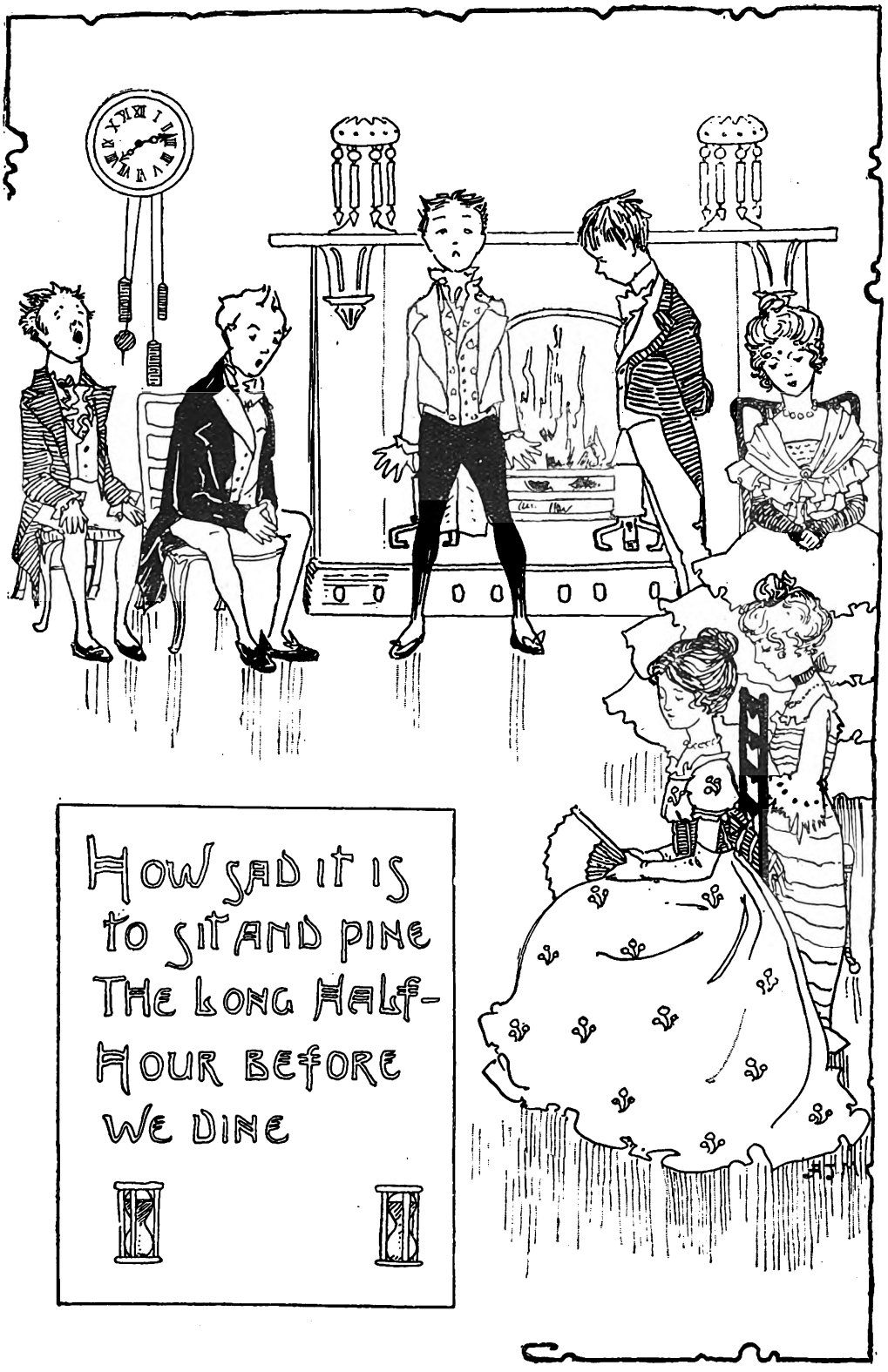


How sad it is
to sit and pine
The long half-
hour before
we dine

"HAVE" COMPETITION.

The prize of half-a-guinea offered for the the best "Have" has been won by

MR. A. J. CAMPBELL,
BANK HOUSE,
BLANTYRE,
near GLASGOW.

When the opportunity occurs we will publish a selection from the many thousand "Haves" received.

Servant (from the floor above): "Me lady says as will you let your daughter sing this afternoon."

Lady (delighted): "Why, certainly. I am glad your mistress enjoys it."

Servant: "Yes, mum. She expects a visit from the landlord, and wants some excuse for asking a reduction in the rent."

* * *

"Why, you'd better knock the door down. What do you want?"

"Don't let me wake any of the family. I'm just using your knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they have no knocker."

A TRAGEDY.

In a duck pond,
On a log,
Enjoying sunset,
Happy Frog.

Joyful quack,
Stroke of luck
Exit Frog,
Happy duck.

We shall be pleased to give a prize of one guinea to the reader who sends in the best set of verses in the style of the above.

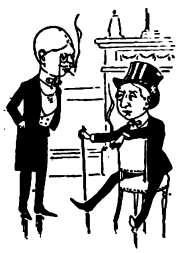
"Why do you call your pupil 'Defective Flue'?" asked one artist of another.

"Why do you suppose?"

"Because he is likely to set things afire."

"No; because he doesn't draw well."

* * *



Cholly: "How do you know she won't marry you."

Chappie: "Precedent, my dear fellah. She never married anyone."

Cholly: "That's so, bah Jove."

* * *

CUSTOMER: "This waistcoat is too tight for me. I'm a snuff-taker."

TAILOR: "A snuff-taker? What has that to do with the excellent fit of this waistcoat?"

CUSTOMER: "How can a man sneeze without a little slack in his waistcoat?"

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE."

IN the November number we offered a £5 note to the reader whose letter was first opened containing the sentence in which Jack Hislop's narrative "ceases to be reality and passes into the realm of imagination." We have much pleasure in awarding the prize to

THE REV. E. P. COLE,
28, GREAT GEORGE ST.
PARK STREET,
BRISTOL,

whose letter was first opened containing the correct sentence, which runs as follows:

"As the first knock on my door failed to thoroughly arouse me, there came a second and more imperative summons."

THE EXPLANATION.

Jones, the landlord, called his friend at 8 a.m. as arranged, and when an answer was not immediately forthcoming, knocked again more loudly. It will be noted that Hislop was aware of both knocks, yet, in the few seconds before he was sufficiently awake to answer, he dreamed all the dramatic circumstances connected with his arrest, imprisonment, numerous trials, and final sentiments in the condemned cell—a period covering at least ten weeks.

The sequel to Hislop's actual adventure was common-place. After borrowing a hat, shirt and boots, and breakfasting with the landlord, he returned to his lodgings to find Mrs. Tandy and her daughter greatly concerned as to his whereabouts. The stalwart and bronzed stranger was indeed her son, who came home the previous day after a long voyage from South America. Unfortunately he had celebrated his arrival by getting drunk, and the old lady was ashamed to make him known to Hislop whilst in such a state. For this reason his presence in the house would not be revealed until next morning.

But Tandy, in the process of recovery, suffered from night-mare, and a rush of blood to his head caused his nose to bleed. In this condition Hislop found him, and the now half-drunken sailor, seeing a stranger in the room and finding his own face covered with blood, promptly attacked him.

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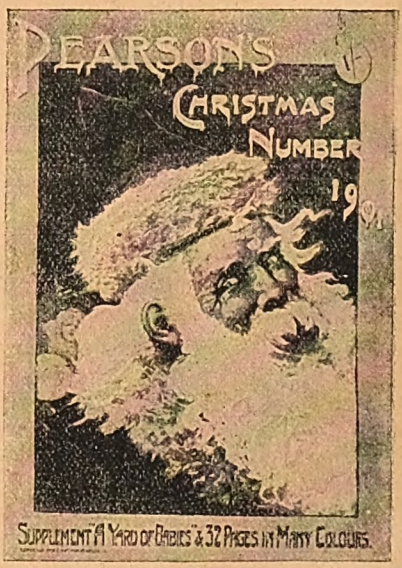

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THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
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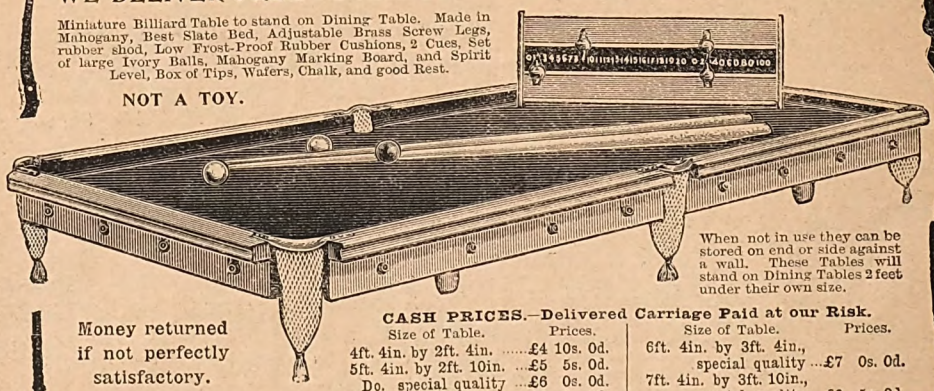

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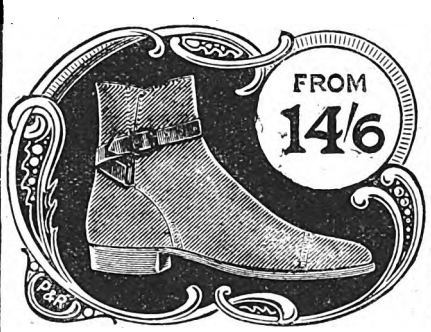

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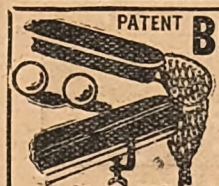

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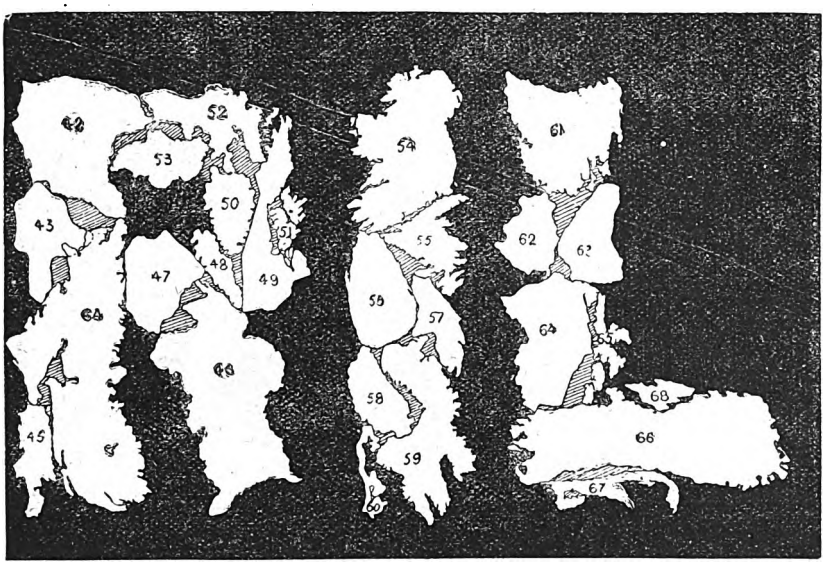

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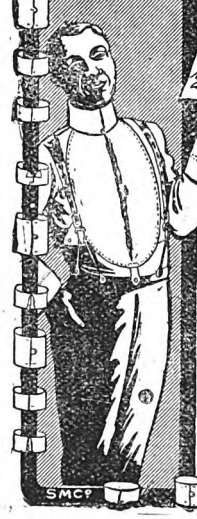

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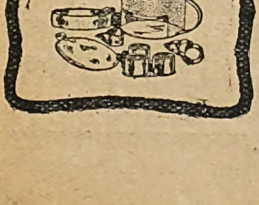

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REV. PAUL WELLER.

In answer to a personal letter from an intimate friend, asking if it were true that he (Rev. Mr. Weller) had become a firm believer in Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism, Rev. Weller wrote:

The facts are: The subject of Personal Magnetism or Hypnotism, to which I have devoted many years of study, was recently more forcibly than ever called to my attention through reading a scientific work on the subject, now being circulated by the New York Institute of Science, of Rochester, N.Y.

I am a minister of the Gospel, but I do not hesitate to say that the reading of that book and the subsequent study of its contents have worked an all-powerful, important, and good influence over me. My recommendation of Personal Magnetism, a subject every man and woman may study with profit, is made after through investigation and with complete knowledge of its great value. I make this statement deliberately. The study of Personal Magnetism, as set forth in the admirable books I have mentioned above, should be next to the study of the Holy Bible.

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(Rev.) PAUL WELLER.

It will only be necessary for you to send your request to the New York Institute of Science, Dept. K. L. 5, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A., and you will receive the volume Rev. Paul Weller recommends by return mail. IT IS FREE. A penny postal card will bring it.

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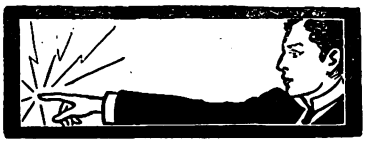

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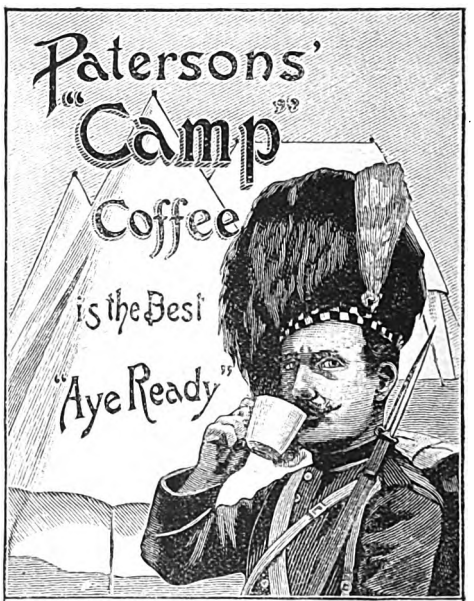

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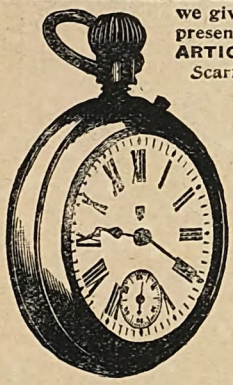

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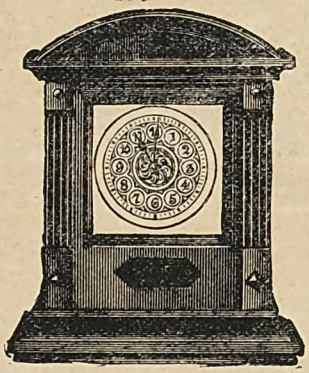

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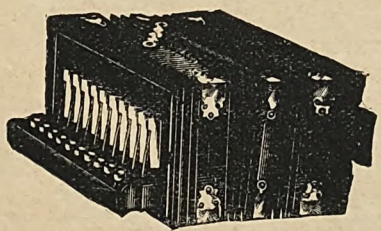

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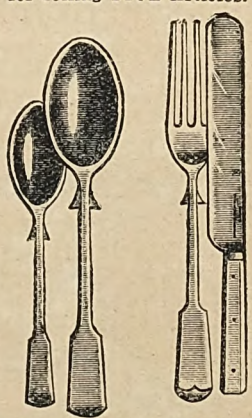

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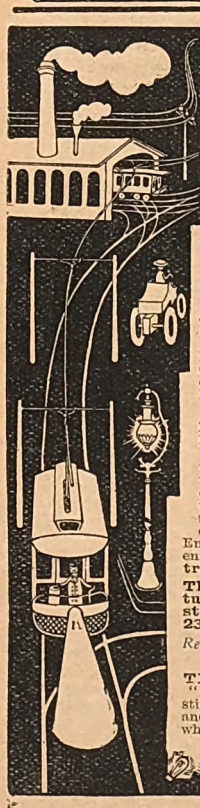

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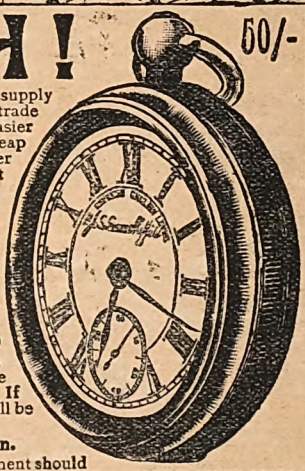

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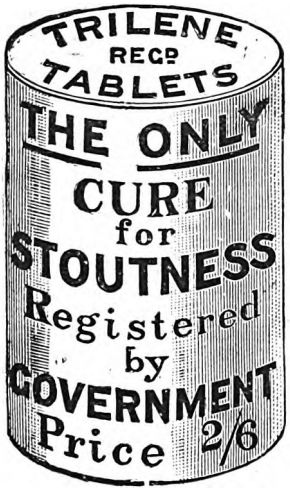

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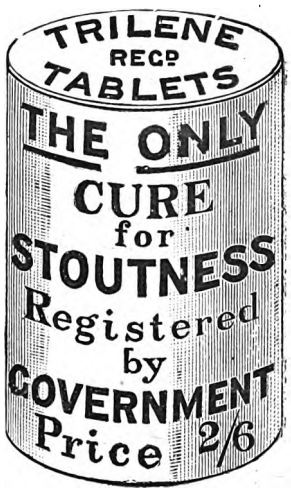

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

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Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

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DEAR SIR,—It may interest you to know that my children (who use your Coal Tar Soap in their bath) have, and some others, mixed with a child who had developed measles a few hours after. The other children took the disease 15 days after, and mine escaped; was it the Coal Tar Soap? I think so.—Yours very truly, (A GRATEFUL MOTHER.)

If you would like to make a trial of the Soap in your Nursery, please fill up the Form and send to the Proprietors of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 48, Southwark Street, London, S.E., who will send you a Sample Tablet free of charge.

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ADDRESS _____

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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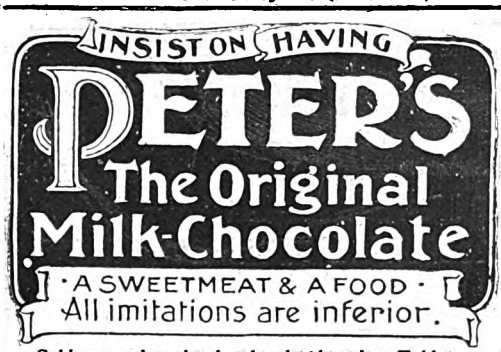

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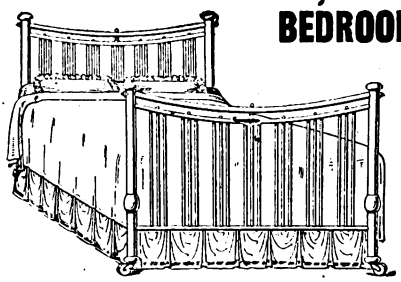

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Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

ETHEL WARWICK.

If she had not been an actress she would have been a first-class artist. It was while she was studying with the brush that she came across that indefatigable manager, Mr. George Edwardes. There was a brief tussle between art and drama—and drama won. She is a very beautiful girl, and her hands and arms are simply exquisite, of which she is not a little proud. She has been the source of inspiration of more than one exhibitor at the Academy.

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From · The · Stalls

LOUIE FREEAR.

She was earning eight shillings a week when she was eight weeks old. She was the stage baby then, and to-day—she is also the stage baby. For she is only four feet and a half, this great, little lady. Great—for what greater act can there be than to make people happy? And if laughter be an outward sign of happiness, then Louie Freear makes hundreds happy every night of the year. But she feels sure she could make them cry as well, if only a pathetic part were given her. And since so many people enjoy a good cry, won't some enterprising manager see that little, great Louie Freear's wish is gratified?

Photos, Hana.

Vol. VII.—February, 1902.—No. 40.

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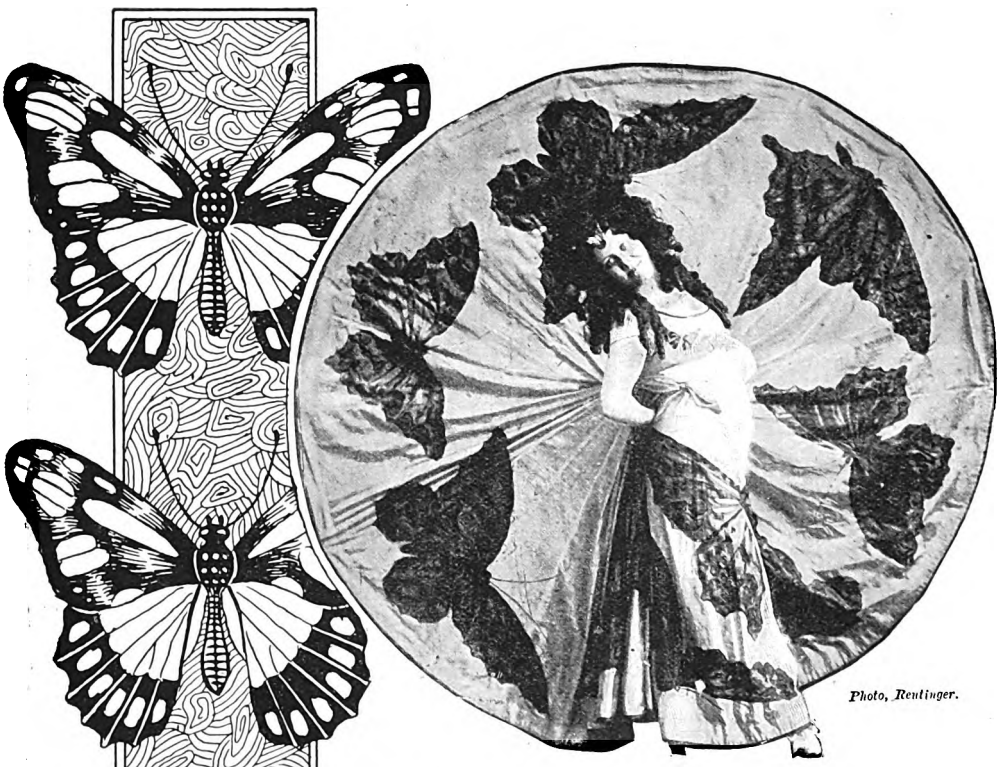

Photo, Rentinger.

LA LOIE FULLER.

She is a child of Nature, is La Loie, utterly unspoilt by her prodigious celebrity, simple, and with the ways of an impulsive, winning little girl. Kind hearted, open handed, she is the most devoted daughter that ever earned an old, infirm mother's blessing. "She—is—a—good—girl," the dear old lady will tell you, pausing long, as old folk do, between each word. "Never seems—as if—she—can—do—'nough for me." And she is, of course, the most famous of dancers. La Loie invented the skirt dance in coloured lights. Have you ever seen her Butterfly Dance, her Lily Dance, her Archangel Dance? No? Then you do not know what colour is.

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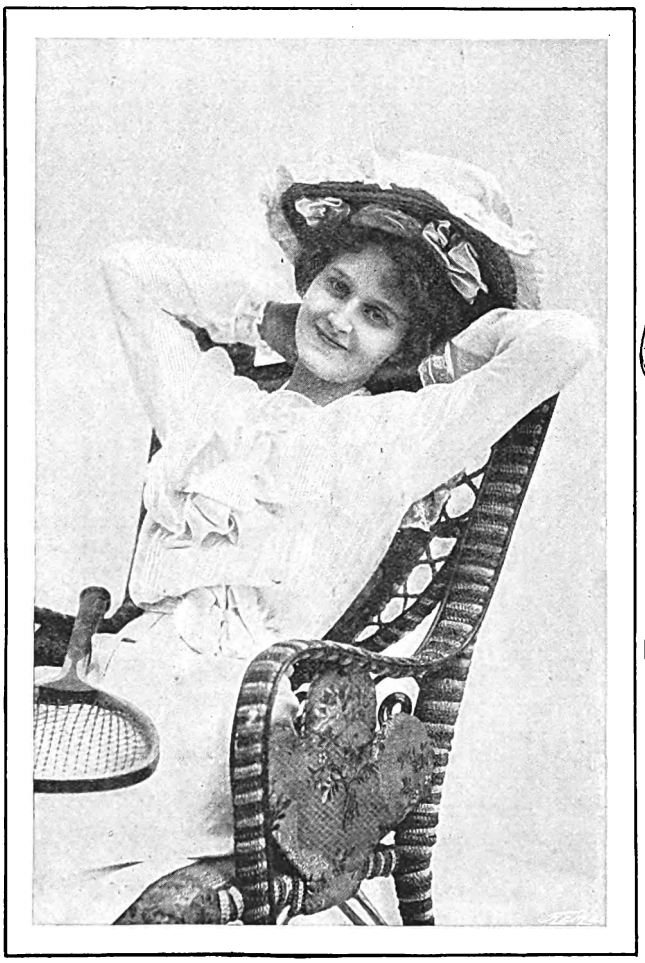

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

JANET ALEXANDER.

Her first appearance before a London audience was in "A Man of His Word." The part she took in that play seemed to me exactly suited to her temperament: an English girl, merry, light-hearted, yet strong of character, faithful, and with a fund of deep emotion. It was not a very important part, and yet when you left the theatre you remembered it to have been one of the most impressive things in a not very impressive play. Miss Alexander has played with enormous success in the country, and that an equal measure of success may attend her in London is the devout wish of all who witnessed her performance. A bright, engaging girl.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

QUEENIE LEIGHTON.

Her life, she tells you, has been uneventful, unromantic, and full of hard work in the provinces. She made her first appearance before a London audience in "The Toreador"—"and my feelings on the first night can only be imagined by those who have gone through the ordeal." But she is an old hand now; she knows her London audience and her London audience knows her. A bright and happy-minded girl, Miss Leighton, who has no complaint to make against life in general or anyone in particular. Her great ambition is to go in for serious parts, but in the meanwhile—long live musical comedy! She loves Yorkshire terriers, and has one sad weakness—hats.

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Photo, Hana.

MARGARET HALSTAN.

Though already widely known, she has a still greater future in store. For she has what many actresses unfortunately lack—brains. I suppose she is the only actress in the world who is quite as much at home on the French and German as on the English stage. Each of the three languages she speaks like a native. Her spare time is given to athletics of all descriptions.

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Photo, Hana.

FANNIE WARD.

"Who was the smartest woman of the season?" Such was the query which a well-known journal lately put to its readers, and when the thousands of votes were counted up it was found that Miss Ward had easily out-distanced all other ladies in the Kingdom. So she received a hundred-and-fifty guinea dressing-case from the enterprising journal. Miss Ward lately became the wife of Mr. Joe Lewis, the African millionaire; but it is said that her retirement from the stage is only temporary. Let us hope so, for if she is the smartest woman in London, she is certainly one of the cleverest of London's actresses.

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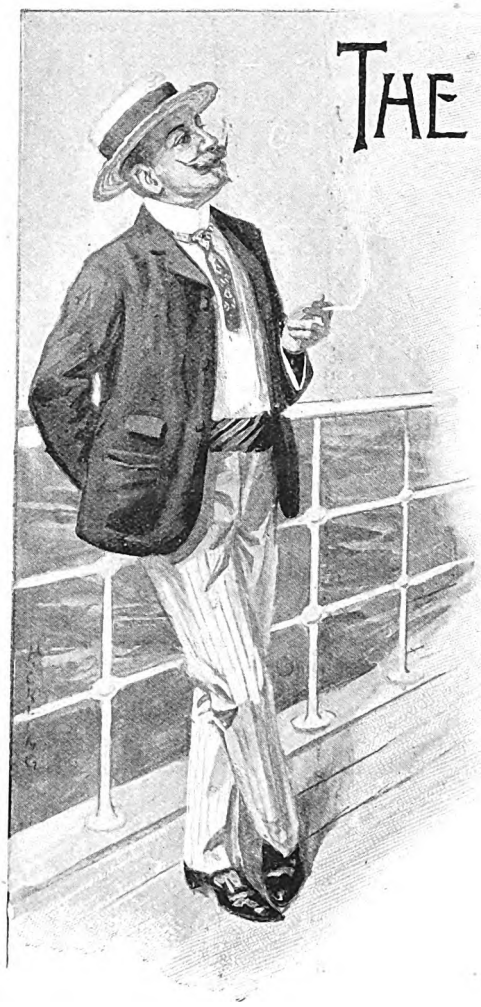

THE UMANIA AFFAIR

By Orme Agnus.

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how delighted I am to see you, but you are run down and no mistake. But never mind; before we touch Sandy Hook you'll be a different being. The Atlantic is the finest tonic in the world, I always maintain."

It was thus Captain Sibley, of the *Umania*, fleetest of Atlantic greyhounds, greeted his friend, De Warr, the great detective.

De Warr had long boasted he never needed or took a holiday, but three months previously he had fallen prostrate before an attack of influenza, and at last in May he rejoiced Sibley's heart by wiring that he was going to see what a voyage across the Atlantic and back could do for him, and had, of course, booked his passage by the *Umania*.

Among the passengers with whom De Warr had struck up an acquaintance was his *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table, a Frenchman named Monteil, who was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen.

De Warr, who among his other accomplishments, numbered an intimate knowledge of the French language and of French modes of thought, found Monteil within certain limits a well-informed and cultured gentleman. His views, however, were circumscribed by an exclusive patriotism that was really amusing; the other nations were barbarians, envious of French progress and enlightenment, and, in short, there was no good to be found, save in *la belle France*.

De Warr delicately hinted his surprise that so ardent a patriot could tear himself away from his country, but to that Monsieur returned no answer, but changed the subject.

Mademoiselle, his daughter, was altogether charming. This was her first voyage, and she found everything novel and delightful. She spoke French, but understood hardly a word of English, and she was unaffectedly delighted when De Warr conversed with her in her own tongue, and, for his own amusement, taught her English phrases.

It was glorious weather the second day out from Queenstown, with temperature far above the average for May, and in the evening most of the passengers were on deck listening to a nigger minstrel entertainment, organised by the second officer with the assistance of the male members of the theatrical party.

When the performance began, De Warr found the girl a seat next to the third officer, Manton, and then stood with Monteil under the lee of a boat listening to the performance.

A few minutes afterwards De Warr went forward to have a few words with Sibley, and the Frenchman, lighting a cigarette, went and leant against the rail.

Hardly a minute later he put his hand to his side, gave a feeble, inarticulate cry, and began to reel and stagger.

At that moment De Warr was just returning to Mademoiselle, and with one

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or two others who were standing near, rushed to his assistance. But before they could reach him he fell in a heap on the deck and a little blood oozed from his mouth.

De Warr looked hastily towards Mademoiselle. She was laughing and chatting with Manton, unconscious of what had happened.

"Form a ring round him," he said in a low voice to the others, "and do nothing to attract attention — his daughter is sitting yonder. I will fetch the doctor," and he hurried off.

In less than three minutes he returned with Selwyn, the ship's doctor, and the latter at once knelt down and examined the prostrate man. His words gave the bystanders a severe shock as, looking up into their faces, he said quietly, "Help me to carry him below, please, as unobtrusively as possible; he is dead."

Selwyn and another carried him while the others acted as a screen to hide the sight from those who were listening to the entertainment. But quickly and unobtrusively as it was done, it was noticed by one or two who passed the news on to others that the French gentleman had had a seizure of some kind. As yet they were unaware that he was beyond help.

As soon as the body had been carried below, Dr. Selwyn went to report to the Captain, who was greatly shocked.

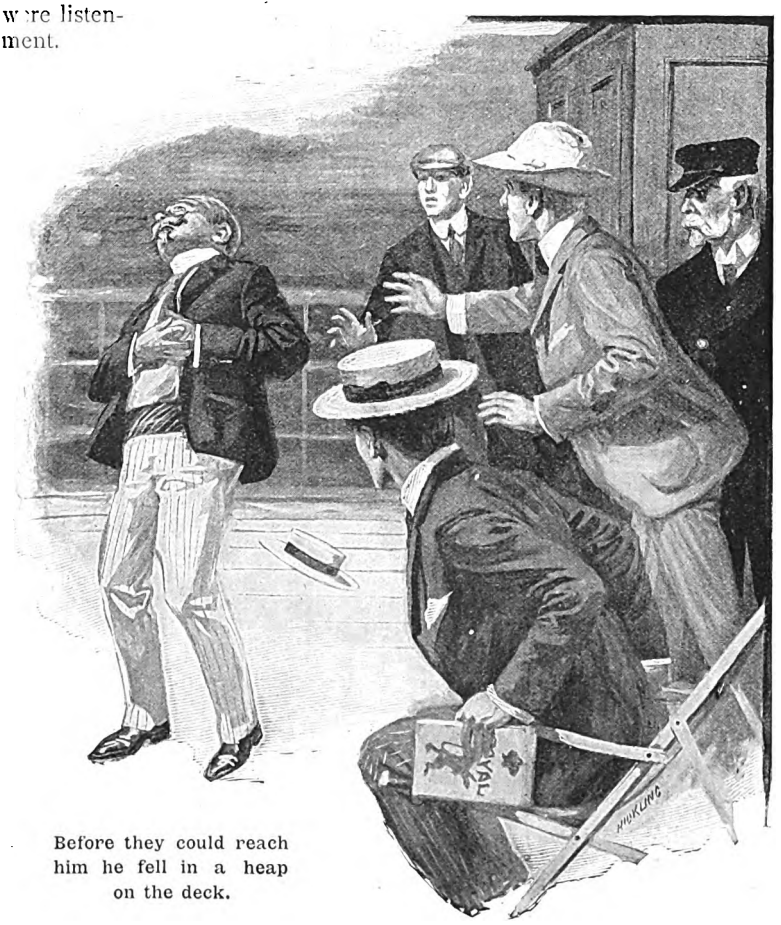
"Are you certain he is dead, Selwyn?" he asked.

"There is no possibility of doubt, I am sorry to say," was the doctor's reply. "Although the little blood that came from his mouth might point to the rupture of a blood-vessel, I am convinced from the suddenness of his death, that his heart must have been grievously wrong for some time. It will be necessary for you, sir, to break the news to his daughter. She is yonder, chatting with Manton, and unaware of what has befallen her, poor thing."

The Captain winced.

"Very well, Selwyn, I must do it, I suppose. I will go below now and you must send her to me at once. And directly she has left, tell Manton to acquaint the people with this tragic business and stop the merry-making. Poor girl! poor girl!"

In order that Mademoiselle might suspect nothing nor ask him awkward questions, Selwyn tried to deliver his message with a nonchalant air and tone, but he thought he must have failed in his endeavour, for she sprang up on the instant with blanched face and fear in her eyes, exclaiming in a breath: "The Captain? Why? Why? Where is my father?"



Before they could reach him he fell in a heap on the deck.

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Selwyn, aghast, interrupted her with a falsehood. "I—I don't know, Mademoiselle. Come, please, I will conduct you to him."

Without another word she accompanied him to the Captain's private room, and when he had shown her in, Selwyn beat a hasty retreat.

* * * *

Half-an-hour later the Captain sent for Selwyn. "Good Heavens, Selwyn," he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his face, "of all the things I have ever had to do, that was by far the most painful. I have taken her to her room and made her lie down. The stewardess is with her, but do go and give her an opiate, or I believe she will go mad."

Selwyn nodded, and went to do the Captain's bidding. In a short time he returned. "I have given her a good dose of chloral, sir, and she'll have some hours of merciful oblivion," he said.

"Listen to me, Selwyn," said the Captain. "She believes—that is—what did he die from?"

"As I have said, sir, it must have been heart disease—he literally dropped down dead. Did she not say that she knew his heart was wrong? He must have had one of these attacks before."

"No," said Sibley slowly, "she does not believe that heart disease was the cause of death."

"Indeed! what then?"

"I will tell you what took place, Selwyn. She guessed he was dead before I could speak, but when she had recovered a little from the shock, she exclaimed passionately,

"'But, Monsieur, you are wrong, the doctor is wrong, my poor dear father has been murdered.' For the moment I thought the shock had unhinged her mind, particularly as she spoke so vehemently, and I tried to calm her and disabuse her of the notion, telling her again what you stated was the cause of death, and pointing out that he could not have been murdered on deck in the presence of so many.

"But it was all in vain; his health was good and his heart sound, she declared; she was convinced he had been murdered.

"Naturally, I asked what grounds she had for this belief, and she told me that for the last two years her father had gone in great fear for his life from some unknown enemies, and, moreover, that he had undertaken this voyage to escape from them. She asserts that he sold a flourishing business in Bordeaux—he was a jeweller—and they were going to the States to bury themselves in California.

"'I shall be safe there,' he told her more than once. I asked her who and what these enemies were, but she says he would never tell her."

"I don't know what to think, sir. Everything pointed to heart disease, though, of course, I may be—but then, those who were near him said that he was promenading alone and only a moment before had been chatting in good spirits. No one was within six feet of him. On the face of it such a notion looks absolutely preposterous."

"Could—could he have been poisoned, Selwyn?"

"There is only one way, sir, properly to settle the question. I must make a post-mortem. Do you authorise me to do so?"

"Yes," said the Captain after a moment's thought, "and you had better begin at once. I should like to be able to reassure the poor girl when she awakes."

"He was smoking a cigarette when he fell, I believe. If I find anything suspicious, I must make a search for the fag-end."

"I will look myself," said the Captain, "meantime you can go on with your work here. Heaven grant it *is* heart-disease!"

* * * *

A little after midnight Captain Sibley went to De Warr's berth and roused him from his sleep.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "particularly as you came on this voyage for rest and change, but we thought you might advise and help us."

De Warr was out of his berth while the Captain was speaking.

"Of course you may count on me, old fellow," he said. "You can tell me what it is while I am dressing. Your face tells me it is something very serious."

The Captain told his story, and when he had finished De Warr gave his friend a glance of keen scrutiny but said nothing, and they went in silence to the cabin, and Sibley locked the door behind them.

Selwyn nodded to De Warr, and the Captain remarked:

"I have told Selwyn who you really are. Proceed, Selwyn."

The doctor threw back the sheet from the corpse and pointed to a tiny wound in the left side. "See here," he exclaimed.

"A bullet wound," said De Warr laconically.

"Yes," responded the doctor. "The wound as you see is very small, and as there

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was practically no external bleeding, I never noticed it until I was proceeding with the post-mortem. Here is the bullet," and he handed to De Warr a small bullet made of silver which had been conical when fired, but had spread at the tip on striking against the ribs. "But that is not all, Mr. De Warr," added the doctor gravely. "It was hollow and contained prussic-acid, though for some reason or other the poison did not escape until the poor fellow had been dead for some time."

"What do you make of it, De Warr?" broke in the Captain, who was in a terrible state of excitement and agitation. "How could that bullet have been fired on the crowded deck and no flash seen or report heard?"

"I can't answer at present the questions you have put to me," De Warr said quietly, but with a new note of resolute energy in his voice, "but I am going to try to find out. You put this affair into my hands, Sibley? Thank you," as the Captain nodded. "The first thing I ask is that not a sound is breathed about this—you are satisfied that it is heart-disease and have no suspicions that there is an assassin on board."

The Captain nodded; so did Selwyn.

De Warr skilfully plied her with question after question.

"One thing I can tell you already. I know by whose orders this was done; I have heard of the scoundrelly gang that kills those it considers traitors by silver bullets which are poisoned. It is known as the Red Brotherhood, a new secret Anarchist society that only came into existence four or five years ago."

For three hours De Warr paced the deck oblivious of all around him. No one knew better than himself the difficulties of the problem he had been given to solve. Here was a community almost as large as that of a small town and with no clue to go upon, he had in the short space of three days to find the assassin—an assassin who was to all appearance infinitely cunning and resourceful.

All desire for sleep had gone from him, and as soon as the day began to dawn he went below and roused the doctor, who followed him on deck. He placed himself on the spot where Monteil had fallen in order that Selwyn might assist him in ascertaining from what direction the bullet had come, and then he went down on his hands and knees, and with a magnifying-glass examined the deck. But there was nothing to be learnt.

Captain Sibley, still looking pale and troubled, came up. "Well, De Warr?" said he in a low tone.

"There is nothing to learn here," responded the detective. "I must confess this is a hard problem. But I don't despair for one moment. I must talk to Mademoiselle presently to see if she can tell me anything. I know, of course, the kind of v[illegible]on used, but—"

"What!" exclaimed the two listeners in a breath.

"Yes, it was with—but there, I will say no more now, but I should be obliged if both of you would kindly keep your eyes open to-day and let me know if you see any passenger with a telescope, or camera!

* * * *

At De Warr's suggestion, Captain Sibley sent for Mademoiselle to his cabin. Their

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doubts as to how much they should tell her were at once set at rest, for her first words on entering the cabin were: "You have sent for me to tell me my father was murdered, is it not so?"

"To our grief it is so, Mademoiselle," answered De Warr.

"Then the murderer must be found," she cried fiercely, and then broke into wild sobbing.

They waited in silence until the fit of weeping had exhausted itself.

"Pardon me, Messieurs," she said, "I—I—"

"We share your sorrow, Mademoiselle," said De Warr. "I want you to listen calmly to me for a few minutes. I am an English detective, Mademoiselle, and I hope to discover the criminal. Will you kindly answer me some questions with that object?"

"Anything," she said, and De Warr skilfully plied her with question after question. She could, however, throw no further light on the matter. Her mother had been dead seven years, but it was only in the last two years that the change had come over her father. Formerly the gayest and most sociable of men, he had become fearful and morose, and seldom ventured out alone.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," said De Warr, concealing his disappointment. He had hoped she might furnish him with some small clue.

De Warr has always maintained that his success as an investigator in the dark secrets of humanity is due principally to his observation of character, and he spent the day on deck subjecting his fellow-passengers to unobserved but minute scrutiny.

He examined the list of passengers and found seven French names beside Monteil's, among them being two married couples. He had them pointed out to him and watched them carefully. Two of the unmarried Frenchmen who seemed bosom friends and shared the same cabin, struck him as being of a sinister aspect, and with Sibley's collusion, he searched their cabin while they were at dinner.

His judgment of their characters was confirmed on examining their baggage; he found enough to convince him that they were a pair of swindling adventurers. But rogues though they were, there was nothing to connect them with the murder, and again he was baffled.

* * * *

The last morning of the voyage had come, and De Warr had hardly eaten or slept since the murder.

He was leaning against the rail that morning asking himself for the thousandth time: "How was the weapon carried? How could it be carried?" and finding no answer to the question, when his eye fell on a figure on deck and the blood throbbed in his temples and for the moment made him dizzy. It was an old, white-haired German, bent as if with rheumatism, who was feebly walking up and down with the aid of a stout stick. The feeble old gentleman, who was voyaging alone, had been a familiar sight during the voyage, and more than one had taken pity on him and engaged him in conversation. He was going, he said, to spend the evening of a long life with his married daughter—the wife of Herr Heinrich Wirtstein, the wealthy merchant of Kansas City, he added proudly.

De Warr had seen him every day, but now he looked at him as though scales had fallen from his eyes. And then he remembered that old Herr Arndt had been on deck that evening, and—

The old man was creeping along some yards ahead. De Warr strode out, passed him, and walked on to the end of the promenade, then turning and with head bent down, as though in a fit of deep abstraction, he advanced briskly upon the German.

A collision was imminent, but when only a step from each other, the old man stepped aside with considerable nimbleness.

De Warr apologised profusely and passed on. "Extricated himself wonderfully, considering he is so old and feeble," he muttered to himself with a smile of satisfaction.

As long as Herr Arndt remained on deck, De Warr devoted himself to observing his every movement, and followed him below when he went to take some refreshment. This gave the detective the opportunity for which he had been waiting, for before proceeding to the dining-saloon, the old man went to his private cabin, and to his intense satisfaction, De Warr observed that he had left his stick behind him. It was not the first time that De Warr had been on other people's premises 'with intent,' as the law has it, and he was soon in the German's cabin.

The stick was nowhere visible, and he was in great fear that the owner might come back before he had discovered it, but to know that such care was taken of it gave him great satisfaction, and made his suspicions certainties. At last he found it behind a curtain, and knew by its weight directly he

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touched it, that in his hands was the weapon that had shot Monteil. He examined it hurriedly and found all his suspicions verified.

On his way to the Captain he met Selwyn. "Come with me," he cried gleefully. "At last! at last!"

Sibley was in his cabin writing when they entered, but he jumped up as he saw the expression on his friend's face.

"Observe," said De Warr. "I hold in my hand the stick of poor, old, feeble Herr Arndt. Notice, I unscrew the ferrule and you look down a steel rifle barrel. The top unscrews, but you only need to give this small nob a half turn, then press it, and the weapon is fired. A most ingenious weapon, you will admit."

The two looked at him too dumfounded to speak.

"I have been a great fool in this matter," went on De Warr. "You see I was convinced that the weapon must be concealed in some innocent article, and that is why I asked you to let me know if you noticed anyone with a glass or camera. As men don't usually carry walking-sticks on board ship, I never thought of one. It was most incredibly stupid."

"But how was it fired? How was it there was neither flash nor report?" asked Sibley.

"Oh, it is fired by a globule of highly-compressed carbonic gas — of course, you have heard of it before? No?" as both shook their heads. "There is literally no noise beyond a slight hiss that would only be noticed in perfect stillness. I remember remarking when I first saw one of these rifles, that it was an assassin's weapon."

"Talk about luck to the Horse Marines," said the Captain. "But how did you come to suspect him?"

"Inspiration," he replied with a laugh. "I had seen *mein Herr* every day, but it was not until this morning that I really saw him."

"What would you advise should be done now?" asked the doctor.

"I think you had better send for him here, Sibley," said De Warr. "Say you would like to speak to him for a moment."

The Captain called one of the stewards. "Gregory," he said, "I want to speak to that feeble old gentleman, Herr Arndt, whom you will find either in the dining-saloon or in his cabin. Give him my compliments and say I wish to see him for a few minutes here. You will wait to conduct him here. Offer him your arm, but if he wishes to know why I send for him, you do not know."

"Yes, sir," said Gregory, and went off.

The trio sat waiting in silence for some minutes, when De Warr sprang to his feet. "Again I have been an ass," he said in low but emphatic tones. "I deserve to be kicked. I felt so satisfied with myself that I forgot. I ought to have returned this," pointing to the stick, "before we sent for him."

"Oh, what does it matter?" said Sibley, but the next moment both he and Selwyn sprang up as cries came from the deck, "Man overboard!"

"Our man, I'll wager," cried De Warr, as they made a rush for the deck.

Gregory met them breathlessly. "It's the gentleman, sir," he panted. "He said he must go to his cabin first, and I let him. And then he made a rush up on deck, sir, and jumped clean overboard. I never saw an old man so quick as he was."

A boat was lowered, but all search was in vain. De Warr overhauled his baggage, but beyond materials for disguise, there was nothing to throw light on his identity, nor why the Red Brotherhood had, by his hand, encompassed Monteil's death. It was and is still a mystery.

Mademoiselle Monteil returned to Bordeaux, and some months later De Warr was glad to receive a letter from her announcing her marriage.

The portrait, in native costume, of Sarath Kumar Ghosh, the Indian writer of "Indian Nights' Entertainment" in Pearson's Magazine. The stories, which are appearing each month, are of thrilling interest, and deal with the mysterious sciences of the East.

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FASTER THAN THE EXPRESS TRAIN

THE AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN

By Walter Wellman.

Fournier bent low from his seat; one hand grasped the controller, the other the steering-gear. He was not nervous. Twenty years of wheel-racing (he was twice champion bicyclist of France and once of the world), scores of hard-won victories, a thousand struggles with the wind in his eyes and his hair in the wind, had inured him to the tension of such moments as these. But it was tension—there was no mistaking that. His face was haggard, dust-grimed; his shoulders, usually square like a general's, drooped and rounded. His great goggles, black, uncanny, gave him the outward appearance of some new sort of demon, born of this high-keyed, time-killing, space-destroying age. His hands did not tremble, but they gripped the steel with a tense grip.

Bending low, his jacket buttoned tightly around him to catch little wind, his assistant crouching at his feet out of range of the swift-flying currents of air produced by the mad flight of the machine, Fournier slipped the controller up to the last notch. Instinctively he tried to compress his body into yet smaller space; instinctively he thrust his head far forward, feeling a sharp pain in the back of his neck as he did so. A thousand times had he done this in the last three days; even the neck of an athlete will wince at last under the strain of many repetitions of that involuntary effort to crane forward on the outlook, as one rushes to the rail of a steamer and leans out over the water, vainly hoping to see another craft at a league's distance.

There was great need that Fournier should see. His eyes, his nerves all high-strung, were the only things that stood between him and instant death. For he was flying with the speed of the wind in its moments of cyclonic rage straight along the German highway near the royal town of Potsdam—flying at eighty miles an hour through a narrow lane between two black fringes.

He knew these dark borders of the white dusty path were composed of human atoms, because his ears—not his eyes—told him so. He could hear the shouts, "Bravo, Fournier! Bravo, Fournier!" He heard the strongest-lunged cry the first word; but the phrase was for him finished by another strong-lunged man forty yards farther on—so fast he flew! The two lines of people, with their variegated colours of coats and gowns and sunshades, and the brighter millinery hues of the women, blended into two darkish streaks bordered with the flesh-tints of rows of ruddy faces. From these dark walls a roar of shouts and cries came out at him, rolled along with him; he could hear it rumble and die away behind him—marks of the sensation produced by his meteoric passage.

Had he looked backward he would have seen the parallel bands of men and women fluttering, trying to break into the highway; two inner restraining walls of soldiers, each man gripping the outstretched hands of his two neighbours, trying to hold them. So great was the pressure from without that the walls wavered, stretched, elastic-like; more pressure, and they broke, as fist slipped from fist. The mob hurled itself into the road, buried itself in the cloud of dust, eager to see it knew not what—it was driven back by the police, gesticulating, shouting, shoving.

Fournier had passed on his way to Berlin, but others were coming—Girardot, Brazier, Réné de Knyff, Charron, Farman; and the Government of the Kaiser had pledged itself to keep a clear way. German authority, German discipline, were on trial. So the road was quickly swept by the police and the soldiers; the masses were again pressed into shape at the margins; the restraining walls of burly figures, cemented together by gripped moist hands, were speedily reconstructed.

But Fournier saw none of this. He did not look backward. His work lay before

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him, where there were no clouds of dust—thanks to the prowess which had put all rivals to the rear—but always the open lane between the two windrows of waiting mortals, the compressed human masses which were never at rest, but ever beating against the backs of the bulwarks in uniform. Now a small boy—the human institution that is the same the world over—squeezes through the wall and sprawls upon the highway. To Fournier he is a mere speck in the distance—a speck of dirt, or matter out of place. But the small speck raises a large problem. When that urchin rises to his feet, will he attempt to cross the road? Will he return to the side whence he came? Or will he lose his head amidst the cries and the excitement, and stand there right in the course?

It seems a trifling thing: it is. But these are the problems on whose solution, rightly or wrongly, hangs success or failure. The decision must be reached, not through deliberation, not by calm consideration, not in minutes or even seconds, but in a flash. Here experience counts—long observation of average mortals in given situations. One glance, in which the figure of the sprawling lad is silhouetted upon the sensitive film of the brain—one glance, in which the master of the automobile measures every line and gesture, and from them reduces a probability of action, and Fournier's decision is reached. He does not check his speed—he is going to chance it.

What if there is a mistake in his calculation or his intuition? In the two seconds of time which have elapsed while the visual impression was being carried to his brain,

Fournier taking a sharp corner at full speed. His helper is leaning out in order to preserve the equipoise of the machine.

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With the goggles brought down over the eyes, and the flaps brought around covering the entire face, the automobilist is ready for the race.

and while he was going through the subconscious process which revoked the natural impulse to slow down at the first sign of danger—the boy still sprawling in the dirt—in these two seconds the giant automobile had travelled 234 feet. The black speck now has become a large, flustered boy, picking himself up from the dust 300 feet away. From behind his great goggles Fournier's eyes measure the distance and the corresponding time—less than three seconds. If the boy steps backward, all will be well; if he steps forward to the centre of the narrow path, someone else will win the international automobile race from Paris to Berlin, while Fournier stops to satisfy the law's demands by attending the inquest.

Now Fournier can hear the people shouting at the youthful intruder. Two hundred feet and two seconds remain. The boy starts backward, but he is too slow. He has poor calculation of distance and time. He may gauge the approach of swift locomotives, but the swifter automobiles are beyond his ken. Ah! A soldier thrusts out his hand, grabs the youngster's jacket, and with a quick jerk of his forearm pulls him in. The big, white, racing machine rushes over the spot, amid guttural cries of relief from the excited multitude. Fournier's flash of divination had flashed true.

Fournier swept on. The throngs on either side of him grew denser. The white road, a mere path through a black mass, was always clear. All along the soldier-wall there are no stray vehicles or other obstacles. Through royal Potsdam, along the banks of the Spree, past beautiful castles, and the crowds are spreading wider every moment. Hoarser and more prolonged the cry of admiration and encouragement that rolls along with him. The road is good here, the grade is favourable, and the driver makes the most of it. Ahead the white path comes to an end, and runs plump into the dark masses.

A blue flag greets his eye, the official signal for slow speed, *un passage dangereux*. It is a sharp turn in the road. Slipping the controller back to the third speed, Fournier approaches the turn. He is still going fifty miles an hour. The great machine rises; it virtually runs on two wheels; the helper leans far out from it to counterbalance the effect of its momentum. The spectators gasp as they see the big racer poised in the air, sweeping round the turn. They cheer when it comes down on all fours and rushes away towards Berlin.

Having reached a slight elevation in the road the hardy *chauffeur* turns for one quick glance behind him. It is enough, for, looking over the dust-cloud which he himself had raised, he can see no rival within striking distance. Fournier smiles. He slackens speed. The crowds are pressing hard against the restraining walls, and something might break. With his good lead it is now needful only to avert accident and the result is assured.

Farther on, more blue flags, more turnings of the road. Fournier tries to speak to his mechanic, but cannot make himself heard; his words are swallowed up in the din of the excited people. They are shouting at him all manner of greetings which he cannot understand. His heart leaps as he sees before him the flags and stands of the hippodrome at Tradderenaben, in the outskirts of Berlin. Berlin at last!

Half of Prussia appears to be there. Fournier spits from his lips some of the accumulated dust. Rising in his seat, he can see nothing but acres of humanity. They are all roaring at him. As he sweeps into the inclosure and appears upon the race-track, the cries of 50,000 people drown all the noise of his motor. Everywhere flags are flying—the flags of Germany and France together.

As the gray racer and its grimy driver roll up before the tribune—filled with the fine people of the town—a German military band

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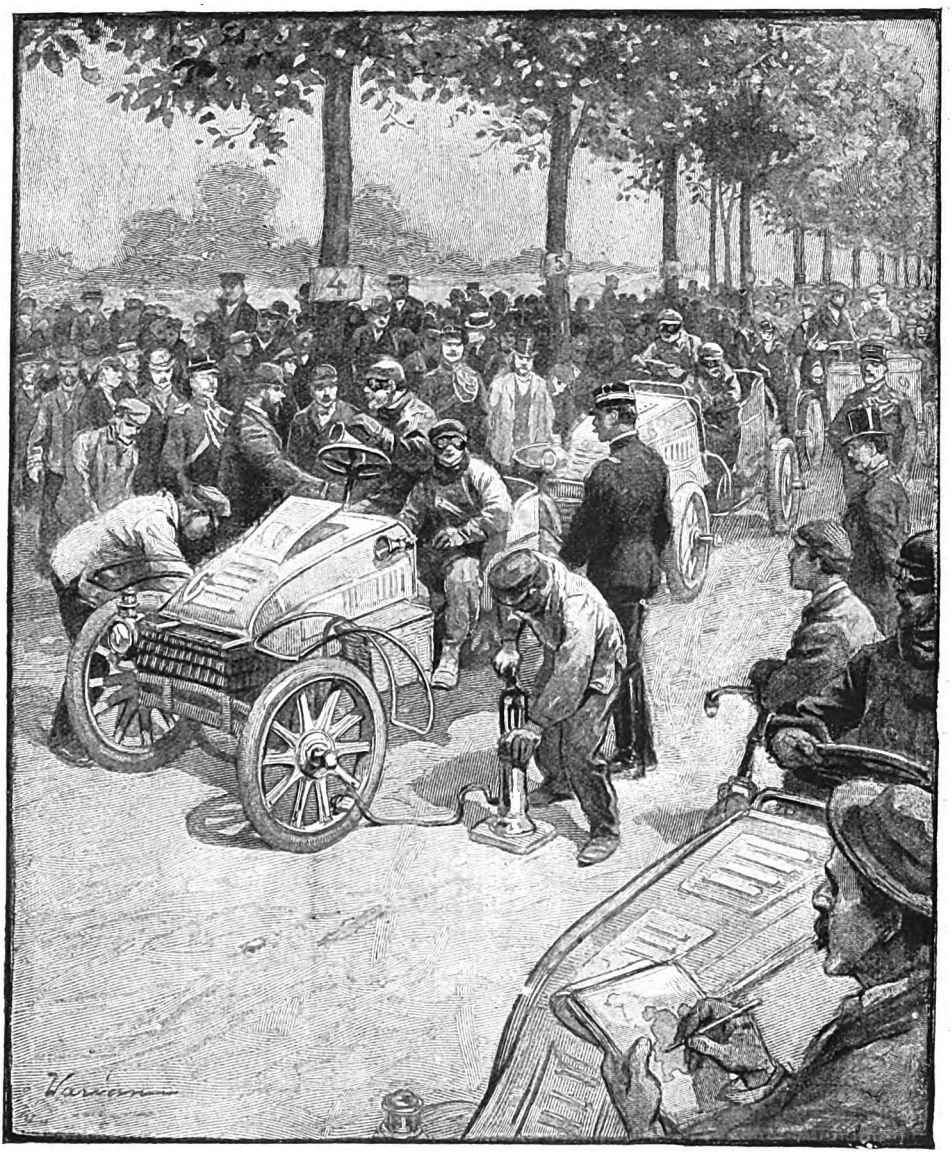
strikes up the "Marseillaise" in honour of the Frenchman who is victor of the greatest long-distance automobile race ever run.

In spite of police, of soldiers, in spite of everything, the enthusiastic people surge out upon the track. They surround the big machine, eager to touch its body or the thick rubber tyres. The police fight them off at last, and clear a way so that Fournier can move up to the post, sign the register at the control, and complete his triumph in accordance with the rules. It is done. Paris-Berlin has been run and won. Henri Fournier is nearly smothered in the embraces of his friends from France. Upon his head they place a laurel wreath. His machine is covered with flowers. The president of the Automobile Club of Germany gives him official welcome. Then the crowd lift him upon their shoulders, and carry him away to clear the dust of the German highway from his throat in a loving cup of *Weissbier*.

Picturesque, indeed, was the scene at Fort de Champigny, on the outskirts of Paris, early



The start on the road to Champigny, July 27th.

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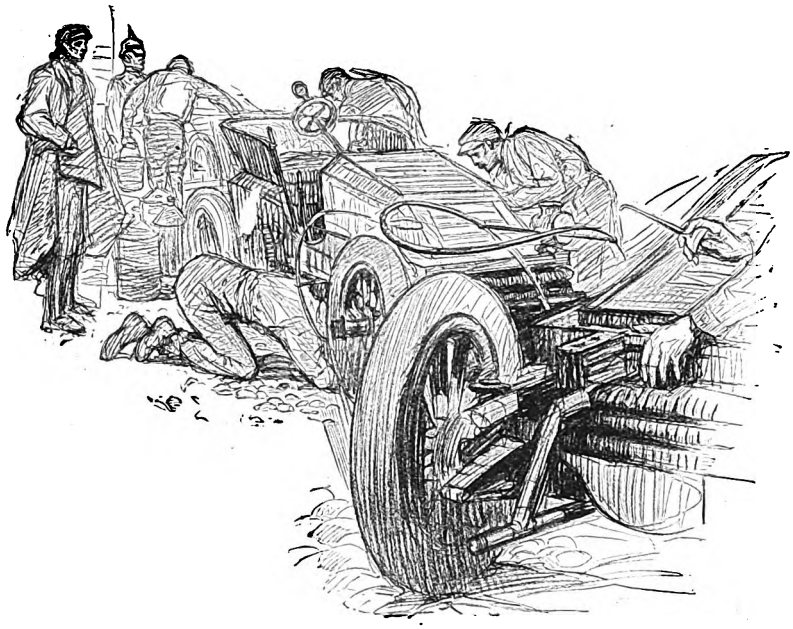

Grooming the horses. After arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle only fifteen minutes was allowed to look after the machines.

in the morning of July 27th. As the first gray dawn-light crept down from the north, great crowds of men and women were to be seen along the boulevard. All through the night they had been coming from Paris—afoot, in automobiles, on bicycles, in swell carriages, in hired *voitures*, for which some had paid as high as 360 francs the night. There was a feast of lanterns and of headlights moving to and fro. Little could be heard but the shrill hoots of wheelmen's horns, and the deeper bass of the automobile sirens. There was a hum of conversation—a babel of shouts.

By daylight the police had cleared the way. Officials were running about, excitedly endeavouring to get everyone into his assigned place. For a time the air was filled with the grunting of huge automobile racers, the teuf-teuf of the voiturettes, and the sharp, short explosions of the motor-cycles, as competitor after competitor moved to his station. As the favourites appeared, cries were heard here and there, "*Voilà Fournier!*" "*Voilà Girardot!*" or Farman or Charron, as the case might be. By half-past three 109 racing vehicles, each bearing its official number on a large placard, were drawn up, one after the other, each by a tree marked with the corresponding numerals. Just before 3.30—it was now almost broad daylight in the latitude of Paris—the timekeeper counted off the final seconds: "*Dix, cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un—partez!*"

M. Giraud, in a giant racing machine, darted away on the long road to Berlin. Exactly two minutes later Number 2, M. Gilles Hourgières, started in pursuit of Giraud. Then Fournier moved up to the post and was sent away in his turn. He was Number 4, but Number 3 had dropped out. After Fournier came Charron, Girardot, Réné de Knyff, famous *chauffeurs* all. And so for over three hours the work went on till the last of the 109 competitors had been despatched upon his way to the German capital. Never before had there been so many competitors, never before such elaborate arrangements. For months the automobile clubs of France and Germany, with the co-operation of the clubs of England and Belgium, had been making preparations.

Contestants paid an entrance fee of 300 francs or less, and started in the order their applications were received. There were four classes—(1) automobiles weighing more than 1,450 pounds; (2) automobiles weighing from 880 to 1,450 pounds; (3) voiturettes weighing from 550 to 880 pounds; and (4) motor-cyclettes weighing less than 550 pounds. The actual starters were forty-one heavy automobiles, of which two were steam and five alcohol; forty-seven light automobiles, ten voiturettes, and eleven motor-cycles. Each vehicle in the two heavy classes was required to carry at least two men, side by side, and if the weight of the two travellers fell below 310 pounds the deficiency had to be made up in ballast.

All along the course from Paris to Berlin the road had been carefully surveyed. The dangerous points were marked by blue flags. Places at which full stops were required were denoted by yellow flags. Hundreds of placards indicated the course, so that at turnings and cross-roads no contestant need lose his way. By the co-operation of the

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local authorities the road was kept cleared during the hours of the race, all ordinary traffic being required to keep scrupulously to the right, leaving an open space for the flying vehicles.

About fifty towns were "neutralised"; that is to say, all competitors were required to consume the same time in passing through them. At the entrance to each neutralised town a "control" was established, and another at the exit. When a contestant arrived at the first control his time was taken by the official time-keeper and written down upon a card. This was handed over to a bicycle-pilot, who conducted the racer through the town at slow speed. Not till the legal time had elapsed was departure permitted from the other frontier. No vehicle could be pushed or pulled by any other persons than those it carried throughout the race.

So elaborate were the arrangements that more than 2,000 representatives of the automobile clubs — controllers, time-keepers, pilots, and flagmen—were scattered along the course, to say nothing of the many thousands of police and soldiers who aided in keeping a clear way. So well was all this work done, and so careful were all the contestants to obey the rules, that no complaints or protests arose in any quarter.

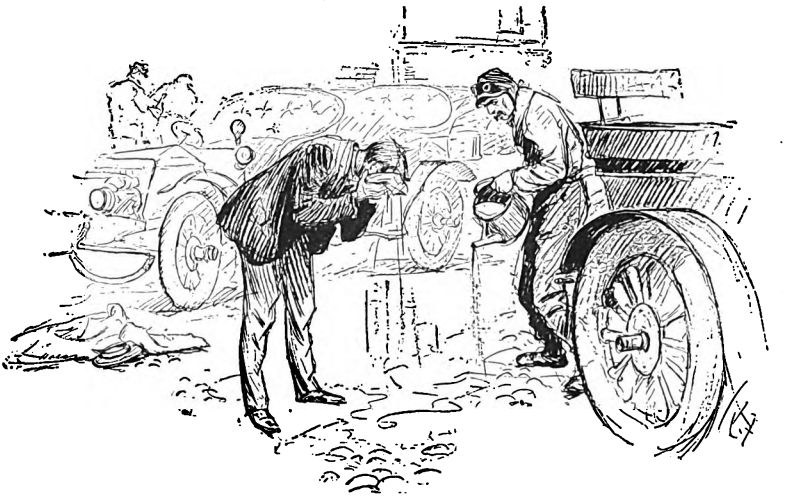
Of course the leading manufacturers were alert to the trade possibilities of the great race. One firm is reported to have incurred an expenditure of £7000, not including the cost of the machines it put into the contest. It sent out no fewer than seventy-seven mechanics, ready to make any needful repairs along the road. They were provided with tires, wheels, bolts, piston-rods, and many other parts, and were prepared to adjust them at a moment's notice.

An oil merchant scattered 1,500 gallons of petroleum along the route, to be taken up as needed by his customers. The value of the machines engaged in this contest runs up to high figures. Thirty of them cost from £1000 to £1600 each, fifty more from £600 to £1000.

Great excitement that 27th of July in Paris! Bulletins were received every few minutes at the automobile headquarters along the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Great interest throughout Europe. Who was to win the first stage of the journey, from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle? Telegrams from various towns indicated that a battle-royal was on between the crack *chauffeurs*.

At Epernay, eighty miles from Paris, Gilles Hourgières was first, but close behind him were Fournier, Charron, Girardot, Réné de Knyff, Farman, and other formidable competitors. They were all Frenchmen, these leaders. No German, no Englishman, was at the front. A few miles farther on Fournier secured the lead, and he was at once picked for a winner by all who bore in mind his remarkable performance in the race at Bordeaux a few weeks before. How fierce was the struggle at this stage of the race may be judged by the fact that at Sedan less than an hour separated the first and the tenth arrival.

Unexpectedly early in the day came news of the arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Fournier had covered the 283 miles in 6 hours and 28 minutes, an average speed of about 44 miles per hour, "neutralisation" deducted. De Knyff was second in 6 hours 34 minutes; Voigt third in 6 hours 47 minutes. Janott, an Englishman driving a French machine, was the first of the foreigners, No. 13. Foxhall Keene, the only American in the race, was 18th. Madame Dugast, a plucky Frenchwoman, was 28th. The superiority of the heavy automobiles, with their great equipment of power, was shown by the fact that the first seventeen arrivals were of the



A preliminary toilet.

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first-class type, while few of the light automobiles or voiturettes made speed at all comparable with that of the leaders.

At Aix-la-Chapelle the contestants were to rest for the night. Following the rules, each man upon arrival placed his vehicle in the inclosure officially designated for that purpose, where he and his assistants were allowed precisely fifteen minutes for giving attention to the machine.

The number of persons admitted for this period was limited by the number of passengers the vehicle had carried in the race. For instance, Fournier's machine was permitted the attention of three men, having carried two passengers. But a voiturette or motor-cycle which had carried only its driver could be looked after by but one man in addition to the contestant himself. Next morning each *chauffeur* and his helpers were allowed one hour in which to prepare the machine for the day's journey.

At five o'clock the race was resumed. By virtue of his achievements of the previous day Fournier was now the first to start. He need take no one's dust so long as he can hold the lead. But can he hold it? De Knyff, second man, is only six minutes behind. Girardot, who ran Fournier hard in Paris-Bordeaux, is well up. Charron and Farman, always dangerous men, are not far away.

It is a race now for sure. The greatest *chauffeurs* in the world, driving the speediest and most powerful machines, are engaged in a desperate struggle. At Cologne more than a dozen racers pass within an hour. At Dusseldorf Girardot actually takes the lead from Fournier, though it is only a minute's margin that separates them. Antony is reported coming at a mad pace. Every man in the race is on his mettle. His blood is up. One dust cloud follows another along the highway.

Everywhere the two lines of waiting people —dense crowds in the towns and villages, thinner fringes in the rural districts, but people everywhere. As it had been in France and Belgium, so it is now in Germany. All the world loves a race, and from Paris to Berlin no need of guide-posts or placards to point the way. All the *chauffeur* has to do is to keep between the parallel lines of spectators stretching from town to town and from city to city.

Here the roads are not so good. There are many turns, and a turn is always a source of danger. Woe to the *chauffeur* who miscalculates speed and distance and rounds too fast. There are rough spots; and the keenest eyes, the greatest skill, the best judgment are at a premium. Edge, one of the Englishmen, is thrown out of the race by his machine taking a leap in the air at a culvert and falling, to come down on all fours. Foxhall Keene has a similar experience, alighting in a potato-patch. One contestant loses forty-five minutes and his chance of victory by running over and killing a small boy.

"I never felt sure of winning till I had reached the post," said Fournier; "within a mile—yes, a furlong of it—one may have a breakdown. A valve may go wrong, a rod snap, a tire explode. Is it the man or the machine that wins a race? It is both—and luck. As with the horse and the jockey, so with the automobile and the *chauffeur*. If either is deficient, the race is lost. Both are unavailing without good fortune. In all my races I have had good luck; I have never had a serious accident.

"Here is where good driving counts. According to my theory, the good driver should never have a road accident, such as a collision with another vehicle, or a person or a tree, or post or fence. The good driver will never let his machine go too fast round a turn or over a rough spot. This is what he is there for—to take advantage of all favourable openings, to avoid all dangers.

"What do I regard as the secret of my success? Caution—yes, caution more than nerve. The reckless man will never win. He is the pitcher who goes too many times to the well. The secret of success is to keep out of trouble, and that means to go slowly and carefully where there is danger. Then when conditions are favourable, when the way is clear and straight and smooth, push her like mad. *Chauffeurs* are born, not made. I do it, and I do not know how. It is not logic, but feeling. I feel danger. I follow my instinct rather than my reason.

"Say I am driving hard along a good road. A culvert appears in the distance. I have been over the course carefully two weeks before, in preparation for the race, as have most of my serious competitors. But I cannot remember every foot of a road 1200 kilometres long. Is that culvert safe at sixty or seventy miles an hour? Or is it likely to smash the machine, or toss one up in the air to come down in wreck and ruin? Strain the eye as much as I can, and I cannot see. I do not know. I must take my chance. I cannot say what others do, but in such cases I always have recourse to my feelings. If

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my instinct tells me to slow down, I slow. If instinct tells me to go on full speed, I go. Why it is I cannot explain, but my impulses seem always correct. They never fail me. I have grown to trust them.

"There are accidents which the best drivers cannot avert. Things will go wrong about the machine. A score of my competitors lost their chance by breakdowns. One who might have won a place had his machine disabled within sight of Berlin. The tires are a weak point in every automobile. I gained the lead the first day out from Paris, not by driving recklessly in the dust of Giraud and Hourgières, but by passing them while they were stopping to put on new tires. I never saw them again along the course.

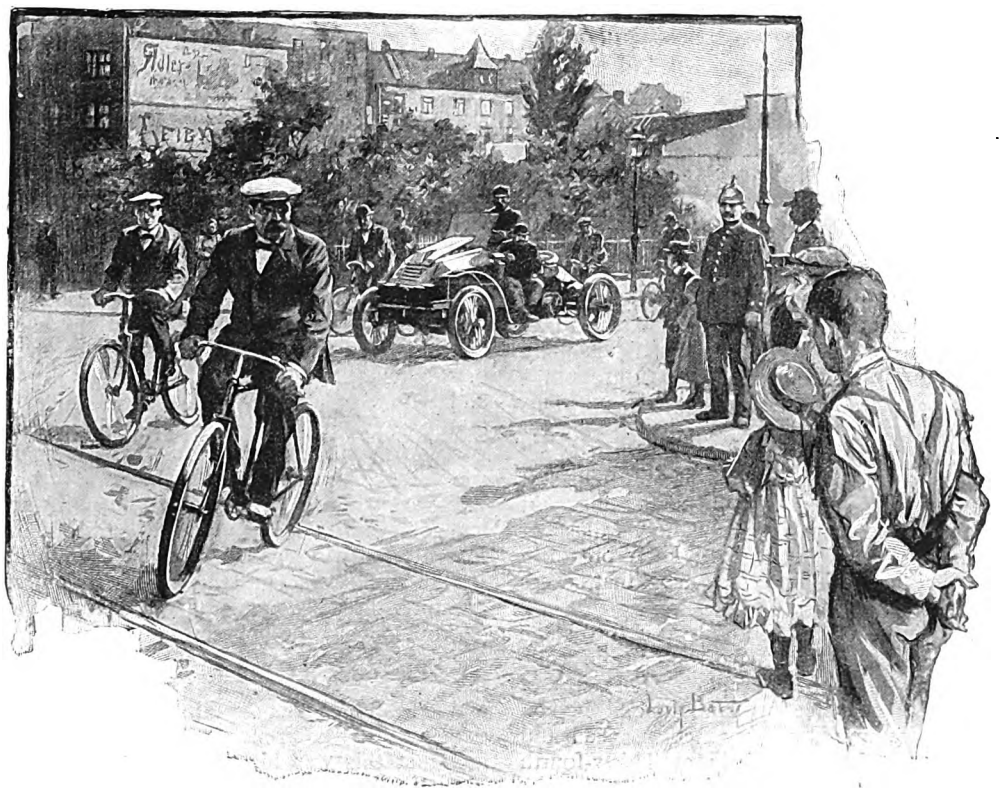
"My machine lost eleven tires between Paris and Berlin, nine from punctures and two from explosions. Fortunately my mechanic was the quickest and strongest man in the trade. We replaced our tires in an average of nine minutes each. Many workmen need twelve or fifteen minutes, while the amateur *chauffeur* is likely to use a full half-hour."

In the history of automobile racing there was never a fiercer struggle than that on the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Hanover. The most desperate contest was between Fournier and Antony. Fournier arrived first, but Antony made the faster journey. The latter had covered the 277 miles in the astonishing time of five hours and six minutes—fifty-four miles an hour! Fournier's time was five hours and twenty-four minutes. De Knyff and Girardot were only thirty minutes behind. Another night of rest for the racers whose overwrought nerves permitted them to sleep, a night of recuperation for the final struggle of the morrow.

"Did you rest well at Hanover?" I asked Fournier.

"Yes, I rested," he replied, "but I did not sleep, neither there nor at Aix-la-Chapelle. I had not a wink of sleep between Paris and Berlin. Both nights I tossed in my bed. There was always before my eyes that narrow road bordered with human beings, always some little child straying out in the path in front of me."

Next morning bright and early Fournier and his two helpers prepared their huge



The racers in the streets of Hanover. They are being piloted by official cyclists through the "neutralised" territory of the city.

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white racer for the day's work. They put on new tires, examined all the valves and gear, took on a supply of petroleum. At five o'clock Fournier, smiling, his good machine well in hand, his trusty mechanic by his side, took his place at the starting-post, was given the word, and sped away for Berlin. He had twenty-one minutes' time advantage over Antony, his nearest rival, thanks to his success of the first day.

Twelve minutes later Antony, the "dark horse," the "mad driver," set out impetuously on the trail of his antagonist. For a time the race was hot. Antony was determined to overtake the leader if sharp driving would do it. He had everything to gain, nothing to lose. Fournier, on the other hand, with the race in hand, with the scent of victory in his nostrils, had only to hold that which he had.

When the road was straight and smooth and good they flew like the wind. Eighty miles an hour was often reached on the best stretches with favourable gradients. Eighty miles an hour! Can you understand what that means? A mile in forty-five seconds! One hundred and seventeen feet in one second! While travelling on a fast railway train take out your watch and time the seconds from one mile-post to another. You will rarely find the number fifty-five.

The fastest single mile ever made by a locomotive, so far as is known, was in thirty-two seconds, and that on the best of steel tracks with a sharp down-grade. But here is a mile in forty-five seconds upon a country road. Imagine yourself in the seat with Fournier or Antony. At forty miles an hour your eyes, if unprotected by goggles, weep like Niobe, and the tears, instead of coursing down your cheeks, run back upon your temples. At fifty miles an hour, unprotected eyes go blind. At sixty miles an hour, a pebble in the path may cause the great racer to leap like a panther. At seventy miles an hour, one cannot hold to his seat without seizing and gripping something. At eighty miles an hour, only the hardiest of *chauffeurs* like Fournier can keep breath in body without use of a face-mask that covers nostrils and mouth.

At eighty miles an hour you travel the length of an American passenger train while turning your head for the swiftest sort of glance at the fleeting landscape. If you were traversing Broadway at that speed and lifted your hat to a lady at Thirty-fourth Street you would put it back on your head at Thirty-eight. You would cross twenty-seven intersecting streets in one minute. At eighty miles an hour one would travel from New York to Chicago in eleven and a half hours instead of twenty-four now used by the fastest trains. At eighty miles an hour the Empire State Express would pass from New York to Buffalo in five hours and a half instead of in the eight hours and a quarter which it now employs.

When one comes to think what eighty miles an hour actually means, it is not surprising that the racing *chauffeurs* had their hearts in their mouths when they saw a child standing in the course before them. It is true that even at this tremendous speed a big automobile may be brought to a dead stop in seventy-five yards, if one wishes to put on the brakes sharply, perhaps wreck his machine, possibly pitch himself out forward and break his neck. But stopping with the brakes is the smallest part of it.

Suppose Fournier had found it necessary to stop for the lad in the street near Potsdam. It would have taken him three seconds to go through the preliminary mental process and to disconnect; that is 350 feet. It would have taken three seconds to get the brake gear in motion and the brakes actually applied; that is 350 feet more. Add seventy-five yards for the operation of the brakes to the stopping point, and we have a total of 925 feet travelled from the instant the *chauffeur* reached his destination.

It is thus easy to see why the automobile racer must carry a good set of nerves in his personal equipment; and it is not difficult to understand why Fournier, after a sleepless night in Paris before the start, should lie a night at Aix-la-Chapelle and another night at Hanover with that black-bordered white path, in which stood a human figure, dancing ever before his eyes.

The race of automobiles is to the swift and to the sure. Fournier ran with alternating courage and caution. "Mad" Antony ran with recklessness ever. Not far from Hanover, while a good second, he met with an accident which threw him out of the race. Fournier, driving carefully on, was first at Berlin. In seventeen hours, three minutes, and forty-three seconds he had traversed the 745 miles which lie between Paris and Berlin —an average speed of almost forty-four miles an hour. Next was Girardot, an hour and six minutes later—"Girardot the Eternal Second," as the French call him, from the fact that this was his third time second in great long-distance races.

Four others, De Knyff, Brazier, and

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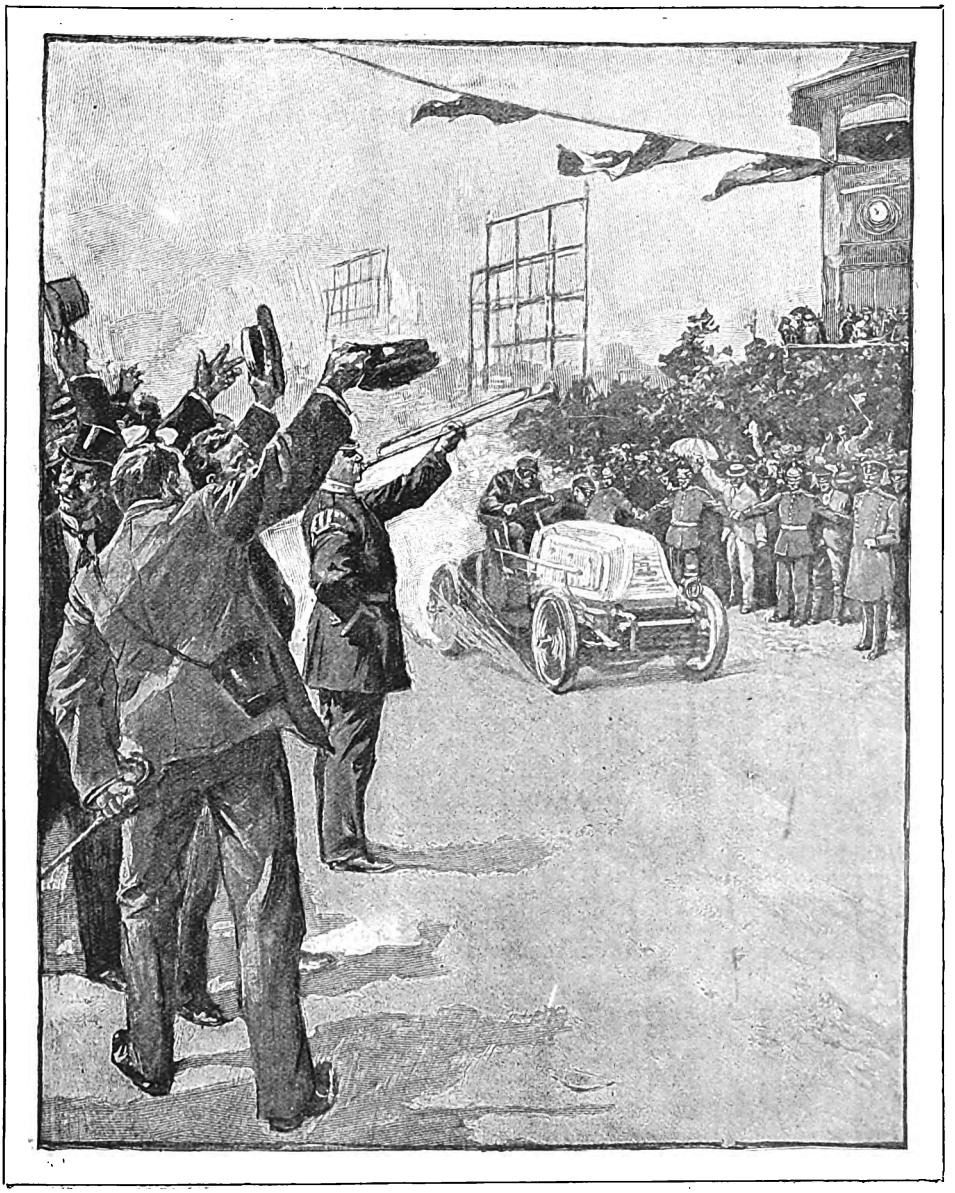
H. Farman, ran the course in less than twenty hours. Madame Dugast finished in twenty-seven hours, handicapped by the weight of flowers thrown upon her machine at every village. Forty of the 109 starters actually reached Berlin, the slowest journey of all being thirty-one hours and forty-eight minutes. A noteworthy performance was that of Osmont on a motor-cycle—only three hours and fifteen minutes behind the winner.

A great achievement, surely, this journey over country roads from the capital of France to the capital of Germany in seventeen hours. The Nord Express, the fastest train between the two cities, uses an hour more. But even greater speed was made in the race from Paris to Bordeaux; for there the distance was shorter, the roads better. In that race Fournier made the astonishing average of nearly fifty-seven miles an hour.



Berlin at last!

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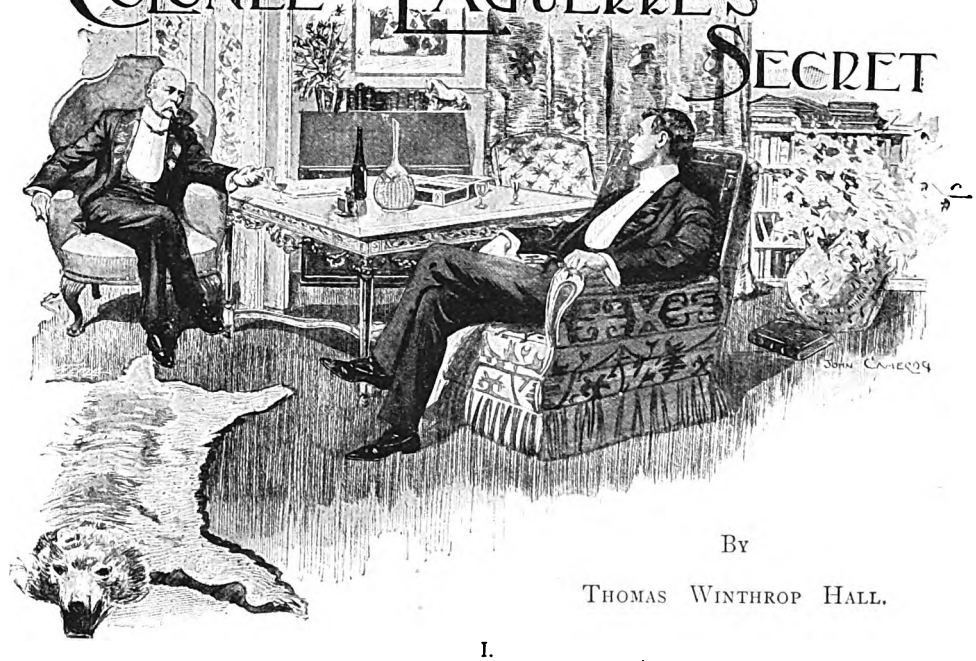
COLONEL LAGUERRE'S SECRET



By

THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

I.

I WAS at Oxford when I first met Colonel Laguerre.

It was a singular meeting; I remember the circumstances very distinctly.

I was spending my Christmas vacation in London. My home being in Scotland, I did not attempt to make the long journey thither by rail, and, besides, I was an orphan.

I had separated from some jolly companions at about twelve o'clock, and was making my way up the snow-covered footpath of the Embankment on my return to the hotel, when, in the vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, I saw several men struggling.

Upon arriving upon the spot, I discovered that the weaker side was decidedly in the minority. In a word, three ruffians were endeavouring to overpower a little old man, evidently for the purpose of robbery.

They were having no easy time of it, however, for the diminutive victim seemed to have the power of ten men in his slender arms. In spite of a number of sickening blows on the head, he retained his consciousness and strength.

He fought, actually, like a madman, and, singularly enough, uttered no cry for help.

Grasping my heavy walking-stick firmly, I sprang to his assistance, and with a few blows scattered the miscreants before me. They did not renew the assault, but ran off in different directions, apparently only too glad to make good their escape.

Having satisfied myself that they would not return, I assisted the old gentleman to his feet, and, blushing with pride at the success of my onslaught, inquired if he were much hurt.

"I think not," he answered in the half falsetto tones of an extremely old man. "They hit me some pretty good raps, but I have been through so much of that sort of thing that I hardly noticed them."

"Why did you not cry for help?" I felt compelled to ask.

"I never ask help of anyone," he answered with a singular show of pride.

"Perhaps then," I laughed, "I was an intruder, and my assistance unwelcome."

"Not at all," he hastened to assure me. "I can appreciate help just as I can appreciate friendship, esteem, or honour; but I never ask for them. My name is Colonel Laguerre. You have probably never heard of me, but I hope that you will do me the honour to try to know me better. Come, we are not far from my hotel; perhaps you will do me the honour to spend the rest of the evening with me. I never go to bed until

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early in the morning, and, although I seldom have it, I like good company."

I took his arm, wondering what queer sort of fish I had come upon, and we walked off.

Slightly to my surprise I discovered that he was stopping at my hotel, which was all the better, for I had little desire to make another trip in the storm.

In a few moments we were seated before a table loaded with the choicest wines and cigars to be found in London. The Colonel, I discovered, was occupying the best suite of rooms in the hotel, and, although in London for but a few days, had turned them into a very home-like looking place.

He was intensely interesting, and it was indeed daylight before I retired to my own room. He talked of everything that one could imagine, now relating an adventure in the Franco - Prussian war with a minuteness of detail that proved that he had been on either one side or the other, now telling of adventures in Africa that Stanley would have been proud of.

I saw him the next day and the next. My experience was the same. He seemed to have an unlimited amount of money, and he spent it lavishly.

I was aware that he had taken a strange liking to me, but he said nothing about it. In fact, he preserved at all times the formal politeness that I had noticed at first.

Then, too, he was eccentric in every way I viewed him, and after my first meeting with him I would have been not at all surprised at anything in the world he might have done. To be frank, I thought him a little crazy.

He offended me in good time, however. He disappeared from the hotel on the fourth day as completely as though he had been swallowed up by the earth. And he left me no word of farewell.

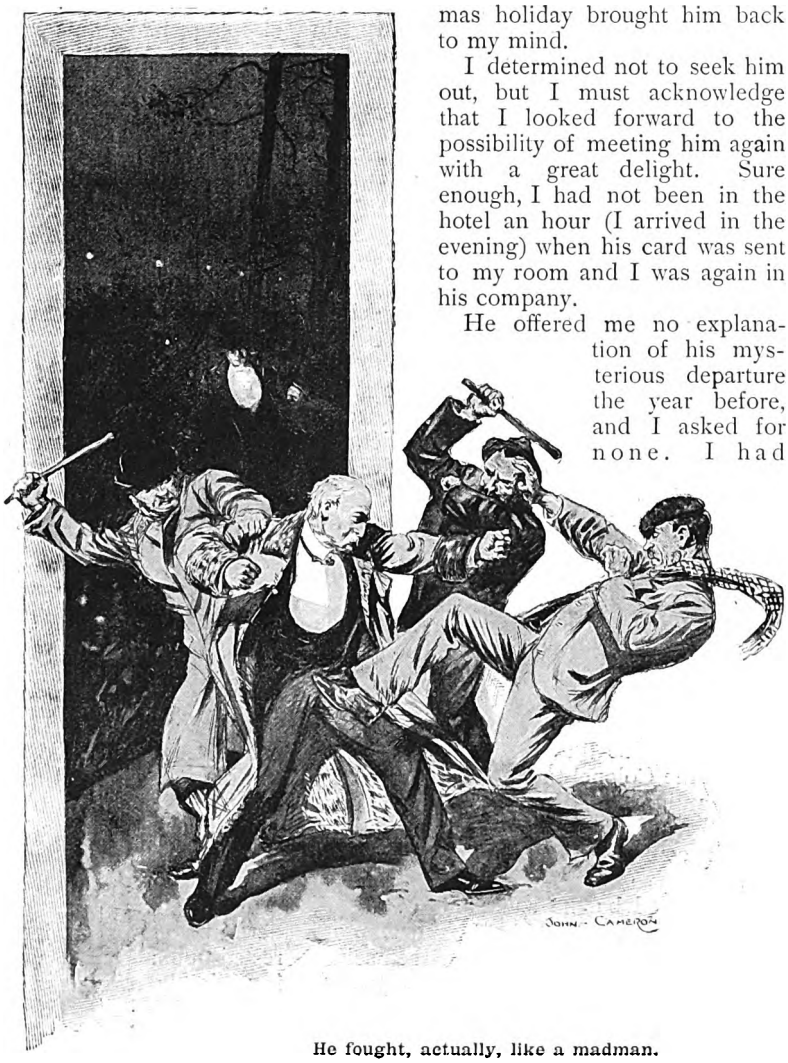
II.

My University year passed uneventfully. I spent my vacation in Scotland, and returned to Oxford in the autumn, quite as a matter of routine.

To tell the truth, I had almost forgotten the existence of Colonel Laguerre, when the return of the Christmas holiday brought him back to my mind.

I determined not to seek him out, but I must acknowledge that I looked forward to the possibility of meeting him again with a great delight. Sure enough, I had not been in the hotel an hour (I arrived in the evening) when his card was sent to my room and I was again in his company.

He offered me no explanation of his mysterious departure the year before, and I asked for none. I had



He fought, actually, like a madman.

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begun to ascribe it, as I did many other things about him, to pure eccentricity.

Our visit together was quite uneventful but very delightful. It was a repetition of the former affair, with the rescue in the park left out.

He was always generous, always interesting, at times astounding. He left as mysteriously as before, and although this time I was on the look out for it, I did not learn the precise time or the mode of his departure.

This sort of thing lasted until I was twenty-seven years of age. I had met him regularly at Christmas time for nine years, and on our last meeting he had asked me to visit him at his home the next autumn.

I accepted, you may be sure, with any amount of alacrity. He would not tell me where I was to be entertained, further than to say that if I got off a certain train at a certain station in Wales on a certain day in September of the following year, I would be met by a conveyance that would take me to his home.

You may be sure that on that day in September I got off the train named with the most delightful anticipations. Nor was I disappointed.

I was escorted to a handsome equipage, my traps were placed within it, and I was soon bowling along a country road of a very decent sort. I was prepared for strange experience, and was therefore not at all surprised to discover that my coachman, if such she might be called, was a woman of apparently great age.

The trip was a long one. In fact, we made over five miles before we arrived at our destination.

It was quite dark when we drew up before a magnificent house—palace, I almost said—and I was received by the Colonel on his doorstep.

He was delighted to see me, and he showed his delight by a magnificent dinner. He deluged me with attentions, and when we went to bed it was already the grey of early morning.

I did not wake till well in the afternoon, and then the Colonel took me over his place. He had an immense tract of land, and it was kept in the most beautiful order. Everything that heart could sigh for or brain invent was there.

I was dazed by the splendour of it all, and finally gave up endeavouring to express my admiration. Two things, in themselves commonplace under other circumstances, struck me as being more than ordinarily peculiar.

One was the utter absence of any other being about the place than the Colonel himself and the servants, and the other was the fact that he was the only male person on the vast estate.

All the servants were old women, and all of them so taciturn that I soon discovered that they were under instructions not to engage in any conversation with me other than that which appertained to their duties.

After our tour of inspection we took a short drive through the surrounding country and returned to the house in time for a late dinner. After dinner we passed the evening, as we had passed the previous one, over wine and cigars.

I do not know what suggested the idea, but at the end of the fifth day of my visit the thought occurred to me that I had been sleeping while at this house of mystery fully three hours longer than was my custom.

Simultaneously I remembered that each morning when I awoke I had for a few moments felt a peculiar sensation in my head. But I dismissed the thought from my mind immediately.

The mountain air undoubtedly caused my unusually long slumber, and the wines the peculiar sensation, when I awoke.

Nevertheless, the next morning when I was awakened the idea returned. The sensation in my head was becoming more pronounced each succeeding day.

Had I been drugged? And if so, for what reason?

I determined to stay awake the following night if it were in the bounds of possibility.

That evening I made it my purpose to drink even more than usual. Indeed I managed to get quite hilarious, and to let the Colonel see my condition.

He merely smiled, and went on with his stories. We retired at the usual time, but when I reached my room, and the Colonel had said good-night at my door, I took from my pocket the strongest cigar I had been able to find in the Colonel's sideboard, broke it in pieces, and swallowed it.

You may be sure I did not sleep at all that night. About eight o'clock I dressed and made my way noiselessly to the garden.

I had walked, perhaps, a hundred yards from the house, when, on making a sudden turn in the path, I came upon the most wonderful picture of loveliness my eyes had ever rested upon. It was a young woman, bending slightly over a rose bush in order to breathe the fragrance of a great, blushing rose.

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She was dressed with the simplicity that betokens the most delicate taste. Her long golden hair shone dazzlingly in the bright beams of the morning sun; her neck and bare arms were of the whiteness of snow, and the beauty of her face was so wonderful that I stopped short and uttered an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

She heard me, looked, and was evidently filled with fear. She made a movement as if to run away, when I stretched out my hand in the precise manner one would to a frightened child, and said, "Excuse me; I did not mean to alarm you."

She stopped, looked at me curiously for a moment, and then said, in the most beautiful, bell-like voice I had ever heard, "What are you?"

Imagine such a question! I supposed she had intended to ask me who I was, so I answered: "I am Mr. Thornton, a guest here at the house of Colonel Laguerre."

"But," she continued, with a puzzled expression on her face, "what are you? Are you a man or a woman?"

I almost laughed as I replied: "A man, of course."

"You are a man—like my father?"

"Yes," I answered; "only perhaps a trifle younger—some forty years or so."

"Is he not young?" she went on, as though she doubted my veracity.

"I should say that he was decidedly old."

"He always told me that he and I were about the same age," she said; "I am eighteen."

"A father would not be likely to be of the same age as his daughter," I answered gently.

"I do not know," she answered wistfully; "I know very little. They will not tell me anything. I know I must be ignorant of everything but music and art. If you are a man you are the only one I have ever seen in my life excepting father."

Here was the explanation of the whole mystery. It was merely one of the Colonel's many eccentricities.

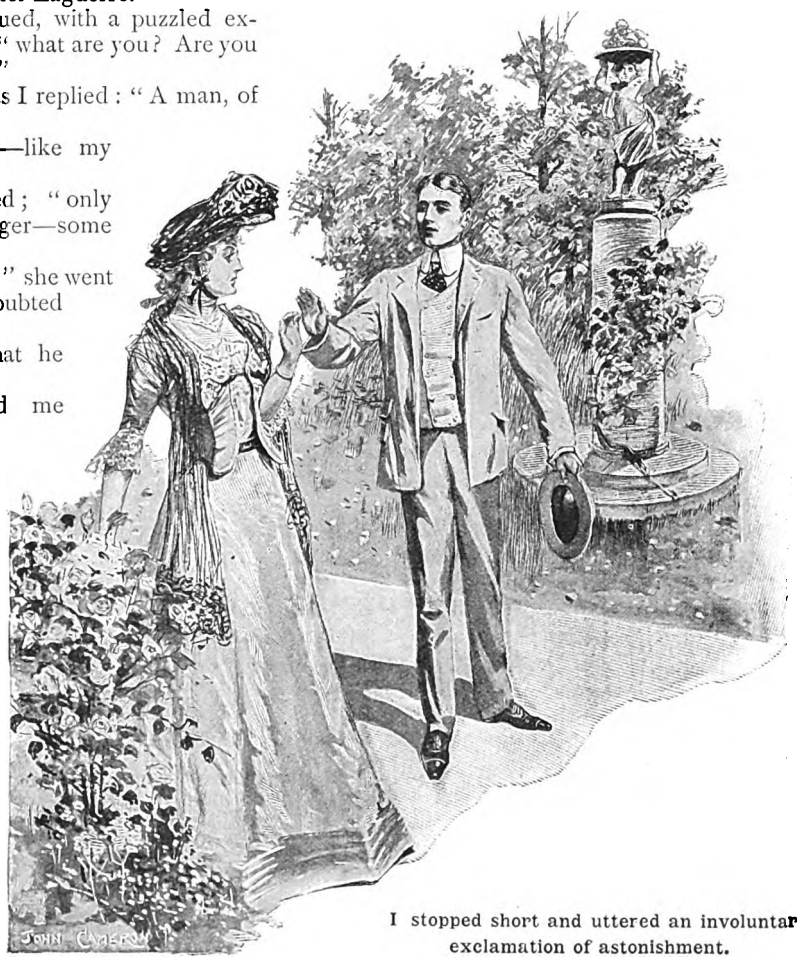
He was bringing his daughter up in absolute ignorance of the world, undoubtedly with the intention of securing to her that happiness that had never been vouchsafed to him.

I saw it all at a glance. And he even did not wish me to meet her, though he often called me the only man in the world he cared for.

It occurred to me at once that the only honourable thing for me to do was to retire to my room and think no more of the mystery I had so easily solved.

But—I was already under the powerful spell of love. I could not have been torn from that spot by anything less than superior muscular force.

I was spellbound. For half-an-hour we



I stopped short and uttered an involuntary exclamation of astonishment.

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stood there ten feet apart and talking at intervals of things that were of so little importance that I do not remember a word we said.

It was on some commonplace—the flowers, I think—but all that time love was pouring its delicious happiness into my heart and into hers.

I knew it in a moment. I read it in her eyes. I saw it in the blush on her cheek. I heard it in her sigh. It was ecstasy.

Then came the fear of being discovered, and the greater fear of being banished from the presence of this peerless woman. I knew I was doing wrong, but I could not help it.

I asked her to meet me at the same spot the next morning. She was delighted, and promised with the unfeigned pleasure of a child.

I put out my hand to bid her good-bye—with the same simplicity she held up her face to be kissed. You may imagine the delirium in which I went back to my room.

If the Colonel noticed anything strange in my demeanour that afternoon he did not let me know. How he could have helped seeing my ecstatic happiness, though, I cannot understand.

I seemed to be in a dream. I feigned the usual delight in the entertainment he offered, but in reality the waiting for the next morning was exquisite torture. No opiate in the world could have made me sleep that night.

And when, at last, we met at the appointed time, I doubt if either knew what the other was saying.

Our souls were communing—what cared we for the commonplace thoughts of the brain?

We parted with a kiss as we had done before, and again the Colonel seemed to notice nothing unusual in my actions.

Now the terrible doubts of love began to harass me. How could I ever obtain the consent of the Colonel to a union with his daughter? How could I ever explain my apparent treachery? If he forbade my seeing her, how could I live without her?

It was on the fourth morning of my wooing that the great secret of love (a secret that is ever no secret) burst from my lips like a torrent from the mountains.

I clasped her in my arms and told her I loved her. She clung to me like a child. I asked her if she loved me. She nodded her head with the sweetest action of a modest woman. I asked her to marry me.

"Marry you?" she asked with a little questioning surprise.

"Yes—be my wife."

"Can a woman be married more than once?" she asked innocently.

"What?" I exclaimed. "You are not already married?"

"She is my wife!" said a terrible voice from behind me.

I was thunderstruck—paralysed. I turned and looked.

It was Colonel Laguerre. There was the light of a demon in his eyes and the pain of a great agony on his wrinkled features.

In his hand he held a revolver that was pointed at me. I did not care. Death would then have been only too welcome. I bowed my head.

"Go on and shoot," I said.

He did not shoot. After a few moments that seemed like ages to me, he said in a voice that was actually calm:

"What explanation have you to offer for this, Harold?"

"None," I answered, "except that I thought she was your daughter, for she has always called you father, and that I love her."

He turned to her.

"Madelle," he said tenderly, "do you love this man?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

Her head was bowed beneath the tempest of new emotions that must have swept over her. I, too, could not raise my eyes to look at the Colonel.

There was another short interval of silence, and then I heard his feet crunching the gravel of the walk. He was returning to the house, weeping.

Madelle and I parted without a word. I, too, returned to the house, and, seating myself in a chair in the library, tried to collect my scattered senses.

I must have been sitting there more than two hours when one of the Colonel's servants entered the room and handed me a letter.

Almost mechanically I broke open the envelope and drew out a closely written sheet. It was from the Colonel, and read as follows:

MY DEAR HAROLD,—I am a man who makes few explanations. Perhaps I owe one to you and to her. Let me make it to you, for the story should reach her ears only from your lips.

It is unnecessary to go into details. Love ruined my life, as it had ruined the life of my mother before me.

More than twenty years ago I made the place that you see here my home. At that time I had not given up the world entirely. But I wished a place where I could retire occasionally and be miserable alone.

Several years later I rescued this child from

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poverty and disgrace—this child Madelle. I took her from the arms of a drunken mother, brought her here, and reared her into the beautiful womanhood you have so easily loved.

As she grew up she entered into my heart as nothing ever had before. I worshipped her—but merely as a father. I did everything that mortal man can do to make her happy. And the greatest of all the things that I did was to prevent her from knowing anything whatever about the great world, and especially about that unhappy passion that men call "love."

As she ripened into womanhood the desire to prevent her learning the power that binds men to women, and both to misery, became, I fear, almost a mania, and in order to prevent even the possibility of any man awakening the spirit of love in her pure heart, I allowed her to see no men at all.

But all my precautions were useless. All the hopes cherished for years have been swept away, as it were, at a single stroke.

You, the first man she ever met other than myself, have changed it all, and in this my hour of death——

"Death!" I thought. "What does he mean?"

——I am commencing to believe that after all perhaps I was wrong.

Perhaps, as they have often said—they, the men whom I have fought and bled for and the women I have suffered for—perhaps I am a trifle insane.

At any rate, take her. She is yours. She is the most magnificent woman in the world, and I say it who have known them all in every court, in every society, in every walk of life.

And I—I will make one more great sacrifice for love. I will die for it. I love her; but she loves you. I could not bear to see her married to any man, and yet she will never be happy without you—and her happiness is my one concern. When you read this I shall be dead. It will be too late for you to interpose to thwart me in my determination.

I leave her all my fortune, and I leave you her. You ought to be happy if any people in this world ever were.

Farewell. JEAN LAGUERRE.

I alarmed the household at once, but I was already too late, as the Colonel's farewell letter had said. The strange old man was quite dead when we found him.

* * * * *

And that is the story of my wooing—a remarkable one, you will admit.

But oh, the happiness that has come from it! I have often wondered if the angels do not envy me my good fortune. And Madelle? Well, Madelle kisses me as I write these words. Is not that enough?

"Go on and shoot," I said.

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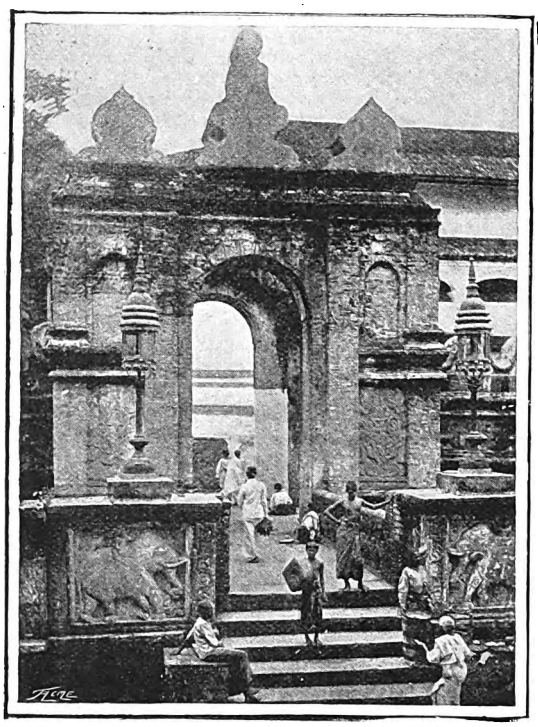

Photo by Edwin Pallander.

The entrance to the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy.

Buddha's Tooth

By Edwin Pallandèr.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Prince Gautama, commonly known as Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist faith and originator of the doctrine of reincarnation, died at Kusinara 543 B.C. The great prince was not buried, but cremated in the presence of a select band of followers who rescued portions of his remains from the flames and subsequently distributed them over India to be worshipped as mementoes. Among the tokens thus distributed were a thigh-bone, a shin-bone and a tooth. The first two curiosities are no longer extant—the mist of ages having swallowed them long since, but the third object, the tooth, remains enshrined in the temple at Kandy, a source of revenue to the Ceylon priesthood and a centre of attraction to pilgrims from the farthest corners of Gautama's empire.

The vicissitudes of this singular relic rival those of the Kohinoor or the Madonna of Holbein. Rescued from the flames at Kusinara in 543, it lay preserved for 800 years at Dantepura (India), when it was brought to Ceylon in the fourth century after Christ. From now on, its career became one of bloodshed and unrest. It was captured by the Malabars in 1215, but subsequently recovered after some smart fighting by King Prakrama Bahu III. Then came the crucial episode. For close upon two centuries the tooth had lain undisturbed in the sanctuary of Prakrama's capital. Meanwhile a new power—Portugal—had begun a career of Eastern conquest, and before the victorious fleet of the fanatical Constantine de Braganza the untrained proas of the Cingalese were swept back to nothingness. The tooth was rudely torn from the temple, taken back to Goa and publicly *burned* by the Spanish archbishop while an audience of conquered princes and Buddhist dignitaries looked on horror-stricken.

The destruction of the tooth—last mute token of Gautama Buddha—tended doubtless to aid the consolidation of the Christian faith in the East, but it in no way diminished the nnmber of Buddha's adherents. For a time the Cingalese priests were nonplussed. Then the ingenuity of artifice that lies at the bottom of all Oriental character came to the rescue. They determined to replace the real tooth by an artificial one. A piece of ivory was selected and rudely fashioned into shape. As if to atone for the imposture, the ceremonies of consecration that took place rivalled the legendary festivals of the Caliphs in magnificence.

So much for the history of the tooth and its genuineness as a curiosity. In the meantime, there remains to us as an object of interest, the temple, situated on the north shore of the Kandy lake—a masterpiece of Hindoo architecture such as few Eastern capitals can show.

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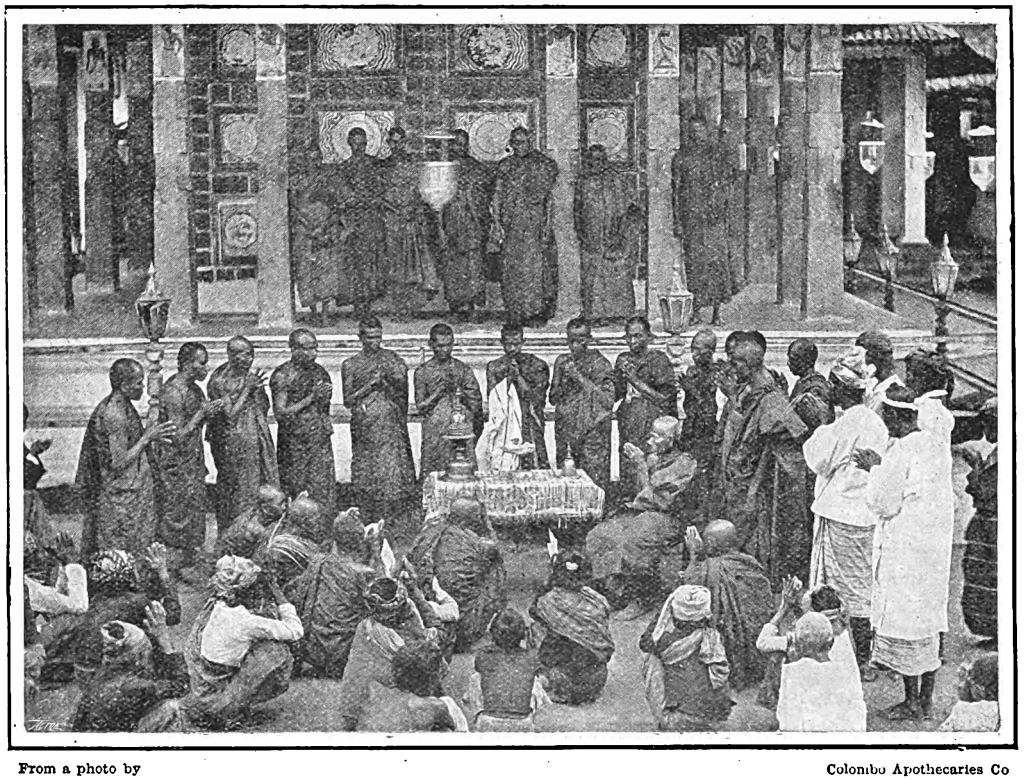
Photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co.

The annual procession of the tooth round the streets of Kandy.

The carriage road flanks the temple on two sides. On the western side a long moat filled with water and protected by castellated walls of brickwork, communicates with the lake through an iron grating.

The entrance to the temple is decorated in approved Oriental style with frescoes in relief and elephants carved in stone. In a canvas-roofed shanty guarded by a bald-headed old fakir with a green turban you may purchase cakes, sweets, and maize for the sacred fish or candles to burn before the shrine of whatever deity you affect.

A flight of stone steps between walls of unromantic whitewash lead to a gallery adorned with pictures of the most unconsoling kind.



From a photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co

The adoration of the tooth. The tooth is the piece of ivory in the centre of the lotus.

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Tortures—presumably awaiting impenitents in the hereafter—are represented in all their sinister variety. Passing through a little entrance in the wall we are in the temple proper.

The place is wrapped in semi-darkness, recalling the pillared shade of some Andalusian monastery. Here the resemblance ends. Everything beyond the first glimpse is really and truly Eastern. The priests in their dresses of puffed yellow silk, the crowd of scarlet-robed worshippers on the steps leading to the sanctuary, the distant music of tom-tom and flageolet, the sculptured cobras and fretted metal screens.

The whole place is heavy—disagreeably so—with the scent of flowers, and the atmosphere is so peculiarly stifling that a European is delighted with the respite a visit to the outer walls and tower affords. One beautiful octagonal balcony dominates the entire edifice, and the fair town of Kandy—the capital of a hundred ancient island-kings—lies spread out before you like a map. On your left is the lake with its solitary island. On the right a plantation of palms is shut in between walls of stone, while a host of minor sacred edifices, white as the marble of Carrara, lie dotted among the trees. Then comes the square with its promenading dots of colour, the long lines of rickshas, the women with their baskets of offerings, and the green moat, shutting one in like a necklace of jade.

Photo by Colombo Apothecaries Co.

Priests of the Temple of the Tooth in costume.

The actual value in pounds sterling of the jewelry and precious metals contained in this temple must be something enormous. It has been variously estimated at a million and a half, three millions, four millions—but inasmuch as it is impossible to price each jewel separately, this is pure guesswork.

As for the famous tooth, it is seen but seldom. Safe in the inmost recesses of the sacred "wihara" it reposes under its seven bells of gold, guarded night and day by a vigilant priesthood as well as by a stifling atmosphere of flower-dust which even an Oriental could hardly hope to endure without risk of asphyxia. It is only unveiled on special occasions. By the courtesy of the Colombo Apothecaries Company we have secured a photograph of one of these rare events, though with the reduction the picture must necessarily undergo it will be well nigh impossible to see the tooth itself. Let the reader fix his eye on the centre of the golden lotus and draw on his imagination. The recipe is the best I can give. The frames of the doors leading to the wihara are of ivory, and the table on which the relic reposes is of silver.

One of the strangest features of the Oriental religious mind is their absolute frank, unsuspicious welcome to strangers of all other creeds. This, of course, formed part of Gautama's teaching. At Kandy the temple is thrown open at all hours to the curious gaze of the tourist, and, as may be seen, the priests refuse to shrink even before the searching eye of the camera. No preliminary formalities are required of the visitor. Even the worshippers on the steps of the sanctuary, if apprised that there is a gentleman with a camera anxious for a picture, will coolly kneel down in devotional attitudes and allow themselves to be handed down to posterity through the mediumship of the ROYAL with as little compunction as an actress sitting for her photo in some theatrical paper.

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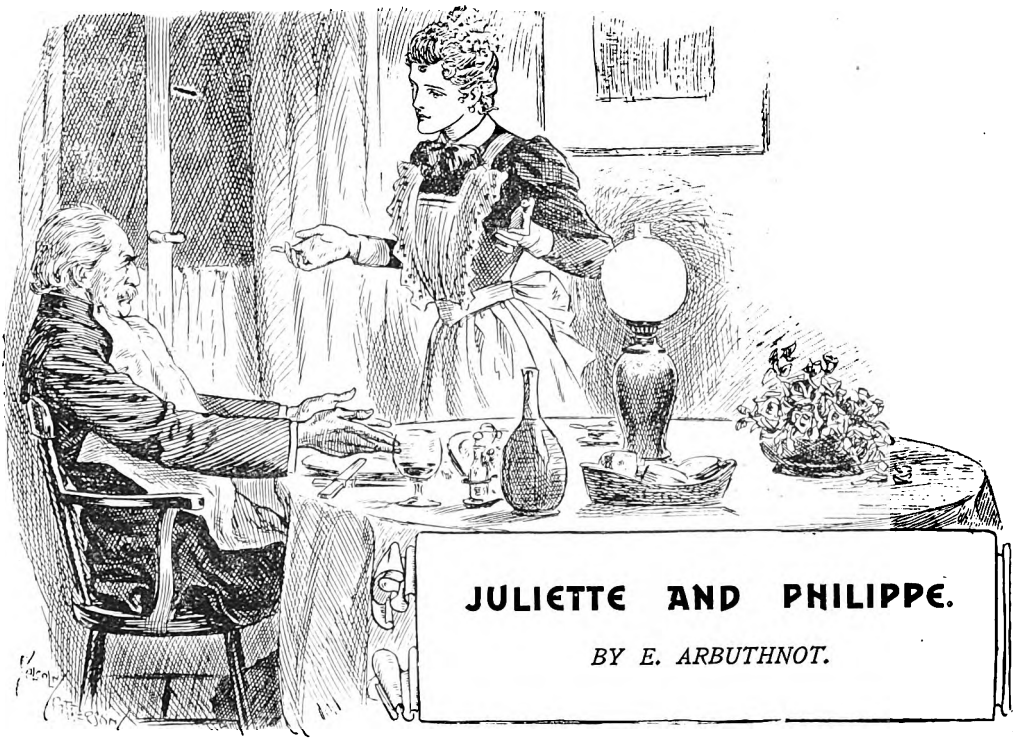

JULIETTE AND PHILIPPE.

BY E. ARBUTHNOT.

JULIETTE GODOLIEZ, old Monsieur Barrère's fair-haired maid-of-all-work, was tremendously busy in the studio, polishing the floor. Up and down went the soft broom, its head swathed in a duster; up and down, to and fro, till the stained floor shone like a mirror.

The work was wearisome and the day oppressively hot. The noon sun blazed on Juliette's back, her shoulders ached and the flies worried her. After a while she laid down her broom, walked to the window, and, pulling aside the dark blue blind, looked out.

In a street below there was no one but a little boy in a blue blouse, who was seated on a doorstep opposite, working sums on a slate and sucking a ripe plum. He was always there, with his slate and a plum. Otherwise, Dust and Glare, rival demons, had the little cobble-paved alley to themselves.

But, suddenly, from an archway, deep in shadow, across the way, a young man emerged. He wore no hat, and his curly hair showed glints of gold among the brown in the sunshine. He had beautiful, pleading almond eyes, with long, curly lashes, and, as he smiled up at Juliette in the window, she told herself that he was absolutely the most fascinating being in the world.

He stood still opposite the house and beckoned to her to come down. But this, the young women had no mind to do. She shook her head, therefore, and, leaving the window, went back very dutifully to her polishing. But, two minutes later, a heavy step sounded on the stair, and the young man walked calmly into the studio!

"Philippe!" cried Juliette, in tones of horror at such audacity, and then stood gazing at him in open-mouthed amazement.

"Since thou wouldst not come down to me, I have come up to thee!" announced the intruder, unblushingly. He and Juliette had been friends from their babyhood, and he had no idea of being treated as a stranger. "The fact is," he continued, "that Pégoulade has taken me into partnership, and the good news absolutely would not keep any longer!"

"Partnership!" cried Juliette. "Holy Virgin, what a piece of good fortune! There is the reward for saving his baby from drowning the other day! Why, thou art a rich man, now, Philippe! Oh, I am indeed delighted, and how pleased thy mother will be! But there, go away like a good boy, or I shall get into trouble."

"But I desire thy company for a promenade," said the partner of Pégoulade.

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"Run, therefore, and put on thy hat immediately."

"What, and neglect my work!" cried Juliette, "I will do nothing of the kind!"

"Well, at least let me stay, then, and talk," said the young man, in persuasive accents. "Come, Juliette, I refuse to be turned out."

"Oh, well, stay for a few minutes," said Juliette, sighing over her own weakness, "but it must really not be long, Philippe, for if my master knew, he would be very angry."

Philippe drew up a high wooden stool, and sat, swinging his legs, and chattering gaily to Juliette. And he was such good company, and such a dear, handsome fellow, that somehow, from minute to minute, she put off sending him away. And suddenly the door opened—and there stood old Monsieur Barrère!

He was merely an elderly drawing-master, this gentleman, but to the guilty Juliette, he appeared invested with all the terror of an avenging angel. He was tall, thin, dignified; a period of soldiering in his youth had given him a military smartness of bearing, which he still retained. His hair was white, his skin wrinkled; but his little blue eyes were as bright, piercing, awe-inspiring, as ever.

He marched into the room and stood for a moment, glaring at the intruder, crimson and speechless with wrath. Then, still in a choking fury, he shook an imperative fist at the door, and Philippe slunk out like a dog that has been beaten.

"You also! Wretch! Go!" shouted the old man, turning on his terrified servant. And Juliette, too, retreated without the honours of war.

He shook an imperative fist at the door.

Then Monsieur Barrère set to work and put his untidy studio in order. When his pupils arrived, they had the benefit of a long tirade against servants, Juliette in particular.

"Would you believe it?" he demanded fiercely, of a pretty Polish girl, "I come in from my promenade, I expect to find my studio in good order, my servant in the kitchen washing dishes, and behold!—there is her broom on the floor, the easels are all pushed anywhere, the floor is but half-polished, and Mademoiselle, if you please, is entertaining some young rascal from Pégoulade's!"

The Pole threw

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back her long black curls and laughed melodiously.

"It is certainly cool, that! And what did she say in excuse, monsieur?"

"She said nothing at all, for I did not give her the chance," said the old man. "But, of course, I shall dismiss her, that goes without saying."

"I believe you, indeed. But we shall see the pretty Juliette no more then? It is a pity, that!"

"Oh, mon Dieu!" said Juliette, who was listening at the keyhole—friend of servants from time immemorial—"Oh, mon Dieu! Here is a trouble! I am to be dismissed! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She retreated to the quiet and solitude of her little garret, threw herself on her truckle bed, and burst into floods of hot and bitter tears.

"Oh, I am the most miserable girl in the world!" she cried. Her slender figure was shaken by great sobs, and her golden hair had come down and floated in tangled, sunny clouds, over the little hard pillow. "Such a good master, and I am to lose him all through my own wickedness and folly! Oh, la, la, what shall I do in this trouble?"

For a long while only sobs broke the stillness, but at last Juliette stopped crying and rose to her feet.

"I will go and consult Annette," she said to herself. "Annette is so clever, she is sure to be able to help me."

So she dried her eyes and twisted up her hair, and ran down into the sunny street. And in a very few minutes she had reached the big laundry where her friend Annette worked, and found much relief in pouring forth her woes to sympathetic ears. And as Annette was really a very intelligent young person, they managed, quite soon, to arrange a dark and cunning plot for the circumvention of old Barrère.

After which Juliette's heart felt considerably lighter, and she returned almost cheerfully to her master's house.

But what was this cunning plot? Patience, my friend, we are just coming to that!

Well, then, when all the pupils had left, that is to say, soon after five o'clock, Juliette began her machinations by a little timid tap at the door of the studio. Now at this hour, it was the unvarying custom of Monsieur Barrère to spend a certain time in touching up his pictures for the Champs Elysées. Moreover, when thus occupied, he hated to be disturbed, and would do anything for the sake of being left in peace.

"Well, what is it now?" he demanded, in a ferocious tone, as the door opened.

"Oh, monsieur," said Juliette dolefully, with her hand up to her head. "I have such a bad headache! If monsieur would allow my friend to cook the dinner for to-night?"

Her voice was shaken by a lachrymose quaver.

Monsieur detested tears, and scenes were his abomination. Moreover Juliette's little face was whiter than usual, and her eyes red with much crying. The headache was by no means an invention.

"Go!" he said crossly. "Do what you like, only leave me in peace!"

And he went on with his picture.

* * * * *

"Sacré bleu!" cried old Barrère. "What a truly abominable cutlet! And what sorrel! I am certain you have cooked my sorrel with skimmed milk!"

"It is thus I always made it for my master, when I was in service," replied Annette, in a soothing voice. And removing the offending dishes, she brought in the next course.

"And is it thus you cooked your master's stewed figs?" demanded the old artist, with an icy sneer, quite lost, however, upon his attendant.

"But yes, yes, m'sieur, certainly," she replied, with vivacity.

Monsieur gave a fierce grunt.

"Then I have only to say your master must have been thankful to be rid of you!" he snapped.

"Alas! And I hoped that if Juliette should at any time be leaving, m'sieur might have engaged me!"

Monsieur Barrère ground out a few incoherent syllables through his clenched teeth, and then relapsed into a sulky silence. At length, in a very bad humour, he rose and left the table.

"The most villainous dinner I ever had in my life!" he muttered wrathfully. It even occurred to him that he might have to keep Juliette after all—which was precisely what that sage young person had anticipated.

In the morning, Juliette took pains to cook for her master an unusually tasty déjeûner. How well was *her* sorrel made! How flaky her pastry! the omelette too, as light as air! A spotless tablecloth, glass and silver bright as jewels, flowers charmingly arranged, everything beautifully served and piping hot. No man, be he ever so "spirituel," can resist the charms of a thoroughly comfortable meal. The artist was in a heavenly frame of mind.

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And when at length he had settled himself in a large easy chair by the window with a newspaper, he was exactly ripe for Juliette's purposes. It is to be doubted if she had read Shakespeare, but she believed none the less that:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune—

and the rest of it. Accordingly, after clearing the table, she loitered about the room, on one pretence or another, until at last old Barrère looked up to see what she wanted.

"If you please, monsieur," she said piteously, "it is not true that you think of sending me away? Monsieur told me yesterday to leave the studio, but said nothing of dismissing me. And for my fault, it shall never occur again. Ah, my dear master, do not thus part with me, after so many years that I have faithfully served you!"

Monsieur remained silent for some seconds, Juliette standing, the while, in heartrending anxiety, waiting to know her fate. He thought of his servant's misdemeanor and hardened his heart, then of his bad dinner and hesitated, then of his good breakfast, and began to relent.

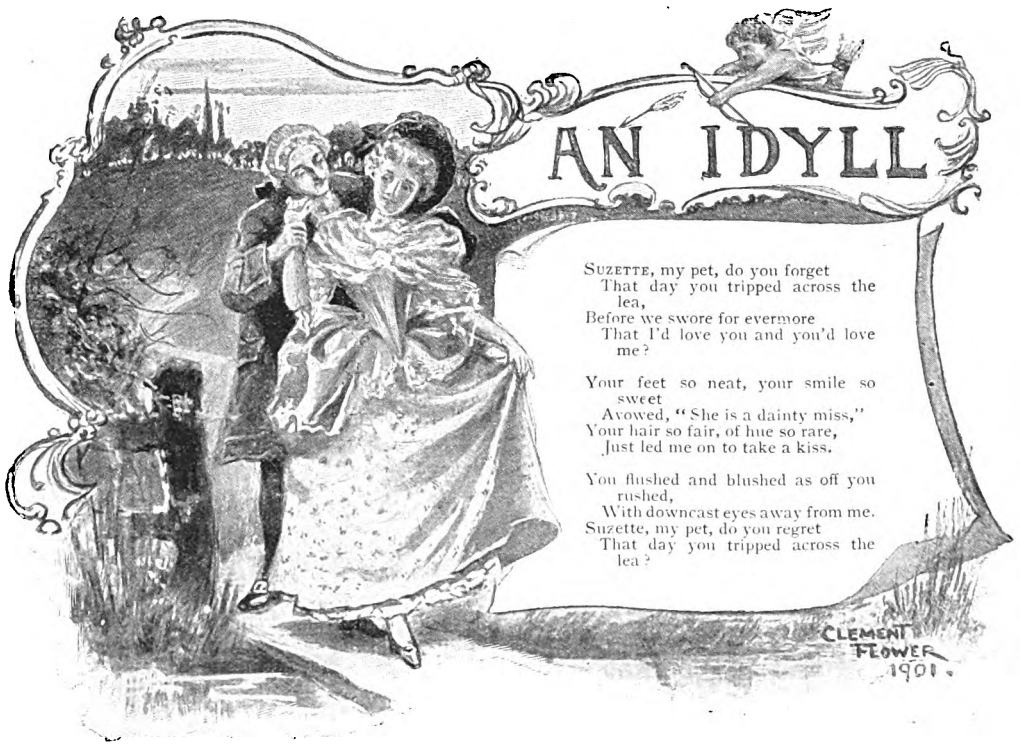
"What put it into your head that I meant to dismiss you?" he demanded fretfully. "My life is made a burden to me by women and their fancies. Go! Be content! See, however, that your cooking is always as good as to-day, and do not send any more of your friends to wait on me!"

So the ménage Barrère remained unaltered.

Well, it happened nearly five years ago, all that. Juliette is still as pretty as ever, but she is no longer with Monsieur Barrère. For she has become a very charming young matron, and has a golden-haired baby to look after. She lives in the prettiest of little houses, just a stone's throw from the Faubourg St. Honoré. The house has a tiny garden at the back, in which the baby passes a great deal of its time.

In the garden there is an arbour charmingly overgrown with starry, pale-blue flowers. In the arbour there is a little iron table, surrounded by little iron chairs, and here Juliette entertains her friend, the clever Annette, very frequently, on that exciting beverage, so dear to the Gallic heart, sugar-and-water.

Moreover, in the centre of the pond, a miniature fountain tinkles refreshingly all through the hot, dusty days of summer. Oh, I assure you, it is a dream of a garden, and who, do you think, is the sole gardener? Why, as perhaps you may have guessed, it is no other than that fortunate young fellow, the partner of Pégoulade!


AN IDYLL
Suzette, my pet, do you forget
That day you tripped across the lea,
Before we swore for evermore
That I'd love you and you'd love me?
Your feet so neat, your smile so sweet
Avowed, "She is a dainty miss,"
Your hair so fair, of hue so rare,
Just led me on to take a kiss.
You flushed and blushed as off you rushed,
With downcast eyes away from me.
Suzette, my pet, do you regret
That day you tripped across the lea?
CLEMENT FLOWER
1901.

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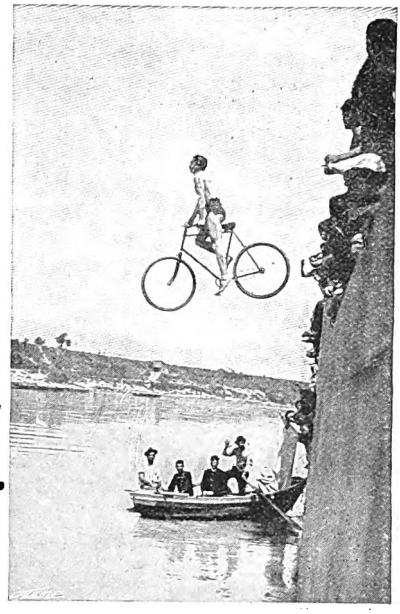
BICYCLE DIVING



Signor Diamanti diving off the Tiber embankment on his bicycle.

By
A. J. Lowe.

Photos by
Signor Pietro
Sbisa.

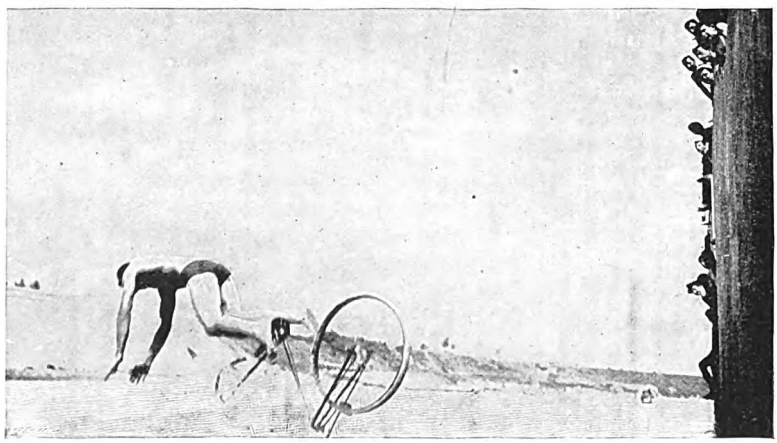
Startling Water Sports held in Rome. Signor Diamanti, Seated on his Bicycle, jumps from a Height of Ninety Feet into the Water, and Swims with his Machine to Land.

Ever since the days of the Cæsars, water sports seem to have had an unfailing attraction for Italians; and at the present day both plebeians and patricians take as keen an interest in the yearly swimming and diving contests in the Tiber as the Romans did in the old days.

The banks of the Tiber were some time ago artificially raised by means of a series of embankments, attaining the very great average height of 90ft.; and these lofty terraces are lined during the hot months with innumerable bathing establishments.

Water sports take place both in the Arno and the Tiber, but more especially in the last-named river, as the Arno is so insignificant that it has literally to be "held up" by a transverse dam about half a mile below the Ponte Vecchio.

The idea of diving on a bicycle originated with a bright and clever Roman youth of twenty-two, named Umberto Diamanti—a feat which called for nerve and daring of a high order, together with the ability of a powerful and rapid swimmer. The idea was to rush along the top of the artificial



When close to the surface he abandons the seat and plunges head-foremost into the water.

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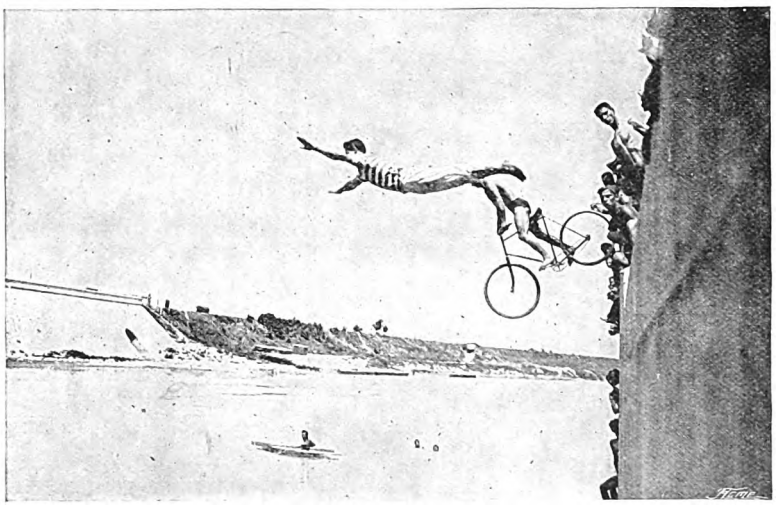


The contest between Signors Diamanti and Borghi, the former on a bicycle. They have just sprung from the embankment.

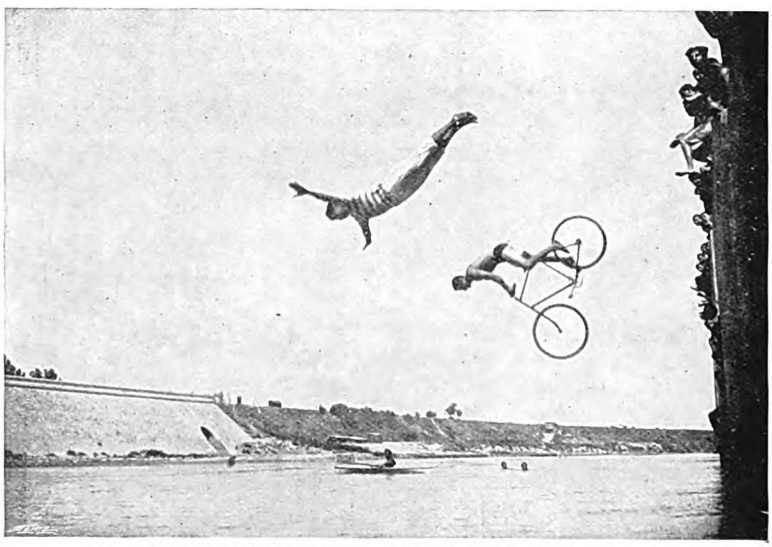
embankment of the Tiber and plunge into the river beyond. The diver must retain control over the machine, not only after leaving *terra firma* and plunging dizzily into mid-air, but also during the awful and breath-catching descent to the surface of the water. After sinking deep down with the machine, he swims to land with it—a most awkward and even dangerous "rescue" to effect when beyond one's depth.

A very interesting contest was arranged between young Diamanti as a cyclist and his rival, Borghi, on foot. This weird and extremely novel race was easily won by the iron-nerved cyclist, both as regards time and clean jumping.

There was tremendous excitement just before the race came off, and dense crowds lined the high embankment that skirts the Tiber. The excitement was quite at fever heat when the order was given, "Go! Go!" and both cyclist and foot-runner started off at a terrific pace. It seemed hardly possible that any sane man could deliberately ride a bicycle over so appalling a precipice; but, what is much more remarkable, Signor Diamanti not only did this, but actually retained his presence of mind throughout the entire journey through the air as well as on striking the water, and even beneath the surface, for he brought his troublesome mount to land with little or no exertion, amid the frantic applause of the spectators above.

Two photographs were taken of this race. The first shows the competitors immediately after leaving the embankment edge. The cyclist looks extremely curious, and appears to be rising slightly from his seat to pedal rapidly, probably for show effect.

The other snap-shot, taken some fractions of a second later than the first, shows Diamanti and Borghi in headlong downward flight towards the river. It looks as though the



Positions of the competitors some fractions of a second later.

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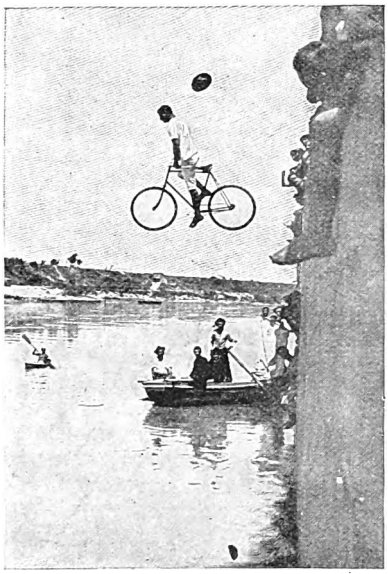


Signor Talacchi attempted Diamanti's feat in ordinary costume. His hat has just been carried away.

cyclist and his machine are beginning to part company. In reality, however, Diamanti is endeavouring to perform some tricks or feats whilst in mid-air for the gratification of his admirers.

The proprietor of the baths where these contests are held, Signor Nino Talacchi, is himself one of the cleverest and most daring members of the Roman Swimming Club.

Signor Talacchi nearing the surface. He is about to forsake his machine.

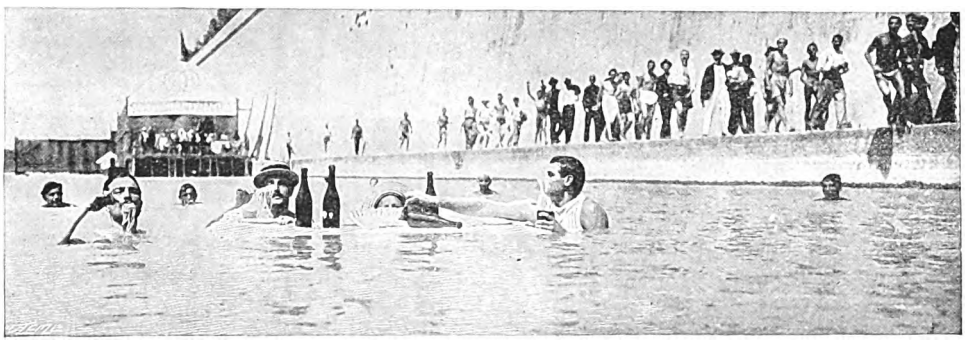
Having been set so plucky an example by young Diamanti, he himself essayed several times to perform this most wonderful of dives, and finally succeeded in working himself up to the pitch of riding headlong from the embankment fully dressed and mounted on a heavy machine. Moreover, he, too, swam to the shore and brought the machine with him without assistance—a feat which only an exceptionally powerful and skilful swimmer could have accomplished.

Talacchi even wore his hat; but, whilst in mid-air, the strong current of air, brought about by his rapid fall, removed the light panama and caused it to soar upwards.

One of the most interesting exhibitions during the past season was a diving match from the parapet of the Ponte Cavour, thirty-eight yards above the level of the Tiber.

The grand finale of that morning's sport was another novelty, which consisted of an extraordinary lunch of bread, macaroni, and wine, spread upon a couple of lifebuoys that were floating idly on the surface of the sluggish Tiber.

The three rivals, Borghi, Talacchi, and Pompa, remained for no less than thirty minutes continuously "treading water" at a place where the river is exceedingly deep, meanwhile partaking generouslv of the strange repast, and toasting their admirers in Chianti Vecchio.



Signors Borghi, Talacchi, and Pompa had their lunch spread on a couple of lifebuoys. It took thirty minutes to eat, the three competitors "treading water" all the while.

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THE CANNIBAL KING

By C. K. Turner.

The Cannibal King loved croʼodile stew,
And roasted missionary, too,
Which he thought was quite too-too,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The Twin Demons, having been banished from the cricket field, came trudging down the lane to the school grounds, yelling the song at the top of their voices. They wouldn't let them play that afternoon, whereupon they had organised an armed insurrection, withdrawn to the little hillside above the field, and begun throwing stones on to the heads of the players. Certain of the team, having chased them earnestly about the surrounding fields, had finally overtaken them and ignominiously spanked them with a piece of an old cricket bat. The Twins had then retired, with fearful threats of vengeance in the near future.

It was quiet in the playground by the old schoolhouse. The head was away, the masters were off the grounds somewhere, and all the boys were up on the cricket field on the hill, from which their distant shouts were wafted faintly down on the intermittent spring breeze—all, that is, but the Twins and the King.

The Twins wheeled into the yard, still singing their song, and stopped below the windows of one of the dormitories. Like all the rest it contained two beds, but it had only one occupant—the Cannibal King. This grand seclusion was in honour of his regal birth. The window blinds were all down, and there was no sign of life in the room, but the Twins suspected it to be inhabited.

"Come out here, King," howled the Twins; "come on out. We won't hurt you. Come on out, and tell us how you got converted."

No answer.

"Krash Koosha," the Twins began, chanting together, in a grotesque monotone, the handbill which the King was accustomed to give out before his missionary lectures.

"Krash Koosha, the *Heir* of Zozoland, a *real* African Prince, brought from his jungle home by *devoted* missionaries, will *speak* at the Vestry on Wednesday night, *wishing* to secure funds to *help* him complete his education, and *return* to spread abroad the glad *gospel* light in his benighted land. He will *show* and explain the strange costumes, weapons, and utensils of his people. He will *pray*, and sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" in the Zozo tongue. He will *tell* how he was converted. Let all come and *hear* this worthy young man. Admission sixpence; children half price."

A long pause, but no movement in the curtained room.

"What's the good of that, Cannie," yelled one. "Come on out, there's a good fellow; we won't touch you."

"Nor make fun of you, either."

Still no demonstration of life from the room. After successive volleys of gravel against the window, the Twins wearied of their amusement.

"He's not there," said one. "I'll play you a game of tennis, if you like, before tea time."

"All right," said the other.

The two scampered away to the court. As they turned the corner of the building the edge of the window blind was lifted and one big white eye showed peering furtively out. The King was inside.

The old Middelton school was of a common type. A few years ago there were hundreds similar in every corner of England. But yet there was nothing exactly like old Middelton. Its distinction lay in the character of its boys. Strangers who drove down the road when the playground was in full cry stopped and watched and wondered. White boys and dark boys, big boys and small boys, seethed and yelled and galloped to and fro together in one indistinguishable motley mass.

Boys from all corners of the earth came up to old Middleton—rich men's sons, with soft hands and hard hearts, under a contract to be managed; twice motherless children, whose fathers had married a second time;

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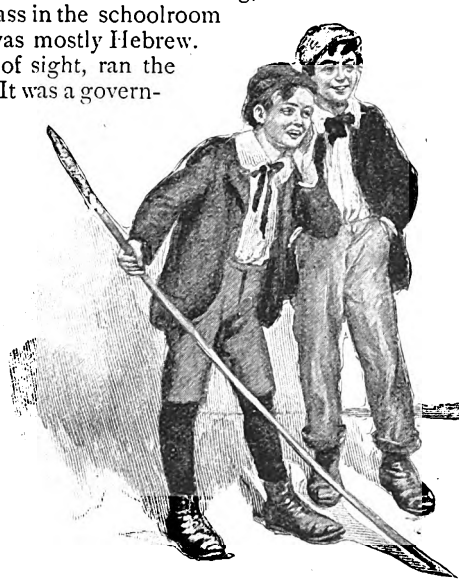
refugees from the public schools sent down for a personally conducted course in morals; and occasionally some waif picked up by missionaries in China or Africa and sent to this fountainhead to drink in the rudiments of our moral Western civilisation.

At the head of it all was the "Old Man," as the head-master was nicknamed—tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, good-hearted, strong as a wild giant, with his great ambrosial side whiskers—a sort of hybrid between a Greek and Hebrew divinity. On week-days, when he had his Latin and Greek classes at the desks before him, he was mostly classic; on Sundays, when he marshalled his flock to church in the morning, and held Scripture class in the schoolroom in the afternoon, he was mostly Hebrew.

Beneath him, out of sight, ran the real life of the school. It was a government of force and cunning, like a pirate ship. It had the morals of a sailors' lodging-house and the ethics of a tribe of savages. Its Ambassadors were in the courts of evil in four surrounding towns, and its forces held the countryside for miles around in terror and subjection.



"Come out here, King," howled the Twins. . . . "Come on out and tell us how you got converted."

In the midst of this herd of boys the Cannibal King—a great, black, morose, raw-boned savage—stalked alone. He was a guaranteed African prince, taken in an excess of zeal by a returning missionary enthusiast. The African prince was much paraded at missionary gatherings, and soon began to give lectures on his own account. He was prospered in his work. The Prince learned slowly in most things, but he was religiously precocious. He had, apparently, a genius for religion. He prayed a great deal, sang loudly in church, avoided the boys, and sought the company of his elders. In his ill-fitting black coat, slow and silent in his ways, he was deeply impressive.

At the other end of the line of boys were the Twins. Neither one could show an inch above 5ft. They had become soldered together at first sight, and converted immediately into a dual spirit of evil, known as the Twin Demons, which became the scourge of the countryside. Their real names were only used on Sundays and in school hours, and consequently do not matter. At all other times the Twins, with that brevity which is the soul of wit, were called Tom and Tim.

In spite of the shortness of their appellations, there was no landowner for miles round who was not longing to make their acquaintance, and the unhappy farmers came in droves to inquire when their course of education would come to a close.

The Cannibal King—named by themselves—became their legitimate prey.

* * *

The Twins were soon satiated with tennis. There was still a long time before tea.

"I say," said Tom, "I'll bet you the heathen was in that room all the time."

"Well, what difference does it make if he was?"

"Oh, I'd just like to know. Come on up to the conning-tower, Tim. Let's see, anyhow."

The two started up the stairs leading to the dormitory.

"Careful, Tim, careful," said Tom, "or he'll hear us."

They tiptoed into their room, which adjoined the King's, in an agony of caution. Tom immediately threw himself on the floor and applied his eye to the conning slit, which, in less technical language, consisted of a hole in the wall, executed with a high degree of workmanship by these accomplished youths. On the other side it opened into the King's room. The small aperture in the room of the Twins was carefully concealed by a flap of wall-paper.

Tom remained prostrate on the floor, as if paralysed with what he was seeing. Suddenly he emerged from his contemplation.

"Look here, Tim, quick," he said.

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"Good gracious!" said Tim, turning back immediately; "what's he doing?"

He returned forthwith to his observation without waiting for a reply.

"What kind of a game is he playing?" he continued. "Oh, look at that! look at that! I know what it is—he's gone mad!"

"But what's he got there?" said Tom. "Can you make out?"

"No, I can't. He's right in front of it. Now he's taking it away. He's putting it up. Yes, he's hidden it under the mattress in his bed."

After several moments' quiet, Tim carefully replaced the flap over the hole and rose up, dusting his knees.

A council of war ensued.

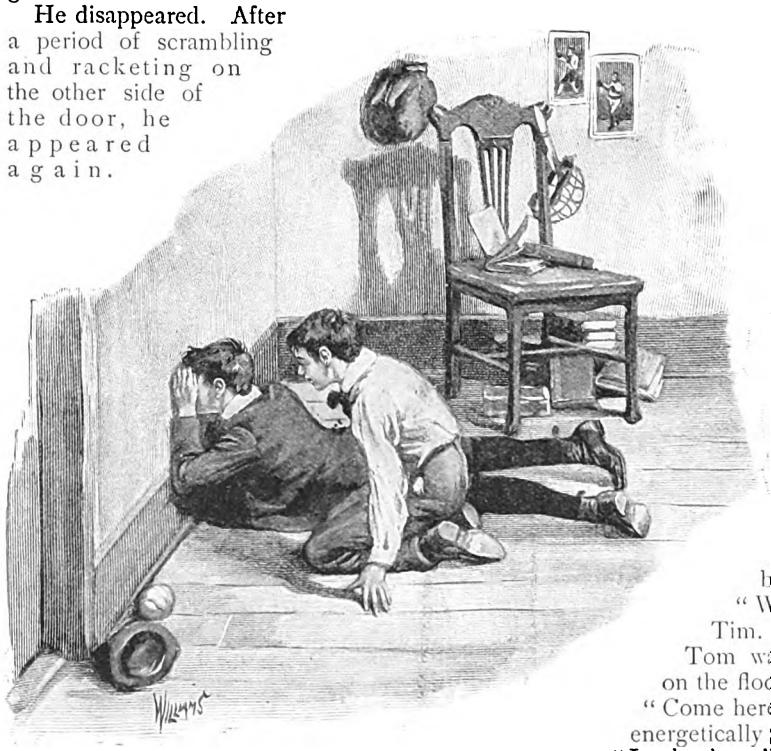
"We'll have to get it after they go in to tea," said Tom.

So it was arranged.

After a time the bell rang. The King put on his black coat and shambled out of his room. The school tramped into the dining-hall below, and the upper landings were silent. The Twins darted out from their room and stopped outside the King's door.

"You stay and listen," said Tom. "I'll go in."

He disappeared. After a period of scrambling and racketing on the other side of the door, he appeared again.



Tom immediately threw himself on the floor, and applied his eye to the conning slit.

"I've got it," he said laconically.

The Twins hid the treasure in their own room, postponing the examination of it till later.

"They're waiting for us," said Tim.

There was a hush of expectancy as they entered the dining-hall.

"Where have you been?" said the awful voice from the head of the table.

"We were—down in the field—when the bell rang," said Tom, the easy liar, between gasps. "Didn't think it could be so late. We—"

"That will do," said the Head.

He glared at them for a moment, then let his voice be heard in the peaceful syllables of the blessing.

After tea the Twins were soon established in their room engaged in rapt contemplation of their trophy. It was a strangely carved piece of dull black wood set round with gaudy parrot feathers.

"What do you call it?" said Tom.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Well, it might be one of these things you carry for luck—like a rabbit's foot."

They proceeded to divide the spoil, cutting it into equal parts to the nicety of a hair. Then, putting out their light, they applied themselves to observation, hoping to be able to see the exact moment when the King should discover his loss.

But they were at last compelled to go to bed unsatiated. The King noticed nothing that evening. But their excitement was not long delayed. In the early morning, before the dawn was yet very distinct, they were awakened suddenly by a strange noise.

"What is it?" whispered Tim.

Tom was already out of bed, on the floor.

"Come here," he said, beckoning energetically; "he's found out."

"Look there," he continued with pride, giving place to Tim.

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"Jupiter!" said he, looking in his turn through the hole.

"Isn't it fine?" said Tom.

"Isn't he awful looking in that grey light," continued Tim. "Why is he kneeling on the floor, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Tom, staring in. "He thinks it's no good looking on It any more, perhaps. That's a funny way he's kneeling, though, just like you see in the books of travel. I say, he might be praying; you can't tell."

The Twins feasted on their victim's alternate periods of paroxysm and quiet until the breakfast hour. When they arrived at the meal the King was already there, more silent and morose and dignified than ever.

The two conspirators held conferences all day and a long one after school hours in the afternoon.

"I say," suggested Tim, "th t thing must be pretty important to him, mustn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what are you going to do with your half—bury it?"

"You can if you want to; I'm going to wear mine under my clothes," said Tom, indicating its present location on his person.

"Well, then, I suppose I'll have to," said Tim, rather reluctantly; "but supposing he caught you with it?"

"He couldn't do anything if he did."

The conference proceeded to plans for the future.

"We've only just begun with him," announced Tom.

"What's it going to be next?" asked Tim.

"Oh! I don't know, but we can stir him up somehow."

"That's right; there's more than one way to do it."

"There was a fellow I knew once," said Tom reminiscently, "told me this. Once when his people were away, they had a servant he didn't like. So he swore he'd get even with her. They had a speaking tube in her room which they didn't use. And the girl hadn't been there long, so she didn't know anything about it.

"So one night, after she'd gone to bed, he sneaks downstairs, and he goes up to the speaking tube, and groans and shouts:

'Four days more,
One, two, three [illegible]ar,
God have mercy on your soul,'

just like that.

"Well, he was going to keep on the next night counting three, and the next night two, and so on. Only the second night she went mad, and kept wandering about the house all night. Then they had to take her to an asylum."

"A bit hard on the girl," ventured Tim.

"Well, what I was going to say was," continued Tom, disregarding him, "why can't we work a tick-tack that way on the old King's window. Of course, you couldn't say anything, but he'd catch on. You can get a good deal of *expression* with a tick-tack, if you work it right. You take it one—two—three—four—just like tolling a bell. It'd make anybody nervous who didn't know what it was. But it'll just paralyse him. He'll think—you can't tell what he will think."

The King being away that afternoon, the tick-tack was easily established. It worked that night beyond belief. The Twins retired to bed highly gratified.

"That was a fine idea of mine," said Tom proudly. "I'll bet you there aren't many fellows ever saw anything like that in a civilised country like this before."

"That's so," said Tim. "Only I hope he won't catch us at it," he added, a little uneasily.

The next day, after morning school, the Twins returned to their room.

The place presented a most unusual scene of disorder.

"Who's been meddling with my clothes," said Tom, belligerently. "You?"

"No, but somebody has; and with mine, too."

"Well, I'd like to catch the fellow that did," said Tom; "I'd kill him."

But such occurrences were not unusual, and this one soon passed out of the minds of the Twins by night.

At the first available moment in the evening the operations with the tick-tack were resumed. Tim was in command. Suddenly the string gave way, and came back loosely into his hand.

"I say, look at that," he said quickly.

"How did that happen?" said Tom.

"It just broke away in my hand. I wonder whether he's had a tick-tack worked on him before?" whispered Tim.

Tom was already peering through the hole.

"There isn't any light in there," he said. "It's as black as your hat. Perhaps the tick-tack just wore off on the corner there."

"Well, I hope so, by Jupiter," said Tim. "I was afraid he'd found us out at first."

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"I say," he said abruptly, after a little silence, "it wouldn't be so funny if he began hunting us instead of our hunting him, would it?"

The other Twin only laughed sardonically by way of answer.

* * * * *

The next afternoon the Twins were wandering down into the field alone, discussing recent phenomena.

"Now I want to ask you something," said Tim. "Have you noticed anything particular about the King the last few days?"

"I don't know that I have—only he keeps following me round."

"That's it. He's there all the time. I can't go outside the school yard alone without he comes sneaking after me."

"Who's that following us now?" he asked suddenly.

They turned round. A long, black figure was walking rapidly after them across the field.

"It's him," said Tom. "Don't pay any attention to him."

"We're rather a long way from the village," faltered Tim.

"Just wait till we get round behind this hedge," said Tom, "and we'll cut and run round and get away from him."

This manœuvre was executed with great vigour. Before the King was aware of it the Twins had skirted round the edge of the field, and were well back towards the school yard.

In the evening it was discovered that the King's room was again dark. The Twins put out their own light and listened by the hole in the wall.

"I'll bet there's somebody in there," said Tom. "I can hear him breathing, and every now and then there's something rubbing up against the wall."

"Oh, he's in there all right," said Tom.

Both Twins were unusually thoughtful as they went to bed. Each was discovered by the other to be awake very early in the morning, staring at the ceiling.

"Tim!" said Tom interrogatively.

"What?"

"Have you slept well the last two nights?"

"No."

"Have you *heard* anything?"

"Well, I don't know; I keep *thinking* I hear somebody singing."

"Well, I thought I did, too. Probably it's our imagination."

"Well, if it is true, it's the worst thing I ever heard."

Tom turned over on to his side.

"Look here," he said, "were our things left like that last night?"

Both Twins stiffened up in their beds.

"No, they weren't."

"Somebody's been in this room again, then. This thing's got to stop."

The Twins got up and investigated.

"Come here," said Tim, in a strained voice. "Look at this."

"What is it?"

"It's a tract—one of those things the King always carries about with him."

"Well?"

"Well, you see now who's been here. It's *him*. He's been in here and dropped it while we've been asleep. He's looking for *this*, and if he finds it——"

"I say," continued Tim, after a period of thought, "this thing's getting too much for me."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, it is. You can't tell what he might do to us."

"What could he do?"

"He could do anything; he could murder us if he got angry enough."

"Rot! Go on!" said the valiant Tom.

Nevertheless that night—that long-remembered night—he helped whole-heartedly to lock and barricade the door. The wardrobe and washstand were set against it, and a chair propped up under the knob to reinforce the lock.

It was determined that a thorough watch should be kept. The light went out; perfect silence was preserved; a constant look-out was maintained at the hole in the wall; yet nothing was accomplished but a strengthening of the suspicious of the Twins.

It was coal black in the other room.

"He's there listening," said Tim.

"Well," said Tom at last, "let him listen. I'm going to bed."

Tim followed his example. Both were soon in bed.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again—a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal. Each Twin lay stiff on his back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, waiting for the other.

"Listen, Tim," whispered Tom at last. "Is that you?"

"Did you hear it, too?" answered Tim.

The Twins left their beds.

"He's lighted up," announced Tom, uncovering the hole.

"Look here!" he gasped, emerging. "Here's something new. Oh, just look at that!"

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He gave place to the other Twin.

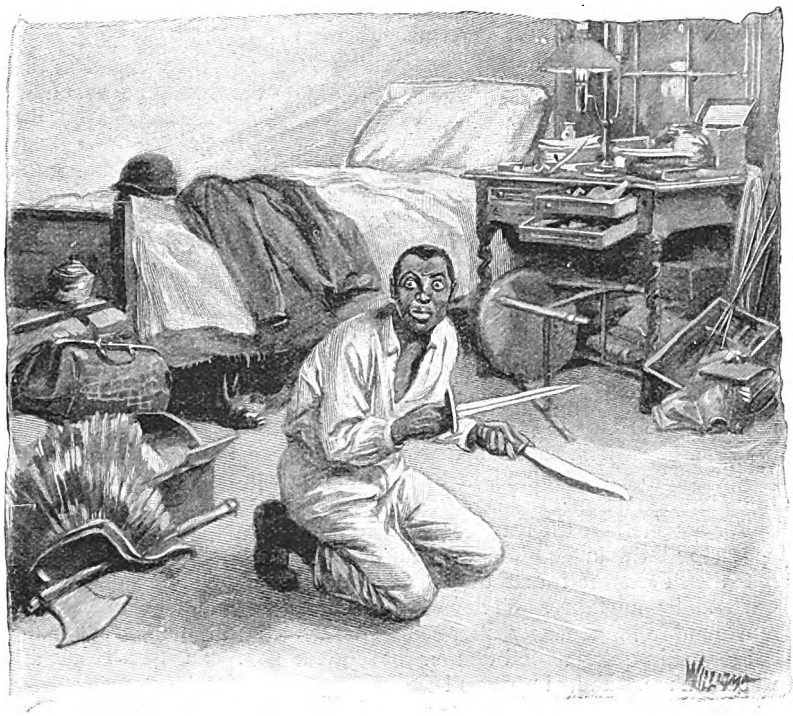
"Jupiter!" shuddered the terrified Tim. "Where do you s'pose he got that? Isn't that the biggest knife you ever saw? Isn't that awful?"

"There it is again," he said. The crooning song and the sound of metal again floated regularly and monotonously through the hole in the wall.

"What's he doing?"

"He's singing."

"Singing!" said Tim. "But, anyway, that's what we've been hearing."



Suddenly, in the middle of the night, that strange noise again—a low, crooning chant and the sound of metal.

"He's just sitting there," stated Tom, "singing and sharpening, and sharpening and singing."

There was a weakness which had always handicapped Tom when in the face of danger. It was giggling. The stimulus was now too great. He began to giggle.

"Shut up!" pleaded Tim frantically. "He'll hear you. Shut up, you fool!"

"Did you see him hopping round?" said Tom. "Oh, isn't he a sight!"

He started off again. Tim covered up the hole and began earnestly to punch him and kick his shins.

Suddenly there was a new movement in the other room.

"He's gone to the door," gasped Tim. "I bet he's heard you. He has—he has!—he's coming! Come over to the door and push—quick."

The Twins, grasping the carpet with their bare toes, threw the whole weight of their small bodies and vigorous spirits into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The knob turned without a sound, and an awful silent strain came suddenly on the door. For a big, breathless minute it continued, then it fell away. The old lock, backed by the barricade, the chair, and the Twins, had held. The soft steps in the hallway died away, and the Twins were safe.

Two days and two nights this thing continued. Two awful days and nights the savage stalked the terrified Twins, seeking to come on them alone. Two awful days the Twins came in early to prayers and school and dinner; two days they devised and planned and suffered and herded closely with their kind. Two awful nights they lay with their eyes glued to the hole in the wall, and listened, with the barricade against the door.

"If we're going to do anything, we'd better start pretty soon," said Tim the second day. "If this thing keeps on I'm going to cut and run home."

"I wish I understood just exactly what was the matter with him," answered Tom thoughtfully.

"I tell you what," said Tim, "let's see what we can find in the library."

The Twins were accordingly soon seated in the school library, solemnly looking through an encyclopædia. Presently they came across this paragraph:

Zozo, THE.—An extremely savage tribe in Western Africa, best known for their strange susceptibility to religious excitement. These strange

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people are extreme fetish worshippers and are supposed to be cannibals. They are said to have a belief that if they lose their personal fetish in any way they are destined to meet death immediately, and such happenings render them uncontrollably ferocious. They are exceedingly fierce in their wars and personal feuds, and have most peculiar and revolting ways of torturing their enemies.

"I wish it had gone a little farther," said Tim wistfully. "I should like to know just what they do."

"Sounds rather fierce, doesn't it?" said Tom, moistening his lips.

"I tell you what," said Tim, "we must tell Pearce."

Pearce was the captain of the football team. His prestige was enormous. He was the ruler of the school by divine right. His influence was greater than that of all the teachers who had laboured in the institution since its foundation.

For anyone less than a Second Colour to speak to him uninvited was a fearful offence; but the Twins felt that the circumstances warranted anything. They approached him humbly immediately after school hours.

He was in quite a good temper for so great a personage, and, impressed by the unwonted solemnity of the Twins, invited them into his study.

They told their tale slowly and with commendable observance of detail. At first the football captain was amused in a superior sort of way, but presently he became serious.

"If it's as bad as that," he said at last, after the trophy bedecked with its gaudy feathers had been displayed, "why don't you tell the Head?"

The Twins made no answer, but their faces wore an expression of silent disfavour.

In the upper school such things might be tolerated; in the lower it would be sneaking, pure and simple.

Then the Twins propounded a plan of their own; it appeared practicable, reasonable, and, above all, exhilarating.

The football captain marvelled at the cunning of the Twins, but promised his unqualified assistance when required.

Plans were laid for the future. The Twins promised themselves that there should be a grand extempore entertainment what time the Heir of the Zozos should tell the story of his conversion.

"Only," said Tom in conclusion, "don't let him have anything to throw. You know the spears and things of his. But we can bag them all right."

So it was arranged.

* * *

The Twins . . . . threw the whole weight of their small bodies . . . into the reinforcement of the barricade.

The rattling carriages of the country people were gathering along dark country ways to the little vestry. It was the night of the lecture by the Heir of the Zozos. The crowd from Middleton school arrived early.

Inside the little bare room, with its dim bracket lamps along the wall, was the noise of heavy boots and the scraping of chairs on the uncarpeted floor. Upon the raised platform, with its covering of red carpet, the pastor and King sat side by side on the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. The Twins occupied seats together in the second row. Before them, a little to one

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side, sat Pearce, the football captain. The forces were now drawn up.

At last the noise of getting seated died away, and the pastor, a mild, weak-featured man with a greyish beard, arose. The King, though taught in English before he reached the school, was far from fluent yet. He always needed an exhibitor.

The pastor began: "I know we are all glad to have with us to-night a brother from the heathen heart of poor, benighted Africa, and that we shall be still more glad to hear the message he has to bring us. A prince by birth and regal right, he has yet renounced the honours which are his own and come here to obtain that which is beyond all price and to take it home with him to his own people.

"I want to say here that, through some unexplained misfortune, the instruments of war which he usually displays have in some way been misplaced or lost on his way to the vestry. But he will show you many other curious things, and will pray and speak and sing in his own strange tongue. And I am sure that there is not one of us present here who will not be delighted with what he will see and hear to-night. I will first ask our friend to lead with a song in his own language."

Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins.

The Twins were very restive. The King began to sing. Somehow he did not display his usual enthusiasm. He seemed moody and dejected; his song dragged and droned. At the close the Twins could stand it no longer.

It was to be a native speech next, but it was never given. As the King started up, the Twins simultaneously dragged to light the ruffled remains of the idol, and dangled them tauntingly before his outraged eyes. One laid his part tenderly in the hollow of his arm, like a doll, and began to fondle it; the other held his portion upside down, and waved it stealthily backwards and forwards before him. The eyes of the tortured ex-savage caught in a moment the bright-coloured objects in their hands.

For a moment the restraint of the place was heavy upon him. Then the blood of a thousand howling ancestors cried aloud in his veins. He stiffened with anger, reached down his coat, and brought to light the terrible knife. With a wild yell he had left the platform to fall upon the defenceless Twins.

But, as he made his spring, the football captain, closing in on his flank, caught him in a beautiful tackle about his waist. Both went down together in the most approved style, the big knife clanking and clattering on the floor as the negro dropped it. Half-a-dozen boys and a couple of big farmers were upon the prostrate King in an instant, and the face of the old man was looking sternly and wonderingly down upon him. The Twins, having concealed the remains of the idol, looked sadly and innocently down upon the scene from where they stood upon their chairs.

The Head appreciated the situation immediately.

"What have you been doing now?" he said.

"It must have been this, sir," said the deep-reasoning Tom, producing his half of the idol.

"What is this?" said the old man, taking it.

"I don't know, sir. I saw it in his room, and I took it, sir, to look at. It looks like a sort of idol. Probably you could tell from showing it to him, sir."

The Head quickly verified this theory from

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the spasms of the King. Nothing could be done to calm the frenzy of the victim. He lay on his back, and called loudly for the lives of the Twins. The minister failed utterly to pacify him. In the meantime the men and boys in the foreground wondered, and the women, huddled together in the rear of the vestry, feared greatly. The Twins were the only really calm individuals in the building.

The "Old Man" finally gave up the idea of pacification.

"I am at least glad to discover what we have been harbouring," he exclaimed to the minister.

He then assigned to six of the largest boys the congenial task of holding down the infuriated King during his conveyance back to the school, where he was put into close confinement.

The Head himself drove back by way of the telegraph office, and sent the following message to the missionary sponsor of the King:

"Distressing outbreak of savage nature on part of your ward. Demands to return to Africa. Unsafe for him to remain here. Come at once."

When he returned to school again, he sent for the Twins.

"This is a very serious business," he said solemnly, "and you are responsible. You will have to take the consequences."

The Twins were discreetly silent.

"For the present," said the Head, "you can go—but," he went on, as they were moving towards the door, "you had better come—both of you—to my study after morning school to-morrow."

The Twins left the room with a chastened demeanour. They were by no means pleased at the appointment; yet they had an unexpressed but firm conviction that whatever ills the unknown to-morrow might bring, their recompense would be in the triumphs and joys of yesterday.

WEDDING THOUGHTS.

By Jessie Carr.

I.

When a man and maiden marry,
  When the service is begun
That shall join their lives together,
  And of two shall make but one,
At that hour so awe-inspiring
  Surely each one's heart must hold
Thoughts that lie too deep for utt'rance—
  Thoughts that never can be told.

II

What reflections, sad or solemn,
  Steal upon the charming bride,
As she stands beside her lover
  Never more to leave his side?
Does she vaguely fear the dawning
  Of this life so wond'rous new?
(Or, perchance, is she but fearing
  That her veil is on askew?)

III.

And the bridegroom, as he enters
  On the paths of wedded bliss,
Very earnest is his aspect,
  As befits a time like this.
Doubtless now he realises
  That his single life is o'er
(And that clubs and smoking concerts
  Now shall know him nevermore!)

IV.

What, one wonders, at this moment
  Thinks the mother of the bride,
As she gazes on her daughter,
  Who is going from her side.
Does she wish her tender fledgling
  Was not taken from the nest?
(Dare one hint she's hoping someone
  Soon may rob her of the rest?)

V.

And the bridesmaids, friends, relations,
  Who the service come to see,
Are they awed, impressed, uplifted?
  (Or, perhaps, do they agree
With the views of one fair maiden,
  Uttered pensively and low—
"Somehow other people's weddings
  Seem to me a trifle slow!")

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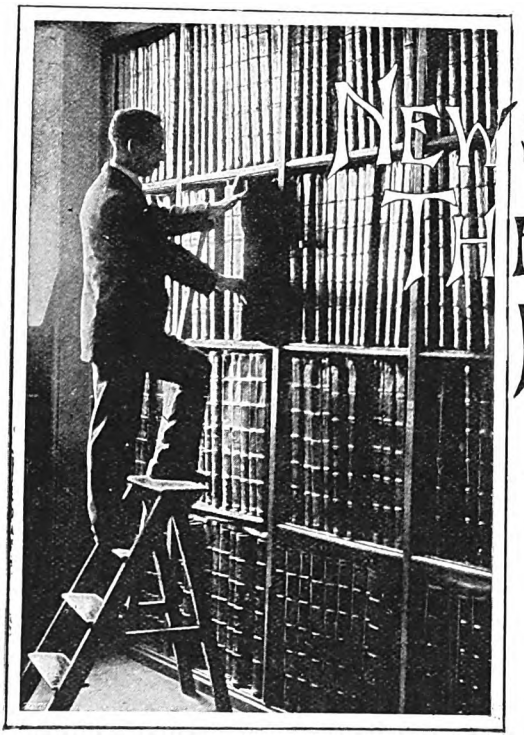

At the British Museum. Filing newspapers the public never sees.

NEWSPAPERS THE PUBLIC NEVER SEES

By H. J. Holmes.

Illustrated with Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

It is a positive fact that there are regularly published in England several newspapers upon whose pages the eyes of the public never rest.

Stranger still, the proprietors of these mysterious publications exhibit a bashfulness entirely inconsistent with *fin de siècle* journalistic success. There is an absolute absence of ostentation or fuss on their part, and they not infrequently attempt to hide the fact that they are in the slightest way interested in such an extraordinary curiosity as a newspaper without readers, and minus of a circulation of more than half-a-dozen copies of every issue; indeed, like Uncle Remus' Brer Rabbit, they "lie low and say nuffin'."

But there is a method in such madness. The Copyright Act is responsible. It declares that there must be evidence of continuous publication to enable the owner of a registered newspaper title, or of any periodical, to retain the legal claim to the copyright of that title. When a man desires to "run" a new daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annual, it is not sufficient that he journeys to Stationers' Hall, and first having searched diligently the records, lest someone should hereafter arise with a prior claim, duly register the title that he desires to secure unto himself. A registered title is worth nothing unless there be proof of continuous publication, as I have said. Therefore, to meet the requirements of the law, the title holder, having produced his first "dummy" copy, must publish, at regular intervals, something in the form of the newspaper or magazine which he intends to ultimately launch on the great sea of journalism. One copy sold, and a copy sent to the British Museum, and to the usual three University libraries, are sufficient evidence of publication. If he should fail to take this precaution, anyone getting scent of his intentions can jump in with some miserable rag, brought out anyhow, and claim the title as his property– but he remaining always open, of course, to consider negotiations for the purchase of the said title.

Have you ever heard of the *Sunday Graphic?* No? Then it will probably surprise you to learn that such a publication has been in existence for years. It never meets the public gaze, of course. According to law, the copyright of the title is the property of its publisher, Mr. Harry J. Balls, 111, Green Street, Upton Park, Essex. It is now well over its 50th number and its second volume. It consists of a single page of text. Whether we shall ever be favoured with its public appearance is somewhat doubtful. At any rate, should the proprietors of the *Daily Graphic* and the weekly, *Graphic* ever be filled with ambition to run a *Sunday Graphic*, they must first consult Mr. Balls.

The *Sunday Graphic*, judging from a recent issue, is a peculiarly bright specimen

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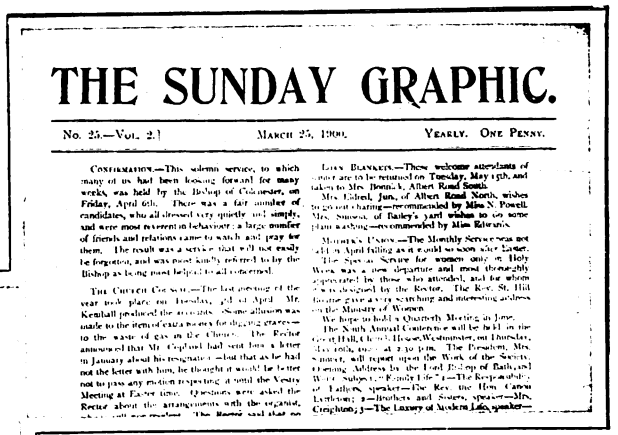
of a copyright "dummy." Its solitary page of text is made up of paragraphs evidently clipped from a church or parish magazine. From them we learn that a Mrs. Bornrick and a Mrs. Simpson (no town named) are anxious to take in some plain washing, and that a Mrs. Eldred, jun., would go out



THE SUNDAY GRAPHIC.

No. 25.—Vol. 2.] MARCH 25, 1900. YEARLY. ONE PENNY.

CONFIRMATION.—This solemn service, to which many of us had been looking forward for many weeks, was held by the Bishop of Colchester, on Friday, April 6th. There was a fair number of candidates, who all dressed very quietly and simply, and were most reverent in behaviour; a large number of friends and relations came to watch and pray for them. The result was a service that will not easily be forgotten, and was most kindly referred to by the Bishop as being most helpful to all concerned.

THE CHURCH CONCERT.—The last meeting of the year took place on Tuesday, 3rd of April. Mr. Kemball produced the accounts. Some allusion was made to the items of extra money for digging graves and to the waste of gas in the Church. The Rector answered that Mr. Copland had sent him a letter in January about his magnificent offer that as he had not the letter with him, he thought it would be better not to pass any motion respecting it until the Vestry Meeting at Easter time. Questions were asked the Rector about the arrangements with the organist, [illegible] The Rector said that no

LOST BLANKETS.—These welcome articles of wear are to be returned on Tuesday, May 15th, and taken to Mrs. Bonnick, Albert Road South.

Mrs. Eldred, jun., of Albert Road North, wishes to get out charring—recommended by Miss N. Powell. Mrs. Simcox, of Bailey's yard wishes to do some plain washing—recommended by Miss Edwards.

MONTHLY PAPER.—The Monthly Sermon was not [illegible] April falling as it could so soon after Easter.

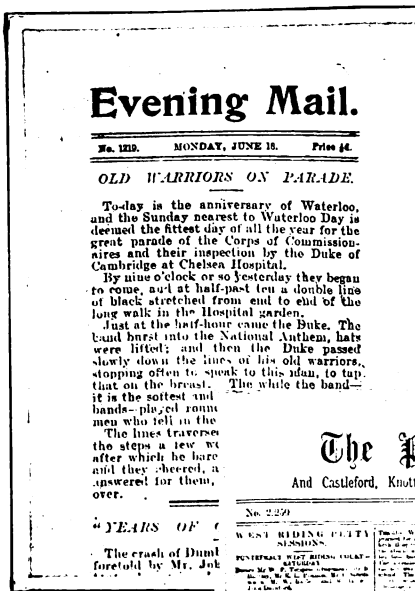
THE SPECIAL SERVICE for women only, on Holy Week was a new departure and most thoroughly appreciated by those who attended, and for whom it was designed by the Rector. The Rev. St. Hill [illegible] gave a very searching and interesting address on the Ministry of Women.

We hope to hold a Quarterly Meeting in June.

The South Austral Conference will be held in the [illegible] Hall, Church House, Westminster, on Thursday, the 10th, inst., at 2.30 p.m. The President, Mrs. [illegible], will report upon the Work of the Society, [illegible] Address by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. Subject:—Female Life.—1—The Responsible [illegible] Ladies, speaker—The Rev. the Hon. Canon Lyttelton; 2—Mothers and Sisters, speaker—Mrs. Creighton; 3—The Luxury of Modern Life, speaker—

The *Sunday Graphic* has been in existence for years.

not on sale anywhere outside of the publishing office, where, however, you or I would have some difficulty in obtaining a copy—it is always "sold out," so to speak. In the *Comic Pictorial* there is this difference from others I have dealt with. Its contents appear in other publications issued by the well-known firm of Jas. Henderson, of Red Lion House. It is entirely made up of pictures, paragraphs,



Evening Mail.

No. 1219. MONDAY, JUNE 18. Price ½d.

OLD WARRIORS ON PARADE.

To-day is the anniversary of Waterloo, and the Sunday nearest to Waterloo Day is deemed the fittest day of all the year for the great parade of the Corps of Commissionaires and their inspection by the Duke of Cambridge at Chelsea Hospital.

By nine o'clock or so yesterday they began to come, and at half-past ten a double line of black stretched from end to end of the long walk in the Hospital garden.

Just at the half-hour came the Duke. The band burst into the National Anthem, hats were lifted; and then the Duke passed slowly down the lines of his old warriors, stopping often to speak to this man, to tap that on the breast. The while the band—it is the sottest and bands—played roun men who fell in the

The lines traverse the steps a few w after which he bare and they cheered, a answered for them, over.

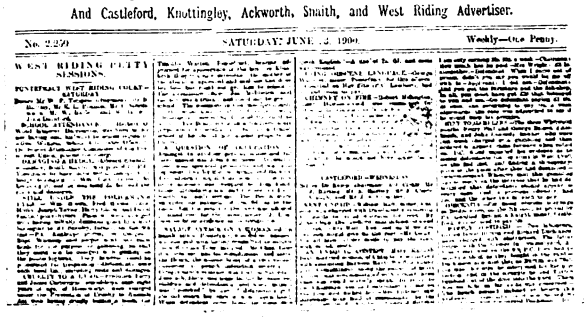
YEARS OF

The crash of Dumb foretold by Mr. Jok

These two papers are also published regularly.

charing on moderate terms. We are also asked to take an interest in a discussion as to whether a non-resident organist should be permitted to play in church during the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed! It is added that the rector (no name given) decided to restrain the organist! Another paragraph has reference to "extra money for digging graves"—was the sexton on strike?—and "the waste of gas in the church."

The *Comic Pictorial* is a sheet duly registered according to law, and makes its appearance with unfailing regularity every week. Like the others, however, it is

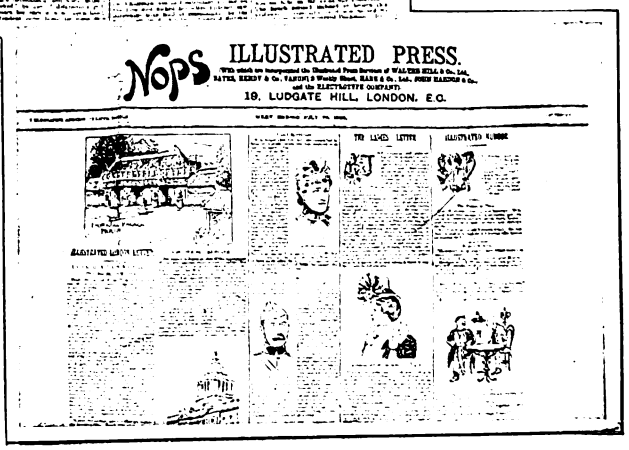


The Pontefract Telegraph

And Castleford, Knottingley, Ackworth, Snaith, and West Riding Advertiser.

No. 2329 SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1900. Weekly—One Penny.

WEST RIDING PETTY SESSIONS.



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19, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Though the public never sees the *Illustrated Press*, its contents appear in other publications.

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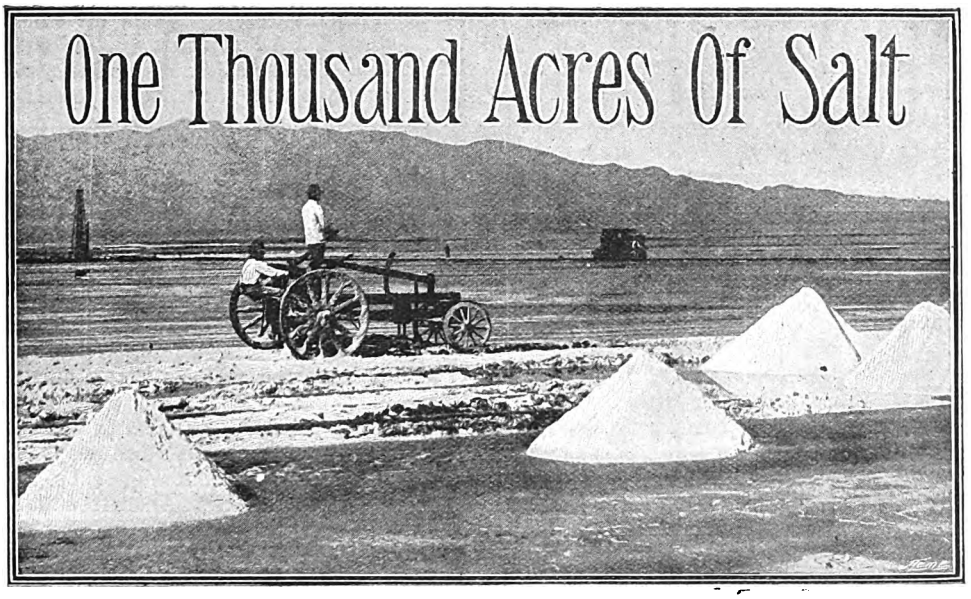
One Thousand Acres Of Salt



The salt-plough, a specially devised machine, on four wheels, with steam motive power.

All about the Wonderful Salt Farm on the Colorado River.

By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

One of the most curious cases of real estate in existence will shortly be the subject of a suit brought by the American Government to recover the property. It is a salt farm—1000 acres of solid salt, which is ploughed and hoed and piled up like so much earth. It lies in a depression, 264 feet below the level of the sea, in the midst of the great Colorado Desert, just north of the Mexican line of the State of California, and the town which has grown up on its border takes its name, Salton, from the crystal deposit.

For many years salt had been taken from this district, but on a small scale. In 1892 a stoppage was put to the local industry by the overflow of the Colorado River, forming what was known as the Salton Sea. In time the water receded, evaporation followed, and there was left a residuum of almost pure crystal salt, a vista of unimaginable and almost unbearable brilliance and beauty.

From a distance the effect was that of a sheet of the purest snow, glittering in the sunlight; but when the first explorers ventured upon the newly-formed crust they were unable to endure for long the fierce refraction of the light, and fled blindly with aching eyeballs from that insufferable radiance. Equipped with coloured glasses, they returned, and soon a company was working the richest salt field in existence.

All that was necessary was to plough the salt and grind it up. A salt-plough was devised and built. It has four wheels and a heavy and powerful steel beak, or breaker, and the motive power is steam. Then a grinding mill and drying plant was put up, a dummy line run up to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the work of taking out five and a half tons daily at from £1 to £6 a ton began.

The great difficulty, however, was to get labour. Probably nowhere else on the earth's surface do men work under such terrible conditions of temperature as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado Desert, which is such that few white men can live in that region, is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun.

For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 148 degrees Fahr. every day. Under these conditions no white man can work. The salt ploughing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigour of the climate without evil effects. To watch the steady, stoic performance of the red-skinned toiler

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as he hoes, shovels, and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plough, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying conditions.

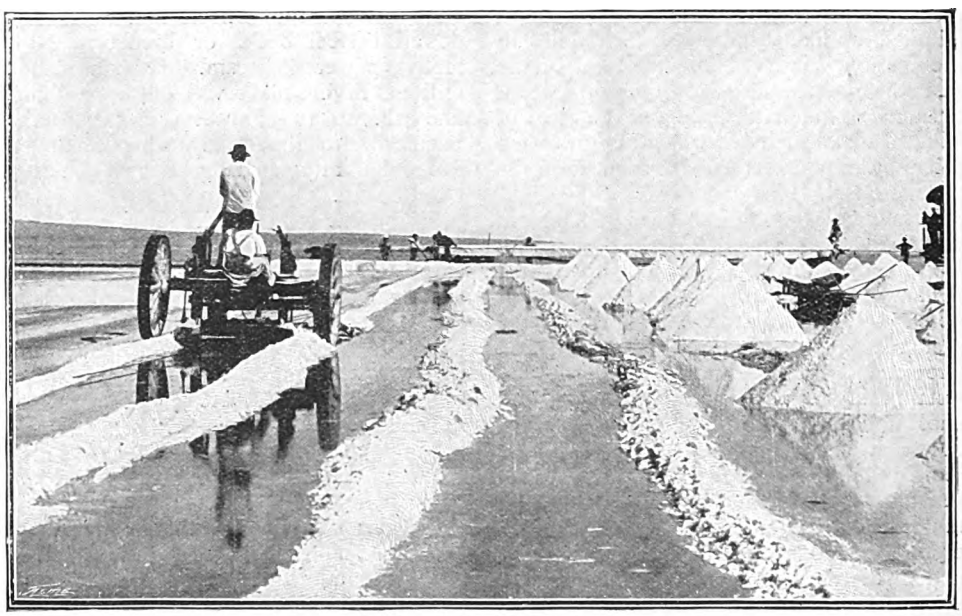
Some of the Indian labourers even work without glasses; but all the Japs protect their eyes from the baneful glare with the darkest of spectacles, and, even so, they are often laid up with optic inflammation. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields, the flying particles generate a peculiar, irritating, and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves as a safeguard against sunstroke, as it keeps them perspiring freely.

The deposit of salt varies in thickness from one to eight inches. It forms in a crust, and the plough breaks the salt covering by throwing up a broad but shallow furrow of salt lumps in parallel ridges on either side of the machine. Here and there underlying the crystal plain are springs of water. When the crust is broken the springs spurt out their dirty, brackish water, and the Indian lads follow the plough with hoe in hand, knocking to and fro the clumps of salt and mud in this water, until the earth is dissolved, and then the crystal salt is stacked in conical pyramids to await transportation to the mill.

The salt crystals do not dissolve during the washing, doubtless on account of the quantity of saline already in the water. No sooner has the plough gone over the field than the crust begins to form again; therefore it would seem that the salt fields of Salton are inexhaustible. The salt is allowed to remain in the pyramids until complete evaporation of all water takes place, when it is transferred to the flat cars and carried to the mills at Salton. The factory is a structure about 600 feet in length, and consists of a milling and drying plant.

When the salt arrives at the mill it is thrown into a breaker and reduced to uniform particles, which are run through a mill and thoroughly ground. There is an almost imperceptible portion of carbonate of soda mixed with the native salt, and this simply aids in the cleansing process. When thoroughly ground the salt is sifted like flour through bolting cloth, put through a fine sieve, which removes all foreign substances, and is then ready to sack. Apart from the refined or table salt, there are tons and tons of rough salt shipped annually from Salton. This grade is only sold for commercial and industrial purposes.

The most delightful time to visit the crystal lake is upon a moonlight night. The spectacle is weirdly magnificent. The rows of glistening pyramids, the glitter of the moonlight from the facets of millions of crystals, the distant background of low, black hills, the expanse and stillness of the shadowless plain, strike one with awe and wonder that can never be forgotten.



The salt plough at work.

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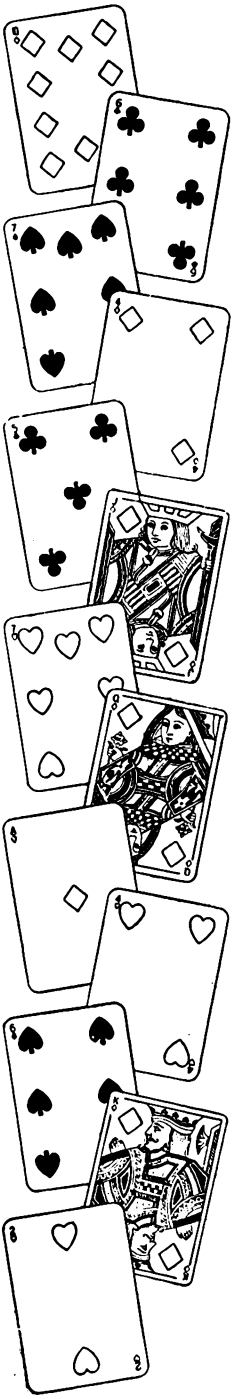
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

Monologue.

By Owen Oliver.



The first fortune.

SCENE: A drawing-room. A pretty girl is seated at a table arranging a pack of cards. She looks up suddenly.

WHO? (*With assumed indifference.*) Mr. Armstrong? Oh, yes! Ask him to come in. (*Glances hastily through pack.*) That will do, if only—— (*Rises and holds out her hand.*) Fancy your coming to-night! Expect you? Well, I thought you *might* look in. (*Very quietly.*) Yes, your sister told me you were going. . . . Won't you sit down?

What am I doing? Nothing. At least (*takes up the cards*) only telling fortunes. You don't believe in it, of course? No?

Tell yours? Shall I? Don't blame me if it isn't a good one. It depends on yourself, you know. How? I will show you. (*Hastily*). No, you need not cut them. I have already—that is-er-I shuffled them just now.

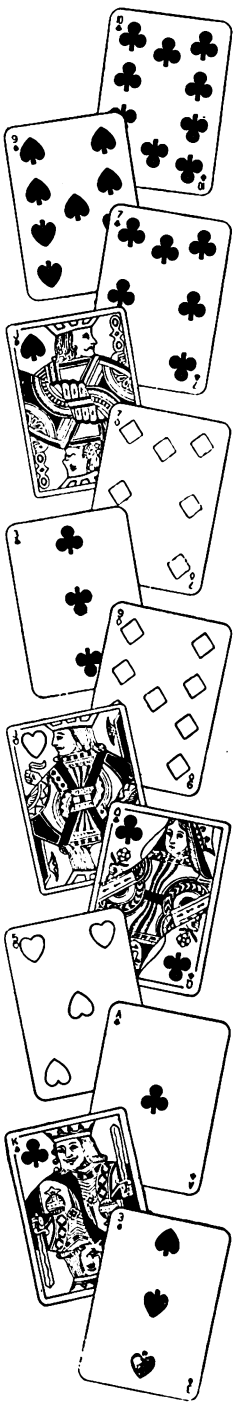
First, we must have a card for you. Let me see? (*Critically*). You are dark; and you are going abroad to make your fortune. (*Positively*). You must be the king of spades. (*Searches for it*). There! Now for your fortunes? (*Lays out the cards*). How many fortunes? Four; but you can only have one of them. (*Finishes dealing*).

You see each line begins with a ten—diamonds, clubs, spades and hearts. Which will you have? (*Looks up with a finger on her cheek*).

Oh! I can't tell you what they mean. It wouldn't be fair. At least . . . Oh, well, if I *must!*

The ten of diamonds—you are sure to choose that—means that your great wish is to be rich. That is why you are going abroad, is it not? (*Listens*). Of course I am sorry. . . . Well, I *did* think perhaps you would come.

If you



The second fortune.

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choose diamonds, the second card is a club. That is your journey. Then comes the seven of spades, because you will have to work hard for seven years. A long time? (*Forces a laugh*). You won't notice it. Friends? Yes, no doubt you will miss them at first; but you can't have everything. You chose diamonds . . . (*Holds up a finger*). Wait till you hear the fortune.

The four of diamonds means that you begin to make money; and the club is another journey. No, not home. The knave of diamonds is someone very rich. He befriends you, and introduces you to the fair lady whom you will marry. The seven of hearts means marriage, you know. The fair lady? Here she is. (*Holds up card*). The queen of diamonds!

How fair will she be? Well—er—not very. Like me? Oh, dear no! Not at all. Quite old and sedate; but she will have lots of money. Here is the ace of diamonds next to her. Fond of one another? (*Turns away*). How do I know? Besides that doesn't matter—if you choose money.

Anyhow you marry her, this heart says; and you go on working—the spade—and you become very wealthy—the king of diamonds. (*Claps her hands*). Isn't that a splendid fortune?

The two of hearts at the end? So there is! What does it mean? Well (*considers*), if you wanted—affection—diamonds would be the wrong line to take, you see. (*Pause*).

The next line is clubs. They mean reputation; that you want to become a great man. You do, don't you? (*Nods*). So you give up everything for that. What do you give up? Leisure, amusements, friends who would be a drag. . . . Wouldn't you? Wait till I have told you the fortune.

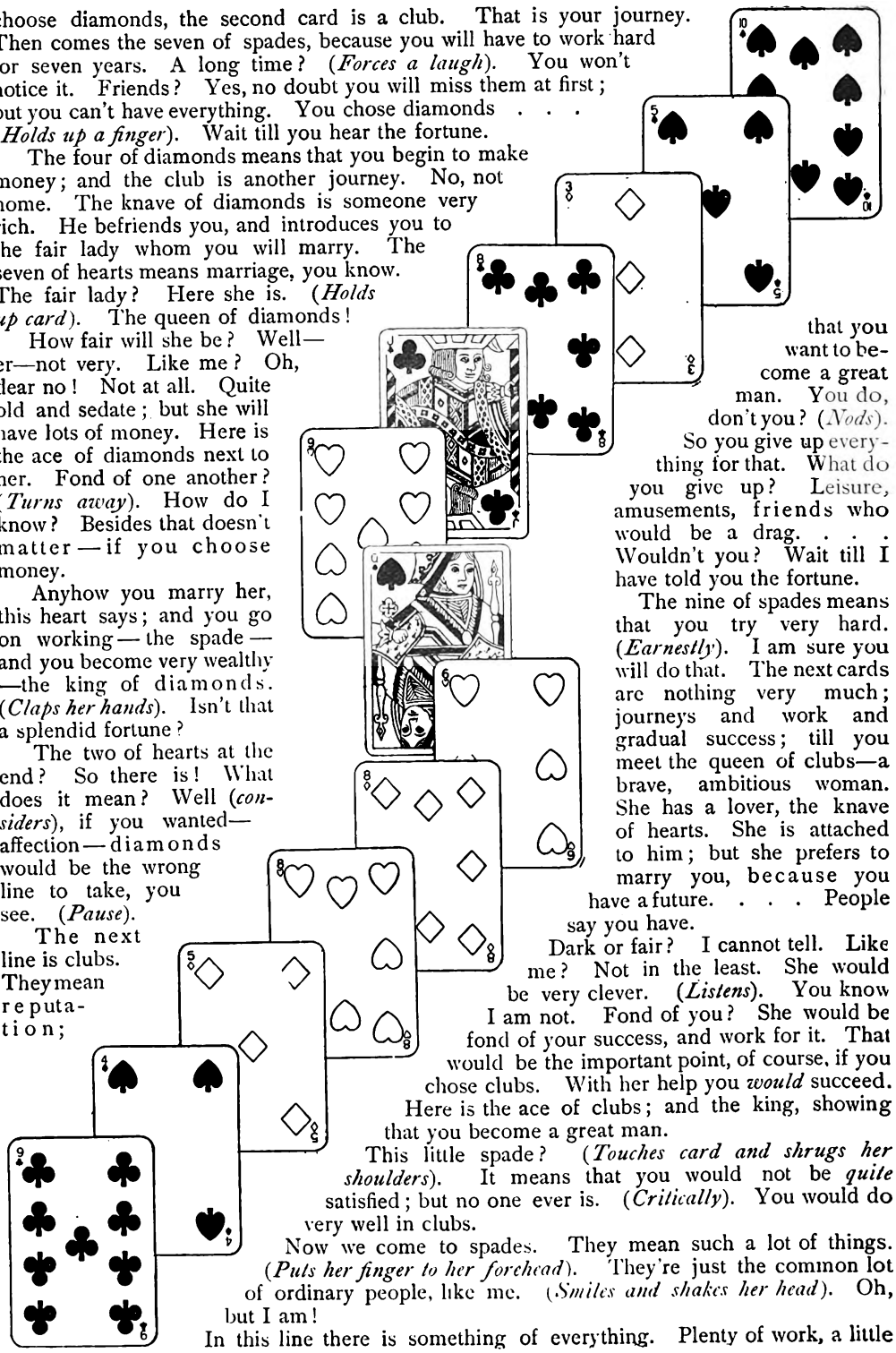
The nine of spades means that you try very hard. (*Earnestly*). I am sure you will do that. The next cards are nothing very much; journeys and work and gradual success; till you meet the queen of clubs—a brave, ambitious woman. She has a lover, the knave of hearts. She is attached to him; but she prefers to marry you, because you have a future. . . . People say you have.

Dark or fair? I cannot tell. Like me? Not in the least. She would be very clever. (*Listens*). You know I am not. Fond of you? She would be fond of your success, and work for it. That would be the important point, of course, if you chose clubs. With her help you *would* succeed. Here is the ace of clubs; and the king, showing that you become a great man.

This little spade? (*Touches card and shrugs her shoulders*). It means that you would not be *quite* satisfied; but no one ever is. (*Critically*). You would do very well in clubs.

Now we come to spades. They mean such a lot of things. (*Puts her finger to her forehead*). They're just the common lot of ordinary people, like me. (*Smiles and shakes her head*). Oh, but I am!

In this line there is something of everything. Plenty of work, a little



The third fortune.

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The queen of hearts? Ye-es. You marry her. Dark or fair? Whichever you want her to be. (*Rapidly*). She—she will be whatever kind of woman you like best, of course; and if she isn't you will think she is. Why? (*Emphatically*). Because she is the one you want.

Love her? You ought to. Love you? Certainly she would. You see (*hesitatingly*) you are next to her—the king of hearts. . . . How do I know it is you? Because—Oh! because it must be. No, I haven't forgotten. Of course you are only spades really; but not to *her!* They are such foolish, sentimental people, don't you see, who choose hearts. (*Sighs.*)

Tell you the rest? (*Shakes her head.*) I hardly like to. It is a very bad fortune. You have to work always—the ace of spades. You don't mind it though. The two says you think it is *nothing*, all the long, hard work, because you are working for her, and. . . . No, no, you mustn't! (*Motions him away.*) Listen to me first. Yes. You shall tell me when you have heard the fortune.

You gain a little success at last—the four of clubs; and enough to live on—the six of diamonds; and (*brokenly*) you are happy—the ace of hearts—because you don't know any better, and think love matters more than everything, and . . . Don't! . . . I can't bear it. . . . You never asked me. . . . You know, you know! (*Holds out both hands*). Of course she will wait for you—your Queen of Hearts!

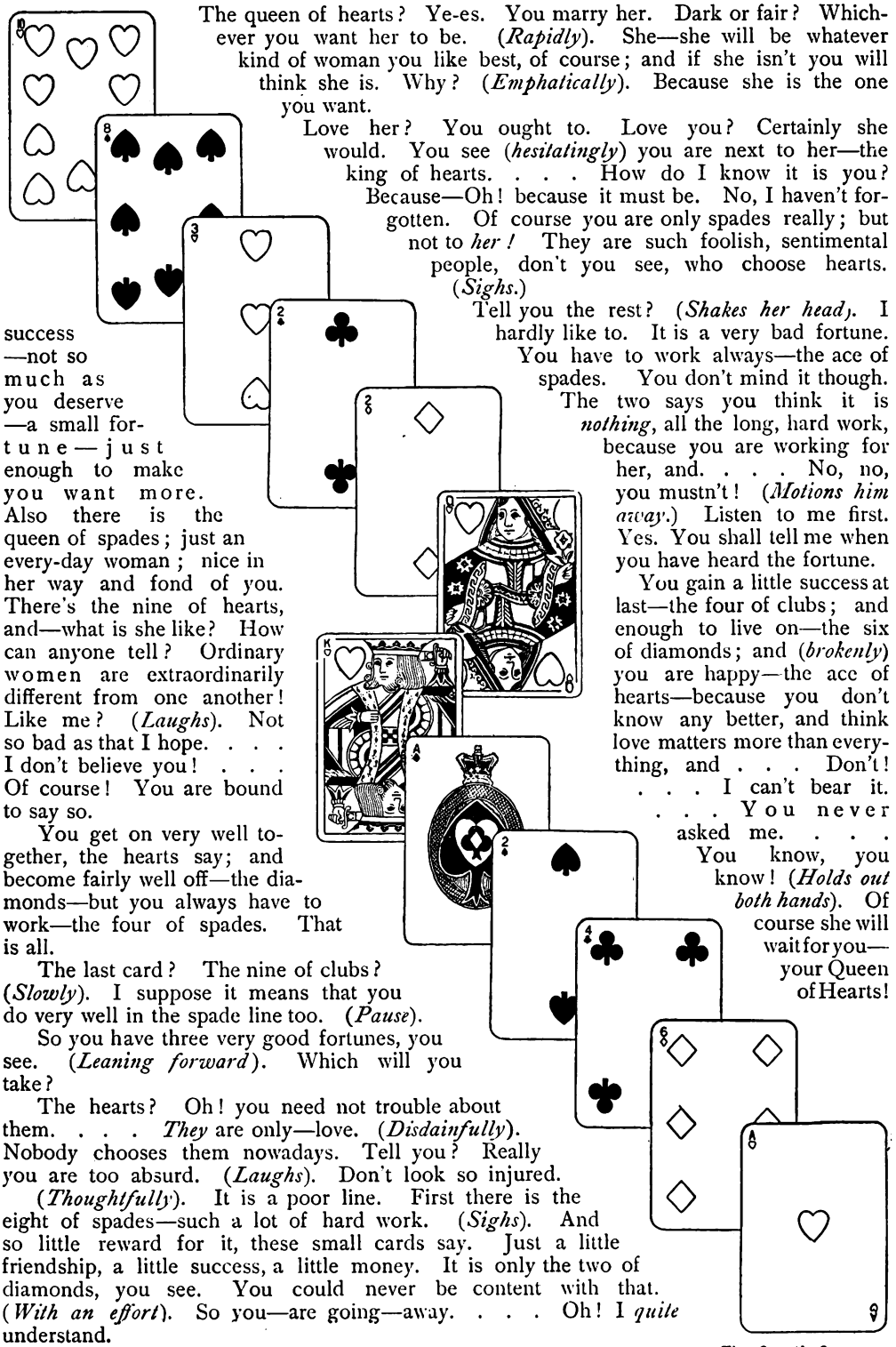
success—not so much as you deserve—a small fortune—just enough to make you want more. Also there is the queen of spades; just an every-day woman; nice in her way and fond of you. There's the nine of hearts, and—what is she like? How can anyone tell? Ordinary women are extraordinarily different from one another! Like me? (*Laughs*). Not so bad as that I hope. . . . I don't believe you! . . . Of course! You are bound to say so.

You get on very well together, the hearts say; and become fairly well off—the diamonds—but you always have to work—the four of spades. That is all.

The last card? The nine of clubs? (*Slowly*). I suppose it means that you do very well in the spade line too. (*Pause*).

So you have three very good fortunes, you see. (*Leaning forward*). Which will you take?

The hearts? Oh! you need not trouble about them. . . . *They* are only—love. (*Disdainfully*). Nobody chooses them nowadays. Tell you? Really you are too absurd. (*Laughs*). Don't look so injured. (*Thoughtfully*). It is a poor line. First there is the eight of spades—such a lot of hard work. (*Sighs*). And so little reward for it, these small cards say. Just a little friendship, a little success, a little money. It is only the two of diamonds, you see. You could never be content with that. (*With an effort*). So you—are going—away. . . . Oh! I *quite* understand.



The fourth fortune.

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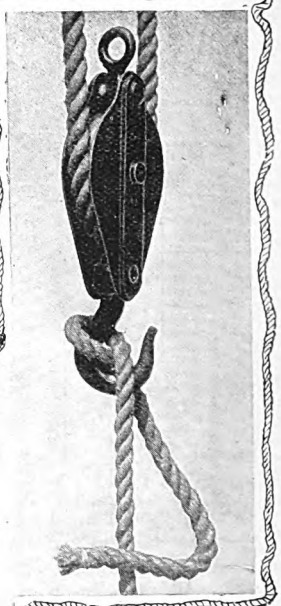
Knotty Problems

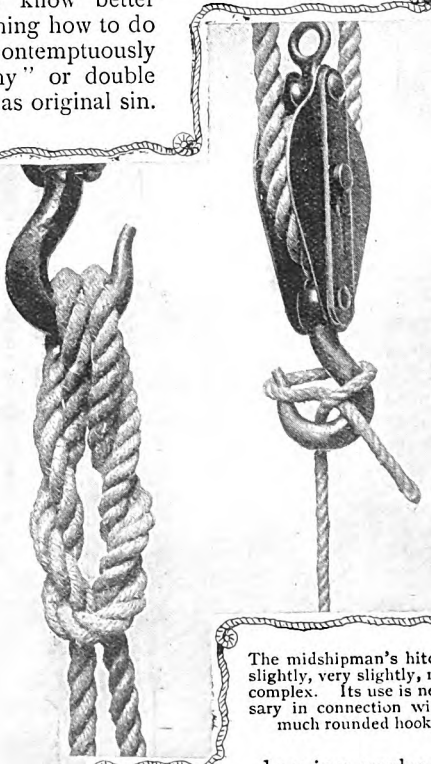
By Arthur Banfield.

Watch a woman, or an average man for that matter, attempting to knot two pieces of string together, and you will have an excellent illustration of how not to do it. Practically speaking, there is only one knot attainable by the uninitiated, and it is an abomination to those who know better things. No one wants teaching how to do this knot, technically and contemptuously spoken of as "The Granny" or double knot. It comes as natural as original sin.

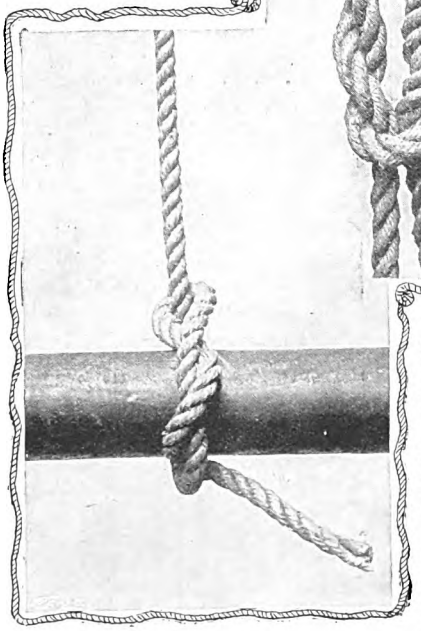
The only qualification needed for the "Granny" is total ignorance of the art and science of knot making. Lay the ends of two pieces of rope together, and—well just knot them. There you have your granny. Put pressure on the rope, and one of two things will happen; either the knot will slip until the ends are passed and you are as you were, plus the smash up of the picnic basket or whatever you may have been foolish enough to intrust to "granny's" keeping, or else the knot is drawn together so fearfully tight that no power on earth will untie it.



This is the famous Blackwall hitch—a hitch being a twist of rope which secures one object to another. It can be trusted safely with a ton weight.



The midshipman's hitch is slightly, very slightly, more complex. Its use is necessary in connection with a much rounded hook.



This knot, the catspaw, is famous for its enormous strength. It is an endless loop, and is much used for hoisting barrels on board. To make this knot, seize hold of the loop with the two hands about a yard apart; twist each hand in opposite directions, and you have the catspaw.

Ridiculously simple, yet absolutely effective, is the timber hitch, used for pulling up or lowering heavy spars. A glance shows how it is done.

Knot-tying proper is an art from beginning to end, and the field is enormous; but the strange part is, that unlike all other arts, this one is absolutely prehistoric, not only in its inception, but in its developments. The numbers of wonderful and ingenious knots is astounding, and yet we cannot trace the invention of a single one. They do the same knots in the Navy now as they did in the time of Nelson; and for aught one can find out to the contrary, the sailors under Hawke and Drake, or even

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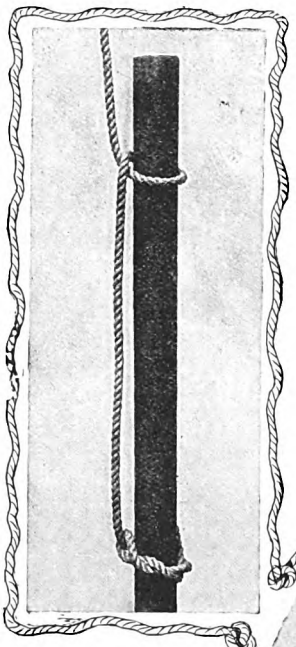
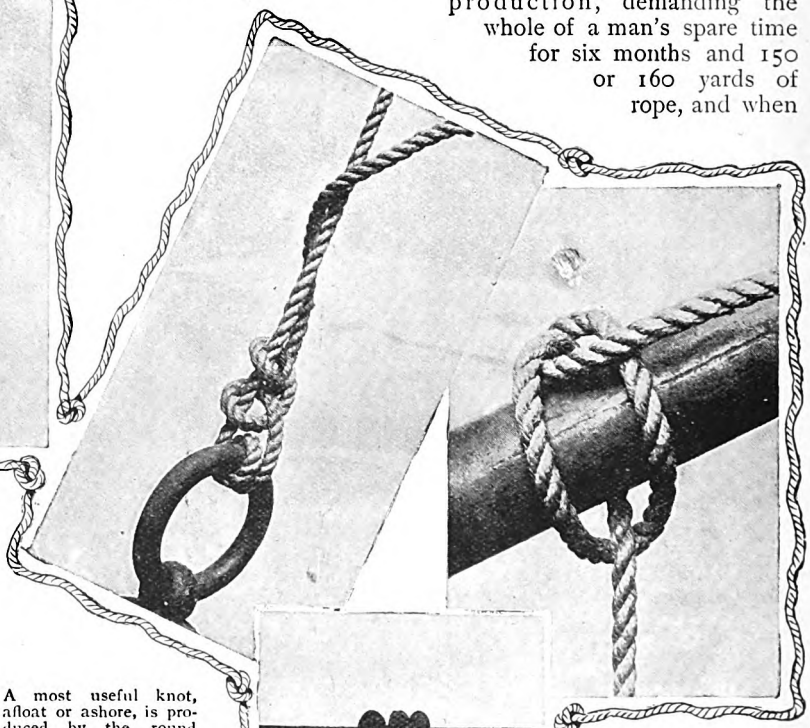
world's dawn brought his mighty mind to bear and unravelled knotty problems once and for all time; and this applies not only to the staple knots used every day and hour in the Navy, but also to those wondrous examples of nautical ingenuity which are decidedly more ornamental than useful.

The ten-strand Turk's head, for instance, is a marvellous production, demanding the whole of a man's spare time for six months and 150 or 160 yards of rope, and when

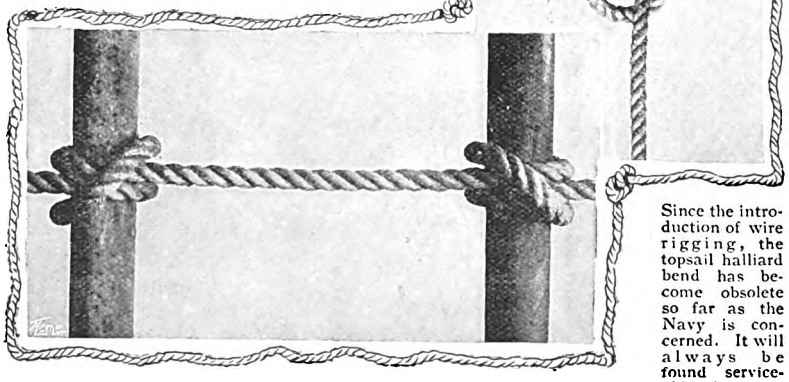


The timber hitch combined with the half hitch, used to keep the spar in a perpendicular position.

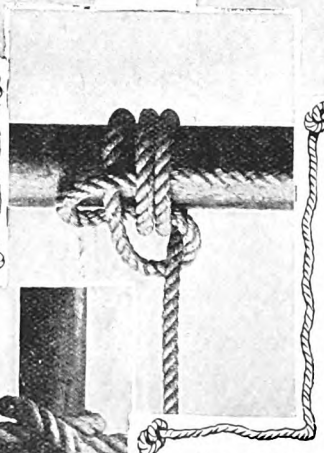


A most useful knot, afloat or ashore, is produced by the round turn, with two hitches. For mooring a boat, or tieing up a horse, this is the very thing.

Here we have the marlinspike hitch. It is much employed in conjunction with a short spar where powerful leverage is required, such as for prizing open a heavy hatchway.



The clove hitch is used for forming the rope ladders, nautically called "ratlines." Its chief beauty is that it will bear a strain equally well on either side the knot.



Since the introduction of wire rigging, the topsail halliard bend has become obsolete so far as the Navy is concerned. It will always be found serviceable, however, for raising scaffold poles.

under Agamemnon in the Trojan war, were using the same old knots.

It is as if some nautical genius at the world's dawn brought his mighty mind to bear and unravelled knotty problems once and for all time; and this applies not only to the staple knots used every day and hour in the Navy, but also to those wondrous examples of nautical ingenuity which are decidedly more ornamental than useful.

The ten-strand Turk's head, for instance, is a marvellous production, demanding the whole of a man's spare time for six months and 150 or 160 yards of rope, and when finished is beautiful to look upon, though of no practical use.

The curious part is that a sailor will spend all his time on a knot like this, or on a no less beautiful fancy box cord, and part with it immediately he gets on shore for the value of a drink. Of course the larger number of nautical knots are of little applicability on shore, but the

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permanently if he can help it; if permanency is required he will splice.

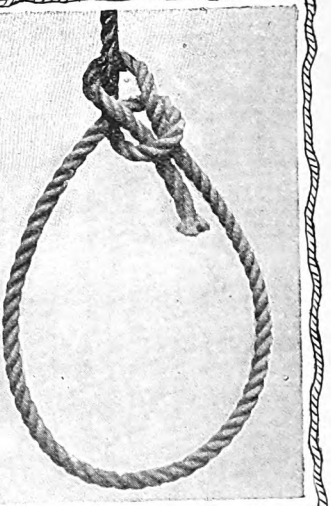
Another thing which is dead against the instinct of a sailor is to sever a rope. It is very seldom indeed that it is necessary to do this. If a rope is too long for the object in view there is the sheepshank.

This is, indeed, one of the most wonderful contrivances ever devised. There is nothing hard and fast about it, and it is so absurdly simple that to a landsman it seems hardly possible that it can be secure. Take hold of the rope at each end of the piece you desire to dispense with; bring the hands together, and again draw them apart.

You have then three sections known as a treble. All that is now necessary is to secure the treble at either end with an ordinary hitch or twist. The tighter the rope is pulled the tighter the hitch will bite. When the rope is slackened a smart jerk is all that is needed to restore the line to its original length.

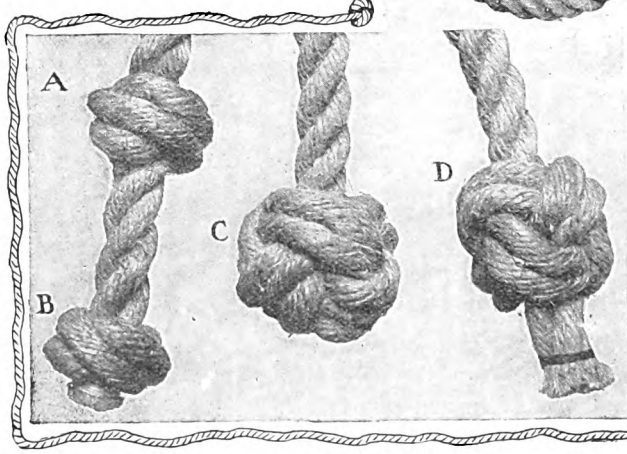
The sheepshank is a very useful thing to know even by longshoremen. Its use is to be recommended in the interests of economy, if for nothing else.

Knot-making is a useful hobby, and a liberal education to those who are naturally clumsy. Everyone should learn at least the simplest knots.



The only loop knot a sailor uses is the bowline, and it is most invaluable for a landsman. Unlike the ordinary slip knot it will not tighten after the first grip, so may be employed as a halter without choking the animal.

The bowline bight is the double of the former. It is a splendid arrangement for lowering an insensible person from a great height, and makes a comfortable seat with a piece of board across the loop.



A few fancy knots which have little practical use.

The only nautical slip knot; the running bowline.

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By Emeric Hulme Beaman.

Charlie Ainsworth leaned over the balustrade and looked across the gentle moonlit bay, and thought of a girl in England. He wondered idly what she was doing at that moment, how she was amusing herself; and smiled.

It was inevitably the hour for sentiment. Both the time and the place compelled it. The image of the girl rose up fresh in his memory, his fancy gilded it with the sweetest halo of romance, and he felt in the humour for tender reminiscences. As for the smile, it was caused by the sudden consciousness of the contrast between the homely domestic surroundings of the girl in England and his own present environment.

Perhaps Charlie Ainsworth, who had some little knowledge of the world himself, found an additional source of satisfaction in the reflection that the maiden of his thoughts had none. His attitude was that of a man to whom the artificial beauty of the society belle had ceased to appeal. He imagined himself impervious to the charms of dazzlingly-dressed women. He had arrived at the stage when the eye has become surfeited with display, and pines only for absolute freshness and simplicity.

So, in the midst of the glittering allurements of the most brilliant and fascinating principality in Europe, it pleased his fancy to revert sentimentally to the pretty face of an English schoolgirl. He believed he was in love with her; he was, at least. quite sure of his impregnability to the charms of any other woman.

As he looked over the bay, right across the shaft of moonlight that stretched like a silver path upon the water, there lay at anchor a small but beautifully built yacht. It belonged to Berkshaw, the English millionaire, and had come in that morning. A little to the left of it was another steam yacht, and beyond, outlined against the further shore, lay sleepily the huge white yacht of the Prince of Monaco.

He was still reflecting on the English maiden and the charms of simplicity, when his attention was vaguely attracted by a figure that detached itself from the throng at the Casino doors, and began to descend the steps under the glare of the electric light. It was the figure of a slight and very graceful woman. She was alone, and the officials moved courteously to let her pass—for the officials at Monte Carlo always extend a respectful deference to unprotected womanhood.

The lady, careless of the many glances of covert admiration that her appearance excited among the bystanders, made her way, with the tranquil self-assurance of one who occupies a recognised position, down the flight of steps and across the garden, towards the Paris Hotel. Ainsworth, who at first had merely regarded her with a kind of abstraction—as the eye will dwell unconsciously

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upon any beautiful object, while the mind is engaged upon other matters—suddenly found his senses on the alert.

He was aware that the lady was dressed in some shimmering satin costume, that blended with the moonlight, and that there were jewels on her neck which flashed like stars; also, and above all, that she was wonderfully pretty. By this time she had reached the hotel, and pursuing her course, passed him within an arm's length, and, leaving behind her a faint fragrance of flowers, vanished into the building.

When he descended to breakfast the next morning, it was not without a distinct thrill of pleasure that his eye fell upon the lady of the preceding evening seated at a table by herself, and immersed, it seemed, in the perusal of her letters.

By the purest accident Charlie Ainsworth drifted to the table next to her, and with a preoccupied air sat down. The lady looked suddenly up from her letter, caught Ainsworth's eye (directed, as it were, aimlessly towards her), and, with the least possible flicker of a smile, looked as suddenly down again.

Charlie Ainsworth smoothed his necktie complacently. He was too much of a gentleman to follow up his advantage with a disordered haste. He called for his coffee, and studiously gazed in the opposite direction for five minutes. At the end of that time the lady rose from her seat. Ainsworth ventured another glance, and was chagrined to find it completely ignored. The next moment the lady had gone.

She . . . passed him . . . leaving behind her a faint fragrance of flowers.

He did not see her at lunch, so he presently strolled across to the Casino, and wandered into the Salles de Jeu, which were already crowded. At the third table he stopped short—for she was sitting there on the left of the croupier, demurely jotting down numbers on a roulette card.

Two men stood behind her chair, and one bent slightly over her, as though his counsel had just been solicited. Ainsworth felt a sudden idiotic impulse to pick a quarrel with him.

He walked to the opposite side of the table, and stood looking across the heads of the players at the young lady—for she was young, perhaps twenty-three, certainly not more than twenty-five, he thought. She glanced up from her card and met his eyes—as she had done once before that morning at breakfast.

Her eyes were of a soft liquid blue, and charged with a bewildering witchery. Ainsworth was her slave from that moment. It only remained to discover some pretext for introducing himself. She dropped her eyes

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this time without a smile, but with the least suggestion of embarrassment, which delighted Ainsworth still more.

He worked his way unobtrusively round to her side of the table, and not a little to his satisfaction the two gentlemen, whom he had imagined to be bestowing too familiar a regard upon her, at the same instant moved away. He slid into their place, and affected an extreme interest in the recurrence of the numbers.

The lady seemed quite unaware of his proximity, which annoyed him; but his opportunity came a moment later, when she chanced to drop a coin; it rolled beneath her chair, and the *chef* clapped his hands to summon an attendant. Ainsworth had, however, already stooped and picked up the louis, which he handed to her with a bow.

The next moment the lady had gone.

"Permit me, madame?" said he.

She took the coin from his hand with the coldest acknowledgment, and vouchsafed no further notice of him. Ainsworth sighed. She was really lovely—lovely was the word; pretty conveyed but an inadequate impression of the singular fascination of her countenance. He was more than ever resolved upon the introduction. She did not sit long at the table, but rose and left the rooms. At a respectful distance he followed her from the Casino, and saw her trip down the steps and across the gravel walk back towards the Paris.

A gentleman, passing her, took off his hat with a slight look of surprise and half stopped as though he would address her. She merely returned his salute with a cold bow and walked on. Ainsworth chuckled and then frowned. He wondered who the man was; he had at least the advantage of Ainsworth, for he knew her.

Ainsworth went back to the hotel and looked at the visitors' book. In a bold girlish hand he saw inscribed the name "*Miss* Fairleigh," under date of yesterday. That, then, must evidently be she; her name was Fairleigh. But it struck him as odd that a young English lady should be staying by herself at an hotel at Monte Carlo.

He addressed some guarded inquiries to the porter, and by judicious circumlocution obtained the information that Mademoiselle was expecting daily the arrival of her father who had been detained in Marseilles on business. He accepted the explanation with considerable incredulity, which only added to his desire for an introduction.

Meanwhile Miss Fairleigh maintained at the same time an exclusiveness and a quiet independence of demeanour which seemed quite astonishing in a young unprotected lady. Her position did not appear to cause her the least uneasiness. When she dined or lunched at the hotel she took her meals alone, frezingly repelling the overtures of possible acquaintances.

Sometimes she did not dine at the hotel, and Ainsworth's appetite on these occasions was quite destroyed by his efforts to guess at her whereabouts. On the third evening he seemed as far as ever from an introduction to the beautiful stranger; and Miss Fairleigh's father still gave no indication of any hasty desire to conclude his business at Marseilles. Miss Fairleigh was not at her dinner table.

Ainsworth finished his bottle of Heidsieck and strolled out into the boulevards. He lit a cigar and sauntered towards the Pavilion of the Casino. He was just approaching it, when, up the steps from the lower esplanade, there came daintily the figure of Miss Fairleigh, dressed in a superlative creation of Worth's.

She appeared not to notice him, but passed,

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fairy-like, onwards into the gardens. He was still gazing after her, uncertain whether to follow or remain, when a man sprang up the steps, and brushing past him, hurried off in the same direction, his glance fixed on Miss Fairleigh's disappearing skirt. He was a gentleman of middle size, wearing a light cover coat over his evening dress, and with a face that at this moment bore a very glum and even angry expression.

"Confound it!" thought Ainsworth, "I wonder if that chap is following her?"

It certainly looked like it; but as the gentleman also disappeared round a bend of the path, Ainsworth had no further opportunity of verifying his suspicion.

He lit a cigar and took his way into the Casino. He had little difficulty in discovering Miss Fairleigh at one of the further roulette tables.

The man whom Ainsworth had half-an-hour previously seen hurrying past him in the gardens was now hovering round the table at which Miss Fairleigh sat, biting his moustache, and looking glummer than before. Ainsworth took up his position (it had come to be a sort of recognised post with him, and Miss Fairleigh would look up, catch his eye, smile slightly, and look down again—almost as a matter of course—half-a-dozen times a day) opposite her chair.

Then something happened. She rose from the table at ten (she never remained in the rooms later), and moved towards the atrium. Ainsworth moved towards the atrium at the same moment. The gentleman with the glum face reached the folding doors almost simultaneously with him.

Miss Fairleigh passed into the vestiaire, where she had deposited her cloak. Ainsworth required his hat and stick. Miss Fairleigh looked over her shoulder and gave a little shiver; then, without warning, she turned abruptly to Ainsworth.

"May I ask you to escort me to my hotel?" she asked in a low, hurried voice.

Ainsworth's heart gave a joyous leap. "I could wish for no greater privilege!" he replied fervently. He offered her his arm to descend the flight of marble steps.

"Oh, no, no!" she remarked; "it is not necessary, thank you."

She did not speak again for some moments, but half way across the open space in front of the Casino entrance, she looked over her shoulder again, and this time smiled.

"You will wonder why I should have asked you for the protection of your escort," she said. "It is not my habit to address strangers."

"Pray do not consider me a stranger!" intreated Ainsworth in his best manner. "And as for my protection—believe me, it is yours at any time, at every time, at all times. Indeed," he added, swelling his chest, "such protection is very necessary to a young lady in Monte Carlo."

"Oh, no!" she replied laughing. "I don't think it's necessary at all! *I* have never found it so, at least. I merely wished—I—in fact, it was a sudden whim, a moment's caprice, perhaps a woman's unaccountable feeling of nervousness that came over me suddenly!" she smiled, glancing up at him under her long lashes. "I do not even know your name; though I fancy I have seen you before."

"I fancy you may have done," said Ainsworth modestly, and mindful of intercepted glances and smiles. "My name is Ainsworth—Charlie Ainsworth. Permit me to introduce myself, Miss Fairleigh."

She started and raised her eyebrows. "Miss Fairleigh? Pray how do you know my name is Miss Fairleigh?"

"I read it in the visitors' book," he explained with some complacency.

"Ah, yes—I forgot. It's rather dreadful, isn't it, being alone in an hotel like this? But you see I am waiting for someone."

"Your father," said Ainsworth.

"Why, how do you know?"

"Detained on business at Marseilles," pursued Ainsworth inflexibly.

"You are wonderfully well informed, sir!"

There was a slight tone of displeasure in the words. Ainsworth deprecated it by an expression of admirably assumed humility.

At the steps of the Paris she turned. He turned, too, and perceived the figure of a man standing motionless on the gravel walk, and looking towards them. It was the gentleman with the glum and angry face. Miss Fairleigh gave a little silvery laugh. Ainsworth nodded and laughed, too.

"So the escort *was* necessary?" he observed.

"Not at all, I assure you," she retorted. "That gentleman standing there," she added inconsequently, "is a great duellist, they say." Then with a little bow and a saucy smile she turned her back upon Ainsworth and disappeared quickly into the hotel, leaving him on the steps alone.

The man who had been watching them turned slowly on his heel and walked off in

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the direction of the sea. Ainsworth lit a cigarette and sat down on a chair in the verandah. He had gained his object and was contented—even happy. But the notion of the great duellist caused him a passing uneasiness, which, however, was soon merged in the greater satisfaction of his success with Miss Fairleigh.

On the strength of their five minutes' conversation, he felt justified in claiming the status of a recognised acquaintance, and approached her the next morning with an easy self-assurance. Miss Fairleigh greeted him with a charming and very amiable smile. She held her parasol in her hand, and her morning costume was the expression of cool elegance.

"Your father——" he began.

"My father, Mr. Ainsworth?" and her eyebrows arched interrogatively, even a little mischievously.

"Is still detained at Marseilles on business," he concluded, without any further attempt to disguise his amusement.

Miss Fairleigh stared at him a trifle haughtily, but did not reply. She made a movement as though to descend the steps, half put up her parasol, then paused, uncertainly, with it in her hand.

"I think," said Ainsworth, "that the gardens would be quite charming this morning. So cool and shady."

"I was thinking the same thing five minutes ago," said she.

"Then supposing," he observed innocently, "we walk across to them, and sit down?"

So they sat down on a bench, close to the little rockery where the mountain goats are caged. A few commonplace remarks served to introduce the more serious vein; but Ainsworth felt that he must move with caution in the direction of sentiment.

She was beautiful, but very cold—her humour mercurial and inclining often to the disdainful, which wounded his self-esteem, while it inflamed his passion. Indeed he was—so he persuaded himself—more than half way in love with her. Her indifference was maddening, and he set himself to conquer it—as it seemed with some measure of success—when she rose hurriedly, with a little exclamation of annoyance.

"I think I will walk back to the hotel," she said. "It is getting warm."

Ainsworth paced sullenly by her side. As they emerged into the more open space, a man struck out of a parallel path and walking slowly in the same direction, seemed to keep them in view. Ainsworth looked round, and perceiving him, muttered some uncomplimentary ejaculation. Miss Fairleigh saw him at the same moment, and quickened her steps slightly. At the hotel she gave Ainsworth a little bow of dismissal.

"This evening——?" he began hastily.

"I shall probably walk across to the Rooms at eight," she replied over her shoulder, and was gone.

That evening Miss Fairleigh seemed abstracted; Ainsworth's lighter sallies failed to elicit any lively response from her; and it was with evident relief that the young lady rose from the dinner table at last and went out into the gardens.

He was very exasperated to find the same gentleman, lounging, as it were, aimlessly, outside the hotel smoking a cigar, as they came out of it together, the gentleman of the morning and of the evening before—whom Miss Fairleigh had described as a "great duellist," and whom Ainsworth mentally catalogued as an ill-bred cad.

"There's that man again," growled Ainsworth, "he follows you like a shadow!"

"That man?" queried Miss Fairleigh, pretending a charming ignorance of the person alluded to.

"The short, ugly man with a light overcoat," explained Ainsworth.

"Oh!" smiled Miss Fairleigh, "the duellist! How very odd that he should follow us, isn't it? But I disagree with you, Mr. Ainsworth. I do not consider him at all ugly—rather a good-looking man, in fact."

Ainsworth made no answer, for the topic displeased him; and they strolled in silence down towards the sea.

"Miss Fairleigh, I'm miserable!" he said at last.

Miss Fairleigh started.

"Are you!" said she. "Why? You seemed to be happy enough just now."

"Just now!" he exclaimed bitterly, and as though a century had separated the two points of time. "Could you indeed mistake my assumption of happiness for aught but the mockery that it was? How can a man be *happy* when he lives in such a state of suspense as I have been enduring for two days past?"

For a moment Miss Fairleigh felt genuinely concerned. Vague suspicions of financial ruin, a fortune dissipated, the last despair, and a gambler's end, floated through her mind in connection with Mr. Charlie Ainsworth. She imagined him to be referring to the suspense of play, the deferred hope of

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"How dare you use the word 'shall' to this lady?"

retrieving his losses and the eventual acknowledgment of defeat. She was relieved by his next words, though at the same time her thoughts were jerked by them into a scarcely less unpleasant channel.

"You know," continued he, "that I can be happy only in your smiles!"

Miss Fairleigh was a woman, and the coquetry of the obvious retort was irresistible.

"Then you cannot entirely accuse me of being the cause of your unhappiness!" she said demurely.

"No—but you are variable, at times cold—I seem to find no echo in your heart to the throbbings of my own—it is true your smiles lift me to Heaven, but your indifference plunges me into—into Hades. No—I must speak! you must hear me——"

Miss Fairleigh had half risen, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm. With a little shrug of the shoulders, she leant back on the seat.

"What nonsense you are talking," she observed in a cold tone.

"Nonsense! Do you call it nonsense for a man to love a woman as I love you? There is the truth! I love you! You know it now. You have seen it for three days past. You——"

"Get up, Mr. Ainsworth—and leave me, I beg!" intreated Miss Fairleigh; and her voice shook a little nervously and there was an apprehensive look in her eyes. "This has gone too far," she added. "I never suspected——"

"Too far! Not far enough!" he broke in impetuously. "I will not leave you, dearest! You must marry me——"

"*Must*, Mr. Ainsworth, *must?*" she repeated, and a shade of humour crept into her voice again.

"You *shall!*" he exclaimed.

"*Shall*, sir!" exclaimed a deep, threatening voice. Ainsworth started to his feet and saw standing behind Miss Fairleigh's chair the gentleman in the light overcoat. "How dare you use the word 'shall' to this lady?" "Who the blazes, sir, are you?" cried Ainsworth and glaring at the glum-faced gentleman; "and by what right do you presume to interfere with strangers?"

"By a very good right," retorted the other imperturbably.

"You have dared to follow me and this young lady to this spot, and to play the spy upon us?"

The gentleman nodded.

Miss Fairleigh had risen to her feet. She made a step forward and laid her hand on the gentleman's arm.

"Oh, Robert!" she faltered.

"Robert!" ejaculated Ainsworth in bewilderment. "Why, who is he?—Who the deuce are you, sir? Explain."

"Certainly," said the stranger. "My name is Berkshaw."

"Berkshaw? Berkshaw, the millionaire?"

The gentleman bowed.

"Entirely at your service, sir. And this lady——"

"Yes, Mr. Ainsworth," assented Miss Fairleigh meekly.

"This lady," said Ainsworth, "is Miss Fairleigh."

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"No, sir," said Berkshaw calmly. "This lady is my wife."

Ainsworth started as if he had been stung.

"Is that true?" he demanded.

"I am not in the habit of telling lies, sir!" exclaimed Berkshaw sharply.

"Well, I have been nicely fooled," said Ainsworth with bitterness. "I congratulate you, Miss Fairleigh, on your admirable acting—and I have the honour to wish you —and your husband—good evening."

He raised his hat with studied grace, and setting his teeth savagely, walked away.

"Mr. Ainsworth!" called out Berkshaw.

"Sir?" said Ainsworth over his shoulder.

"I merely wish to add, Mr. Ainsworth, that if you have felt yourself aggrieved in any respect whatever—however trifling—you will find me, sir, perfectly prepared, and indeed charmed, to afford you every satisfaction in my power."

"Thank you," said Ainsworth, and walked off.

No man likes to be made a fool of—intentionally or unintentionally; but Ainsworth's pride was somewhat mollified by a letter that awaited him at breakfast next morning. It was from Miss Fairleigh, and she wrote with the most engaging candour, as one intimate friend to another:

"Dear Mr. Ainsworth," the letter ran, "I certainly feel that I owe you, if not an apology, at least an explanation, and in making it, I must to an extent humiliate my self-esteem by a confession; so I trust you will regard this humiliation in the light of a sufficient atonement for anything in my conduct that may have appeared to you to require condonement.

"My husband and I arrived here a week ago in his yacht—which, as you may know, has been lying in the harbour ever since. I am a woman of caprices, self-willed, and (though I won't acknowledge it), I believe I am spoilt. My husband is self-willed, too. We had a slight disagreement; and to punish him, I vowed that I would leave his yacht and his company for four days, and during that time would neither vouchsafe him word, look, or any sign of recognition.

"How I carried out my threat you are quite able to inform yourself! While pretending an independence of position, I was in reality under the protection of my husband, who (as you are aware) scarcely ever let me out of his sight while I remained in Monte Carlo.

"However, *I never spoke to him once* till yesterday evening, when your totally unexpected behaviour brought things to a sudden climax, and made his interference necessary. I have now returned to his yacht, and this afternoon we shall leave Monte Carlo—to go and look for my father, *who is still detained on business at Marseilles!*—Believe me, dear Mr. Ainsworth, your very sincere acquaintance, Florence Berkshaw."

The mischievous triumph expressed in the two underlined sentences was a copious index to the truly feminine character of Miss Fairleigh. But of the whole letter the words that stood out most aggressively to Ainsworth were, "your totally unexpected behaviour."

"Totally unexpected behaviour, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes!—'totally unexpected'!" he repeated, with a sneer that was not complimentary to the veracity of his fair correspondent.

And then by a curious transition of ideas his thoughts reverted suddenly to the little girl in England, and he smiled once more.

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People Who Have Seen Three Centuries

By Stephen Bunn.

Photo, Grut.
Mrs. Neve, the King's oldest subject. Her age is 109.

Photo, Gunn & Stuart.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who died at the age of 108.

Who are the oldest man and woman in the world? After months of careful investigation, a committee appointed by the Hundred Years Club are able to answer the question. The oldest man alive to-day according to this research is Izai Rodofsty, of Moscow, aged 136. He has good eyesight, but poor hearing. All his life he has been a moderate drinker, but a non-smoker, and has never had a day's illness. He comes of a long-lived family, his father dying at the patriarchal age of 120.

The most aged woman of to-day, as far as the committee can discover, is Mrs. Nancy Hollifield, an inmate of a sanatorium at Battle Creek. She is 117. She has always lived a temperate, simple life, doing housework principally since she reached maturity.

There is no golden rule by which longevity may be assured; much depends on the constitution and heredity, but if one wishes to be a centenarian the strictest moderation in diet must be observed, and an equable, well-regulated life is essential. Observation shows that privation is less detrimental to long life than a too luxurious diet, and this explains why the humbler classes afford by far the largest percentage of centenarians. Smoking and drinking in moderation appear to be quite compatible with long life; indeed, in old age a moderate use of spirits and tobacco is said by medical men to be advantageous.

As for bachelors, there appears to be no class that becomes so rapidly extinct. Single blessedness in men and long life are, as a general rule, wide as the Poles. Spinsters last longer, but, if you want to be a centenarian,

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by all means get married. Women live longer than men, because they lead healthier lives. Out of every twenty centenarians not more than seven are men.

Notwithstanding pessimistic views taken by some of the conditions of modern life, statistics show that people live longer than they used to do. At the present time there is quite a large number of centenarians in Great Britain.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of longevity is afforded by the case of Mrs. Margaret Anne Neve, aged 109. There is no question as to the authenticity of her claim to be the oldest subject of the King, for her baptismal certificates have been examined and found duly signed and attested.

Mrs. Neve was born in Guernsey. She is an extremely clever old lady, with all her faculties intact, and her reminiscences provide entertainment by the hour together. In the photograph, she is seen to be wearing a collar of her own crocheting, and a cap of white tulle with a few touches of Wedgwood which, with blue velvet ribbons, afford a pleasing contrast to her snow-white hair. She is still able to read with the aid of glasses, and enjoys very good health.

Photo, Burgess.

Mr. James Rye was born in 1800. He remembers driving some soldiers wounded at Waterloo from Dover to Canterbury.

From a Photo.

Mrs. Moor is 101. She is still active, and has a daughter of seventy-six.

From a Photo.

Mrs. Perrington was born in 1799.

The oldest but one subject of the King was Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who died two months ago at the age of 108. Mrs. Hanbury was a member of the Society of Friends, and she had a son who is an octogenarian. Deafness was her one affliction; in all other respects she was quite the equal of persons of middle age. Although much confined to the house, she took a keen interest in current news.

Mr. James Rye was born in 1800; he has been twice married, but has no children. Although not a teetotaler, Mr. Rye has always been exemplary in his moderation in eating and drinking. He attributes his longevity largely to the fact that he has lived a great deal in the open air. He has very little memory for recent events, but things which happened in his early manhood he recollects very well, especially the circumstance of his driving from Dover to Canterbury in a farmer's waggon some soldiers wounded at Waterloo.

Mrs. Betsy Moor, aged 101, lives at Bishop's Stainton, near Staines, with a married daughter. She is a wonderfully bright old lady intellectually, her principal trouble being with her eyes. She can mount the stairs without any assistance. Her eldest daughter is seventy-six.

Mrs. Perrington, another wonderful old person, was born in 1799. She is also the mother of a family.

There cannot be much the matter with an old lady who insists on riding on the switch-

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Photo, White.

Mrs. Hunter, a gay old person of 105. The year before last she insisted on riding the switchback railway at the local fair.

back railway of a local fair. This was the achievement the year before last of Mrs. Mary Hunter, then 104, and we have it on good authority that nobody enjoyed the fun more than she did on this occasion. Mrs. Hunter is under the fostering care of the Dumfries Parish Council. For all that she is her own mistress, being boarded out by that wise body. Of her twelve children, four survive, one of whom, a daughter, lives with her. She is a tall, big woman, and with the aid of a stick can still get about well.

In the Marylebone workhouse there was, until recently, an old lady aged 102, Mrs. Sarah Warwick, who has passed the last thirty-three years of her existence in that institution. She was the object of the kindly interest of that student of human nature, George R. Sims, who took her for a drive in his carriage on her 100th birthday. Unlike most centenarians, she appreciated the progress of modern times, and would often speak with great enthusiasm of the conveniences she enjoyed in her latter days.

There is Mrs. Smith, born at Cradley Heath on St. Swithin's Day, 1797, one of a family of twelve. She is an excellent instance of the fact that longevity runs in families, for not one of the twelve died under seventy. Mrs. Smith, has survived all except the baby of the family, now aged eighty-five, who doubtless is regarded by centenarians as still quite "in her teens." Mrs. Smith has had a family of nine children. With the exception of rheumatism in her later years, she has never known what it is to have a day's illness. The Christmas before last she was induced to join the family circle, although for some weeks previously her rheumatism had compelled her to keep her bed. For the first time for many years she was unable to join in the carol-singing; she was afraid, she remarked, that her voice was weakening.

Photo, Louis.

Photo, Judson

Mrs. Smith was born in 1797. She has had nine children.

A few months ago death laid claim to one of our most interesting centenarians, the Dowager Lady Carew, who was born in 1798. Although she was 103 years of age, few people would have taken her for more than eighty. In her time, Lady Carew was a great beauty, and to the very last she retained traces of her former attractions. A gallant Frenchman at the Court of Louis Phillippe described her as, "*charmante et spirituelle.*" Her last years were passed amidst the beautiful surroundings of her country seat at Woodstown.

Mrs. Warwick died lately at the ripe age of 102.

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where she divided her time between reading and her favourite game of chess.

Mr. Charles Richards, aged 102, has the distinction of being the youngest-looking centenarian of his day. In appearance he might easily pass for a man of sixty. Yet, he has seen four Sovereigns come and go, and has participated in the rejoicings of three Royal Jubilees. He distinctly remembers the famous victory at Waterloo, and has shaken hands and had many conversations with the Duke of Wellington.

He has voted at every election since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, and at the recent general election went a mile and a half to poll. His motto in life is "moderation in all things." Three years ago he had a very serious illness, congestion of the lungs, but so vigorous was his constitution that he survived.

He can still read in a strong light, has a good appetite, rises at eight o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed before ten at night, and then only under pressure of his housekeeper. He is a moderate smoker, and takes a glass of beer every day.

At Witney Wood, Reading, lives Mr. Draper, an old man of 104. He is a thoroughbred gipsy, and it is only within the last few years that he has lived in a house. He comes of a long-lived race; his mother was 108, and was known as "The Queen of the Gipsies." He has a son eighty-three years of age.

Photo, Lafayette.

The late Dowager Lady Carew was born in 1798. She was a great beauty in her day.

Photo, S. Hurst.

Mr. Richards, who is 102 years of age and has voted at every election since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

From a Photo.

Mr. Draper, on the left, the son of the "Queen of the Gipsies," is 104. It is only within the last few years that he has lived in a house.

The Hundred Year Club, who have been recently busying themselves in verifying the ages of the various centenarians, and also in compiling particulars, which are supposed to explain human longevity, have put it on record that most centenarians have some hobby or other to which they attribute their long life. Most of these hobbies are connected with diet, and for the most part centenarians have this principle in common—frugality. An old woman of 100 declared that for thirty years she has lived entirely on potatoes, and that during the last two years her sole subsistence was brown sugar and cold water. One man drank nothing but buttermilk, while another, aged 116, was never known to drink a draught of pure water. For forty years a man of 114 ate roasted turnips for his supper; while another, 113, lived on an abundance of good food, drank tea in the afternoon, but ate no supper. Apart from diet, many centenarians have had strange whims. One who died in St. Louis, at 121, a coloured doctor, could on no account be induced to take a bath in the ordinary way. He used to scour himself with sand.

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PAULA'S PIANO

A MUSICAL ATTACHMENT.

By GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER.

(Told by two soliloquies, a conversation, and two letters.)

SHE *(to her needle)*: There's nothing more annoying than being a woman, unless it is the fact that leap year comes so seldom, and you've been too well brought up to make use of it when it does turn up.

It seems so absurd for me to be living in one flat with a chaperone, while Mark inhabits another below with an elderly housekeeper. What a saving of expense it would be to dismiss the chaperone and the housekeeper, and to have one flat between us!—not to mention the advantages of companionship he would gain by such an arrangement.

I can't understand why he doesn't propose to me. I am sure he loves me—I can see it in his eyes, and you can never mistake a man's eyes—that is if they are dark one's like Mark's, with two rings round the pupil.

He's got plenty of money, for, besides his profession, which must bring him in an awful lot (he is singing somewhere every night), I know he has a private income. We are so well suited to each other in every way except one, of course, but of my deficiency in that respect he knows nothing, for *that* (*pointing to something near the piano*) keeps up my little deception for me.

However that piece of pretence, of which I am heartily ashamed now, seems no good . . . It serves me right for spending £50 just for the purpose of making a man in a flat below think that I was a desirable wife for a professional singer. Bah! I'll sell it. It must strike him as very strange that, calling so often as he does, he is never shown into my boudoir—I always tell him it's too untidy to be seen.

Oh dear, if as Corneille says, "Deceit is a game played only by small minds," how very infinitesimal my brain must be! Well, it's no good stopping at home doing needlework that is absolutely useless just with the hope that a laggard wooer may call. I'm going out, and I'll put an advertisement in the Exchange column of "Woman's Wisdom," and see if any misguided person will take that (*pointing near piano*) and give me a Persian kitten and a sealskin cape for it. (*Exit.*)

* * * * *

HE *(to his pipe)*: Blow it! I don't mean *you*, or you might go out; I allude to my sentiments regarding circumstances and fate. How much sweeter you would taste, my friend, if you had been filled by her dainty fingers and if she were sitting opposite to me there ready to re-light you if you went out—a *contretemps* which I fancy might often occur if she and I were together alone. . . .

Pah! what's the good of day-dreaming? It can never be. How could I marry a woman who would be always using the piano when I wanted to practice? I could not ask her to give it up because playing like hers could have only been acquired by years of indefatigable study. It's true I've only heard it through a ceiling and a floor, but those seem merely to act as resonators and to accentuate the marvellous distinctness and liquid purity of each run and trill.

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Paula's practising is of a very unusual order, and her *répertoire* peculiarly circumscribed. She never attacks scales or any technical exercises, but only plays seven pieces, which strike me as being a strange and heterogeneous selection. "Rhapsodie" of Liszt, the "Jolly Monk Polka," Beethoven's "Funeral March," "La Czarine," a "Ballade" of Chopin's, "Maisie is a Daisy," and a Bach's "Fugue." I can't understand it, but all I know is that this accomplishment of hers must stand between us and our happiness.

I may be a conceited fool to say "our," but I can't help thinking somehow that she cares—there is a certain curve at the corner of her mouth when she smiles, and you can never mistake the meaning of a woman's smile when she has dimples.

Perhaps she would give it up? Ah! no, I couldn't be such a brute as to ask her, and even if she did, I should know that after we were married her little heart and fingers were yearning after the "Polka" or the "Fugue," and that she was thinking of all she had renounced for the sake of being tied to a long-haired fool of a professional singer. . . .

And then again, she might want to accompany me, which would inevitably lead to quarrels (I have never yet been friendly with an accompanist for more than a month), so I must renounce my dream of woman's love, and Art must for ever be my mistress. I'll just go and call at No. 2 for the last time, though as the infernal piano is quiet it is probable she may be out. However, I'll try my luck, and after that, my friend, you and I must grow old and seasoned alone together. *(Puts down pipe and exit.)*

* * * * *

HE *(to the Maid who opened the door at No. 2)*: Is Miss Penlyn at home?

MAID: No, sir, she is out.

HE: Oh—er—I'm sorry. . . . At what time do you expect her to return?

MAID: She didn't say, sir.

HE: Thanks. You might mention I called, and—*(sounds of Bach's "Fugue" steal on the air)*—why, Mary, I fear you have

Cook playing a "Fugue" by Bach! What *do* you mean?

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made an error in saying that Miss Penlyn is out.

MAID: No, I've not, sir.

HE: But I can hear her playing.

MAID: Beg pardon, sir, but you can't.

HE: But I can I tell you—I recognise the piece and her touch.

MAID: No, sir, saving your presence, you don't.

HE: Then who is that playing?

MAID: Well, sir, I don't like to give a fellow servant away, but it's cook.

HE: Cook playing a "Fugue" by Bach! What *do* you mean?

MAID: Well, sir, I told her not to meddle with the thing when Miss Paula was out, but cook's that musical and obstinate there's no stopping her. The "Fugg" is a particular favourite of hers because it seems to make the most noise all at once, as if there was lots of them going together like. It would make my ankles ache something awful to work it, besides all them little holes and dots dancing about as the paper runs along hurting the eyes, so *I* never do it, sir.

HE *(running his fingers through his hair)*: Never do *what?*

MAID: Why, sir, work Miss Paula's pianola.

HE: What, do you mean to tell me that Miss Paula does not play herself—that the music I hear only comes from a mechanical piano attachment?

MAID: That's about it, sir.

HE: Can't Miss Paula play at all then?

MAID: Not a bit, sir. I heard her say as how she was always a dunce at music at school, and that's why she bought this thing to fasten on to the piano, which plays any tune you stick on to it, provided you don't stop just working the treadle things with your feet. Miss Paula's only got seven tunes, but cook's hoping she'll soon get another, because we're getting a bit tired of these.

HE: Thank you, thank you, Mary. . . . Mary—er—you need not tell Miss Paula I called or—er—mention this little talk we have had. . . . I—er—shall—er—feel extremely gratified if you—will purchase yourself some trifle with this (*gives her half-sovereign*) as—a—to show—er—um from me.

MAID: Thank you very kindly, sir (*as he turns to go*). I hope, sir, I haven't in any way lowered your opinion of Miss Paula by telling you that she can't play, because there's lots of other things she *can* do, you know.

HE: Mary, you've made me the—the happiest man in the world! Good afternoon (*runs down the steps two at a time and enters his own door*).

* * * * *

(*His letter to her.*)

PAULA,—A sudden determination has come upon me to ask you a question that has been trembling on my lips and clamorous in my heart for months. Dear, will you throw in your lot with that of a poor "singer of songs"? Will you make real for him the ballads which tell of requited loves, so that when he sings them, his heart and yours and the public may not feel that the words are only idle mates for the music? Will you marry me, Paula, and make complete my life? Be merciful, dear heart, and let me know my fate to-day—now.

MARCUS DALMONT.

(*Her letter to him.*)

I have just received your letter, Marcus, and I can find nothing more original to say than that it has made me very happy. My answer, dear, is "yes," but will you still want me, I wonder, when I tell you something that you must know? Probably you have heard very brilliant piano-playing from this flat, and I am aware that you have believed I was the one responsible for it; Marcus, I can't play a bit—not even well enough to accompany a simple song! The music to which you have listened was made by the pianola that I bought when I first came here. Now, if you feel you can go through life without a musical wife come round and see me at once—but if you are not here within a quarter of an hour I shall know it was the pianola you wooed and not —— PAULA.

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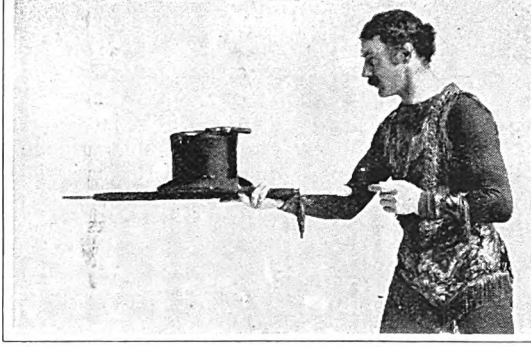
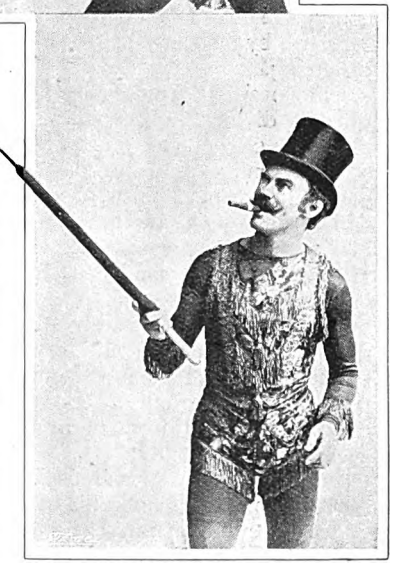
The King of Jugglers



He places a cigar, a top hat, and an eyeglass on an umbrella——

——tosses them into the air——



——and catches them—the cigar in his mouth, the hat on his head, the eyeglass in his eye.

By Stanley White.

Cinquevalli is, of course, the greatest juggler on earth.

But all men are jugglers—at least once in their lifetimes. Have you not thoughtlessly thrown your waistcoat across a room and found that it has hung itself on its ancestral peg as though by instinct, and has not the cigarette end you have thrown away deliberately reversed the traditions of its species by alighting, not on its side, but perpendicularly?

Thus you have done, yourself, the very things that take your breath away when you see them performed by jugglers. The only difference between you and them is that your juggling feat has been unpremeditated and theirs the mere technical accomplishment of the same feat through minute study and calculation. The wonder is, not that they do the thing, for have you not done it? It is that they have done it by calculation, and there we enter on a sea of problems.

Yes, Cinquevalli does things in public which most people would refuse to credit on hearsay evidence. Take, for instance, that feat of consummate cleverness which he does with four articles—an umbrella, a cigar, an eyeglass, and a hat. Placing the last three on the umbrella, Cinquevalli tosses them into the air, catches the cigar in his mouth, the hat on his head, and the eyeglass in his eye.

His most difficult feat is as follows—it cost him eight years to perfect:—Holding a wineglass in his mouth, he fits a billiard ball into the cup; the thin end of a cue is balanced on the ball, and on top of the cue are balanced two more balls.

When Cinquevalli first essayed this task everybody said it was a sheer impossibility, and it really seemed that for once everybody was right. It was eighteen months before Cinquevalli could keep his pile of ill-assorted articles in position even for a couple of

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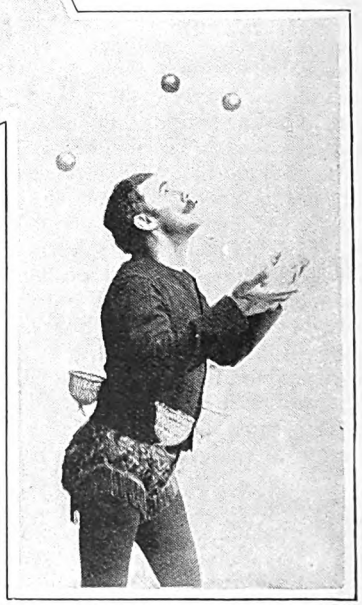
(1) Holding a wineglass in his mouth, he fits a billiard ball into the cup; a billiard cue is balanced on the ball, and two more balls are piled on the top of the cue.

(2) He lets loose the glass, and all the articles fall into the pockets prepared for them.



Cinquevalli playing billiards. Cannons are made in the air, and, descending, glide backwards and forwards over his body, falling into their proper pockets as if by magic.

seconds. Still, acting on the principle that what can be done once can be done always, he persevered and finally conquered.

All sorts of surmises have been hazarded to explain how he does it. Some will have it that the balls are flattened, or that they are stuck together with wax. But the explanation is far more simple. The balls and cue maintain their perpendicular by sheer skill in balancing.

Cinquevalli's feats may be roughly divided into two classes; those which depend on quickness of hand and eye, or jugglery in the generally accepted sense of the word, and those which are the outcome of his unrivalled powers as a balancist. He has a most wonderful "eye." In balancing it is essential, of course, that the eye should be kept steadily upon the object under control; but some of the feats are so complicated that it is necessary for the performer to see out of the corners of both eyes as well as in front of or above him—a seeming impossibility.

In the "lemon squash trick" Cinquevalli places three straws upon his head in the form of an inverted pyramid, upon the top of which is supported a tall glass of the kind demanded for summer drinks. One would think it quite difficult enough to preserve such a frail structure from collapsing, but Cinquevalli is of another opinion; he never likes his hands to be idle, so with the left he juggles with a crush hat, while with the right he keeps a straw hat rotating upon the point of a cue. Cinquevalli is never so happy than when he is doing not only two, but three or four things at once.

He has been dubbed the human billiard table, and with good reason. His performance with billiard balls is as amusing as it is original. He actually plays a game of billiards, fifty up, upon his back and shoulders, and the most wonderful part of this performance is that he is almost entirely dependent upon the sense of touch, being mostly in a position in which it is impossible for him to see the balls. Cinquevalli has a special coat made of real billiard cloth and fitted with five pockets—one on each shoulder, two in front, and one at the bottom of his back. Cannons are made in the air, and, descending, the balls glide backwards and forwards over the body, falling into their proper pockets as if by magic. In some respects this is one of the most mystifying of Cinquevalli's performances; cause and effect seem to have no connection but the balls travel into their right pockets every

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time, whether falling sheer from ten or twelve feet high or whether rolling, unseen by the operator, upon his sensitive back.

In one of his most sensational feats, the safety of a second person—his assistant—is involved. It is still further complicated by Cinquevalli's habit of dividing his attention. The factotum, seated at a small table, is reading the newspaper, when suddenly table, chair, and man are lifted into the air by the Samson-juggler, who, kneeling down, takes the bottom rung of the chair between his teeth, and then, removing his hands, supports the weight of the entire fabric by strength of jaw and knowledge of the exact angle at which the weight can best be sustained. One would have thought this sufficient to engage the attention, but Cinquevalli improves the occasion with a little jugglery with three balls.

(1) His waistcoat lies on the floor.

(2) He kicks it into the air.

(3) He lets hands slide through the arm-holes.

(4) The next second the waistcoat sits adjusted in its proper place.

Once the factotum is convulsed with fright, and seems to come very near a nasty fall; but he is really quite safe. Cinquevalli confided to me that the man is trained to look scared, just in the same manner as animals in some wild beast shows are taught to make a pretence of attacking their trainers, just to give a lively touch to the proceedings.

Cinquevalli is a good stage manager as well as a wonderful juggler; he is quick to notice the effect of his feats upon his audiences, and exclamations of wonderment and fear frequently give him ideas. The great cannon ball, with which he plays so jauntily, has more than once caused genuine alarm in the orchestra.

Once it made a sudden bound in the direction of a violoncellist, who flung down his instrument in a panic and made for the exit. Of course, there was no real danger, and the audience roared with laughter, as the poor instrumentalist crept back to his seat. It need hardly be said that this was not the last occasion on which the ball travelled towards an orchestra to be brought back just in the nick of time. Cinquevalli has a strong vein of humour, and uses it to diversify his performances.

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He throws up a candle, lights it in mid-air, and catches it lit in a candle-stick.

He balances three straws on his forehead, and places a tall glass on top of them. While balancing this frail structure, he juggles with two crush hats and keeps a straw hat rotating on a billiard cue.

To hold two billiard balls in this fashion may not look very difficult. But you try it.

One of his assistants, a rather nervous kind of individual, would sometimes spring forward to save an article which Cinquevalli was dropping on purpose, catching it, of course, when within a couple of inches or so of the ground. His present assistant does the same sort of thing at times as his nervous predecessor, but his movements are the result of education, not nervousness, and the effect is often very funny indeed.

Holding two billiard balls one on the other between two cues is, perhaps, not very showy, but it is amazingly difficult, and the hat which walks up an umbrella in distinct contradiction to its nature to roll the other way seems as if "possessed," and so it is—with the genius of Cinquevalli for conquering the laws of gravitation.

Once at a dinner party in St. Petersburg Cinquevalli's host asked him to do something to amuse the company. The excuse that he had none of his implements did not avail, for his host handed him a knife, fork, and boiled potato to see what he could do with them. The great juggler, not in the least knowing what he was about to do, took them, thought a moment, then suddenly flung all three into the air, juggled with them for a few moments, suddenly seized the knife, cut the potato in two pieces while in mid-air, and transfixed one half upon the knife and the other upon the fork.

Cinquevalli was a clever juggler before he left school. As a boy he astonished his schoolfellows by his extraordinary dexterity. Throwing up a slate, he would draw

One of his hardest tricks. He makes a top hat walk on its edge *up* an umbrella.

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upon it three lightning strokes, in the form of the letter A, while it was still in the air. But it was in exercises requiring strength as well as skill that he was especially prominent.

At the annual sports contests he represented his school, and with so much success as to attract the attention of a member of the entertaining profession who happened to be present. He made overtures to Cinquevalli to join his troupe. Cinquevalli consulted his father, receiving his unqualified refusal. The circus proprietor renewed his proposals, and Cinquevalli, not being able to obtain his father's consent, went without.

With his new master, he visited the principal towns on the Continent, and from the first was a huge success. His career as an acrobat, however, was destined to come to an abrupt conclusion. The assistant, whose duty it was to see to the proper working of the trapeze, omitted to wipe the moisture from the bars. Cinquevalli made a big swing, grasped the bar, which slipped through his fingers as though it had been greased, and he fell sheer into the net, and from thence was flung on to the ground.

He is given three articles: a knife, a fork, and a potato. He throws them into the air, catches knife and fork——

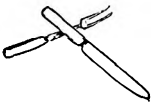
——cuts the potato in mid-air——

——and catches the two halves, one on the knife, one on the fork.

When he left the hospital five months later, he found that the condition of his left wrist would debar him from resuming acrobatic performances. Acting on the advice of friends, he developed his talents as a juggler.

But it was jugglery of a kind to which the public had not been accustomed, jugglery stripped of the conventions which had hitherto hampered the art. Instead of using the traditional golden balls and other such stage paraphernalia, and instead of appearing in a costume of gaudy tinsel, Cinquevalli juggled with knives and forks, top hats and walking sticks, and, as for his dress, it was usually that of the ordinary man in the street.

The people were delighted, and ever since Cinquevalli has been sure of enormous audiences. There is no man who has been more imitated, but his most difficult feats have never been done by others, at least without the assistance of spurious contrivances such as Cinquevalli scorns.



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OUR SPEECH DAY

By Hilda Cowham.

First Letter.

Dear Tom,

To-morrow's our Speech Day. I suppose you don't know what that means, never having been to a big school like this. Well, we break up for the holidays, I don't mean chip ourselves in pieces, but split the assembly till next half, and, when that happens, we always have a sort of "kick up."

The Head and a lot of fat men, Directors I think, make speeches which are horrid; school reports are read which are still more horrid, especially if the guv's with you. Prizes and certificates are given out (I don't get any), and after all that the fun commences; we recite and sing and act. I have a small part to play, Briggs minor and I. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." I'm Romeo; no girl's part for me, and don't I look all right. I wish you could come and see me—yellow hose, green tunic, and a sword—a real one.

I hope Briggs minor won't kiss me; I should never survive it, you know. He gets so cracked on his part, that he doesn't mind what he does. Why, last night, at the dress rehearsal, he very nearly managed it; in fact, he would have done so if I hadn't dodged. I reserve myself for the genuine article, don't you know?

You remember me telling you about Bailey—a day boy—well, he's going to bring his sister down to-morrow—says she's a stunner. We are allowed to invite a few friends each. I'm not asking anyone, they're such a nuisance; besides, I want to play it up to someone fresh. I'm tired of—you know—she hasn't answered my last two letters, and besides she's such a kid, and giggles so, one gets tired of a girl that laughs at everything one says.

Well I must shut up now, another rotten dress rehearsal in five minutes, and my hose takes some time to get on, being rather tight. Will write and let you know all about to-morrow.

Oh, by the way, did I tell you that there's a small dance in the evening to celebrate Kippers' wedding, he's our form master, his real name is Kipton but we call him Kippers for short, and he's going to be married this vac.

Hope they put plenty of nice shady corners to sit out in, eh?—Yours in haste.

Dick.

Second Letter.

Dear Tom,

Oh, I must tell you what an afternoon I've had. We've got the first part over, and the dance begins at seven, so I'm just taking a little rest. You should have seen us this morning getting ready, you would have laughed. There was little Jenkins shaving — yes, actually shaving! He sneaked the razor from home last vac., and after he'd finished, which wasn't long, 'cos he's got nothing to shave, he passed it round, and we all had a try.

It somehow makes you feel rather like a man, even though you chop a square inch off yourself.

We were all very anxious to see Bailey's sister, and by Jove! old chap, he was quite right, she was a stunner. I used to think M. pretty, but she's nothing to her. Black eyes, little curls, red beads, corals, I think, and a red sash—a regular knock-out. There was a crowd round her immediately, and Bailey

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had quite a difficulty in getting her over to me to introduce her, 'cos he'd promised that I should sit next her. I could scarcely take my eyes off her, she was such a treat, and, my eye, didn't the other chaps look jealous, when I conducted her to a seat beside me. But, Tom, now comes the awful part. I was just going to sit down when someone took hold of my hand, I turned round and, well, you could have knocked me down with a feather, there stood M——!!! How she'd got there, goodness only knows. I suppose I looked rather blank when she said: "Aren't you pleased to see me?" I tell you I couldn't answer her for a minute or two, then I said: "How did you get here?" "Oh," she said, "sit down and I'll tell you. I suppose I may sit here"—with a look at Miss Bailey. Of course, I couldn't very well say no, but my heart sank, and I saw that horrid sneak Jones, laughing. I'm sure he saw what a predicament I was in.

It was awful, wasn't it? Just as I was going to have such a spree, too.

Fortunately, Bailey came back, and a happy thought struck me—why not introduce them?—It would be a sort of return for Bailey's kindness to me, so I said: "Oh, Bailey, this is Miss Margaret Blyth, a very old friend of mine."

I think he twigged, 'cos he's a good old sort, and said: "Delighted, I'm sure." You know, the usual rot, and offered to make room for her beside him. But no—she turned to me, and whispered quite loudly:

"Dick, dear, I'd rather sit by you." There's a fool for you! Of course, the other one heard, she couldn't help it.

I introduced her to nearly all the chaps in our form, to get rid of her, till at last it became quite a by-word—"I say, old chap, have you been introduced to Dick Hayling's extra?" A nice thing for me, wasn't it?

Take my tip, old man, never start a fresh affair till you've *quite finished* with the last. Girls are so thick that they don't, or they won't, see when you don't want them.

Just as I was beginning to get desperate, my eyes fell on sneak Jones. I had not introduced her to him. He was supposed to be rather a lady killer.

I jumped up, and beckoned to Jones. I hated doing it, as it seemed a let down on my part to have to ask a favour of such a cad. He came instantly and grasped the situation at once. I must say he is jolly sharp, and may be is not so black as he's painted. He began his killing at once, and seemed to get on very well—he seems rather a dab at the job.

Oh, I had a blissful half-hour with Florrie. You see when one has such a short time to make up for nearly an hour and a half, one has to rush things rather. But before the time was up, I had done pretty well.

I had told her that it was love at first sight, and that she only lived for me now—in fact, I was just measuring her finger for the usual circlet when the bell rang for me to dress, so I had to tear myself away.

I asked Jones to sit in the middle for reasons of my own, as I would rather the two girls were divided, 'cos M. might be rather spiteful.

Oh Tom, I shall never forget that performance; somehow everything seemed to go wrong. Briggs minor's wig fell off, 'cos he would lean too far over the balcony, and I dared not stoop to pick it up for reasons I told you of before, so had to hoist it up to him on the end of my foot, which made everybody laugh, and so enraged Briggs that he didn't know what he was doing, and when he came to the goodbye part, he got so excited, he kissed me, I knew he would; good gracious, it was awful. I couldn't help it, but I shouted "chuck it."

Of course, the audience were in fits. I just squinted round, and—oh, what do you think I saw? Jones sitting next to Florrie, and Bailey next to M., like this, and weren't they going it, too — Jones and Florrie, I mean. I said before, he was rather a dab, but I didn't expect this, it was a perfect marvel.

I stared like a stuck

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pig; they were in the front row, so I could see perfectly. I don't know what the audience must have thought. I've no doubt I should have been standing there now if Briggs hadn't shouted my cue: "Till—it—be—morrow—morrow—morrow," and then I remembered.

How I got through those last four lines I don't know, but when it was over I flew to the dressing-room and changed, and then tore round to my seat. Imagine my feelings when I got there, they were gone all of them. I asked the chaps if they'd seen them anywhere, they said "No."

Oh, it was too mean.

I waited for about ten minutes and then I saw sneak Jones coming back alone. I went to him immediately, and demanded where he had put her. He was insolent, told me not to be inquisitive about things which did not belong to me—belong to me, indeed, why she had sworn to be mine.

So I told him there was no help for it, we would meet in the cricket-field at six, and he could choose the weapons. So here I am, Tom, the most miserable man under the sun, but if fighting will do it, why we'll fight.

Yours in sorrow,

DICK.

Third Letter.

DEAR TOM,

Just a line to tell you all about it—such a sell!

When we got to the meeting-place, we found Jones with a wooden sword, as though anybody could duel with a thing like that, and he looked rather queer when he saw mine, so I told him that if he liked he could choose another method of settling it, 'cos I thought it hardly fair as I had a real sword. But he wouldn't; told me I was a coward, and was trying to back out. So you see here was no help for it.

We'd got everything nicely arranged; in fact, I had just given my first thrust, when who should come into the field but the Head. He came over directly to see what the stir was about, and was very cross when Briggs minor explained it, and has given us five hundred lines each without a blot, for the holidays, so after all we've got to settle it another way.

So in haste, as we haven't much time, the dance is at seven.—Yours in anxiety,

DICK.

P.S. Just had a line from Jones to say that the girls can decide for themselves and for us. So be it.

Fourth Letter.

DEAR TOM,

I must tell you, I'm so excited. Think man, hurrah! she chose me, me, me. O, I am happy! M. won't look at me, is perfectly content with Bailey, and chucked me back my ring as I passed her in the passage.

Oh, I am happy! Another thing. Oh, joy! I'm going to stay with Bailey for a week or so during the vac.—won't we have a time? Dear Flo! I haven't any money, but I've promised her another coral necklace—a real one, with a gold snap, as her other is only imitation, and tied with string.

When the dance commenced Sneak Jones and I went straight up to Flo—my Flo—and asked her straight away which she preferred, and she said, without a moment's hesitation! "You, Mr. Dick." There's a brick for you!

Old Jones looked rather bad, but he couldn't do anything. He told me afterwards that after all she wasn't much. I could have knocked him down—and that in the future he would never go in for love, looks, or position, but, Money. Poor fellow, it does seem rather hard, but I couldn't let him have my Flo.

Oh! we did have a lovely evening together, she and I. The "shady corners" were arranged splendidly, and then came the parting. Romeo and Juliet came in very well for that. You ought to learn it, you'd find it so useful. Only this time it was in earnest, no wig falling off, or any rot like that, and then, oh! the XXXX.—From your so happy, DICK.

P.S.—Briggs minor has promised to introduce me to his sister, so you see I'm full up.

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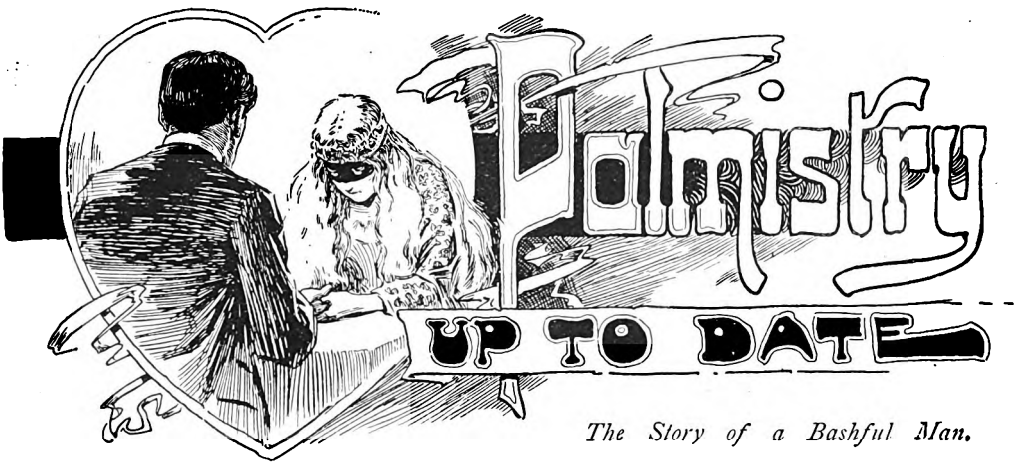

The Story of a Bashful Man.

By Hilda C. Hammond-Spencer.

From Miss Nancy Trevor, "The Elms," Cranley,

To

Miss Jessie Carew, 265 Great Gloucester Street, W.

June 8th, 1901.

My dearest Jess,

You see I am starting my long-promised letter at last! You must not mind if it is not a particularly cheerful one, for at present I feel rather down in "the depths of some divine despair"—all owing to Bob Ferrars, as usual. You, my dear Jessie, are a young person rich in experiences, and always ready to offer a word of advice to one less fortunate than yourself. Therefore, what is to be done with a man who adores me and is longing to inform me of the fact, but who can't screw his courage to the sticking-place?

I am sure I have given him encouragement and opportunities enough. In fact, a spiteful girl might say I had made the way *too* easy for him; but no one who knew Bob would say that. His bashfulness is a positive torture to me; what it must be to the poor dear fellow himself, goodness only knows!

Anyhow, Bob's devotion to me is becoming talked about in Cranley; you know what dear, amiable creatures our local gossips are, and how their souls delight in a spicy bit of scandal! What is to happen?

If I had one of those mothers whom one reads about in society novels, she would promptly ask Bob his intentions. But my dear old easy-going mater smiles softly to herself, and, I am convinced, labours under the pleasing delusion that everything is going on beautifully, and that it will all come right one of these days.

"How nice Mr. Ferrars is, my dear," she remarks at frequent intervals. "Don't you think, Nancy, that we might ask him to dine with us to-night? He must be so lonely by himself, poor young fellow."

At this, I snigger inwardly, for, in truth, the "poor young fellow" shows few signs of loneliness, having one characteristic in common with the poor, in that he is always with us. However, I obediently accede to my mother's suggestion, as becomes a dutiful daughter, and, in consequence, Bob is seen seated at our festive board once more, nobly struggling with the conversation, and dividing his attention between me and his dinner—much to the detriment of the dinner!

Sometimes he grows very silent, and instinct tells me that he is trying to nerve himself for the critical moment; then he heaves a deep sigh, and I realise that he has shied again, and let what scientists term the "psychological moment" slip away.

There is no Cranley news to give you, except that Margie Gore and Dick Everest have made up their minds to take each other for better or worse. I am so glad the engagement has come off, for Margie is a dear little thing, and a great friend of mine; while Dick is Bob's particular chum, such an amusing, good-hearted soul. Margie is very much concerned about Bob and me, and it amuses me vastly to notice that she is turning her match-making eye in our direction. You see, she is so blissfully happy about her Dick that she wants to pair off all those of her friends who are unfortunate enough to be single!

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There is to be a huge Bazaar held here in a week's time. Mrs. Gore and the mater are sharing a stall, whilst Margie and I assist our respective parents. I suppose Bob will act as aide-de-camp, and will help me to hawk round penny dips, pincushions, etc.; he will have to be carefully drilled beforehand, otherwise the result will spell disaster!

I see Margie coming in at the gate, to discuss the Bazaar, I suppose (it is a very fruitful topic of conversation at present amongst all the Cranleyites, and you'll observe that we like it spelt with a capital B!), so I must leave my young epistle to be "continued in our next."

Later.

What *do* you think Margie wanted? She was brimming over with what she called her "brilliant idea," and talked and gesticulated in that excitable way of hers for fully an hour.

You will never guess in what capacity I am to figure at this Bazaar, so I may as well tell you at once. My dear Jess, Nancy Trevor is to be transformed, "for this occasion only," into "Saturnella, the celebrated Lady Palmist from London!" Please don't think the heat has turned what little brain I possess; I'll explain matters as clearly as I can, and, to start with, I'll set down Margie's own words, as well as I can remember them.

"Nancy!" she began, first glancing hastily round the room to see that the powers that be, in the shape of my mother, were safely disposed of elsewhere. "I've got such a *grand* idea!"

I smiled, for I know Margie's "grand ideas" of old; she saw the smile, and promptly continued:

"Yes, I know what you are thinking; but you're an ungrateful wretch if you mock at me now, when I've lain awake all through the 'stilly night,' arranging an idea which is destined to prove the greatest boon to you and Bob Ferrars.

"Don't interrupt, but listen," as I opened my mouth to utter an astonished "Oh!" "Dick and I are both quite tired of Bob's absurd shyness, and of seeing the way in which he follows you about all over the place. The other day, Dick told him that he thought him an ass, and, in a moment of expansiveness, Bob confessed that he would give anything in the world to propose to you, only he never can bring himself to do it; at the critical moment he always thinks:

"'You idiot, she's certain to refuse you!' and his courage straightway evaporates.

"So Dick and I have prepared a plot. I know you care for Bob, and you can enter into a joke, so, if you are game, and won't back out of it at the last minute, I'll engage that he lays his heart at your feet within two days after the Bazaar!"

"But what on earth," said I, with astonishment writ large on my face, "has the Bazaar to do with Bob's proposal?"

"My idea is this," said Margie, laughing: "we have a good many attractions in the shape of bran-pies, etc., but we have no Palmist; you know a Palmist always takes more money than all the stalls put together."

"Yes, she does," I agreed. "But where are we to get her?"

"*Here*, my dear! *You* are to fill that exalted position; fill it with credit and satisfaction, I hope and believe."

"*I!* my dear Margie, you must be mad! Why, I know no more about Palmistry than you do about—about—Political Economy. Besides, what can this possibly have to do with Bob?"

"How dreadfully impatient you are! I was just going into details; you really must not interrupt me again. As for your being as a babe in the science of

"*Here*, my dear! *You* are to fill that exalted position!"

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Palmistry, that doesn't matter in the least. Don't you know every soul in Cranley and within a radius of ten miles round? Won't you be able to tell them the most startling home-truths about themselves? What need is there for any occult science when you know so much about them already?"

The idea tickled me so much that I began to roar with laughter, in which Margie joined.

"But they will recognise me!" I cried at last.

"No, you will be masked. We will advertise you as 'Saturnella, the celebrated mysterious London Palmist.'"

"But really I don't see—" I began, but again Margie interrupted me.

"No, I know you don't *yet*," she observed, "I'm just coming to that. It will be Dick's share of the good work to see that Bob is one of your clients. He will come, in blissful ignorance that he is to have his hand read by his adored one, and you will reveal some most interesting little facts. Tell him his character, and give him any details you can remember of his happy childhood (it *was* a happy childhood, wasn't it Nancy?) just to convince him of the infallibility of Palmistry.

"Then come to the point; tell him he is in love with a girl, and describe her—yourself, of course. Say that he is too shy to ask her to marry him (he will acknowledge the truth of that, in his heart of hearts), and add that she cares for him in return, but will very soon begin to feel hurt and mortified if he does not tell her of his love; so advise him most earnestly to overcome his shyness, or it may spoil both their lives. There! that's my idea, or, rather, the rough outline of it, and if it doesn't have the desired effect I'll—I'll—*eat my hat!*" she ended, with sudden vigour, and in parlance learnt from her young brother, as the most terrible threat that occurs to her.

So it is settled! There do seem to be possibilities in the plan; at any rate, it should prove amusing, and it will certainly be a novel experience for me. I fancy that "Saturnella" will have gained a great reputation amongst Cranleyites, at all events as a reader of character and the past, by the end of the eventful day!

Yours ever,

NANCY TREVOR.

June 17th.

DEAREST OLD JESS,

Well, the day is past and over, so I am going to satisfy your curiosity, which, judging from your letter, seems to have been aroused to its highest pitch.

First of all, then, I had told Bob that he was on no account to come near our stall until late in the afternoon, when he could take me to have some tea. My excuse was that we should probably be doing a thriving trade, and a mere man would only be very much in the way. Dick, like the good Samaritan he is, came to my help.

"I say, Ferrars," he remarked, "I've been given my marching orders, too; we are to superintend the bran-pie. Don't you feel rather afraid we may not be equal to the task?"

"We must support each other, old man!" Bob answered. "I'm game for anything you like. I don't suppose business will be so brisk as to leave us no time for a smoke."

As a matter of fact, I heard afterwards that all the juvenile population of Cranley seemed to have been attracted to that particular bran-pie, so that Dick and his unsuspecting victim were kept hard at work until past five o'clock. Then Dick suggested that by way of a little amusement and innocent relaxation they should hie them to the Palmist's tent.

Now I must go back a little way and tell you how "Saturnella" fared.

Margie and I worked hard all the morning, and transformed my small tent into a regular bower of roses. In the centre we placed a small table, with a chair on either side; on the table a crystal reposed—this by way of lending an air of reality to the scene. I sincerely hoped that no one would want me to use it, and I had every intention of making my charges for "crystal gazing" so exorbitant that my clients would declare themselves well satisfied with my palmistry!

At the appointed time in the afternoon I put on my mask, also a golden wig, which was a reminiscence of a play we had once acted, and which, I flattered myself, completely transformed me; then I sat down and waited.

Before long the entrance to my tent was besieged by an eager crowd; all the fashionable world of Cranley seemed to be there, to say nothing of people from out-lying districts, who came to enjoy the opportunities for mild dissipation afforded by the Bazaar.

Oh, Jessie, if you only knew how much, and how frequently, I wanted to laugh! "Only one person allowed in at a time," was my rule, and then, I, knowing as I did, the identity and history of nearly all my clients, made him or her fairly gasp with astonishment. Some of them went away

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"Er—will you be kind enough to read my hand?"

pleased; others were distinctly annoyed; but one and all, I could see (and have since heard) thought me "simply wonderful." I told that odious Mrs. Brabazon all about her flirtation with Captain Morville, and the consequent quarrel with her husband, not to mention several other little facts in her history; she didn't like my home-truths one little bit; but she was evidently much impressed, and I chuckled softly to myself!

At last, when my head was beginning to spin, and I was thinking I should have to strike work for the afternoon (the bag for my fees had got uncommonly heavy by this time!), Margie popped her head inside the tent.

"Oh, come in!" I cried. "I'm quite exhausted! They say these occult sciences do take it out of one, but I never believed that statement until now. I really must have a rest. Here, Margie, you're acting as my treasurer, so take this, my child!" and I prepared to hand over my bag of silver.

"No, no!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Cheer up, Nancy, and nerve yourself for one supreme effort! Bob is just coming to have his hand read! Ah! I thought that would rouse you," as I sprang to my feet and began patting down my hair, at the same time taking a hasty glimpse of myself in the tiny mirror, which was all Margie had conceded to my vanity. "I just looked in to warn you; *be careful!*" With these words she emulated the Boojum, and "softly and silently vanished away."

It was a trying moment when Bob entered. I struggled with a wild and hysterical desire to laugh. After a slight pause, during which he looked at the crystal, and I looked at him, he said, in that abrupt way of his:

"Er—will you be kind enough to read my hand?"

"Certainly," I murmured. "Will you sit down?"

Then my courage came back. I took heart of grace, and thought of the various successes of that afternoon.

"I will begin with your character," taking his hand as I spoke. "You are energetic, fond of all outdoor games, unselfish and affectionate. There is much generosity, in fact, an inclination to extravagance; you are easy-going and most good-hearted. There is one great failing shown, namely, want of self-confidence. I should say that extreme shyness was your most prominent characteristic." Here I looked up at him inquiringly, and he nodded.

"You are absolutely right about *that*, unfortunately."

"But you could so easily overcome it," I remarked encouragingly. "It only needs determination and perseverance, and you have plenty of both."

Bob began to smile. (He has such a delightful smile, Jess!)

"Really, it's harder than you think,'" he answered. "But never mind my character. I want particularly to know about the future. Am I going to marry?"

This was an aggravating question at that point, for I wanted to tell him about his early

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days, and had carefully learnt up the dates of the chief incidents of his somewhat uneventful career beforehand, in order to impress him with a sense of my wonderful power. However, I put the best face possible on the matter, and studied his hand very intently.

"Well, there is one very great attachment marked," I answered, "at the age of about twenty-seven; it is a very strong affection indeed. Would you like me to describe her to you?"

"Indeed I *should*," he replied, "if it won't be giving you too much trouble."

In answer, I took up the crystal (with some trepidation, I must confess!), and examined it closely.

"She has grey-blue eyes, auburn hair, and is of medium height. Her nose is rather turned up, and she has a good many freckles;" ((so I have, you know, worse luck!) "one of her initials is"—here I hesitated—"well, it seems to me that it is either an M or an N—that might stand for either Christian or surname," I added, rather hastily. "That is all I can see about her, but are there any questions you would like to ask? I shall be happy to answer any for you."

"You are really very kind," he observed. "I *should* like to know something; you'll tell me what you really think, won't you?"

"Yes, I promise you I will," and I smiled to myself. "What is it you want to know?"

He hesitated for a minute. 'Well, er—er—is it your opinion that this girl will accept me?"

I bent over the crystal again, and if he had been able to examine my face, he might have seen my mouth twitch suspiciously.

"I should certainly say *yes*," I answered at length. "She cares for you very dearly; but she can't accept you, you know, unless you ask her! You must conquer your shyness, or she will begin to think you don't care. Yes," glancing at his hand, "I should certainly advise you to take the very first opportunity. Delay may be fatal to your cause; it entirely rests with yourself. Now, is there anything else you want to know?"

Bob had risen, as if to go, so I rose too.

"Only this," he said, "there *is* one other little thing!"

At this point my client, with the greatest assurance in the world, put his arm round my waist, and—but I don't mean to say any more, Jess! This letter will be too late for the post if I go into details. You will realise the full horror of the situation when I tell you that that traitor Dick had basely let Bob into the secret ten minutes before, and had told him of the identity of the "mysterious Palmist from London"!!!!!!

Yours ever,

NANCY TREVOR (*alias* "Saturnella").

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CAP AND BELLS

An Accident all Round.

A most ridiculous scene occurred lately at a church in Newcastle. A policeman was passing the church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman, and said he was wanted inside. The policeman thought there was some trouble in the church and went in.

The sexton, on his appearance, said: "Come in here," and took him to a pew and waved his hand, as much as to say "Help yourself."

There was another man in the pew who had a most sinister expression, as the policeman thought, and he supposed that he was the man they wanted arrested, so he tapped him on the arm, and told him to come along. The man turned pale, and edged along as though to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar, and jerked him out into the aisle.

The man struggled, thinking the policeman was crazy, and tried to get away, but he was dragged along. Many of the congregation thought he had been doing something wrong, and helped the officer to get him out.

The policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church, and asked him what the charge was against the man arrested, and he didn't know; so the sexton was appealed to, and he didn't know; and finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about, and he didn't know.

The policeman was asked what he arrested the man for, and he didn't know, and after a while the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man into custody who told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined forty shillings and costs. He says he will never try to convert a policeman again.

* * *

Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries; he may have just left an old cotton one for it at the place where he last called. That's what they do in this office, anyway.

* * * * *

In France they call grey hair "a little dust from the road of life," which is certainly very poetic. But when you find "a little dust from the road of life" in your butter the poetry vanishes at once.

"I say, mother, yesterday you licked me because I licked Johnny; to-day father lick d me because Tommy licked *me*. What'll happen when it's a draw?"

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H. COWHAM.

Brother (in pompous voice): "Why, Susie! No partner? How's that?"
Sister (very sweetly): "Well, I was rather late, and the early birds get the worms, you know!"

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Thief: "Your money or your life."

Victim: "Well, look here, you may shoot if you like, but I'm cleaned out. I have just bought the Christmas dinner and presents for the children, and——"

Thief: "All right, old man; I know what that means. Pass on."

A certain politician who lost both his eyes in a railway accident, has failed to recover damages because, in the jury's mind, his present inability to read what the newspapers say of him must be viewed in the light of compensation.

* * *

English travellers are apt to make the most absurd demands on the time and attention of their Consuls, and they are not always got rid of so easily as that one who called on the English Consul at Messina with the inquiry:

"Which is the nearest way to Mount Etna?"

The Consul answered politely: "Out through that door, please, and ask the next person you meet."

* * * *

The trials of a man collecting bills sometimes take an annoying turn. One of those pleasant gentlemen stepped into an office, and, seeing the debtor talking to a number of lady friends, waited till he had leisure. Whereupon the debtor turned to the collector with a very pleasant manner and said: "I will lend you this sovereign today. Come again when you are hard up," and smiled one of those smiles that crack a looking-glass.

Is this the latest fashion in hats?

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

* * *

OLD MR. BENTLEY (reading the paper): "I see that in a recent storm at sea a ship loaded with passengers went ashore."

OLD MRS. BENTLEY (placidly): "How fortunate! I can imagine how glad those passengers must have been to get on dry land."

* * * *

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at London Bridge, exclaiming: "Oh, you are my long-lost brother!"

She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's purse!

A small girl of three years old suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

Do not take it amiss,
If I ask for a kiss,
For you never could miss
Such a thing as a kiss!

If you drive me to theft,
There'd be no thief so deft
As your lover bereft
Of his due—without theft.

For a kiss is the seal
Of amatory zeal,
And no compact is real
Without its due seal.

* * * *

"Oh, tell me, where is fancy bred," sang the poet.

"There's a very good confectioner round the corner," said the prosaic man.

* *

SNOOPER: "It's no wonder they are always finding microbes, bacteria, and such things in France."

SIMERAL: "Why?"

SNOOPER: "Because France is just the place for Parisites."

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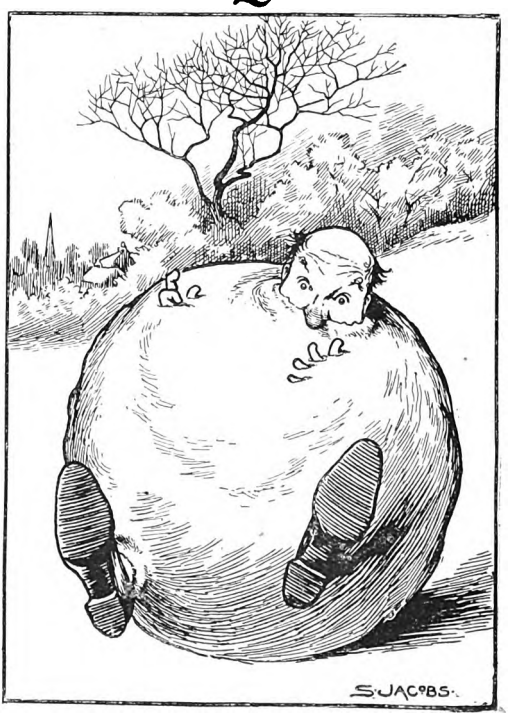

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Buffetted by wind and rain,
Thy form doth rise,
As a thing of wondrous beauty,
In my lightning blinded eyes;
With remorse my heart is torn,
Wert I but in thy embrace,
Then, then could I laugh to scorn
The Elements.

To struggle is the lot of man,
And I must onward and alone,
Do battle with the storm.
But now I've sworn I shall atone
For this neglect. Where'er I roam
In future, it will be with thee—
And never more I'll leave at home
My Waterproof.

* * * * *

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken brace.

* * * * *

It is hard to say which is the most helpless, the little boy, or the great, big man, when he is asked to hold it.

* * *

Old Nurse: "Had two hours' rest? I can't see how that was possible with your patient requiring his medicine every hour."

New Nurse: "You can't? Well, it's easy to explain."

Old Nurse: "What is the explanation?"

New Nurse: "Oh, I doubled his dose the last time."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "What do you understand by 'Suffering for righteousness' sake?"

BOY (promptly): "Practising hymns in the morning, teacher, and Sunday-school in the afternoon, and Bible-class in the evenin'!"

Three maidens went shopping out in the west—
Westbourne Grove—when the sun went down;
Each thought of the colour that suited her best
For a new spring hat or a dressing-gown,
And had it sent home on the morrow.
And each for the man she loved did buy
A wild and terrible-patterned tie
That each man wore in sorrow.
For woman must buy and men must wear,
Though the style is enough to curl one's hair,
Or trouble dire to borrow!

* * * * *

"Better not wait for Charley any longer. You know what it is when a fellow is calling on his girl."

"Ah, there they are now! He is just bidding her good-night."

"All right, let us go and have a game of billiards. We'll just have time."

* * * * *

Customer: "Look here, waiter, what's this?"

Waiter: "Looks like a bootlace, sir."

"It *is* a bootlace, and it was in my soup."

"Beg pardon, sir, but would you mind lowering your voice?"

"Lower my voice, indeed? You ought to ——"

"Don't let that gentleman at the corner hear you, sir. He's dined here regular for eighteen months, and *we've never thrown him in anything.*"

* * * * *

"Steam is a great thing," remarked a French traveller in a railway carriage to his *vis-à-vis*.

"So it is," was the reply, "I owe my fortune to it."

"Monsieur is manager of a company?"

"No."

"Engineer, perhaps?"

"No; I have lost a number of relatives by railway accidents."

She: "Don't you think dancing just the loveliest thing in the world?"

He: "Can't say I do. I used to like it years ago; but one gets tired of such things, you know."

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The desire to possess beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest.

DON'T RUB YOUR NOSE!

Don't rub your nose with a candle if you have a cold, it's too old-fashioned a remedy for these days; but should you have any trouble with your lungs or bronchial tubes, or if you cough, use

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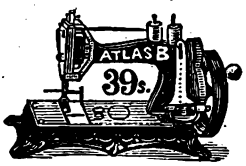

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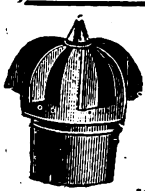

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MR. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS A JOKE.

"I never mind," writes Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee*, "telling a story against myself. A gentleman of Holland wrote to me for a copy of a recitation, and, being ignorant of my particular whereabouts, addressed his envelope 'Mr. ——' (respect for the anonymity of journalism prevents me printing my real name), 'Poet, London.'

"But where do you think the postal authorities delivered the letter? At the *Referee* Office? No. At Opposite-the-Ducks Villa. No. At the Authors' Club? No. At none of these places, but at the offices of 'Tatcho.'

"Oh! St. Martin's Le Grand—St. Martin's Le Grand! I never gave you credit for such a refinement of cynicism as that. I am not a poet—not even a minor one. In my wildest dreams I never aspired to be anything more than a writer of rhymes. I have too profound an admiration for the poet's art to call rhymed narrative arranged for the purposes of dramatic effect, poetry; but surely, surely you might have delivered a letter with such an address to my private house.

To hand it to stern commercial men who preside over the destinies of 'Tatcho' was cruel. Proud in the conciousness that all I have done has been done in the interests of my brothers and sisters and the great cause of suffering humanity,

I have forgiven the postal authorities, and have sent them information that they have no more right to send my letters to 'Tatcho' than they have to send Lord Playfair's to 'Bovril.'"

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Arrangements have been made whereby in addition to the regular sizes, your own Chemist or Stores will supply

The Large Trial Bottle of

"TATCHO,"

4/6 SIZE FOR 1/10

In making this arrangement the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

NOTE.—If it is more convenient to order direct from the Company's Depot, cut out the Coupon and post it with the necessary remittance to the "TATCHO" Offices, 81, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply, and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth), requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair,

Greeting. Know All of You,

In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy—'TATCHO'—and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine Preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."

COUPON.

R.M.

February, 1902.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS IN THE "REFEREE."

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"FIRST & FOREMOST"

WHY? IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

WHY? It is highly beneficial to all—young and old.

WHY? It is "the typical English Cocoa" (so *The Analyst* says).

WHY? It is "the most popular Cocoa of the day" (so the *Medical Magazine* says).

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COCOA, AND THE BEST COCOA ONLY.

CAUTION.—How to test the Purity of Cocoas.—If treated with alkali and chemicals, such cocoas will have a medicinal scent when the tin is opened, and will be a darker colour when in liquor. Cadbury's Cocoa has no addition of any kind, and is *guaranteed absolutely pure.*

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Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen.

Printed by Horace Cox, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

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The HOUSE of COMMONS—AN IRISHMAN'S PROTEST.

TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, and OUR COLONIES!

AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.—Richard Lalor Shiel once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold grey morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries.—(Signed)———, Captain, Retired Pay, West India Regiment, Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900."

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IN THE SPRING

The necessity for a New Dress is obvious. Brighter days force home the fact that the costume which passed muster so recently must be relegated to a darker past. To choose the Gown that might have been specially designed for you, and is all that

A LADY'S FANCY

could wish for, will be your delightful experience if you purchase NOBLE'S COSTUMES. They Look Better, Fit Better, Wear Better, and are superior in every respect to anything offered elsewhere at these Prices.

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New Textures. New Colourings. Exclusive Designs in Wool, Silk, and Cotton Materials.

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The Stock Sizes of Ladies' Costumes fit figures 34, 36, 38ins. round bust (under arms) and 24, 26, 28ins. round Waist, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42ins. long in front. Larger or Special sizes up to 40in. bust measure cost **2/-** extra.

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Model 963. A perfectly plain tailor-built Skirt, the latest cut, with one box-pleat at back. In JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING, **5/6**; in "MILNER" VICUNA CLOTH, **6/11**; in JOHN NOBLE MIXTURE SUITING, **8/6**; in BLACK or NAVY FRIEZE CLOTH, **8/6**; carriage 5d.; lined through, **2/6** extra.

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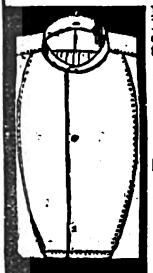

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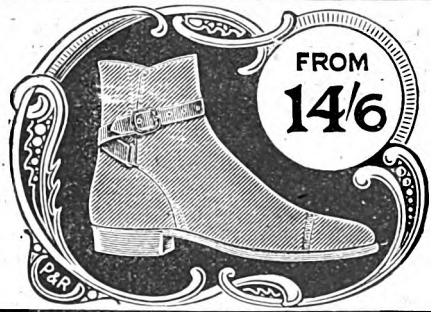

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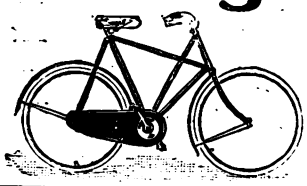

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MR. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS A STORY.

"I never mind," writes Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee*, "telling a story against myself. A gentleman of Holland wrote to me for a copy of a recitation, and, being ignorant of my particular whereabouts, addressed his envelope 'Mr. ——' (respect for the anonymity of journalism prevents me printing my real name), 'Poet, London.'

"But where do you think the postal authorities delivered the letter? At the *Referee* Office? No. At Opposite-the-Ducks Villa? No. At the Authors' Club? No. At none of these places, but at the offices of 'Tatcho.'

"Oh! St. Martin's Le Grand—St. Martin's Le Grand! I never gave you credit for such a refinement of cynicism as that. I am not a poet—not even a minor one. In my wildest dreams I never aspired to be anything more than a writer of rhymes. I have too profound an admiration for the poet's art to call rhymed narrative, arranged for the purposes of dramatic effect, poetry; but surely, surely you might have delivered a letter with such an address to my private house! ***To hand it to stern commercial men who preside over the destinies of 'Tatcho' was cruel. Proud in the consciousness that all I have done has been done in the interests of my brothers and sisters and the great cause of suffering humanity,*** I have forgiven the postal authorities, and have sent them information that they have no more right to send my letters to 'Tatcho' than they have to send Lord Playfair's to 'Bovril.'"

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4/6 SIZE FOR *Carriage Paid.* **1/10**

Direct from the "Tatcho" Depot.

In making this exceptional offer the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

What the Public themselves say:—

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35, Aberdeen-road, Cotham, Bristol, Dec. 23, 1901.
Mrs. E. C. Parsons regards "Tatcho" as a pearl beyond price. In her opinion everybody desiring to cultivate, improve, or retain a good head of hair should try it.

"3 Separate Hairdressers."
Rostherne, St. Stephen's-road, Bournemouth, Nov. 30, 1901.
Mrs. Lloyd wants to give three bottles of "Tatcho" to some friends here, as a lady in the house is strongly recommending it, and says that three separate hairdressers tell her what a wonderful growth of new hair she has.

"A Crop of New Hair."
Rosevale, Shirley, nr. Croydon, Jan. 10, 1902.
You will be pleased to hear that my brother has succeeded in raising a crop of new hair on a spot almost entirely bald since some years past. His success has induced me to give your preparation a trial. S. L CROOSKEY.

"Was Falling, but Now ——"
Percy Arms, Teignmouth, Nov. 25, 1901.
I have found great benefit from "Tatcho." My hair was falling out before using it, but now "Tatcho" has strengthened it, and it is growing wonderfully. Mrs. TURNBULL.

"I am Charmed."
St. Almond, Uxbridge, Middlesex, Nov. 14, 1901.
May I say that I am charmed with "Tatcho"? It is so nice to have a Renewer free from grease. Miss H. KING.

"Superior to any Other."
35, City-road, Birmingham, Nov. 21, 1901.
I find "Tatcho" superior to any other hair restorer I have ever used. H. E. LANE.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
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STRANGE MENTAL POWERS.

HOW PEOPLE ARE INFLUENCED.

Startling Words from the Committee Appointed to Investigate Hypnotism for the Benefit of Journal Readers.

REV. PAUL WELLER, Gorham, N.Y.

G. S. LINCOLN, M.D., 101, Crutchfield Street, Dallas, Tex.

F. H. STOUFER, Sec. & Treas. of Railway Conductors, Pueblo, Col.

JUDGE HENRY SCHAFER, Flemington, N.J.

Hypnotism is no longer a myth, a fanciful creation of the mind, but a reality, a most potent power capable of producing infinite good. For the purpose of ascertaining the exact value of this much-talked-of power, a committee, composed of a physician, a well-known jurist, a prominent minister and a leading railroad man, was appointed to investigate Hypnotism.

The committee carried on a series of investigations in regard to the power of hypnotism to influence the actions and deeds of people in the everyday walks of life.

The first step taken by the members of the committee was to master the science in every detail, so that they might state from personal experience the good or evil this strange power might produce. They wrote the New York Institute of Science, of Rochester, N.Y., the greatest school of Hypnotism and Occult Sciences in the world, and received full and complete instructions in regard to how hypnotism may be used to influence people in business, how to use it in treating diseases, &c., &c. In a few days they mastered these instructions and were full-fledged hypnotists.

It was clearly demonstrated that hypnotism may be employed so that the person operated upon is entirely unconscious of the fact that he is being influenced; and, all things considered, the committee regard it as the most valuable discovery of modern times. A knowledge of it is essential to one's success in life and well being in society.

Dr. Lincoln says, after a thorough investigation, that he considers it the most marvellous therapeutic or curative agent of modern times.

Judge Schafer, although a legal light, turned his attention to healing the sick, and in a few treatments he completely cured John E. Myers, of Flemington, N.J., of a strange malady that had kept him bedfast for nine years, and which the doctors said must surely kill him. Judge Schafer's fame spread for miles around, and hundreds of people applied to him for treatment.

Mr. Stoufer performed the astonishing feat of hypnotising Mr. Cuningham, of Pueblo, Col., at a distance of several blocks. He also hypnotised an aged gentleman and had him run through the streets shouting "Red-hot peanuts for sale." Mr. Stoufer says it is indispensable to one's business success.

Rev. Paul Weller says that every minister and every mother should understand hypnotism for the benefit they can be to those with whom they are brought in daily contact.

In speaking of this marvellous power, President Eliot, of Harvard College, said to the graduates: "Young gentlemen, there is a subtle power lying latent in each of you, which few of you have developed, but which when developed might make a man irresistible. It is called Personal Magnetism or Hypnotism. I advise you to master it."

The New York Institute of Science has just issued 10,000 copies of a book which fully explains all the secrets of this marvellous power, and gives explicit directions for becoming a practical hypnotist, so that you can employ the force without the knowledge of anyone. Anybody can learn. Success is guaranteed.

The book also contains a full report of the members of the committee. It will be sent absolutely free to anyone who is interested. A penny postal card will bring it. Write to-day.

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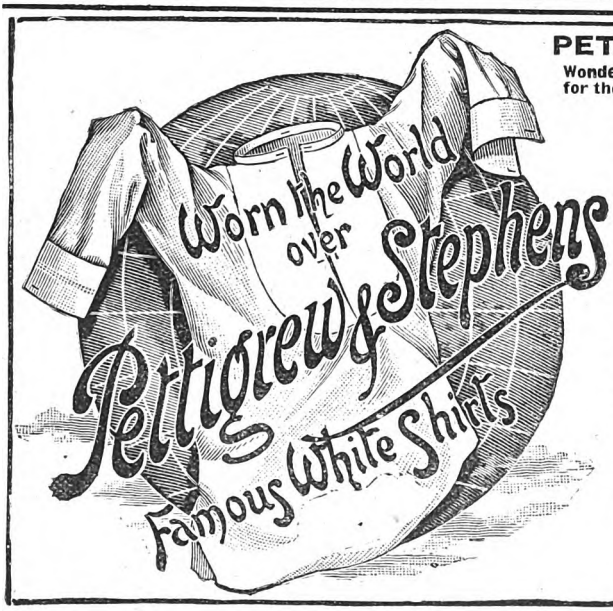

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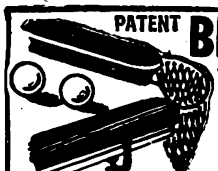

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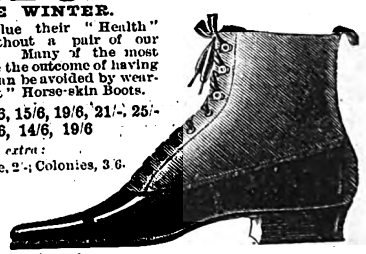

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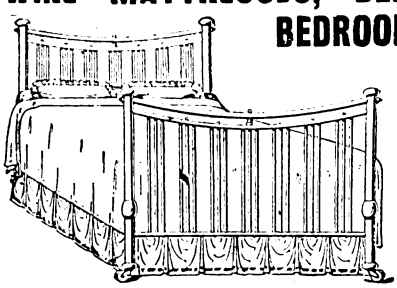

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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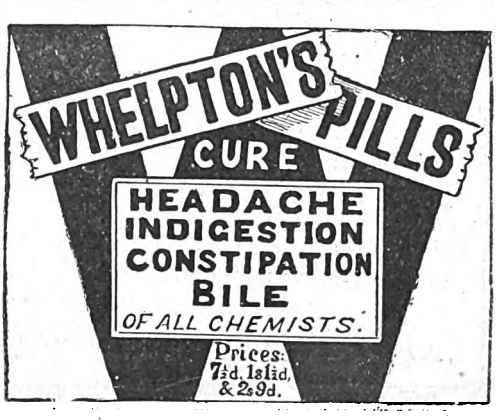

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MADGE AND THE CHERRIES.

I.

Madge is like a cherry,
  Soft and smooth and sweet;
And Madge is good to kiss
  As a cherry's good to eat.

II.

Madge from a cherry differs,
  Whose sweetness doth unfold
A heart we call a stone, and Madge—
  Why, Madge has a heart of gold.

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KISSI-KOO

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE KISSI-KOO,
A MAIDEN OF JAPAN,
ONCE MET, AND SET HER MIND TO WOO,
A HANDSOME ENGLISH MAN,
WHO PROMPTLY FELL A VICTIM TO
THE MAGIC OF HER FAN.

HE SAW HER DARK, ALLURING EYES,
HE FELT HER WELL-AIMED GLANCE
THAT SHOT AT HIM, WITHOUT DISGUISE,
YOUNG CUPID'S TIRELESS LANCE.
SHE WON! COULD IT BE OTHERWISE
WHEN HE HAD SEEN HER DANCE?

Photographs posed by Miss Marie Fawcett.

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AND THEN.... AND THEN HE WENT AWAY;
HIS SHIP MUST GO TO SEA.
IN VAIN SHE BEGGED HER LOVE TO STAY;
HE SAID IT COULD NOT BE.
WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS SHE KNELT TO PRAY,
"COME BACK MY LOVE TO ME!"

THEY PARTED.....THEN THE PARTING O'ER,
HER SHADOWED LIFE BEGAN,
AND WEEPING, WEEPING, TO THE SHORE
SHE CAME, THE SEA TO SCAN.
WHY DID THE WAVES CRY, "NEVER MORE?"
WELL, HE WAS BUT A MAN!

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LADY-MARJORY'S DISHONOUR

BY H. A. HINKSON

LADY MARJORY NEVILLE drew a letter from her bosom and read it for the hundredth time.

"Be of good cheer, little Marjory," it ran, "since if they must have my head they shall never have my heart seeing that it is in your sweet keeping."

The sound of galloping hoofs startled her. She kissed the paper passionately and placed it against her heart. Then she went to the window and listened intently. In the great silent house she was lonely. Lord Neville lay in his bed-chamber slowly recovering from a wound received in the King's cause at Worcester. He was helpless, even more helpless than herself, since she had health and what was given of strength to her youth and womanhood.

The rider drew rein before the house and dismounted. Lady Marjory sprang to the door and went out into the hall.

"What news, Reuben?" she exclaimed.

"Ill news, Lady Marjory, and I would that God had chosen a fitter messenger to carry it," replied the man sorrowfully.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly. "And speak low lest you be overheard."

"The Arch-malignant has signed the warrant," the fellow returned. "General Fairfax would have had pity on Sir Godfrey because of his youth, but the chief traitor would not hear him."

"And the warrant?" asked Lady Marjory, pressing her hands against her bosom.

"Commands that Sir Godfrey Langdale be taken from the Tower at day-break and beheaded before all the people."

The girl shuddered.

"Beheaded!" she repeated.

"Thus much I have learned. 'Tis sorrowful tidings and his lordship lying sick. Will God never look upon us again?"

"Who bears the warrant?" Lady Marjory asked suddenly.

"He that was the King's carrier, I doubt not."

"What road does he take?"

"Through Oakdale," replied the man wondering; "he drinks a cup of ale at the King's Head, while they saddle him a fresh horse. By ten of the clock he will be there. I fear me there are many malignants in Oakdale. They grow fat on the Parliament's money."

"Go sup, Reuben, and keep your tongue from wagging," answered the lady haughtily. "Else these same knaves will cut it out, even if they leave so foolish a head upon your shoulders. Go and send Kitty to me, and as you value your life let no word of this be carried to his lordship."

The man bowed low.

"Your ladyship's commands shall be obeyed," he said humbly.

"See that they are, and to the letter," she returned; "this is no season for loose tongues."

She went back to the chamber which she had left and surveyed her face earnestly in the mirror. It was a comely face, made for laughter, but now paler and sterner than its wont.

"It will pass," she said to herself at length, "with some rude words to help it, and a sword and spurs to keep up my woman's heart. But it is not fear, but love, that makes my heart

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She looked at her figure in the mirror.

weak; now it shall make it strong. Kitty, come hither. Martin Downe is not a big man?"

"God 'a mercy!" exclaimed the maid, "Martin is but a stripling and no higher than your ladyship."

"That is what I would have you tell me, Kitty," Lady Marjory answered. Then she caught the girl by the shoulders and looked into her face.

"I do not ask if you are faithful," she went on; "I see truth in your eyes. I am in trouble, Kitty."

"God save Sir Godfrey," the girl murmured.

"Aye, God save him," cried Lady Marjory, "and He will! It is now past eight of the clock. God will save him, and you and I shall be His ministers. Make haste. Go to Martin's chest and take from it his Sunday suit, stockings, and buckled shoes and hat. Bring them to my robing-room secretly. Afterwards it matters nothing if the world know."

The girl hesitated.

"I pray you, madam," she broke out, "give me leave to go with you."

"What help would you be to a youth in arms?" Lady Marjory exclaimed smiling. "The shadows of the trees would frighten you to death. Make haste and follow me."

The girl brought the clothes to her mistress. Lady Marjory dressed herself quickly in them and deftly. Then letting her hair fall upon her shoulders she set the hat on her head.

She looked at her figure in the mirror; then turning to her maid:

"Do I make a gallant fellow?" she asked with a smile.

"As gallant as ever I saw," returned Kitty, "and yet they are rough garments for a person of quality."

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"I must find rough words to suit them. A bragging tongue has often been the armour of a timid heart, but mine is not timid. A Neville has never feared aught save dishonour. Have I been kind to you, Kitty?"

The girl fell on her knees and kissed her mistress's hand.

"Well, keep my secret till daybreak. 'Tis long for a woman, but after that gossip as you will."

"I would your ladyship could see my heart," answered the girl brokenly.

"Why so I do, if the eyes are its windows, but I would not strain your love beyond endurance. 'Tis a rude dress and yet not uncomely."

She opened the door of a cabinet set in the wall, and took from it a brace of pistols, and a steel-hilted sword. When she had girded the sword about her waist she loaded the pistols and thrust them into her belt, whilst her maid looked on full of fear and perplexity.

"Bid Reuben saddle Jock and lead him to the white gate," Lady Marjory continued; "when he has fastened the reins to the elm tree, let him return, and if he value the sight of his eyes bid him see nothing betwixt the night and the dawn."

"And if his lordship inquire——" began the maid tremulously.

Lady Marjory thought for a moment.

"Say that I am upon the King's business," she answered at length. When the girl was gone she turned again to the mirror.

"'Tis the only way," she muttered. "God be between me and failure."

"Reuben has led Jock to the gate," said Kitty.

"That is well. Let him have a cup of ale for his service. Now, leave me."

The girl hesitated a moment, then bursting into tears she cried: "Good luck to your ladyship!" and fled from the room.

Lady Marjory pressed a secret spring in the panel of the wall and a little door opened. Through this she passed and entered a narrow passage between two walls. A faint light came through the interstices of the tiles above, but she scarcely needed its help to guide her feet. She descended several flights of stone steps swiftly, holding the scabbard in her hand. Then the fresh air blew upon her face and she emerged in a clump of yew trees scarce a dozen yards from the white gate. She unfastened the reins from the elm tree and springing into the saddle rode under the beech trees to the road which leads to Oakdale.

She had no more definite purpose than to find the letter-carrier and to take from him the order for her lover's execution. The occasion would suggest a plan. If he would not deliver up the letter, then she would kill him and take it. She felt the stocks of her pistols to assure herself of their safety. On her left and in front of her lay the hills of Surrey, dark and quiet. "A Neville fears naught save dishonour," she muttered proudly.

As she drew rein before the King's Head she saw an ostler leading a horse from the yard. She called to him and dismounting flung the reins to him.

"Hold my horse while I sup," she exclaimed. Then she swaggered into the inn, making a great noise with her sword and spurs.

A little man, with a white face, came forward eagerly.

"Hush, master, or you will wake the gentleman," he whispered anxiously.

"'Tis early to be asleep, for it is not yet past ten of the clock," Lady Marjory retorted.

"The gentleman is weary," answered the innkeeper; "he has ridden far and before daybreak must be in London."

"Ah, then I will be quiet," she answered following him into the room.

On a couch lay a great red-faced fellow breathing heavily. A pair of heavy horse-pistols were thrust into his belt, and underneath his head was a leathern bag, bound with brass.

Lady Marjory's heart gave a great leap. This was the messenger of the Parliament, and in that bag was the order for Sir Godfrey Langdale's execution.

"I, too, am weary," she said, "and when I have supped I must take the road again. So I pray you make haste."

The host bowed and proceeded to set food upon the table. Lady Marjory watched him eagerly as he left the room, but the buttery was near and he came back quickly. If she could get possession of the pistols and withdraw the charges her task would be more easy. The bite of a toothless gum would soon heal. But as long as the innkeeper remained it was impossible. She played with her food, eating but little, her ears listening to the laboured breathing of the messenger of Parliament, and her mind busy revolving expedients.

"You have little hunger, master, for a horseman," said the host at length. "Is the food to your liking?"

"'Tis good enough, but I have thirst," rejoined the girl.

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The man's eyes brightened.

"I have good ale and wine——" he began.

"I will have none of them, seeing that I need a clear head in the morning. Bring me a cup of fresh spring water."

The innkeeper looked downcast.

"I have not a drop of water in the house," he said, "and the well is a hundred yards away. The ale is sweet and newly brewed."

"Go, bring me the water!" exclaimed Lady Marjory, with an imperiousness that seemed strangely out of keeping with her rude, ill-fitting clothes. "You shall be paid for the water as though it were ale. Does that content you?"

"Aye, it do, master," he returned, but with no good-will. Then he took a pitcher and with a glance at the sleeper he went out. Lady Marjory waited until the sound of his footsteps ceased, then casting a hurried glance about her, she rose and crept towards the couch. The fellow still slept soundly albeit uneasily. Gently but swiftly she drew the pistols from his belt. The man moved a little and she drew back trembling, but he did not wake. Now that she had gained the pistols, how was she to draw the charges? Her good luck was only to end in disappointment. Well, she would only have to fight him on equal terms. She was about to replace the pistols when her eye fell upon a corkscrew lying on the table beside some empty wine bottles. She caught it up eagerly, and thrust it into the muzzle of one of the pistols. The barrels were short and the point struck the wad. Pressing it gently she turned the screw and drew out the wad, and the ball followed. In a moment she had treated the other pistol in like manner, and slipped the balls into her pocket.

She heard the innkeeper's voice outside.

"If he do not wake soon, he must be waked. A curse on the lad for a water-drinker."

Quick as thought, she replaced the pistols in the man's belt and returned to her seat.

The innkeeper set the water on the table churlishly enough.

"The grass is wet and I am like to catch the ague," he remarked.

She was moved to answer him haughtily, but she checked herself. A Neville in rough clothes was no better than any country bumpkin. She drank a little of the water. It was cold and chilled her somewhat. She needed all her courage, and wine would help her.

"The water is good for slaking thirst," she said; "now I will try some of your wine, and let it be of your best."

The innkeeper's eyes glistened, and he looked at her with some suspicion.

"He has stolen his master's gold," he muttered to himself smiling; "but 'tis no business of mine so he pay for it, whose may be the gold."

There was much virtue in the wine, and when she had drunk it, Lady Marjory shook off her fears, and became impatient for the man to wake. She turned and looked at him, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon her face.

"Good night to you, master," he said, grinning. "'Tis a good day for the poor."

"Why so, sir?" she inquired.

The fellow rose, yawned hugely, and stretched himself.

"When they drink wine that were used to be content with ale."

"There is enough for both of us if you will drink with me, sir," she answered.

"Why that I will and gladly, master," he rejoined with great good humour. "You are a brave lad, and many a lass will have a heart-ache for your kisses before the beard grows on your cheek. Here is to your mistress, lad!" and he drank the wine.

"Thank you, sir," Lady Marjory answered, "but I have no thought of a mistress, but only of my journey."

"Whither do you go?"

"To London and I would be there before daybreak."

"Why so do I and so you shall. Come, we will travel together. You are too tender for the rough ways of the world though you make a brave enough show," and he smiled at the pistols. "But with Bob Varly as your comrade none will doubt your courage. Come little master."

Lady Marjory paid her reckoning and followed the messenger of Parliament. As the latter was about to mount his horse, the innkeeper whispered something in his ear.

"What care I how the lad came by the gold?" Bob Varly exclaimed. "If he has robbed his master, he serves you no ill turn since he has paid for his wine. Keep your tongue quiet lest it land you in the pillory or the stocks. Come along, little master. If the dawn shows over those hills, my head will be in danger."

Lady Marjory rode beside him. She perceived that her horse was swifter than his and she kept a tight rein.

"Will Huxham is a rogue," said her companion. "I dreamed that he was stealing my pistols whilst I slept. He would sell his soul for a groat, which is more than it's

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value for. I'm glad I was there to save you from him. There are many knaves in the world."

Lady Marjory rode on in silence. She was watching her opportunity to demand the surrender of the mail-bag, but she feared lest a pistol shot might bring help and foil her purpose. When they were within the shadows of Stoke Wood, she fell a little behind.

"Tired, master?" asked her companion.

"Yes, of waiting," she answered, drawing a pistol. "Dismount, master messenger."

"Dismount!" repeated the man in bewilderment.

"Yes, if you value your life. I would not shoot you in the back."

Bob Varly wheeled his horse round, and snatching his pistol fired point blank at her. A mocking laugh answered the report.

"Your pistols are harmless," Lady Marjory said, "more than an hour ago, I drew the bullets from them."

"It was you then," the man muttered. "What would you have of me?"

"A letter from the bag that you carry; only one. I set your life against it," and she raised the pistol.

"I lose my head if I give it you," Varly exclaimed, suddenly drawing his sword. "Have at you."

He made a lunge at the girl, but she spurred her horse. Jock leaped forward and the blow fell harmless. Then wheeling her horse about, she rode up close to Varly and shot his horse through the head. "I would not kill you," said Lady Marjory, drawing the other pistol, "but time presses. Unlock the bag and leave it in the road. I desire but one letter, and that I set against your life."

Varly rose slowly to his feet and unlocked the bag.

"My life is of little worth if I carry an empty bag," he retorted sullenly, flinging the bag at his feet.

"I desire one letter only," replied the girl.

"Then take it, and let me go my way," he said with a quick glance at her horse.

Lady Marjory smiled.

"I would not be overlooked," she said, "neither would I lose so good a steed. Go back a hundred paces and if you move a step nearer before I am again in the saddle, your blood be upon your own head."

"I thought you were no common fellow, though your clothes are rough," he answered, with something like admiration. "I have done enough for the Parliament. Take what you will."

Lady Marjory flung him a couple of gold pieces.

"Take them to lighten your grief," she cried after him, "and if you value your life be silent." Her busy fingers searched the bag until she came upon a letter addressed to Sir John Conyers, Governor of the Tower. This she thrust into her doublet. Then she sprang into the saddle and waving her hand to the man, rode swiftly through the wood.

The sky was grey with the first flush of dawn when she reached Richmond. Thence she rode more slowly towards Westminster. The possession of the letter troubled her. She had not broken the seal, yet she knew what it contained. At best she could only delay her lover's fate. Another order would soon follow and then—. Suddenly a thought flushed her cheeks. She felt the letter in her bosom. It was safe, with luck she might save Sir Godfrey.

Lord Neville's man of business, Mr. Peter Barton, lived in St. Mary Axe. He was a timid man of law, but faithful—so be it his head was not in great danger.

Lady Marjory spurred her horse and rode on more quickly. As she passed Westminster the sun gleamed upon the river, piercing the mists that hung over the marshes. The city beyond still slept.

She drew rein before Mr. Barton's door.

"A servant of the Lord Neville," she answered to the astonished doorkeeper.

The man bowed and ushered her in. She was travel-stained and covered with dust. The business must be urgent, as indeed all business was at that time.

In a few minutes the attorney entered. He was an old man and lean, with a slate-coloured face. He peered at his visitor curiously.

"Is my lord grown stronger?" he began.

"Yes, he returns to health slowly," replied Lady Marjory. "I have business with you; take me to a secret room."

He bowed and led her into an adjoining chamber, in which were deed-boxes, parchments, and such like. Then he closed the door and having locked it turned to her.

She took off her hat.

"I am the Lady Marjory Neville," she said blushing, "and need has made me dress like a man."

Mr. Barton bowed low before her.

"What can I do for your ladyship?" he asked humbly, scarce trusting the evidences of his senses.

She seated herself and drew out her letter.

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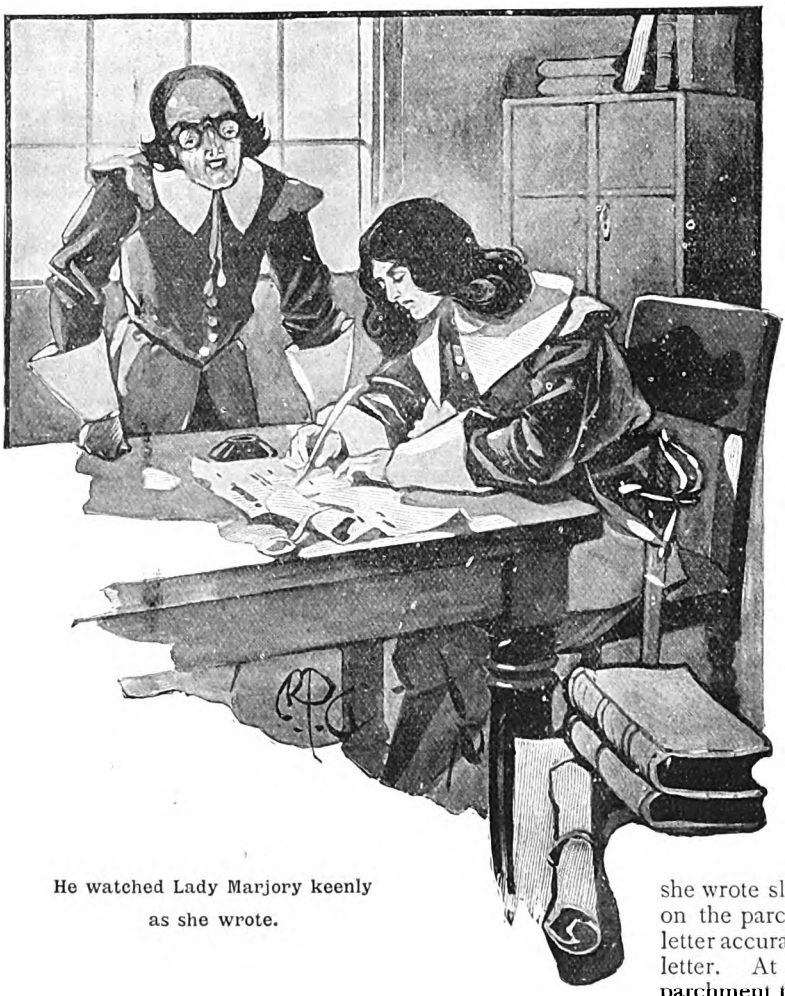

He watched Lady Marjory keenly as she wrote.

"Give me a sharp knife," she answered. He gave her the knife in wondering silence.

With it she began very carefully to open the packet without breaking the seal. Then she drew out the letter. It ran:

To Sir John Conyers, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be executed at daybreak.
O. CROMWELL.

A shudder ran through her. How near to death he was. But she recovered herself. There was one chance left. She had skill in drawing and had often amused herself imitating the writing of others, even her father's cramped and crooked characters. She would risk it.

"Give me parchment the same as this," she said, "and a pen."

The attorney's eyes fell upon the letter, and he started back in dismay.

"A warrant of execution!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied calmly, "but we will make it an order of release."

"It is impossible, madam," he cried, terror-stricken at the thought — "'twill bring our own heads to the block."

"They will not cut your head off," she replied contemptuously. "My lord is still powerful, albeit the sun is clouded. Give me the parchment."

Without further demur he did as she commanded. The Nevilles were always imperious, and it was ill crossing them. Moreover, the thing had some interest for him. He watched Lady Marjory keenly as she wrote slowly and laboriously on the parchment, copying each letter accurately from the original letter. At length she held the parchment to him.

"Look at it carefully," she commanded, "and tell me if there is an error in it, that a quick eye could perceive."

He read it through slowly. On the parchment she had written:

"Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be set free at daybreak.
O. CROMWELL."

"It is a miracle," the attorney exclaimed. "But the seal, what of the seal?"

"Give me wax and a taper," she answered. "Ah, you understand these matters better. I had not thought to find one so expert."

With a half-guilty smile, the attorney softened the wax and smearing a little under the seal, pressed it down gently on the parchment, so that the old packet showed no sign of having been tampered with. Then Lady Marjory held the taper to the warrant for execution and watched it burn to ashes.

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"So perish all the King's enemies," she said fervently.

"Amen," replied the attorney. "What must I do now, madam?"

"Go at once and hire a sailing vessel to carry a gentleman to France," replied Lady Marjory. "Let it lie below the Tower until I come. Promise them what you will so that they be sure and faithful. Lord Neville will repay you. It is upon the King's business. Make haste lest you find your neck in the rope for this matter," and she tapped the packet.

"I will go at once, madam," the attorney answered eagerly, "and I doubt not that I shall find such a boat as you desire."

Lady Marjory left him and, mounting her horse again, rode to the Tower. It was a hazardous enterprise, but the urgency of the occasion justified all risks. Fortunately, Varly did not know what letter she had taken from the bag, but still in a few hours he must reach the city and a little later the story of his adventure would be known. She was in some danger herself, but of that she thought not at all. The words, "Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be executed at daybreak," had burned themselves into her memory to the exclusion of all others.

"A messenger of Parliament," she answered the keeper of the gate.

The man bowed gravely and flung open the gate. She shivered a little as the iron clanged behind her and she knew there was no turning back.

"I have a message for Sir John Conyers," she said to one of the household.

"What is your message?" the officer inquired looking at her curiously.

"That is for his Excellency's ears," she replied, "and give me leave to say that the matter is urgent, since I am General Cromwell's messenger and have ridden all night lest I should be remiss in my duty."

"Follow me," returned the officer curtly.

He led her through the long passage and up part of a stone stair into a small chamber. Then he turned and looked at her, until her cheeks grew hot.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I have no name," she returned impatiently, "only the service of my country."

"'Tis a good answer, but what is your message?"

"That is for Sir John Conyers."

"Give it to me, then, for I am he," he answered with a half smile.

She looked at him doubtfully, but there could be no distrusting the calm grey eyes that looked at her. She drew out the packet and gave it to him, feeling almost faint from the throbbing of her heart.

Sir John broke the seal and read the letter. A look of surprise and relief came into his face.

"'Tis very sudden," he murmured, looking again at the signature, and then examining the the seal. "At daybreak, it is nearer to noon. You have lagged on the road," he said sternly.

"I came as fast as my horse could carry me."

"A life might have been lost by your delay. You are too young for such affairs. How do you come to be the General's messenger?"

"My cousin Bob Varly fell ill by the way," returned Lady Marjory bravely, "and he besought me to carry this letter and so save his ears."

"Ah, then you are a good lad, and here is a piece of gold to reward your fidelity, for 'tis no common quality. Go now."

Lady Marjory bowed, her heart almost bursting with joy. She turned towards the door but Sir John Conyers called her suddenly.

"Stay," he said, "though you know it not, you have saved the life of a gentleman who was made for better things than to lose his head on the block. You are but a poor boy; yet he will thank you as readily as if you were noble."

He went out and the girl covered her face trembling. It seemed like an eternity, while she waited. The most trying part of the ordeal was yet to come. What if Sir Godfrey recognised her and in the presence of the Governor? All would be lost. Then she heard voices and praying for strength she stood with bent head before the door.

"I thank you, Sir John," said her lover's voice, "but I will find friends without these walls as I have found them within. A good horse is all I need to carry me over the Surrey hills and that I shall quickly find. I am weary of captivity. Ha, is this the lad?"

He caught Lady Marjory's hand.

"Sweet messenger, I thank you for saving this poor life of mine. Why 'tis but a child, and weary and travel-stained. Come with me, little one, and we will sup together. Farewell, Sir John. Give my duty to Lady Conyers. In happier times I will ask pardon for leaving so suddenly. The order of release! Ah—yes, I had forgotten. Come little one, a cup of wine will cheer your heart."

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At the gate the keeper scrutinised the order, then he flung open the gate; it clanged behind them, and they were free.

"Come, little one," exclaimed Sir Godfrey, his handsome face beaming in the sunshine. "I know a faithful fellow hard by who will give us of his best. The wine will bring back your strength and mine, and then ho for the hills again and the King's cause."

The girl caught his hand.

"Not that way, but to the river."

"The river! What need is there of the river now that I am pardoned? All yesterday I thought on the block and prayed that I might die like a gentleman; but a little voice kept calling me back to life. Boy, you are too young for such matters, but 'twas the voice of a woman and scarce older than you. Nay, by my faith, you shall sup. I have no mind for the river to-day."

"You are still in danger," she whispered hoarsely. "The order of release was forged. The order for execution follows."

His face grew pale.

"Who forged it?" he asked.

"I—Marjory Neville," she answered.

"Marjory!" he exclaimed lifting her bent head. "Marjory! my God! and I did not know you. My poor little maid. Who else could have saved me?"

He would have caught her in his arms, but she would not.

"Godfrey," she whispered, "not now. There is danger to both of us. Let us make for the river. With God's help we shall find a boat there. See, there it is. Let us hasten."

They hastened down to the water's edge. A fishing boat lay waiting with its sails flapping in the wind.

"Good-bye, Godfrey," said the girl, turning her face towards him.

"Good-bye!" he exclaimed, "never again. Are you not also in danger? I go not without you. Do you fear the sea?"

She hesitated a moment.

"A Neville fears naught except dishonour," she answered at last. "But I will wait for you, Godfrey."

This lovely young lady has just arrived in England from America. She may be haughty and proud, but she is charming too!

So buy the LADY'S MAGAZINE at once. It is now on Sale. You will enjoy her adventures.

The Stanlaws girl.

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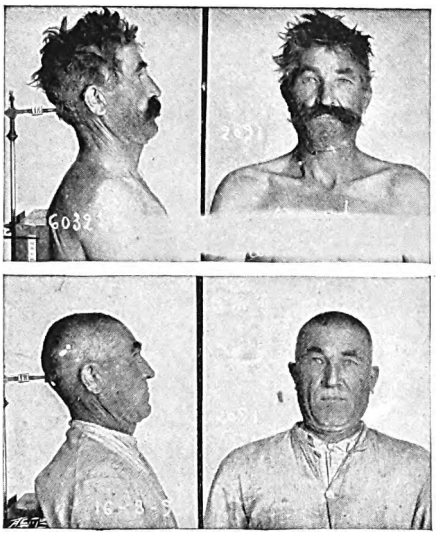
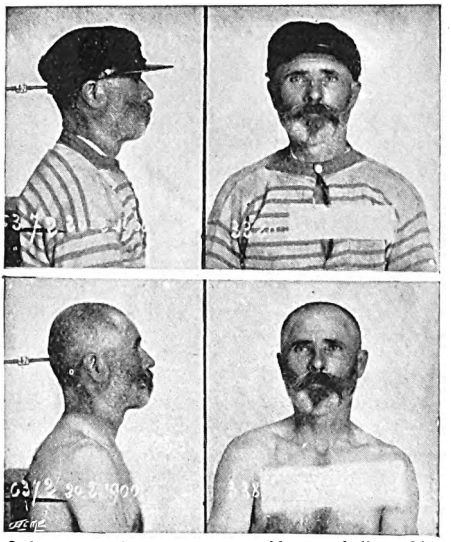


He was convicted for crime with violence.



Judging from his face, you would never believe this man to be a hardened and desperate criminal.

THE DRAGNET OF JUSTICE.

How French Ex-Convicts are Identified.

By George Griffith.

One of the most interesting places in the world to the student of criminology is the strictly guarded and little known island of New Caledonia, which lies far away on the other side of the world, about twelve hundred miles off the east coast of Australia. It is one of the last of the great transportation settlements left in the world, for most nations have recognised the impossibility of transforming home-made criminals into honest colonists, and have decided in favour of seclusion in prisons, just as we did, for instance, when we abolished the convict settlements of Australia and Tasmania.

The reason for this is plain. Crime is a disease, and the criminal pollutes everything he touches. The honest man can only live and work with him in constant danger of moral contagion. In the end he is almost as certain to become contaminated as a healthy person living in a colony of lepers. The criminal seems even to pollute the very place he lives in, the very air he breathes. His vile presence dims the brightness of the sun, the blue of the sky, and the beauty of the earth.

At first sight this may seem somewhat fanciful, and yet it is so. New Caledonia is one of the loveliest spots on earth, but for forty years it has been the abode of thousands of criminals, guilty of every shape and form of crime that human depravity can conceive, and the result is that its moral and social atmosphere is saturated with the miasma of crime, just as the atmosphere of a West African swamp is saturated with the deadly poison of malaria.

What is true of New Caledonia is true in a lesser degree of other countries. Wherever the criminal goes he takes with him the infection of crime. He is a moving centre of moral disease, and when he is brought into contact with those who are constitutionally inclined to contract this disease they will catch it from him as certainly as they would catch leprosy, smallpox, or scarlet fever.

Under our present social system this is unhappily inevitable, but still something can be done to mitigate the evil, to protect society against the deadly infection, and to France is due the credit of having done most in this direction.

A Frenchman was the first to invent, and the French anthorities were the first to adopt a scientific method of identification which has done more to prevent the spread of crime than any other human device yet known.

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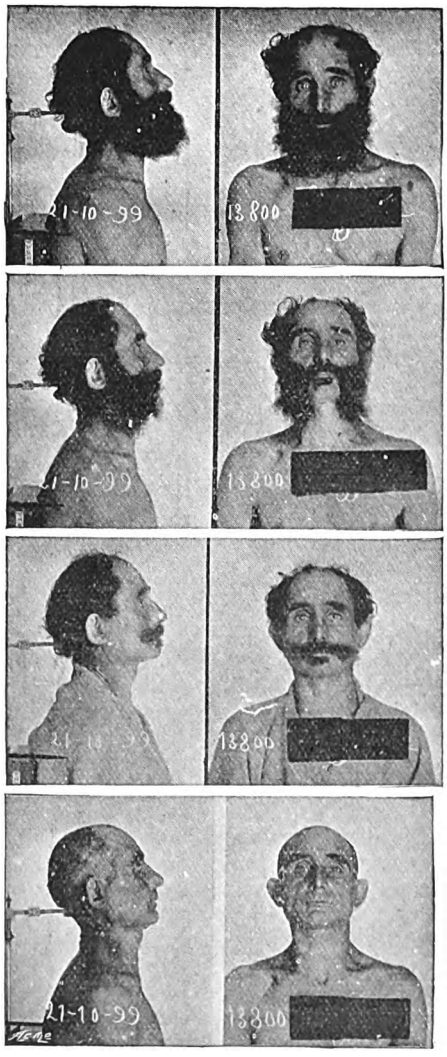
This is the system of Anthropometry and its various developments, which I had the advantage of studying exhaustively during a visit to the great French Penal Colony.

For all criminals save those condemned to perpetual imprisonment—those for whom the opening door of the prison can lead only to the grave—there comes sooner or later a time of release. Now the first object of the freed convict naturally is to lose himself, to disappear from the official eye as rapidly as possible; to cast off the old identity which bears the brand of crime; in short to assume, if possible, a new personality which shall be as difficult of recognition as possible.

But the scientific criminologist knows perfectly well that however completely the criminal may be able to change his external appearance, he can no more alter his inner nature than a leopard can change his spots. Therefore his greatest efforts are employed to make disguise as useless as possible, and moreover to convince the criminal that he can assume no mask which the eye of science cannot pierce.

But how is this to be done? How, for instance, to recognise in the salons, the theatres, or the hotels, or on the boulevards of Paris, the criminal who escaped or was discharged from New Caledonia, say five years ago, and who, under another name and another personality, is living in luxury on a new series of frauds? How identify without the possibility of mistake the assassin, the forger, the thief, or the embezzler of five or ten years ago with the seemingly successful stock-operator or gentleman at large today?



This series shows the various appearances of a Polish anarchist, who fired at Napoleon III. and Alexander II. in the Champs Elysées. He is now a harmless and amiable lunatic.

The disguises which a really clever man with means at his disposal can make use of are almost infinite. The young can be transformed into the old; the hale and strong into the decrepid and weakly; the well-dressed, well-groomed man-about-town into the loafer of the gutters, or even a police-agent. In short a man may disguise himself so that his most intimate friend may pass him in the street or even sit in the same room with him, and take him for an absolute stranger.

It is obvious therefore that a trained and hardened criminal, protected by a practically perfect disguise, may work untold harm, as indeed many a one has done. How is this to be prevented, or, at any rate, guarded against to the greatest possible extent?

I learnt the answer to this question during my visit to the Anthropometric Department in Ile Nou, which is the principal prison and convict depôt in New Caledonia.

Anthropometry, in its simplest meaning, is the measurement of man. Its originator was M. Bertillon. After years of experiments on criminals in the prisons of France he arrived at this conclusion—which has subsequently been confirmed without one exception by thousands of subsequent proofs. Among all the hundreds of millions of human beings inhabiting the earth there are no two whose measurements correspond, or whose features are exactly alike.

They may be so to the casual eye, but put

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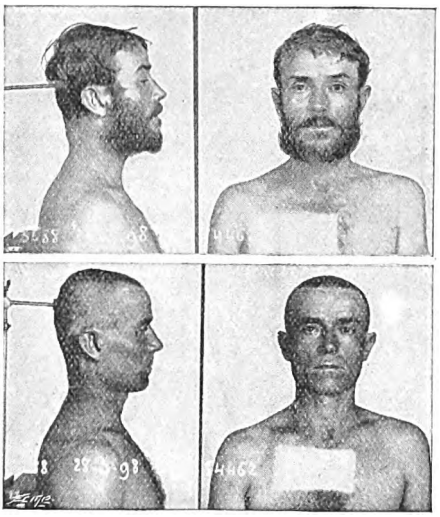
them under the microscope of anthropometry and you will find that they are very different. This seems a somewhat sweeping statement, but I went through a personal experience which convinced me that it comes as near truth as human skill and reason can do. My visit to the prison being a purely voluntary one, I asked to be put under the microscope myself, and I was.

I was measured standing and sitting, the length of my right foot was taken while I was balancing myself on it on a box, so was the length of my right forearm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. After this the joints of some of my fingers and the right thumb were measured, and then the greatest length and breadth of my head, the length and width of my left ear, and so on, until a collection of measurements had been taken which would be sufficient to identify me among the whole population of the globe. In fact there was only one operation that I did not go through. That is the one shown in the accompanying illustrations, which are photographs of criminals—necessarily nameless—taken to prevent the possibility of subsequent facial disguise. In my case this was not considered necessary.

In the office of the Department there are the records in duplicate of over five thousand criminals who have been under the anthropometric microscope. I was requested to take out one of these records at random. The Examining Officer asked me about half a dozen questions as to measurements and particulars which I answered from the card, he meanwhile going through various drawers and compartments. Within ten minutes he told me the name of my criminal, and showed me the duplicate of the card I had taken.

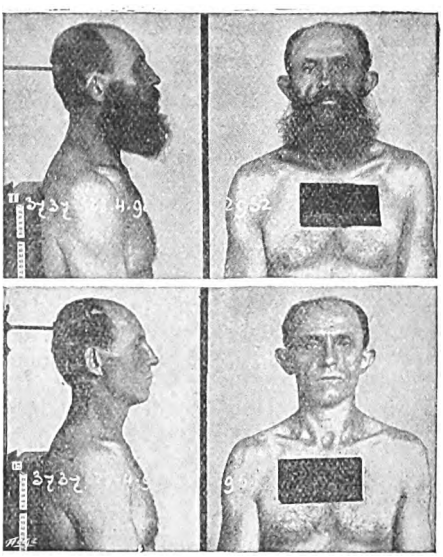
Now it must be remembered that every criminal convicted of a serious offence in a civilised country undergoes this unsparing examination. He is enveloped in the meshes of a vast dragnet, from which there is no escape. Disguise himself outwardly as he may; let him change his social surroundings to any extent; let him be never so successful in deceiving those about him, he still knows that the cabinets of the police-bureaus contain an infallible means of singling him out among millions, and proving beyond possibility of doubt the manner of man he really is.



This man, who was convicted for some crime of brutal violence, is insane.

Moreover, let him make the slightest slip that brings him within the clutches of the law, and he will be measured again. There are certain measurements which never alter after the body has once reached maturity, and no two of these have ever been found to coincide in two different human beings. Hence the criminal stands at once revealed, and means are taken to prevent him doing any more harm to society for a considerable time.

But there is more than measurement in this wonderful system. The most minute personal peculiarities are noted. The smallest scar, the slightest malformation of nose or mouth or ears or eyes, or of hands or



Chief marks of identification—facial angle (small), ears and chin. Here the beard has been used as disguise.

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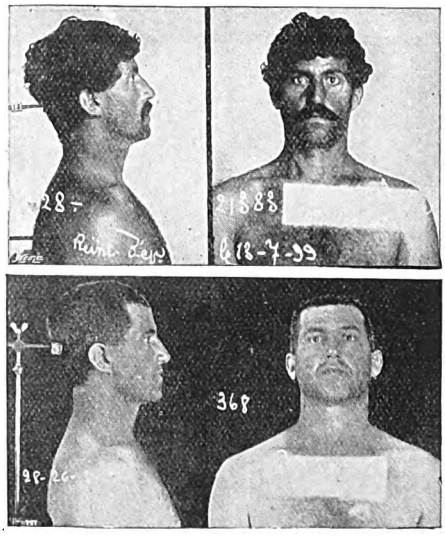


A hopeless, irreclaimable criminal.

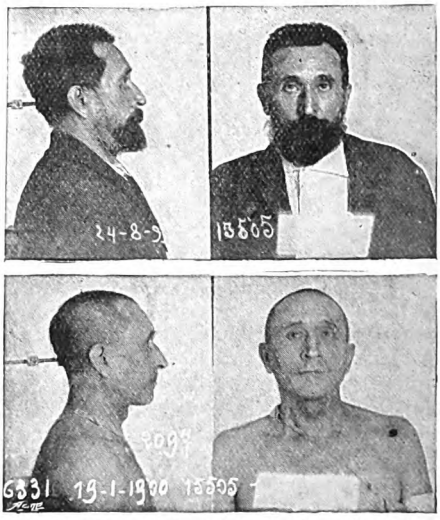
feet, are all noted, and when the criminal escapes or is released he is followed by this other-self in figures, this mathematical spectre, from which he can never hope to escape.

Then, again, there are the eyes, the most characteristic feature, which no man can alter. Thousands of human eyes have been examined, catalogued and brought into a certain number of categories or divisions, each containing three details—colour, shape, and size; and when once a criminal's eyes have been located in one of these divisions, the trackers of justice can see at a glance the first link in the chain of identification.

Some of the most astonishing captures, of which the most meagre details, if any, have appeared in newspapers, have been made by smart detectives following up this clue. Every convicted criminal of any importance in Europe has by this time been through the anthropometric mill. No two human beings have eyes exactly alike. No two in fifty thousand have eyes, nose, and ears alike. No two in a million have eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, taken together, so much alike that they could be mistaken for each other—and so on.

Still the shape of the head, and the appearance of nose, mouth, and chin can be disguised beyond recognition by altering the growth of hair on the head and its distribution on the face. How amazingly, almost incredibly, a man's appearance may be altered by the partial or total absence or presence of hair on the head and face is shown by the unique series of photographs which are here reproduced.

The casual observer could not possibly recognise the shaven and the unshaven, the cropped and the uncropped as the same men; but under the eyes of the trained detective, whose business it is to run down a given criminal, or to identify the members of a gang of malefactors, the hirsute disguise is of no avail whatever. He already possesses photographs showing exactly what his man should really be like, no matter whether he grew his hair long, and cultivated a full



A decent-looking man with the beard; without the beard a typical criminal.

beard, whether he wore the moustache and hair *à l'Anglais*, or whether he went clean shaven.

Before a French convict leaves prison a series of photographs like these have been taken. The detective has either seen copies of them or has them with him. He also has the record of the eyes and ears—a most potent means, by the way, of identification. He knows exactly the shape of the mouth and chin hidden under the full beard and moustache; he knows the true form of the skull which is concealed by the shaggy mop of hair, or it may be, the carefully trained locks of the ex-convict artist, or poet.

So he puts two and two and four and four together. Two and two *might* by some miracle be wrong; four and four cannot be, and so he communicates with the police of the district in which he has run his man

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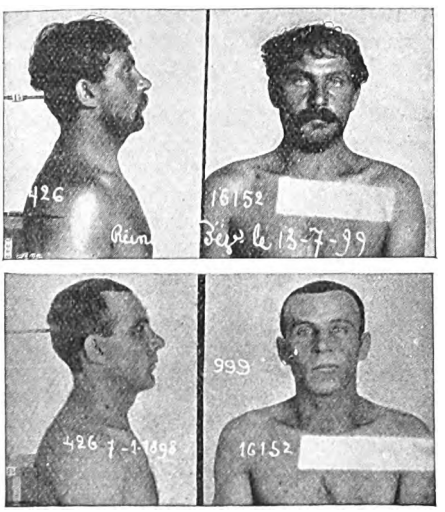
down, produces his particulars of identification, and the man is quietly arrested on suspicion.

He may protest innocence as he pleases, but anthropometry does not make mistakes. If he is innocent there is no reason why he should object to a few measurements being taken. To object shows fear, and fear shows guilt, so he is measured all the same, and in ten minutes he stands confronted with his former self.

The mist of disguise in which he has enveloped his true personality swiftly vanishes under the pitiless searchlight of science, and there he stands convicted beyond hope of refutation *by himself.* His head, his ears, his eyes, his very finger-joints have testified against him, and their evidence cannot lie.

Further, as though even this were not enough, his finger tips can be made to testify infallibly against him, for when he was



A Hercules with the moral strength of a child.

received into prison the tips of his right thumb and of the fore, middle, and third fingers were inked and an impression taken of them. Among all the tens of thousands of these impressions that have been taken no two have ever been found to exactly coincide. They are literally a man's sign-manual, a signature which he cannot repudiate or go back upon, wherefore if he has once "signed on" as a criminal his signature will identify him infallibly any number of years afterwards.

If you wish to test what I say, smear a little Indian ink evenly over a smooth surface like marble or slate, put your thumb or any of your fingers edgeways in this and turn slowly over till the nail becomes again perpendicular. Then put the thumb or finger in the same position on a piece of white paper and turn it slowly over just as you did in the ink.

Let this dry and then examine both with a good magnifying glass. You will find that your marks are absolutely different from mine. Get any number of your friends to do the same, and you will find that there are just as many differences as there are fingers or thumbs.

Thus out of the infinite variety of Nature has come a means of infallibly identifying those who transgress her laws.

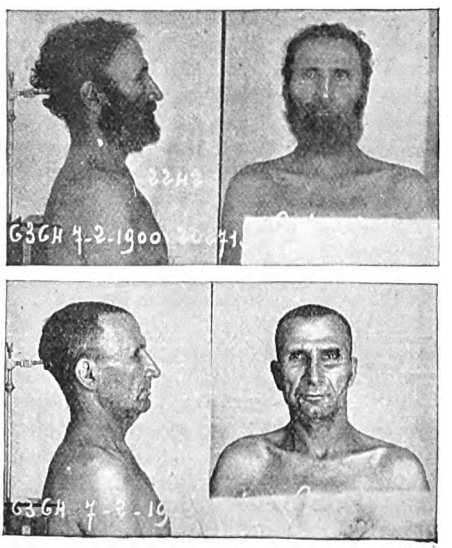
Here, by way of conclusion, is a little anecdote which goes far to make my meaning plain. A friend of mine was once paying a visit to Professor Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist.

The walls of his museum are covered with photographs, phrenological delineations, and casts of the most celebrated criminals known to history. My friend, who makes rather a hobby of French history, stopped before one of the casts and said:

"That's a remarkably fine mask of Napoleon, Professor, but what is he doing among your criminals?"

"That," laughed Lombroso, "is not Napoleon. It is your celebrated murderer Deeming. I assure you, my friend, it's a very true and wonderful likeness."

Poor Napoleon!



A typical criminal.

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By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

All those who are acquainted with the inside of the Palace of Westminster, will remember the corridor which leads from the Members' Lobby to the Library. It is a gloomy passage in which members may often be seen exchanging views as to "the potentialities of the situation," and where journalists converse with public men who pretend to shrink from anything of the nature of an interview, but who long to see their names in print.

On each side of the corridor there are lockers—rows of oaken cupboards—in which the honourable gentlemen store all sorts of treasures, such as cigars, prospectuses, blue books that are never read, reports of committees, select and quite otherwise, begging letters and subscription lists not a few. The lockers stand out from the wall, so that the top, which is flat, forms a sort of shelf some seven feet from the floor, and on it members often place small hand-bags which they do not wish to carry about the building.

It happened that on a certain Thursday afternoon, in the earlier portion of a recent session, Mr. Banks, the senior member for the important borough of Northtown, visited his locker which was conveniently placed near the entrance to the Lobby, and while engaged there was spoken to by a journalist. Becoming interested in the conversation Mr. Banks closed the locker door and walked away with his companion, not noticing that he had left the key in the keyhole. In less than five minutes Mr. Charles Edward Tyson, the junior member for Northtown, came bustling along the passage, and hurriedly placing a small leather bag, on each side of which the letters C.E.T. were painted, on the top of the lockers, passed on to the library.

Though these two gentlemen represented the same constituency, they belonged to different political parties, and as the quidnuncs of Northtown were wont to observe, "there was no love lost between Banks and Tyson." There was, of course, no open incivility as a rule in their conduct with regard to each other, but there was a deadly rivalry, in such matters as divisions attended, questions asked, speeches delivered, and visits paid to Northtown. On one matter only did they act in common, for the instinct of self-preservation led them to compare notes about demands for subscriptions from football and cricket clubs and other non-political societies, as the honourable gentlemen found it cheaper to abstain from rivalry on this point and to act alike.

On the afternoon when Mr. Banks had left his keys dangling from his locker door, and Mr. Tyson had placed his bag within a few feet of the place, a young and irresponsible member, Bobby Trevor, came strolling along the passage engaged in the most serious Parliamentary undertaking of killing time. Bobby noticed the keys, he saw the bag, and he observed that no one other than himself was in the corridor, except a policeman who was at the other end, and was looking another way. Now Bobby had no notion as to the ownership either of the locker or the bag, but, chuckling to himself, he quietly took the bag, placed it in the locker, turned the key in the hole, and leaving it there, went into the House. Within

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a few minutes Mr. Banks missed his keys, and hurried to his locker. He ascertained that the door was locked, and so without opening it, he pocketed his keys and went his way.

Half an hour later Mr. Tyson was making a fine commotion in the corridor about his missing bag. He first of all mentioned the matter to a constable on duty, but the constable knew nothing about it, not having seen a bag placed on the shelf or removed from it.

"Sure you placed it there, Sir?" asked the polite custodian.

"Of course I'm sure," replied the testy member, "as sure as that I'm standing here."

"Then some gentleman must have taken it by mistake," suggested the officer.

"But it's got my initials on each side," said Mr. Tyson. "Nobody could mistake it."

"If it's marked like that, Sir, it's sure to be returned sooner or later," was the soothing reply; but Mr. Tyson was not prepared to let the softest answer turn away his wrath, for, though he did not tell the constable, the fact was that he meant to speak in the House during the evening, and the bag contained a number of papers absolutely essential to the success of his speech.

He fumed about the Lobby, telling his friends everywhere of his loss and declaring that the place was filled with thieves—belonging, of course, to the opposite party. He swore that he was the victim of a vile plot, and he enjoined the constable to watch carefully to see if any one returned the bag.

"If I find out who's done this thing," he said, bringing the two first fingers of his right hand smartly into the palm of his left—a favourite trick of his when excited—"I'll prosecute him if he's the biggest man on either of the front benches—that I will."

Meantime the occupants of the Lobby took but a mild interest in his woes.

"What's Tyson so busy about?" asked a journalist of a colleague. "Surely he's not got hold of anything worth hearing."

"Not he," said the other, "the day of miracles has gone by. He swears someone has sneaked a bag of his from the corridor there, and he's owned up to his intimate friends that it was stuffed with notes for a speech to-night, so now he can't favour us at all!"

"What! all his little carefully prepared impromptus at one fell swoop?" chuckled the abandoned newspaper man, "I wish someone would sneak all their notes—then perhaps we might have a count out."

The infuriated Tyson tried to sit still in the House, but failed. He glared at the inoffensive gentlemen opposite, vowing to himself that they were all thieves, burglars, and pick-pockets. He stalked gloomily up and down the corridor, hoping he would see someone come furtively with the purloined bag in his hand—but he watched in vain.

At the dinner table he recited his wrongs with the utmost vigour, but he failed to arouse much sympathy, for men can bear the trials of others with the utmost composure, and even members of Parliament are human.

"Sure you placed it there, Sir?" asked the polite custodian.

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Some of his friends regarded the whole affair with what he considered to be indecent levity.

"I hope the contents will bear examination," remarked a lively junior whip. "No dynamite, eh? Nothing in the bomb line?"

"Cheer up, Tyson," said a heartless wag—"I don't suspect you. I'll bet there's nothing in the bag worse than some of your jokes. They're deadly enough—but they won't go off, anyhow."

"More like damp squibs than infernal machines, I expect," pursued a third.

"No, no," chimed in another, "there'll be nothing damp discovered—those notes will be dry enough whatever else may be said about them."

"Why not stick up a notice about it," asked a trifler, "and explain that the contents are of no value to anyone but the owner—and not much good to him?"

"It's my opinion," continued an honourable friend, "that the Leader of the House has collared that bag. He's jealous of your growing reputation, Tyson. Why, when you spoke the other day there were at least ten men in the House, and I'll swear two of them were awake, for I saw them yawning."

The victim of these unfeeling jests made no direct reply to them, but kept up a series of growling assertions to the effect that there were men about the place, lots of them too, who ought to wear handcuffs day and night.

His gloomy discontent developed into savage fury when, as he sat in the smoke-room after dinner, the tape machine ticked out the name of Mr. Banks, and thus conveyed to the junior member for Northtown the information that his hated rival was up. Mr. Tyson stalked into the House and listened to the voice of the detested Banks. He looked scornful, but he knew in his soul that Mr. Banks was making a successful speech, and he groaned in spirit because he could not reply. Again he marched round the Lobby, explaining to his friends that if only the bag had not disappeared, he could have crushed Banks. "I'd have wiped the floor with the fellow" he declared; "I'd have reduced him to pulp. He'd have wanted to go and hang himself when I'd finished with him—and before that, too."

But again his fury failed to impress.

"Put down a question to the Home Secretary," said one. "He looks after the police."

"Or move for a Select Committee, or a Special Commission," suggested another.

"Why not tell the press all about it?" asked a third, and Mr. Tyson thought there might be something in the suggestion. He imparted his wrongs to some of the London letter writers in the Lobby, and was quite touched by the sympathetic tone of their remarks. But the next day he was surprised and disgusted to notice that such gentlemen as had noticed the affair at all in their papers, mentioned it as "one of the humours of the session," or "a quaint incident in a dull sitting," or as "an amusing affair which was the cause of not a few jokes in the Lobby last night."

The culprit, Mr. Bobby Trevor, whose thoughtless act had caused all the trouble, had left the House before Mr. Tyson had discovered his loss, nor did the affair return to his memory during the night.

On the next day, a Friday, neither Mr. Banks nor Mr. Trevor came to the House, though Mr. Tyson was there through the whole of the sitting. He had clung to the hope that perhaps someone had taken the bag by mistake, in which case it would be returned during the day. But as the hours passed and the bag did not make its appearance, Mr. Tyson spanked the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right more than ever, and hissed between his clenched teeth, "Now I *know* it's a case of theft, of barefaced, impudent, downright robbery. The fellow who has done this will one day find himself on the treadmill, and will probably later on meet his just doom on the scaffold."

When the House rose that night the members adjourned for the Easter recess, and during the fortnight's holiday the two members for Northtown visited their constituents. It chanced that they both attended a charity dinner in the town, on which occasion they occupied adjoining chairs.

"I noticed something in the papers," said Mr. Banks, "about you having mislaid a bag, or something of the sort, in the House. Have you heard anything about it?"

"I mislaid no bag, my dear sir," replied the peppery Tyson. "But a bag of mine, containing documents of the utmost importance, was basely and maliciously stolen. I suspect a plot, a conspiracy. Had that bag been untouched, I could have answered that speech you made the day before the Easter adjournment, and could have left you without the ghost of a case."

Mr. Banks laughed, and said, rather cynically, that men's undelivered speeches were always such wonders. Mr. Tyson

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remembered that laugh and that sneer later, but at the time he let them pass.

The ingenious Trevor had also noticed the paragraphs about Mr. Tyson, and as he read the papers he took counsel with himself. "I suppose Tyson must be the Johnny whose bag I popped in the other man's locker. I half wish now I hadn't done it, but I don't see what I can do now. I haven't the least notion into what locker I put it. Better wait and let events develop themselves. The fellow must find it there before long, and if he's any sense, he'll just pitch it on the top again, and then Tyson will be able to hug his treasure to his honourable chest again." And so Bobby Trevor made no sign.

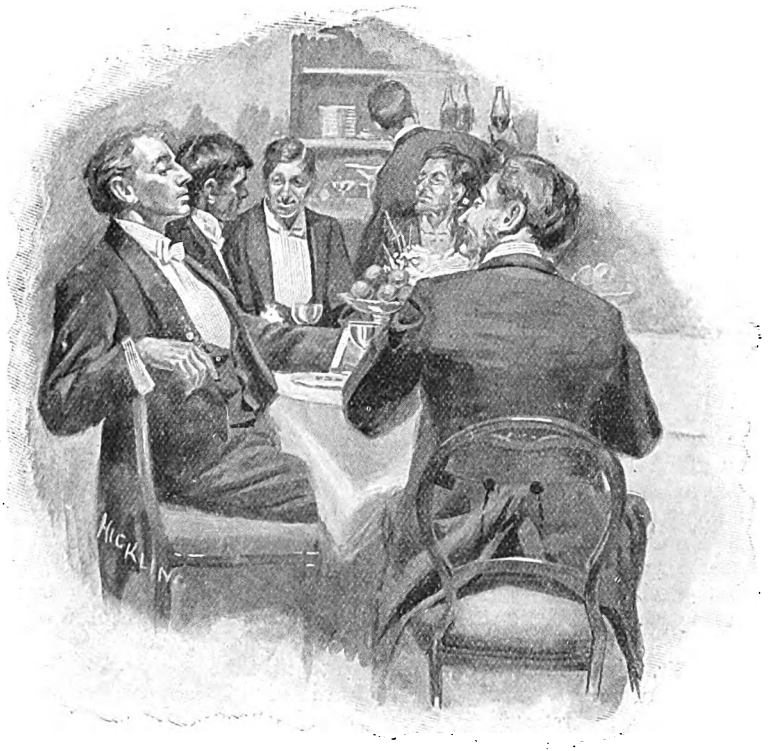
The day for the reassembling of Parliament after the Easter recess came round at last, and the members buzzed about the Lobby exchanging notes about their holiday experiences, as members do on such occasions.

Mr. Banks was there, and seeing his colleague, he called out.

"Oh, Tyson! I've a few of those begging letters that we generally consult each other about. Shall we go through them together?"

"By all means," answered the junior member. "I have some too—no doubt very much the same as yours."

"Well," continued Mr. Banks, "I think the best plan will be for me to get a paper from my locker which shows how we have dealt with some of these claims in the past. Come along. By the way, heard anything of that wonderful bag?"



Mr. Banks laughed, and said, rather cynically, that men's undelivered speeches were always such wonders.

"Not a word," growled Tyson.

"Don't you think it's all a dream?" chuckled the cheery Banks, fitting his key in the locker door.

"That bag is as real—" began Tyson testily, when the door was opened and he started back.

"Hullo, what's this?" asked Mr. Banks, pulling out a leather bag.

"What's this?" shouted his excited colleague, "you know what it is well

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enough. That's my bag, and I want to know what it's doing in your locker—answer me that, answer me that!"—and he smote his left palm with those right fingers with a crack like a pistol shot.

Mr. Banks went very red. "I know nothing about the beastly bag," he replied, speaking loudly, too.

There were many men about, and they began to gather near. The word went round that Tyson's long-lost bag had been found in Banks's locker—it was considered too good a joke to be true. Meantime the storm raged between the two, neither of whom regarded the matter as a joke.

"Never mind whether the bag's 'beastly' or not," said Tyson in a half whisper of enforced calm, which was more terrible than his fury—"but tell me, if you can, how it got in that locker"—and he tapped the other member's chest, as solemnly as the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod taps at the door of the Commons.

"I tell you I don't know," roared Banks, "and what's more I don't care!"

"Don't try to bully me, Sir," rejoined Tyson. "That bag was removed at the moment when its absence proved of the utmost value to you. I find it in that place"—and he tapped the cupboard door—"locked in there, and you alone have the key to that door. Now, Sir, what have you to say?"

"Confound it, man, you talk to me as if you were a bullying Old Bailey lawyer!"

"And you seem to me to have acted like a man who has good reason to dislike all lawyers, and also to shrink from the Old Bailey."

"Have a care, Sir, what you say," bawled Banks in a towering passion.

"Why should I care?" retorted Tyson, "you are the man who should care. Do you see those initials 'C.E.T.' on the bag?"

"Of course I see them, they stand for Church of England Temperance, don't they?"

"They do not, Sir, they stand for Charles Edward Tyson, as you know full well. That bag is mine. It could not have walked into your locker. It could not have slipped in through the keyhole. It was placed there, and who benefited chiefly by its abduction? You did! I remember your leering laugh at the dinner last week in Northtown, and your sneer about undelivered speeches. Fearing to meet me in open fight you deprived me of my ammunition!"

During the delivery of this impeachment, accompanied by many of Mr. Tyson's finest oratorical gestures, Mr. Banks was going livid, and felt inclined to prance with rage.

"I've had enough of this," he gasped at length, "it would take more than a bag to make me fear to meet you in debate—yes, and more than a heap of bags as big as the blessed Pyramids."

"Never mind about the Pyramids," replied Mr. Tyson, and then, speaking very slowly, he asked, "How—did—that—bag—get—in—that—locker?"

"Look here, Tyson," was the answer, "I'm not going to stand here and submit to your cross-examination any longer. I've told you that I neither know nor care how the bag got there. If you had a grain of sense you must see that if I had known it was there I should not have opened the door in your presence."

"People of a certain class need good memories," remarked Tyson pointedly.

"And there are others equally in need of good manners," snapped Banks; "and this I insist on: you shall open that bag here and now and see whether its precious contents are complete."

"Oh, I've no doubt they are all right. Their destruction was unnecessary—opportune suppression was sufficient."

Mr. Banks drummed the floor with his foot, while Mr. Tyson looked inside the bag. "There is nothing missing," he said at length.

"Then I wish you good day," observed Mr. Banks with a very formal bow, "though I scarcely feel safe in going without obtaining a receipt"—and away he walked.

Mr. Tyson went in the other direction, clutching his bag.

By this time every one in the House had heard of the strange restoration of Mr. Tyson's property, and his friends gathered round him.

"You had better sit on the thing," said one, "or you'll have it floating in the air."

"Stick it under your chair at dinner and keep your foot against it as I've seen chaps in my constituency do with a bottle of wine," added another.

"The notes will come in all right," pursued a third, "because your speeches are never about anything in particular, and not much in general."

"I heard you telling Banks that bags don't walk, but there are several pairs of bags on legs in this House, and outside too," was the remark of someone else.

Mr. Banks, also, was engaged in explaining matters, as far as he could explain them with his friends. "I know no more about the bag

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than the man in the moon knows," he said solemnly, so his friends, like Mr. Tyson's, tried to offer explanations.

"You often sleep in the House, Banks," said one. "Perhaps you walk in your sleep, and do other things unconsciously."

"If you didn't collar the bag, Banks," remarked someone else, "you deserve our sympathy, but if you did, you have earned our gratitude, for you saved the House from a Tyson speech, and that is no slight service."

Mr. Banks went very red. "I know nothing about the beastly bag," he replied.

Of course, the mystery was of the greatest service to the press. The discovery of the bag was written up with the greatest vivacity and spirit, and what was described as the "animated conversation" between the two members for Northtown lost nothing in its reproduction in the newspapers. The most learned theories were propounded, about occult influences, about mysterious forces which convey solid bodies, apparently without reason, over continents and oceans, verses and epigrams were written about what was facetiously described as this latest development of the "bag and baggage policy."

Even the *Times* noticed the affair in a leading article which was steadily humorous through three paragraphs! The two rival papers in Northtown slashed at each other with incredible fury, the combatants meeting in the early hours of the morning with the greatest good humour.

But the two men chiefly concerned could never be brought to see the comic side of the incident, and after this, whenever Mr. Banks was asked for his opinion of Mr. Tyson, he would say, "I always knew that Tyson was a man of very limited intelligence, but only since the day when his bag was found in my locker, have I known that he is as big a fool as he looks."

Mr. Tyson's opinion of Mr. Banks was equally vigorous, though not quite so elaborately expressed. "It is my belief," he would say, "that Banks is a cold-blooded scoundrel."

Each had been innocently deceived about the other, but one may hope that they will forget their unjust suspicions now that, with the consent of the penitent Trevor, who has since become a peer of the realm, this explanation clears up a Lobby Mystery.

That ingenious nobleman has the satisfaction of knowing that his thoughtless act has indirectly, but very really, benefited many deserving institutions in Northtown. For when Messrs. Banks and Tyson ceased to speak to each other they, of course, gave up the habit of consulting about subscription lists. Each tried to out-do the other, and if one sent a cheque for some local charity, the other scrawled a larger cheque in a fury, and sent it down as a sort of retort.

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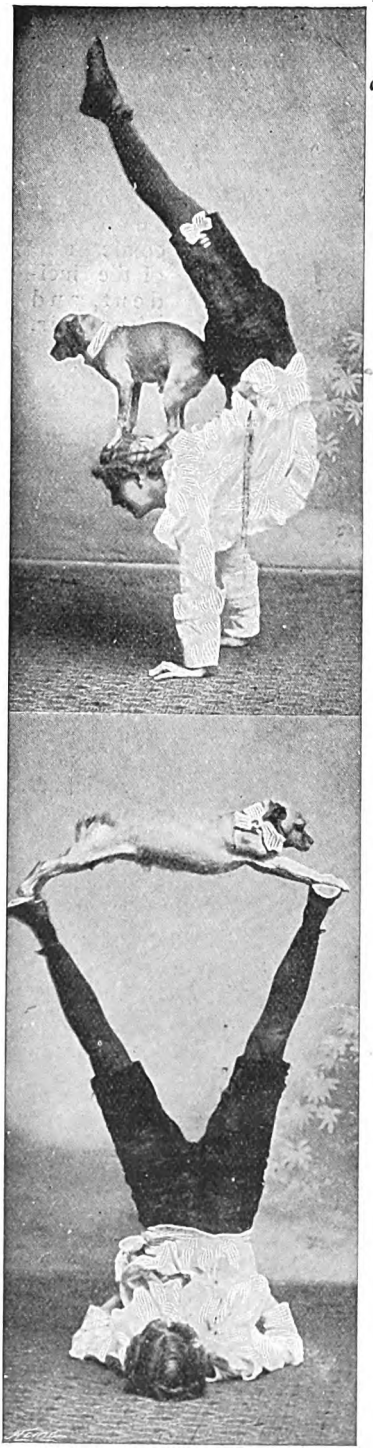

Two of the dog Zaza's acrobatic feats.

ZAZA THE ACROBAT

By H. L. Adam.

One of the best canine performances which have ever been seen in London was undoubtedly that which Mr. Dundas Slater introduced to his patrons at the Alhambra Theatre not long since. The "turn" was entitled "Irene la Tour and 'Zaza.'" The latter is a remarkably human-faced dog — a mixture of pug and terrier—who performs with astounding celerity, and amusing *sang froid*, many very difficult acrobatic evolutions about the body of his mistress, Miss la Tour.

A small, and very pretty dog was Zaza—what ninety-nine out of a hundred ladies would call sweet. His eyes were large and lustrous, and beaming with good natured intelligence.

The "act" opens with a few contortions on the stage by Miss la Tour, a pretty little American lady. She is attired in a fancy costume, something after the style of that which is worn by those who sing in praise of "coons" and "yaller gals." Zaza sits benignantly and self-contained on a chair close by, watching with a certain air of superiority the antics of his mistress.

Presently the time arrives to display his agility. Down he jumps from his chair, and trots on to Miss la Tour's prostrate body, walking up and down her as she turns and twists, perching himself on her shoulder, on her head, on her back, anon assuming the perpendicular or stretching horizontal at full length. The dog does all these movements with the utmost ease and dexterity, never once losing his balance or failing in a trick.

I subsequently had an interview with Zaza and congratulated him. He indicated that there was really nothing to make a fuss about, in true doggy fashion, by turning his back upon me and wagging "Tut! tut!" with his tail.

I learned from Miss la Tour that Zaza had been at his tricks for a great number of years already. It was interesting to learn that he initiated his own performance in a very ready and somewhat unconventional manner. The lady was one day rehearsing some acrobatic movements in the presence of Zaza, when the latter voluntarily joined in, and displayed several of his tricks.

At once the idea occurred to the lady to encourage this aptitude and elaborate it into an entire performance —to "star" Zaza, so to speak. Needless to say, the

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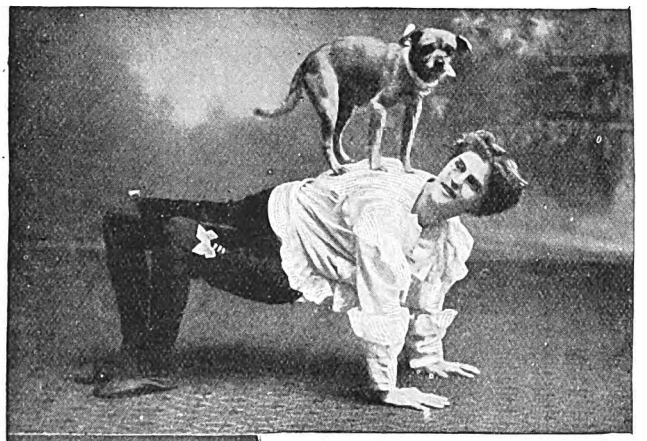
consummation of this project was not long delayed, for the pupil practically led the tutor. As a proof of how remarkable is the instinct of this dog it may be mentioned that he occasionally introduces new tricks himself. He will unexpectedly take up a new position during a performance, and is encouraged to repeat it.

I was informed by Miss la Tour—who was naturally very eloquent and enthusiastic concerning her talented friend—that Zaza was also possessed of a remarkably vigorous constitution, and had encountered many mishaps, passing through all with mind and body unimpaired. He had, for instance, been kicked by a horse, fallen downstairs, been lost, annexed by dog fanciers, and subjected to many other misfortunes to which a dog is heir.

Then, said his mistress, with suddenly overcast face, he swears! Had I ever heard a dog swear, she inquired. I was unable to reply in the affirmative, not having graduated in canine oaths. My reply was, therefore, in the negative. Miss la Tour then proceeded to encourage Zaza to swear for my especial benefit. He kindly growled savagely, winding up with a few mysterious and inarticulate sounds, like those which sometimes proceed from a phonograph. These, I was given to understand, were "swear words." I accepted them as such.

Perfectly at home.



When Miss la Tour twists around on hands and feet, Zaza walks over her body with the utmost sangfroid.

A queer position.

During the performance Miss la Tour uses a velvet pad for her chin. This Zaza always carries off at the end of the performance. He originally elected to do this, and he has always been allowed the privilege since.

The dog is a great traveller, and has been practically all over the world. He is taken about in a long box, with compartments, and a perforated metal front. During last season alone, whilst touring with Chas. H. Yale's spectacular production of "The Devil's Auction," Zaza covered considerably over 20,000 miles in eight months.

Sometimes Zaza is possessed of a mischievous spirit, and his mistress recalls an occasion when he deliberately took advantage of her occupying a somewhat delicate balancing position, to knock roughly against and upset her. No doubt he argued that all work and no play was likely to make Zaza a dull dog.

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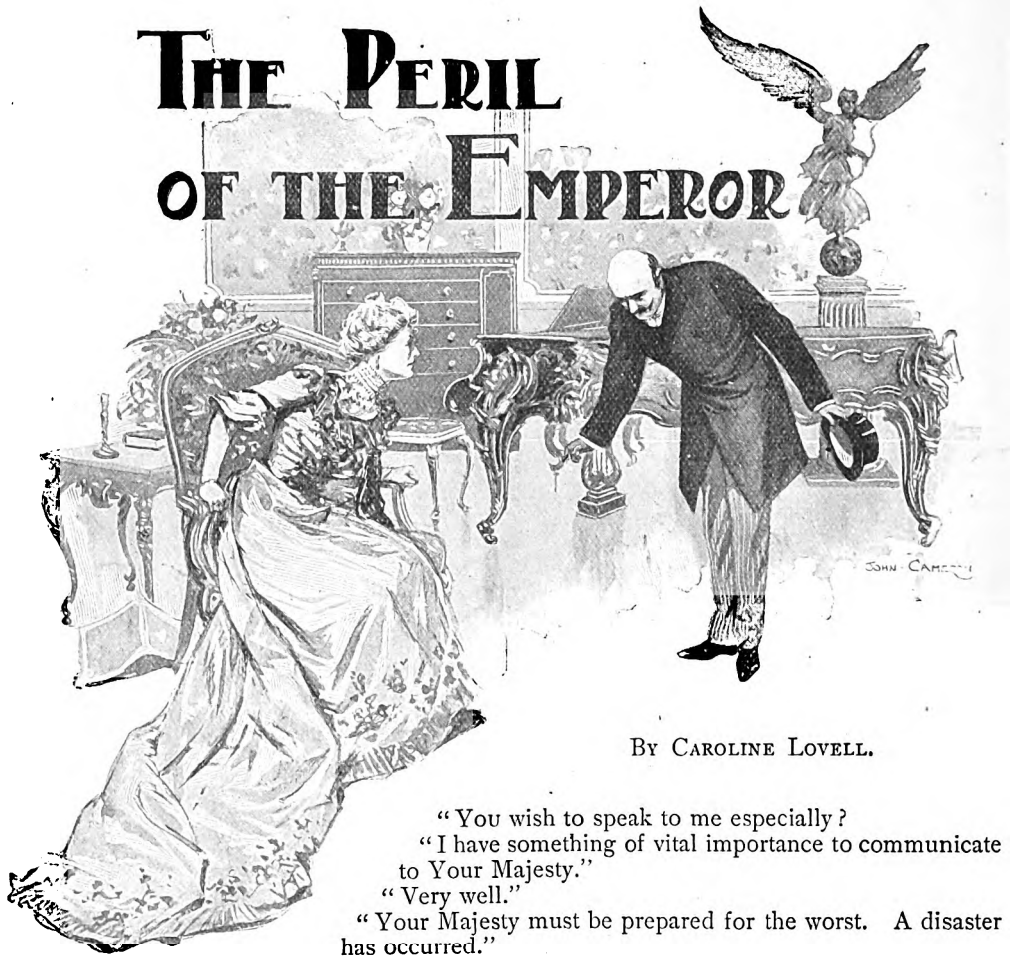
The Peril of the Emperor



By Caroline Lovell.

"You wish to speak to me especially?

"I have something of vital importance to communicate to Your Majesty."

"Very well."

"Your Majesty must be prepared for the worst. A disaster has occurred."

"Proceed."

"Ivanof has eluded the police. He has escaped and is at this moment in Laville."

The face of Her Majesty seemed turned to stone. After a pause, she asked, huskily:

"How do you know this?"

"We have had six telegrams since ten o'clock. He was finally located in Darmstadt yesterday, and the police expected to have their hands on him by this morning. They captured four of the conspirators, but Ivanof escaped during the night. The Nihilists have had the audacity to avow the plot, saying that Ivanof was already in Laville and the crime as good as committed, as it was to take place during the morning procession."

"Which is now over," and Her Majesty's face relaxed.

"Yes, but to-night?"

"True, true! To-night! And Ivanof in Laville! Oh, God!" She wrung her hands and walked backwards and forwards. Then she turned furiously. "Miserable creatures! How dare they let him escape?"

"Your Majesty," the man said earnestly, "everything was done that human power could do. You know this man's or woman's—for we are not sure of the sex—wonderful cunning. Never before in the unearthing of all his plots have we been able to put a finger on him. For the first time in the three years we have been searching he has been located."

"And escapes!"

"Your Majesty," the man said, with deep respect, "we have things to consider now of much more importance than where the fault lies."

"You are right. What do you propose to do?"

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"His Majesty must be prevented from taking part in the procession to-night, or we must give up the procession."

"You could invent no excuse that would satisfy him. No, the procession must take place, but he must not be in it."

"But, the people will be—" the man stammered.

"Something must take his place in the coach."

"Your Majesty means somebody—"

"That might be murdered. I mean something."

"A statue?"

"A figure," she said, and stood up quickly. "Leave it all to me!"

Then she hurried away to the apartment of her son, Alexis, the Emperor.

* * * * *

Night had fallen, and the city was brilliant with illuminations. The State carriage, surrounded by a square of mounted dragoons, waited in front of the Embassy. The thousands lining the boulevard and filling windows and balconies were gratified, after hours of patient waiting, by seeing the Emperor, clad in glittering uniform, descend the steps and enter the coach. What they did not see was Alexis, wrapped in a long cloak, which had been handed to him by a footman as he stepped out of the door on the opposite side of the carriage, just as it was about to start, re-enter the Embassy by a door opening on the street. His mother was waiting in his dressing-room, and kissed him fervently as she bade him go to bed at once and have a good night's rest.

After she had gone, he blew out the candles and opened the window. It was a glorious night, fresh and bracing. He seated himself on the sill and looked up and down the boulevard. As far as eye could reach in either direction there was a diminishing perspective of brilliancy. Illuminated designs were erected at regular intervals, between which were standards bearing the fluttering flags of the two countries, while the fronts of the houses were adorned with crimson velvet, gold-fringed draperies, garlands of green bound in ribbon and lighted coloured lanterns.

The nation was doing fitting honour to its illustrious guest. The street was black with people, and Alexis could still hear the roar, growing fainter and fainter, as the *cortège* moved further away. He laughed aloud as he lit his cigar, put both his feet on the window-sill, and leaned his back against the casement, his hands clasped around his knees. Suddenly his face became illuminated with joy. He threw away his cigar, lit a candle, and began tearing off his uniform, pitching his decorations on to the dressing-table. When his valet knocked, the Emperor informed him that he did not need his services as he was ready for bed at that moment. Before twenty minutes had passed. the Emperor slipped into the street, a very tall, broad-shouldered civilian, wearing a brown tweed suit and a crush hat.

Calculating where he would be most likely to have a fine view of the procession, he made for the Place Royal, his spirits rising with every step as he strode along the thronged and brilliant streets. The Emperor was quite six feet two, and could very easily see over the heads of an ordinary throng, but he preferred a more comprehensive range, and, looking about him rapidly, saw his opportunity. He was near one of the great statues which encircled the Place. Against this a ladder had been planted, up which men and boys were swarming. Striding forward through the crowd, he asked the price, paid his handful of sous, and in a moment was congratulating himself on his prudence.

Up in the pure, fresh air, out of the surging crush, he climbed above the others, and seated himself comfortably in the capacious lap of the stone goddess, and swept the great plain below him with a single glance; then, lighting a fresh cigar, he proceeded to enjoy himself to the utmost.

The statue below him was covered with men and boys, a respectable, middle-aged couple and one stout, unattractive-looking girl, who sat with her feet over the edge of the pedestal, addressed facetious remarks to an appreciative audience below. In every direction men in blouses were mounted on ladders patiently lighting one by one the millions of gas jets. Carriages were pushing up to the edge of the asphalt to secure desirable positions, and a steady hum rose from the moving throng pouring into the Place.

At this moment Alexis heard a deliciously sweet young voice saying anxiously:

"Is there still a place?" He looked down and beheld the owner of the voice, standing near the top of the ladder, lifting up one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen.

"Certainly, certainly," a chorus of voices responded, and one or two of the boys slapped their knees suggestively and held out their arms with encouraging smiles.

A wave of crimson stained the creaminess of her skin, and, feeling every vein tingle

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with fury, Alexis leaned down and held out his hand.

"There is plenty of room up here," he said politely.

With a glance of deep gratitude, she took his outstretched hand and mounted to his side. He had seen myriads of pretty women but never before in all his existence a face that interested him more. Her profile, with its small, aquiline, high-bred nose, full, clearly-cut lips and strong chin, indicated determination and force of character as well as beauty. Her eyes were long rather than large, and of an indescribable depth and fire, topaz in colour and darkened by the black of the lashes and brows; while her hair was bronze in effect and of a crimpy waviness. She was dressed entirely in black, a full cape reaching below the waist, and her face was shaded by a wide hat covered with plumes.

The girl below was singing an audacious song, balancing herself on the edge of the pedestal, and holding her parasol as a violin. The men surrounding her urged her on, and the floating audience below applauded. Alexis felt his face burn, and glanced apprehensively towards his companion, but she was deeply absorbed, leaning forward with parted lips and heightened colour.

A body of horsemen was clashing across the bridge, their breast-plates glittering in the light, and the horse tails floating from their helmets, to prepare the way for the coming of the Emperor. Somehow, somewhere the people were crushed back and a broad open space left diagonally across the Place, lined on either side with horsemen facing the centre, and so close together that their knees almost touched.

"Is that for the passage of the Emperor?" the girl asked, turning toward him for the first time.

"Yes," he answered.

"But I thought the procession was to pass right under this monument."

"It seems not."

"Then I must get down," she said rising.

"Impossible!" he protested. "You cannot go into that crowd."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least, and I must see the Emperor."

"You would not be able to see if you got down! You could not see over the heads of that crowd."

"No, but I could make my way to the front."

"You would be crushed to death."

Suddenly she smiled divinely at him. Her teeth were pearly white, and heaven seemed in her eyes.

"I want to see the Emperor *so* much," she pleaded; "I have never seen him; that is all I came for. Will you not help me down?"

His strength turned to weakness.

"Wait," he said, and scrambled down to the base of the statue. In a moment he was back, joy shining in his eyes. "They have taken away the ladder, and it is fully fourteen feet to the ground." Then, seeing the look on her face, he added earnestly: "I promise you that you shall see him. You know there will be another chance to-night on the way back, and we will get good places on the avenue."

She was silent for a while; then she turned to him.

"You promise me?" she said, unconsciously putting one gloved hand on his knee and looking deep into his eyes.

An electric thrill seemed to pass through his whole being.

"Yes, I promise," he answered, and sat, tingling all over, as she withdrew her hand and leaned forward with contracted brows.

About this time there arose a murmur as of the wind, from far off, from no one knows where, which swept like a breeze over the throng, then died away and rose again.

Across the river, silhouetted against the light, came a dashing cavalcade along the opposite bank. In an instant it struck the bridge and came swinging over at a spanking pace. First a company of dragoons, leaping on their horses, with uniforms glittering and swords clanking. Then the royal coach, all crimson and gold, surrounded by a compact square of cavalry, their swords gleaming in the light.

The murmur rose into a deep, steady roar, which accompanied the speeding carriage as a wave, flowing across the Place, amidst a frantic waving of multitudinous hats and handkerchiefs. More state coaches followed another squadron, and the procession was out of sight, the horsemen lining the roadway, closing up four abreast and galloping behind.

The girl sat silent for some time, then drew a long, deep breath.

"I suppose we can get down now," she said.

The soubrette below was performing a species of skirt dance, enthusiastically cheered by the crowd beneath, and Alexis felt that it was time to leave. His demand for a ladder was greeted by a volley of

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derisive replies, and the multitude below, seeing the dilemma, began to flow in his direction.

Descending to the pedestal of the monument, he made a hasty exploration; then returning, assisted his companion down and round to the back of the statue. Below there was a stone balustrade, and, letting himself over carefully, he dropped to this; then, standing on it, held up his arms.

"Sit on the edge," he directed, "and let yourself over slowly."

She did as she was told, resting her hands on the ledge. Holding her in his arms, he sprang to the pavement, just as the crowd came pouring round to enjoy the spectacle, and in an instant they were lost in the throng. Slipping her hand through his arm, he drew her away, as the stout girl came over amidst cheers, suspended from above by two men, who grasped her hands, while a third clasped her around the knees below.

"Would you like to walk up the avenue to the Arch?" Alexis asked. "It will be fully an hour and a half before the procession comes back."

She assented, adding:

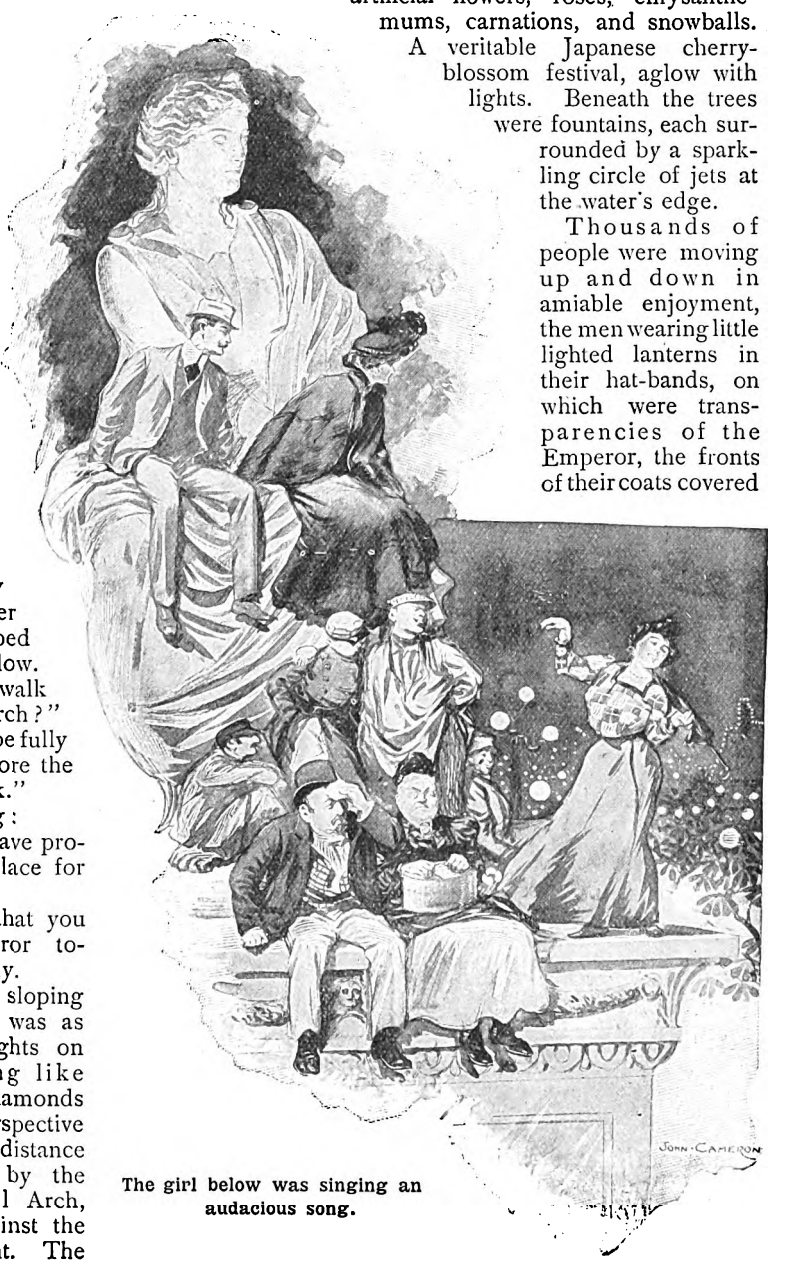
"Remember, you have promised to get a good place for me?"

"I promise you that you shall see the Emperor to-night," he said earnestly.

The long, upward sloping stretch of the avenue was as white as day, the lights on either hand sparkling like unbroken strings of diamonds in ever-diminishing perspective until they met in the distance and were crowned by the glorious Triumphal Arch, sketched in lights against the blackness of the night. The avenues of chestnut trees on either side, under which they walked, were ablaze with flame-coloured Chinese lanterns. These were round and fluted, and looked like great luminous pumpkins among the leaves, shedding a rich bronze glow over the foliage.

Half-way up the avenue, the Circle was like an orchard ablaze in bloom, the trees surrounding it covered with masses of artificial flowers, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations, and snowballs. A veritable Japanese cherry-blossom festival, aglow with lights. Beneath the trees were fountains, each surrounded by a sparkling circle of jets at the water's edge.

Thousands of people were moving up and down in amiable enjoyment, the men wearing little lighted lanterns in their hat-bands, on which were transparencies of the Emperor, the fronts of their coats covered



The girl below was singing an audacious song.

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with badges and national medals. Families were seated on the grass or on benches, having their dinners out of great baskets. Lines of students with their arms over one another's shoulders, sang together as they pushed through the crowd, and on every hand there was animation, pleasure, and excitement.

Alexis and his companion walked slowly up to the Arch, then back again to the place of the cherry blossoms.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"A little," she acknowledged reluctantly, whereupon he looked round and chose a secluded spot in deep shadow under the trees. She seated herself on the grass at the edge of a fountain, and Alexis stretched himself out by her side. The excitement of the moment made her eyes burn and sparkle, and there was a deep spot of colour on either cheek. Leaning back against a tree trunk, she began at once to talk to him, her conversation flowing on lightly and charmingly.

There was very possibly a nervous hurry to prevent his getting in a word had he wished to try, but he was content to lie there, luxuriating in the beauty of his surroundings, crowned by her own surpassing loveliness. As she talked on, however, he became gradually aware of the fact that she was a finished woman of the world, and with the realisation that she was not the young and helpless girl he had taken her for, a sort of uneasiness took possession of him, and he said suddenly and irrelevantly:

"Will you be long in Laville?"

The animation died out of her face and her eyes fell. After a moment she replied:

"I think not."

"It is not your home, then?"

"No."

"Does it not seem strange to you that we do not know each other's names?"

"Would you like to know who I am?" she asked, and an amused smile flickered over her lips.

"You know I should."

"I will tell you, then, perhaps, before we part. And you?"

"I will tell you, too."

Silence fell on them after this. Her desire for conversation seemed to have passed away. She sat with her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at the stars. A slowly widening distance seemed to come between them as he realised that in all probability he would never see her again after to-night.

Suddenly she looked down and said anxiously:

"Isn't it time for the procession to be coming?"

"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "we have plenty of time yet."

"I am sure it is time to go," she said firmly, rising lightly to her feet.

"We have a half hour yet," he pleaded, taking out his watch.

"Yes, and we must get a place. A half hour is hardly time enough. You promised me I should see the Emperor, you know," and her voice changed beguilingly as she looked down at him with a winning smile.

He rose to his feet and offered her his arm, and once more they plunged into the throng, and, pushing their way through, walked along behind the great barrier of humanity lining the pavement, until they found a place a little thinned.

Here they stopped, and as people dropped back, made their way to the pavement's edge, and stood directly behind the row of dragoons who were mounting guard, their horses' heads turned toward the multitude. The girl stroked the nose of the horse whose head almost touched her shoulder, and whispered softly in his ear, and laid her cheek against his caressingly, and then talked a little to the glorious dragoon above her, whose trappings were sparkling in the gaslight, and finally asked him coaxingly if he would not push a little further away from the dragoon next to him, when the time came, so that she might be able to see between them into the coach.

The man smiled a little, but said not a word, although Alexis could divine the impression produced on him by her beauty. He drew back a little coldly, and just at this instant there was a tremendous, though subdued, sound, as of an explosion, which shook the earth under them.

"Boom! they've killed him," exclaimed a student, and the crowd laughed.

The girl turned as white as death, and put her hand on Alexis's arm.

"What is it?" she whispered.

He slipped his hand over hers and held it fast.

"The fireworks are commencing," he said, smiling down at her.

After this she stayed very near him, leaving her hand in his, and becoming silent. The throng pushed and surged around them, keeping up a ceaseless flow of chatter and laughter; and as they were pressed nearer together, they seemed as isolated as though in the midst of a vast desert.

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Suddenly there was a clashing sound as the dragoons straightened up and drew their swords. A thrill of expectation ran through the crowd, and Alexis felt vindictively towards the procession as the girl slipped her hand from his, and, turning her back to him, stood almost between the horses. He heard a whispered "Remember!" rise to the dragoon, and saw an answering smile on the man's face, as he looked up quickly. He stepped haughtily back, and in an instant the space between them was occupied by a fat woman with a moustache who had vigorously elbowed her way to the front.

And now there rose from very far off the deep-toned voice of the multitude, faint at first, but swelling like an approaching storm. Louder and nearer it rolled, as brilliant, glittering and clattering, the procession once more dashed into sight. Down the great avenue it came swinging. Abreast of them passed the outriders, and then, with a running escort of cavalry along each side of the Imperial coach, footmen and coachmen in green and gold, with powdered wigs and scarlet satin breeches.

Inside, at the open window, could be seen the young Emperor, wearing a uniform, covered with decorations and an astrachan fez, one gloved hand raised to the side of his face in the perpetual, changeless royal salute. Alexis saw nothing but the back of the little bronze head in front of him, crowned with black plumes. With an unnoticeable movement, one dragoon pressed more closely against the other, and a clear space a foot wide opened before the girl. Directly beyond her was the face of the Emperor, white against the dark background.

With a movement that seemed almost like flying, she darted between the horses, raised one hand, and threw something into the window of the vehicle. A thunderous roar split the air, and the earth heaved as the carriage was rent into fragments.

Yells and curses and women's screams rose in a babel of sound, and Alexis felt, rather than saw, the multitude turned into wild beasts, ready to rend limb from limb the daring anarchist. He fought his way in, striking women and children, and bodily moving the madly plunging horses with his shoulders; then caught the girl in his arms, under the frantic steeds.

"For Heaven's sake, men," he cried, "let me out. My wife has fainted."

Some sort of way was made for him and he struggled out, slipping under the shadow of the trees and making his way finally into the depths of the palace gardens. He stopped at last where it was darkest and the shrubbery densest, panting, with the moisture pouring from his face. He put the girl down on a stone bench and stood beside her. He had been vaguely conscious of her desperate struggles to escape, but she had been as a fluttering bird in his strong arms.

"Tell me who you are," he said hoarsely, his heavy hand on her shoulder.

She sprang to her feet and shook herself free from his touch, and facing him, with the fire of enthusiasm burning in her eyes, answered triumphantly:

"*I am Ivanof!*"

He shrank as if struck by a physical blow, and looked about him in terror.

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" he cried.

She laughed contemptuously.

"I am not ashamed of it," she answered.

"Do you know what you have done?" he whispered.

"Yes, God be praised! I have rid the earth of the tyrant. What long, long years we have waited for this. Oh, God, I thank Thee, that we have been avenged at last!"

"You call him a tyrant. He has been on the throne two years. Can you tell me of a single tyrannical act on his part?"

"He is accused by the voices of the martyred millions in exile, rising to God's judgment seat."

"And God is judge," Alexis said sternly. "Listen to me, for I have only a little time to speak. The young Emperor, whom you speak of as an unbearable tyrant, was trying to the best of his abilities to institute great reforms in his kingdom. He had not the unlimited power you imagine. He was hedged in on every side by almost unsurmountable barriers. Time was his only ally. In years to come he might have swept before him every obstacle, and his country might have flung off the shackles of a despotism, not of one ruler, but of many. And how have you helped the country? You have rolled it backward a generation, and riveted, for years to come, the fetters which were about to be stricken off. You have brought your friends, perhaps the innocent among them, to the scaffold; and, above all, you have committed murder yourself."

"In the sight of man," she answered unsteadily.

"And do you think that God will approve of your killing a perfectly innocent man, and wrecking the life of his mother?"

"His mother!" She shrank, as though scorched.

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"Yes, his mother," he answered bitterly. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that he or she could have natural affections. He is the light of her life. It will kill her."

Suddenly the girl's forced and unnatural composure left her. She threw herself on the stone bench, weeping wildly. An unbounded pity for her touched his heart, and he seated himself beside her and took her hand gently.

"Do not touch me!" she cried; "I am a murderess. Let me go to the death I deserve," and she sprang to her feet

He caught both hands and held them tightly, then stood and looked down on her.

"What would you give not to be a murderess?" he asked.

"My life—anything," she answered wildly.

"Well," he said very slowly, "you have not killed the Emperor."

"Not killed him! How do you know? Oh, God! Did you see him? He escaped?"

"Do not touch me!" she cried; "I am a murderess. Let me go to the death I deserve."

He lifted her hands up and pressed them against his heart. Then he bent his head, his lips almost touching hers that were raised to him.

"I am the Emperor," he whispered.

"I do not understand," she said, in a dazed way, after a long silence.

In as few words as possible he told her the circumstances, and when he had finished she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"And I might have killed *you!*" she whispered.

Suddenly a sound broke on the air. It was the deep tone of a church bell. He started, then, lifting her to her feet, said hurriedly:

"You must leave Laville at once. The safest plan is to go directly back. Once in our own country I can protect you. I will arrange everything, and send someone to take you. I myself must get back as quickly as possible to the Embassy."

She was like a child in his hands. Outside the gardens they took a cab and drove to a quiet hotel. As he left her, he whispered, with confident elation:

"It will not be long before we meet again," and pressed her hand to his lips.

An hour later an official arrived at the hotel to conduct her to the train. He was informed that madame had already left the place. A letter was given to him, which Alexis tore open in his dressing-room. It read:

MY FRIEND,—It is better that we should never meet again. It will be useless to search for me. When this reaches you I will be before a Higher Tribunal for judgment. Forget me.

He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

The whole world was astonished at the miraculous escape of the Emperor, when even fragments of his clothing had been torn off and hurled to a distance. But the miracle of miracles was the fact that the Nihilist—who was suspected of being the notorious Ivanof—was never found.

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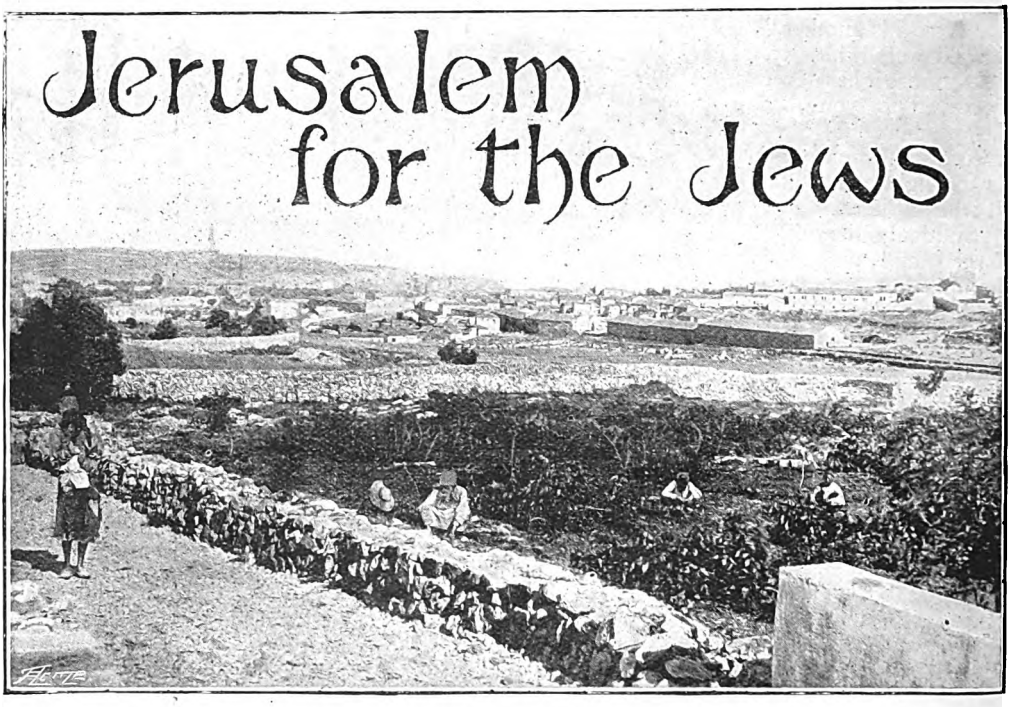
Jerusalem for the Jews



A view of a Jewish suburb looking towards the Mount of Olives from Abraham's Vineyard.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

The Zionist movement, as we call the scheme for sending the Jews to Palestine, has led to a number of conferences, and the recent one in London has called forth many conflicting statements upon the subject. More than one correspondent of the papers has repeated what the writer has heard an educated Jew affirm, namely, that his co-religionists regard themselves as belonging to the nations with whom they dwell.

For instance, an English Jew is an Englishman first and then a Jew, and he looks upon French Jews as foreigners, just as English Roman Catholics do the members of their faith who live on the Continent.

Some Jews intermarry with their Gentile neighbours, and their descendants become merged with the general population, and if this went on to any great extent it might afford, as some have urged, a solution of the Jewish question. There does and must remain the general mass who cannot or do not feel able to assimilate with their fellow countrymen in this or other ways. It is for these that Zionists are exerting their energies.

We are not here concerned so much with what might be done as with what has happened and is going on in Palestine itself, towards the occupation of that country once more by the Jews. That a great many have found their way there, is evident if we compare the number of Jews in Jerusalem fifty years or more ago with the number at present there. Whereas in the year 1846 there were but seven thousand of the race under consideration in the city, there are now, according to a recent estimate, forty-five or fifty thousand.

A cake of the soap made in Abraham's Vineyard.

Many of the Children of Israel from all parts

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of the world flowed into Palestine until recently, when the Turkish authorities forbade any Jew to land unless he gave a bond and security for £50 that he would leave again within thirty days. It is now mostly a matter of *backsheesh*, but Jews still continue to enter the country.

One got on shore not long ago in a novel, if somewhat, uncomfortable way with the help of his friends. He went on in the steamer to Haifa, where a Jewish agent came on board on business.

Just as the vessel was leaving a cry arose that a mail bag had been left behind, and it was forthwith bundled overboard into a boat and taken ashore. It did not, however, reach the postal authorities, which is just as well, for it contained the Jew in question, who was carried off by his friends. It should be remembered, however, that the Turks have never persecuted the Jews.

Side by side with the increase in population, the size of Jerusalem has altered. Before 1853 not a single dwelling was to be seen outside its walls. Now it is surrounded in every direction by suburbs, as is seen in our first illustration.

The photograph is taken from the north-west, and shows the Mount of Olives in the distance. This eminence is surmounted by the Russian tower, two hundred feet high, ostensibly to contain a bell, but from which a view of all the surrounding country can be obtained.

The growth of Jerusalem is particularly interesting, in so much as it is a direct fulfilment of a prophecy in Jeremiah (Chapter XXXI., verses 38-40). This says that the city shall be built from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and that the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb and shall compass about to Goath.

Furthermore, the valleys and the fields by the brook of Kidron are mentioned, all of which are now built over. A remarkable fact is that the first habitation raised by Jewish hands outside the walls was in Abraham's Vineyard, which Dr. von Schick, a resident authority on the subject, has identified as Goath.

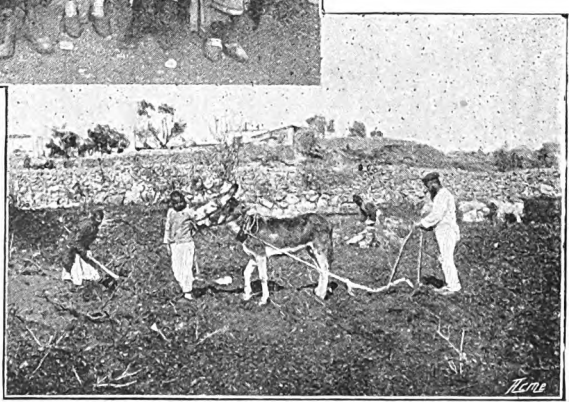
In the second chapter of Zachariah, also, occur the words: "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls, for the multitude of men and cattle therein."

The settlements are of course without the walls, and the custom of shutting the gates at night has had to be abandoned.

Even so long as fifty years ago the question of helping

The first house erected by Jewish hands in fulfilment of the prophecy.

Five Yemanite Jews from Arabia, who arrived after many extraordinary adventures.



Ploughing in the Vineyard.

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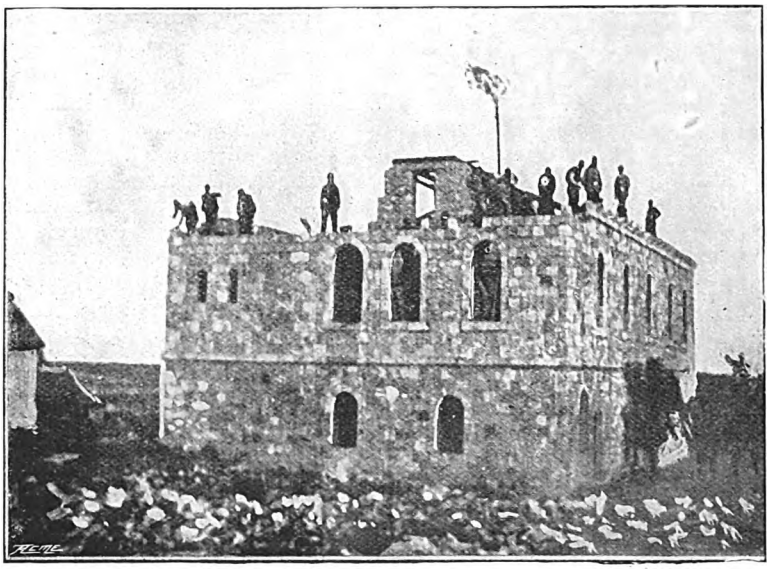
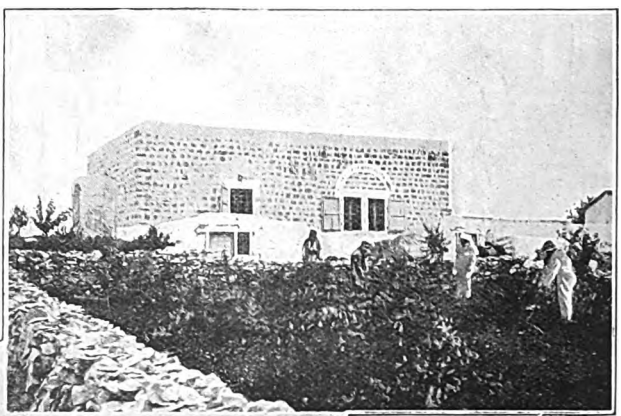


Additions being made to the first Jewish house erected outside the walls of Jerusalem. Note the olive branch raised aloft for luck—a curious practice found in other parts of the world.

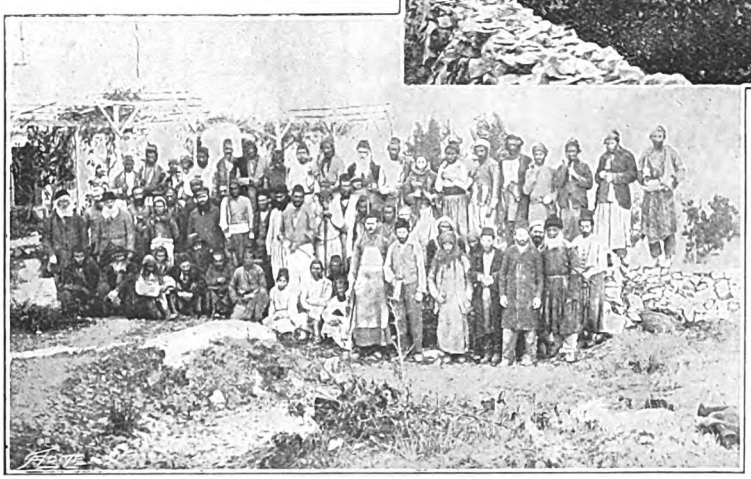
to build. Lack of workmen, and, above all, lack of funds were the chief hindrance to the completion of the work. For many years it remained a tiny one-storied building. Then, at last, the work was continued in earnest, sufficient funds having been obtained. Observe in the accompanying picture the olive branch which the workmen put up on the top of the building for luck, a custom which prevails also in Calabria.

the poor Jews who found their way to Jerusalem had arisen. Consul Finn, the representative of Great Britain on the spot, had been asked by the authorities at home to do what he could for the Jews, and his wife purchased Abraham's Vineyard and employed poor Jews to cut and shape the stone abundant there from which to build the house we have alluded to.

That house took a very long time



This is how the first Jewish house outside Jerusalem appeared for many years.



A group of Jewish workmen employed in the Vineyard

With the acquisition of Abraham's Vineyard the first scheme for helping the Jews was inaugurated, a scheme which, having as a basis the providing of work rather than the giving of money, has been elaborated, and is still carried on. A committee in

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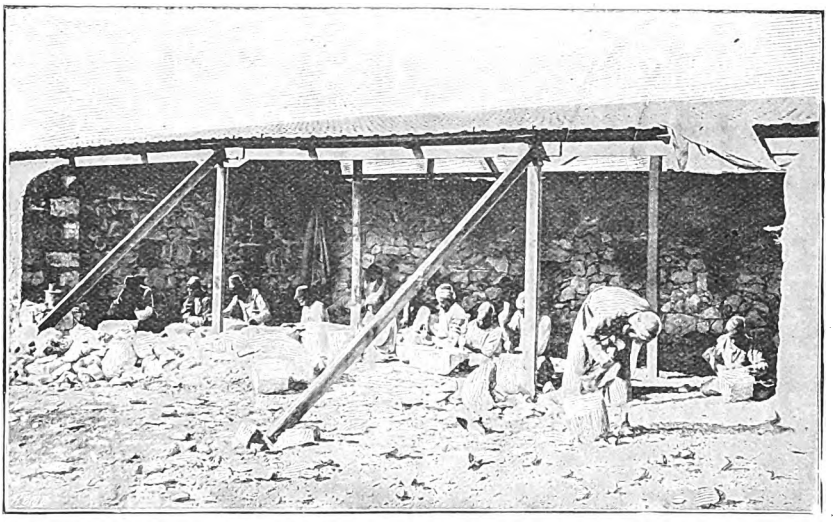
England has the matter under their control, of which Mrs. Finn continues to be the life and soul.

There are other benefits enjoyed by some of the Jewish refugees. For instance, their richer brethren in Europe annually send them a sum of money, which, however, does not go very far. Again, the bequest of a rich Jew who came from Warsaw and settled in Jerusalem has provided homes for many refugees.



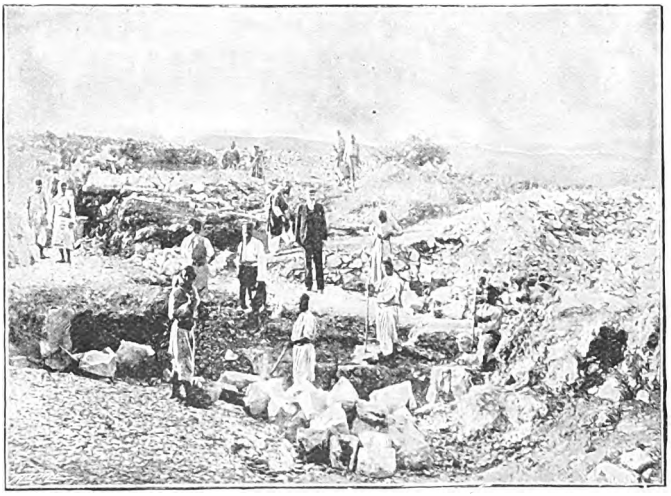
One of the sheds in which building stones are squared by Jewish settlers.

These form the colony seen in our first illustration. Families are chosen by lot to occupy the dwellings, which they enjoy rent free for a period of three or four years, after which they make way for others.

We will, however, endeavour, with the help of photographs which Mrs. Finn very kindly had taken for the writer, to give an idea of the work of the Jews and for the Jews on Abraham's Vineyard. To begin with, there are, as a rule, about seventy men employed, many with large families dependent upon them, whom they manage, with difficulty it is true, to keep going.

Among these refugees are several of the Yemanite Jews from Arabia, where they have been located since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Some years back the Yemanites heard that the Messiah was expected at Jerusalem, and several hundred of them started off for the Holy City. They embarked in native coasting vessels, and by ill-luck or bad management were taken to India.

Thence they again started for their goal, and this time arrived safely at Jaffa. From here they had to tramp with their women and children across the plain of Sharon, and were discovered sitting down outside Jerusalem in abject want and not knowing what to do next. An American lady and the Europeans in the city took them in hand and put them out of their immediate distress. The Yemanites brought their schoolmaster with them, and he, being a cripple, was carried on their backs all the way from Jaffa.



"Planning out a Cistern." A very important work in connection with the founding of a new colony.

One of the most striking industries

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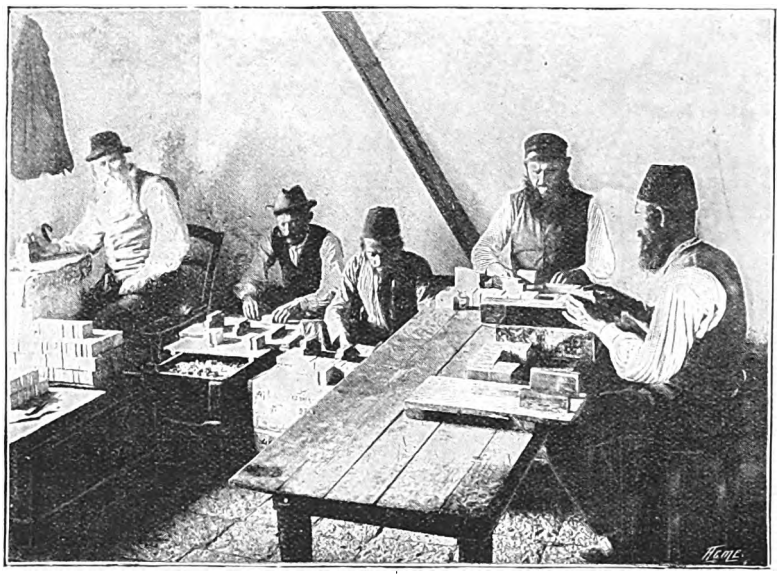


A corner of the soap-making manufactory. These men are shaping the tablets.

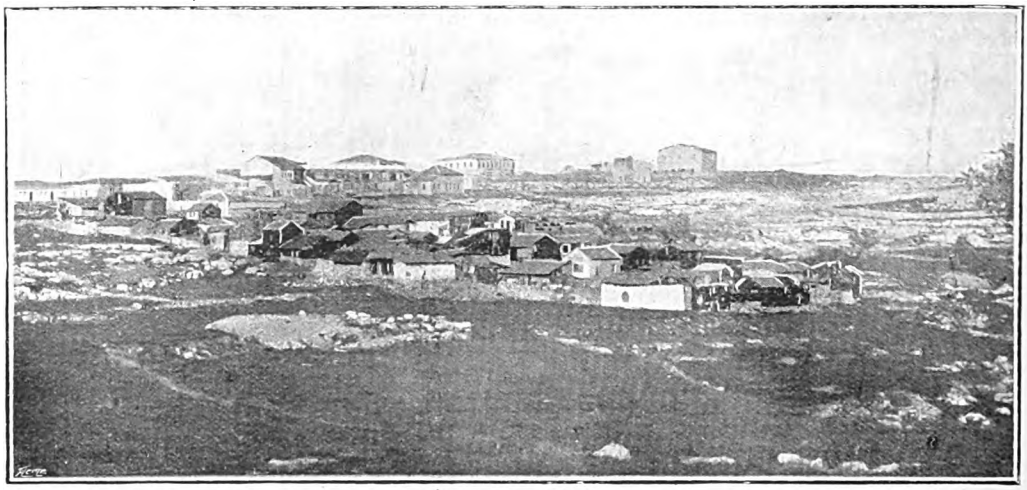
of the Palestine Jews in the making of soap. The fat used is the olive oil grown on the hills about Jerusalem, and squeezed in primitive fashion from the olives by a roller of stone running free on a shaft pivoted in the centre of a stone table with a raised edge. A horse attached to the other end of the shaft and driven round and round, sets the roller in motion.

The alkali is also a home product, and is obtained by burning the kali plant (*Salsola kali*) in the Jordan valley. The ashes, which Mrs. Finn has discovered, are called "soda" (or black), are treated with water as in the old days in England, and the potash obtained by evaporation. A soap is, of course, a combination of fat and alkali.

In Abraham's Vineyard the manufactured article is cut up into blocks which are smoothed upon an ordinary carpenter's plane, as shown in the illustration, while the old workman seen in the corner of the shop, stamps each side with a boxwood block. On one side of the tablets is the inscription "Abraham's Vineyard" in English characters, and on the other "Jerusalem," "Kasher," in Hebrew letters.

The latter word signifies ceremonially pure, which would, of course, not be the case with soap containing pigs' fat; that could not be used by a strict Jew. There is no doubt as to the popularity which the soap enjoys among those who are acquainted with it, for the whole output now comes over to this country.*

* It can be obtained from Mrs. Finn, at 41, Parliament Street, S.W.



The Box Colony outside Jerusalem so called on account of the houses being mostly constructed out of old packing cases.

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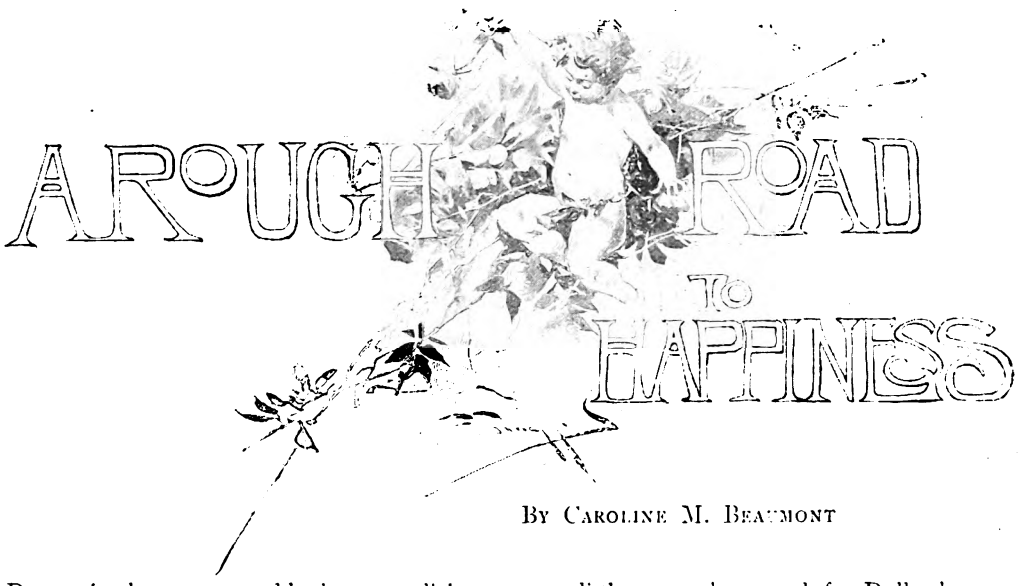

By Caroline M. Beaumont

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalising, perverse, and charming—I might as well admit it, you'd soon have found it out—young woman of my acquaintance.

I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning grey, but when I spoke to Dolly about it, she told me not to bother, I was old enough to be grey in any case.

Ah, that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am ten years older than she is, and when that wilful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel, she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water.

But when I'm with Dolly I'm an ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared with me.

And, alas! Dolly knows that too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me.

I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eyes, then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark: "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think it at all, but have just said it.

And so it goes on, until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right in the head.

When we go to dances—I say we, I'm always there if I know she's going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with beasts and cads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets, as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose.

I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night.

"You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile—all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"Oh, no, I'm not here. I'm somewhere else," I said wittily.

She laughed immoderately.

"You're — so — funny?" she remarked choking.

"Yes," said I severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny—but where are my violets?"

"Why, had you—any—violets?" said she. "I didn't know—how should I know?"

She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I wanted to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I mean. Where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me,"

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she replied with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?" This freezingly.

"Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear. I—I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me, so carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent to me by a friend,"—she hesitated—"and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please. But sit down—don't stand so long. You'll be tired!"

This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I said, turning away and leaving her.

It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly and I suffered at the thought of it.

For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I neither ate nor slept, but reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world,

In my despair I went even so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air, I wished Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet—and kiss them!

Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was merely angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent her three dozen.

The answer I received was characteristic:

> You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care for red roses.

By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded, and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that wilful and fascinating young woman would be appeased.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton.

I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him; in fact, I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me.

We were not related; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly, I called upon her, and, Heaven favouring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so sorry——"

"Don't," she said; "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about; Jane Hunt, for instance."

I shivered; I was about to be punished.

"Is she nicer?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" asked Dolly, with rather an anxious look, I thought; but, of course, I was mistaken.

"Oh, she's a very good girl—very good!" with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head. "Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?"

The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot on either cheek.

"I think she looks like a cook!" she declared triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested:

"Oh, Dolly, a cook!"

"Yes," she went on spitefully, "and not even a good cook!"

"Dolly! Not like a bad cook!"

"Yes," she went on, "like a very poor cook!"

I had to laugh; I couldn't help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!" This from Dolly!

"Oh——" I began, but she was gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went.

That night on leaving the theatre we happened to meet for a moment. She was radiant and scornful.

"Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the *contretemps* of the afternoon, "who are you going to dance the cotillon with at the Terry's to-morrow night?"

"With Mr. Morton," she answered sweetly.

"What a dear you are! I was afraid you'd promised somebody else."

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"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love *this* Mr. Morton."

And then she laughed. "With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never says the wrong thing."

And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word. Her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night.

I wished I'd never seen her—and took back the wish immediately.

I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terry's, but as usual, ended by going.

Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before, this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me?

I never saw her look better than that night of the Terry's dance; she was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel.

And that horrid Morton looked well, too. I had to admit to myself that he was rather a handsome chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," said she—a very gracious speech indeed for her.

"Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman.

"But what an awful flirt!" she went on. This left me gasping.

"And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time."

"Who said it?" I asked hoarsely. Dolly engaged—and to that—cad—with my name.

"Oh, everybody says so," and then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said brilliantly, moving away from her.

Dolly engaged! I couldn't gasp the full significance of it; the thought left me dazed and bewildered.

This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there was any truth in it.

Just then she came towards me, as if she was going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her.

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"What is the matter?" she said, turning a little white.

"Dolly," I said sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?"

"Of course, if you want them; but won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before.

"No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange look on her sweet face.

It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over, and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marched her off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, "look at me!"

This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care—" she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip—"but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to——"

"Whom?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped, "that wretched, caddish——"

"Stop!" she said with dignity.

"Tell me, you shall,"—I grasped her wrists—"is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so, but ——" Her hands went up and covered her face. Good heavens! suppose she should cry!

"But what?" I insisted cruelly. "You're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?"

She took her hands away, and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has—never—asked me to be his wife—but if he does—I shall——"

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.

"I shall say 'Yes'"—very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr Morton?" I said sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened. Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hands.

"Yes, you old goose," she said; "I love *this* Mr. Morton!"

It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," I said blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?"

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it. I don't believe you'd ever have asked me otherwise!"

My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?"

And, when I came to think of it, I never had!

Do You Recognise Him?

He's the "Man in the Corner," who unravelled those wonderful

"LONDON MYSTERIES"

which Baroness Orczy retold in the "ROYAL." In the APRIL "ROYAL," published March 21st, he will again commence to unravel a Series of Mysteries even more weird and wonderful than the last.

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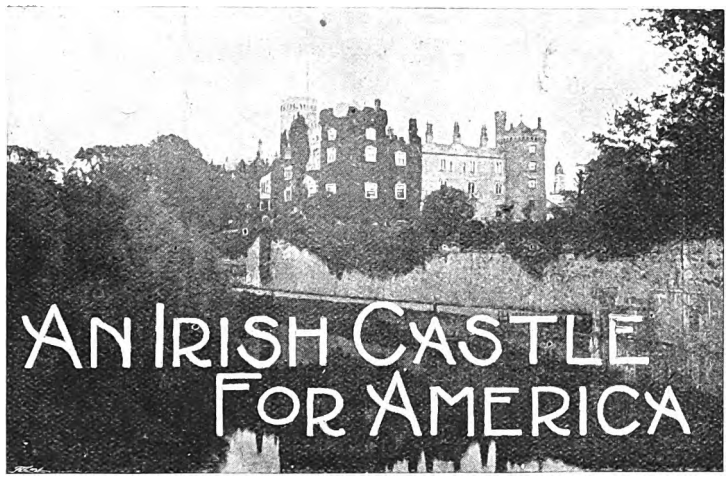

AN IRISH CASTLE FOR AMERICA

View of Kilkenny Castle from across the river Nore.

Mr. Howard Gould, the American Millionaire, is Building in America an exact copy of Kilkenny Castle, Ireland. A Staff of Photographers, Engineers, and Architects have lately Visited the Castle to make the Necessary Plans.

By J. J. Comerford.

It may be that one day the prophecy of Lord Macaulay will be fulfilled—that a New Zealander standing upon London Bridge will gaze upon the ruins of St. Paul's, much in the same way as English tourists now visit and admire noble remnants of Grecian architecture.

With the best intentions, but with perhaps questionable taste, Lord Elgin removed some of the works of Phidias, the father of sculpture, from the Acropolis of Athens to that particularly unromantic spot the British Museum, and, in like manner, certain wealthy Americans, if they had their way, would trans-ship bodily buildings endeared to the nation by historic associations.

Scarcely a year passes but some new scheme is mooted for the spoliation of England. Sometimes it is Shakespeare's cottage that we are tempted to part with for millions of dollars. At others, the reigning lord of a historic castle is approached by an enterprising show-company, who are quite prepared to take castle and all to America—at a price. Verily, if the English nation were willing, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey might soon adorn New York and Boston. But it will not be, until the latter days. Then, if the New Zealander delays too long, he may stand on London Bridge and look in vain for St. Paul's. An American sky-sign will refer him to New York.

But if the American millionaire cannot have our great originals in architecture, he is at least determined to have as near a reproduction as money can buy. Just now Mr. Howard Gould has a great scheme on foot. During a recent visit to Europe, he was enchanted with the magnificent castle which overlooks the ancient city of Kilkenny. Current history does not relate that Mr. Gould approached the Marquis of Ormonde with a proposal to remove the castle from the position that it has occupied for hundreds of years, to Long Island Town. At any rate, the American millionaire contented himself with obtaining permission for his staff of photographers, engineers, and architects to take pictures and measurements, which would enable them to make an exact copy of the castle.

This is certainly a harmless proceeding, and evidences the good taste of Mr. Howard Gould. The modest requirements of the English nobility could hardly be expected to suffice for an American multi-millionaire; it is therefore proposed to make the castle on Long Island considerably

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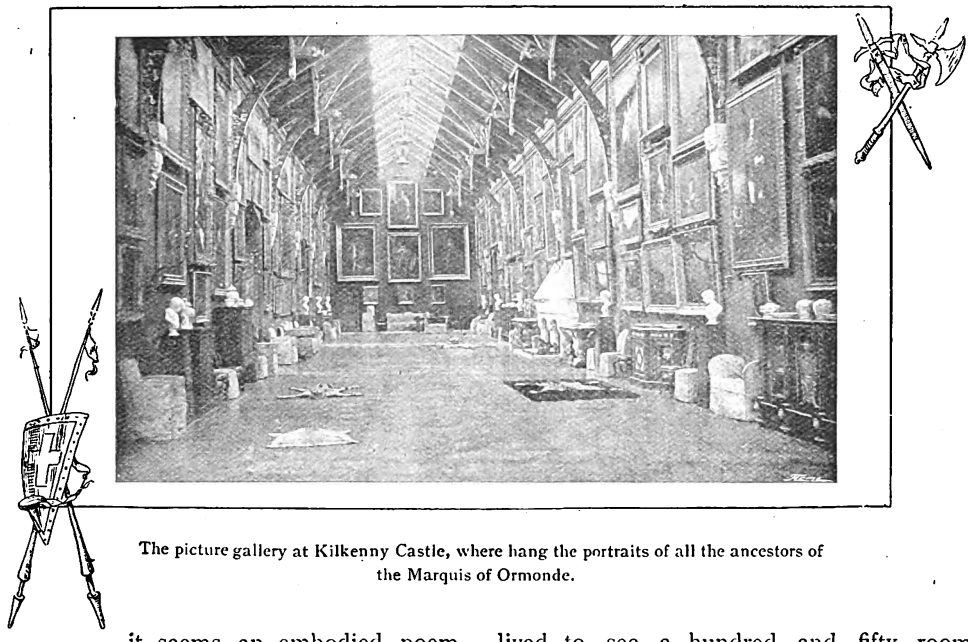


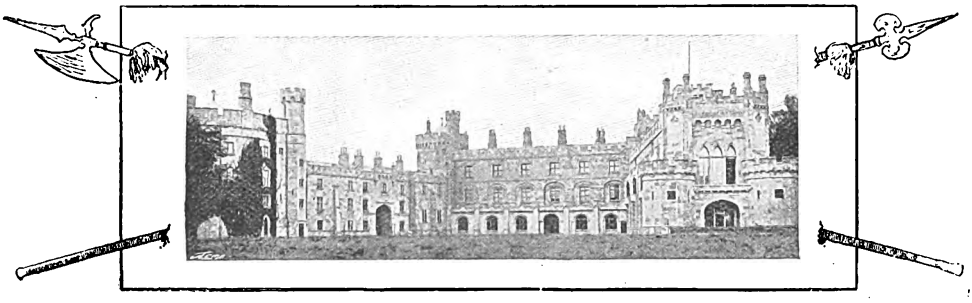
The picture gallery at Kilkenny Castle, where hang the portraits of all the ancestors of the Marquis of Ormonde.

it seems an embodied poem. It will be indeed difficult for Mr. Gould to reproduce such an effect, but no one will begrudge such success as he attains. He is too wealthy a man, and comes of too shrewd a family for his aims to fail entirely, though others before him have perpetrated what go under the name of "follies."

One of the most costly architectural follies in England has lately disappeared with the aid of dynamite. The famous Devon Mansion, Egremont, built by Lord Egremont sixty years ago, which cost two hundred and forty thousand pounds, was never finished. It was designed on too colossal a scale. His lordship is said to have been so affected at his inability to complete the magnificent structure, that he died broken-hearted, although he lived to see a hundred and fifty rooms furnished.

The new castle, on Long Island, will be a most stupendous building, and will take a very long time to complete, even in America, that land of lightning workers. There is no doubt but that it will be completed, and that America will be the gainer of a magnificent structure which, while possessing all the external beauty of an English castle, will have the advantage of modern conveniences.

It will be interesting to watch whether any other of America's millionaires will follow the example set them by Mr. Gould. Possibly, within the next few years, there may spring up other feudal piles, which will give a much-needed touch of the picturesque to American scenery.



The interior view of Kilkenny Castle from the Courtyard.

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IV.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I feel that I've gained
An advantage which shall at all
costs be maintained.
My dancing must, therefore, be
kept out of sight,
For my toe it is rather fantastic
than light.

V.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I'm ready to prove
The completely unplumbable
depth of my love
By attempting such feats as your
fancy may ask.
But dancing is too Herculean a
task.

VI.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I anxiously wait
For the answer, which must set
the seal on my fate.
Shall it be Hymen's torch—or
the suicide's knife?
A partner, sweet maid, for a valse
—or for life?

J. Douglas Hoare.

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A Long Engagement

By

E. Arbuthnot.

In an out-of-the-way corner of England there is a quaint little old seaside town called West Hoo. It consists of a straggling row of houses, facing the sea, a few blocks of cottages distributed up the cliff, behind, and, on the cliff summit, a prison. The cottages on the cliff-side are mostly inhabited by warders and their families.

There must be quite half-a-dozen shops in West Hoo. The two largest stand next door to each other; they are the carpenter's and the grocery.

And, one fine day, Johnny Yeandle, the carpenter's apprentice, fell in love with Nelly Day, who sold eggs and ribbons, bloaters, and bad tobacco, in the grocer's shop next door.

Nelly was a sober lass, with pretty yellow curls. She was sixteen, and Johnny a year older. The course of true love ran smooth, if somewhat sluggish. Johnny was duly accepted—provisionally—and for four entire years the two "kept company."

It was the delight of the fashionable society of West Hoo to promenade regularly on summer evenings upon the sea-wall. After closing time Johnny and Nell invariably joined in this giddy vortex of dissipation. For four summers, every fine evening saw them peacefully patrolling, arm-in-arm.

"Nelly," John would say once a week or so, "doan tee think it'n 'bout time we was gettin' married, gel?"

And Nelly would always reply sagely:

"I'm willin' enough, John, when ye've a cottage an' ten pund to furnish 'er. I've told ye so afore, Johnny. Us can't be wedded without cottage an' furniter."

But somehow or other Johnny never could save. He did not drink, he had no particularly bad habits, but he frittered money. Johnny must always be well-dressed, he must always have money in his pocket; and somehow—it melted.

Nelly was fond of John in her easy-going way, but she liked her life in the grocery, and was in no hurry to be married. Time enough for matrimony and trouble by-and-by. She never tried to point out ways of economising.

"Soon enough to preach when we'm wedded, mother," she would say when old Mrs. Day suggested that she might keep Johnny from frittering so. "Soon enough to

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preach when we'm wedded. Them as wants to fritter will fritter, an' nobody can't stop 'em. Let's go easy while we'm coortin'."

People would point at the placid pair, and say:

"Them two's allus a keepin' company. I misdoubt they won't never have nought to wed on!"

But one day there was a tremendous excitement at West Hoo. The alarm-bell rang; warders, armed with rifles, rushed wildly up and down the cliff-side; everybody talked at once. A convict had escaped from the prison!

Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man, and the promenade on the sea-wall that evening was quite thrilling. Everyone was discussing the terrific news, and all at the same time. The promenaders were gathered, for the most part, into little groups of excited people, talking and gesticulating, wildly. Even the tranquility of the engaged couple was slightly stirred.

Two whole days passed, and the prisoner was still at large. On the third morning West Hoo was thrilled to the centre by a voluminous display of posters headed with the exciting legend "£10 Reward!" The reward was offered for the body, dead or alive, of Geoffrey Smith, the escaped convict.

"Have 'ee seen it? Ten pund!" said Johnny Yeandle, coming to the door of the carpenter's shop in his shirt-sleeves and addressing his lady-love, who was sunning her golden locks at the entrance to the grocery.

"'Course," said Nelly laconically.

"If I get'n, will 'ee name the day?" inquired Johnny. Nelly nodded. Then both returned to their duties indoors.

That evening the promenaders were electrified by the absence of the engaged couple. Several of them were so deeply moved by this amazing circumstance that they took the trouble of calling at the Day's little cottage to "Know the reason why."

"Johnny 've asked for a day off," said Nelly calmly, to all queries. "He be gone away into the country for a day—maybe two."

And not another word could they get out of her.

Old Mrs. Day, questioned, querulously averred:

"That she didn' know what the world were a-comin' to, *she* didn'! Young folks a-keepin' o' secrets from their elders and betters, what knew how to help and advise 'em! 'Twarn't respeckful, that it warn't. An' things was very different in *her* young days! Well, she supposed it all come from them God-forsaken steam-ingines!"

Nelly did her work at the grocery as usual, preserving an unruffled demeanour which irritated the curious almost beyond bearing.

Meanwhile, Johnny was on the trail. A sort of bloodhound instinct had come upon him suddenly in the night, and with it the certainty that he should have no rest till he obeyed its promptings.

Nelly was secret as the grave. To her only he had whispered his heart's thought. And Nelly had been kind and tender. She had not laughed; he loved her doubly after that! She had bidden him go, if he felt he must, and had sworn, by all she held sacred, not to divulge what he had told her.

"Nelly," he had said, as they stood on the shore in the moonlight, hand in hand, as lovers ought.

"Nelly, lass, I tell 'ee I seed it, plain as a picture! There was that there old castle, 'an that there old empty moat. An' inside o' the castle, under the pointed windy, there was that there Geoffrey Smith the convic' a-lyin' all along in the ivy, sound asleep like a babby! It's got that hold o' me, Nell, I must go there or bust!"

Whether Johnny had been dreaming or whether he had seen a vision, Nelly did not worry over. He was the seventh son of a seventh son, was Johnny, an' they was often queer-like. If he felt that bad about it, go he must, o' course. *She* wouldn' be the one to stop him!

Johnny easily got his leave of absence—he had never had a holiday before! He rose at dawn, took half a loaf and a lump of cheese in a handkerchief, and set off on his tramp across country.

It was twenty miles to Herne Castle, and Johnny had not been there since his childhood. But the bloodhound instinct seemed to guide him. Straight and sure he trudged forward.

The ground was heavy with recent rain, and the way lay across fields lying fallow, over hedges and ditches and across a huge extent of common. It was nightfall before he reached Herne village.

"Well, there be no hurry," he said to himself. "He were asleep, when I seed'n, an' it were the dead middle o' the night. I reckon I'll have a bite o' summat at this yer farm, an' go up to the castle after."

The gate swung open to the roadside. Johnny passed through, and rapped on the old-fashioned wooden door.

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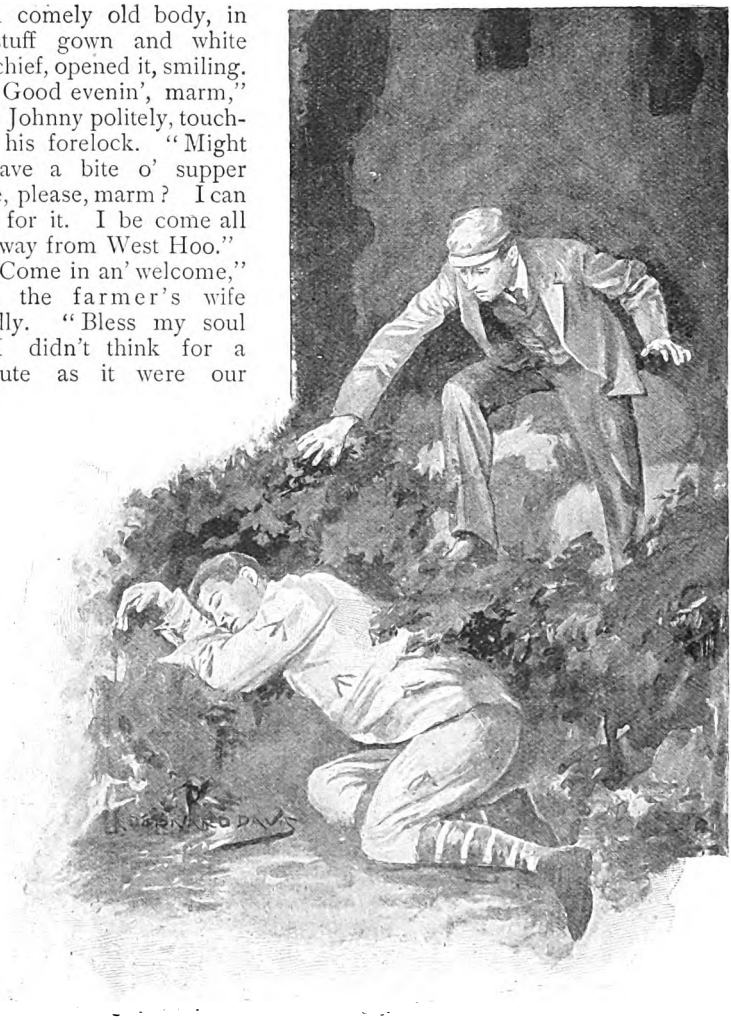
A comely old body, in a stuff gown and white kerchief, opened it, smiling.

"Good evenin', marm," said Johnny politely, touching his forelock. "Might I have a bite o' supper here, please, marm? I can pay for it. I be come all the way from West Hoo."

"Come in an' welcome," said the farmer's wife kindly. "Bless my soul if I didn't think for a minute as it were our Willyum home from the war! You be that like 'un—same as two peas, as they say! My man 'll be rare pleased to see anyone from West Hoo—he were born an' bred there. Now I wonder if you do know anybody name o' Day?"



There lay the convict of his visions, sleeping like a child.

"Well, there be old Mrs. Day, what were Mary Rawlins afore she married," suggested Johnny.

"There now! Just think o' that! Mary Rawlins still alive! She an' my man, they was schoolmates down to West Hoo—he often talks o' Mary Rawlins. They was keepin' company once, afore she met Day or my man see me. A rare pretty girl they do say. But come in, come in—and don't talk to me o' payin', sonny—you 'm that like my Willyum!"

Johnny went in, and made the acquaintance of the burly farmer, of his two stalwart sons, home from their work in the fields, and of three robust country lasses who minded the dairy. One and all treated him like a dear, long-lost friend. The good wife poured him out a bumper of home-made cider. The good man pressed him to bacon and greens. They gave him the best chair—and made him sit in it. They put his wet boots to the fire, and overwhelmed him with sympathy for his way-worn condition.

The great fire flickered cheerily on the clean, red-tiled floor, on the whitewashed walls, the black beams, the oaken furniture. An old grandfather's-clock ticked merrily in the corner. The chimney-piece was laden with gleaming pewter, the dresser with jolly, willow-pattern dishes. Johnny wished he had just such a home to give Nell.

After supper came family prayers. The farmer unclasped a big black Bible, and proceeded to read the story of David and Saul—Saul in the cave and David cutting off a piece of his clothing. Johnny listened rather sleepily. When it was over he rose to go.

The hospitable farm-folk pressed him to stay the night, but Johnny would not be persuaded. When they realised that it was useless, they let him go, with hand-shakes all round and hearty good wishes. Johnny went

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out into the murky night, and started on his quest, feeling unaccountably mean.

Tramp, tramp, trudge, trudge. Here was Herne Castle at last, and Johnny stood gazing up at it. Old and grand it rose, a frowning pile, noble and bold, against the dark night-sky. Rows of empty casements loomed like blind eyes in the massive wall. Ivy hung all over it, drooping, festooning. Tower and battlement, black, solemn, silent, inspired awe, reverence almost. For a moment Johnny held his breath.

But the impression faded, and he wandered round till he found the drawbridge. He crossed it, passed under the hoary gateway, and turned to the right. A Norman window was above him; Johnny stretched his hands forward and stirred the ivy on the bank beneath it. He gave a sudden cry of surprise. There lay the convict of his visions, sleeping like a little child!

Johnny stood transfixed. A smile stole over his face as he thought of the reward and his darling Nell. What times they would have together, now, at last! Sweet Nell, pretty Nell, with her golden hair. Dear Nell, who had not laughed——!

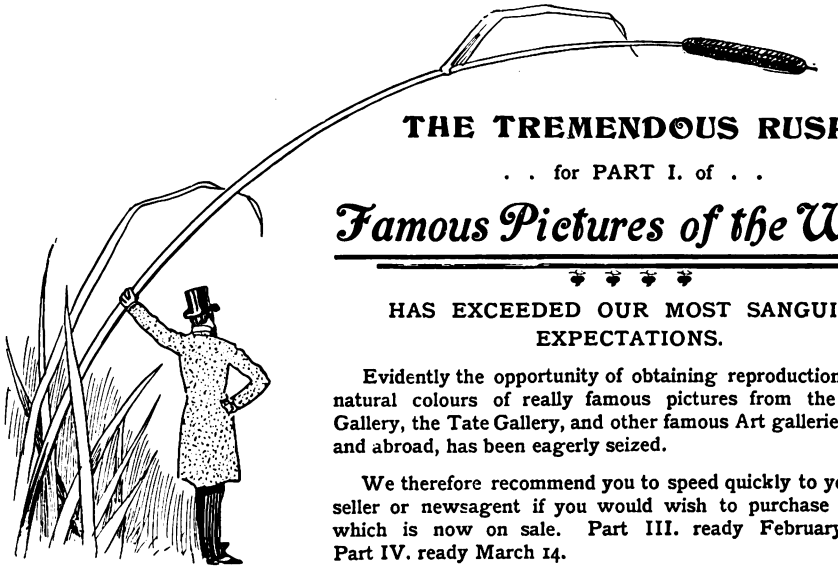
But here another picture rushed into Johnny's brain, blurring the last. Was not he, Johnny Yeandle, David, while here at his feet lay sleeping Saul? Oh, woe, woe! The thing could not be done! All his long tramp had been in vain! Johnny was not cruel enough, not mean enough, as he saw it, to catch this man in his sleep and give him up to justice.

"Good-bye, Nell!" he said to himself. "Good-bye, love! God help me. I can't do it!"

He just brushed a tear away with his rough coat-sleeve, and turned to go. But a thought struck him. He went back, drew his knife from his pocket, and, very carefully, without waking the sleeper, cut off a bit of his jacket with the broad arrow on it. Then, with a deep sigh, he turned, and took the first step of his tramp back through the darkened fields, home to West Hoo.

* * * * *

But, after all, Johnny and Nell were safely married in due season. For very soon Johnny got a rise in his wages, and old Mrs. Day, dying, left her cottage and furniture to Nell. They are a prosperous young couple, and very contented with their quiet lot. And Nelly guards the bit of stuff marked with the prison stamp as one of her dearest treasures.



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A Woman Of Many Faces

All about Miss Phipps, the Greatest Grimacer in the World.

By Stanley White.

Illustrated with Photographs by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Her face is her fortune. As a little girl Miss Elizabeth Phipps petrified her school-fellows with a horrible grimace, or, if they pleased her, with such an amusing facial extravaganza as set them roaring by the hour together. She used to make faces in school hours, when she thought the teacher was not looking, and, naughty herself, was the cause of naughtiness in others. For what children could concentrate attention on geography or a spelling

Miss Phipps's normal expression.

"You would, would you!"

book with such a little girl-clown in their midst? So teachers who are not always blind, even if they do wear spectacles, used to keep little Elizabeth in after school, and on her return home she would take consolation in posing before the mirror and trying to surpass all previous attempts to make herself hideous.

The habit grew, and her friends became alarmed. They would often gravely tell her—just when her features were screwed up into one of her specially aggravating masks—"your face will freeze like that."

At this Elizabeth would be a little frightened, and for a day or two her pretty, demure little face would remain as Nature intended. But not for long; her genius for grimace could not be restrained. She was sure to see something to tickle her fancy: somebody would come along with a face displaying marked traits which she felt she must mimic, if she died for it.

At that time she must have been one of the most exasperating of imps. Folks

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Hopelessly demented.

about her were not altogether sorry, perhaps, when her talents found a wider outlet on the stage. But it was not as a facial contortionist that Miss Phipps first trod the boards. Her passion for making faces, however, followed her to the stage door, as assuredly it would have followed her anywhere else.

During rehearsal Miss Phipps's face sometimes wore expressions not intended by the author of the piece, and attracted the attention of the stage manager, as in days of yore it had attracted the attention of her school-teacher. With this difference, however, that the manager approved the grimaces, and saw money in them.

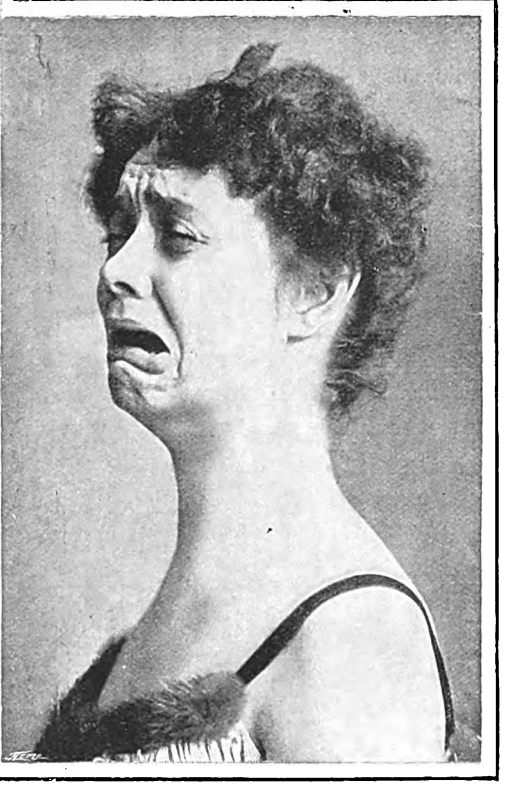
She received an offer to go to France to show the French people what an American girl could do with the mobility of her features. Miss Phipps was quite willing; such an opportunity of exercising her curious bent was by no means to be despised. But her parents and friends thought her too young to take so long a journey on a professional engagement.

It was during a visit to Boston of Sarah Bernhardt and company, when Miss Phipps had been doing extra work at the Boston Theatre, that she met the great actor, Coquelin.

One evening, while waiting in the wings to see Madame Bernhardt come off the stage, she suddenly heard a voice behind her ask: "*Parlez vous Français?*" Turning, she recognised M. Coquelin. Stepping back, she treated the Frenchman to a series of her best grimaces, which caused him to laugh loudly. He was just due to go on the stage, and Miss Phipps thought little more of the incident, and was only glad of it because she had been noticed by so great an actor.

Her surprise was therefore great when shortly afterwards a valet came inquiring for "the girl who could make such ugly faces." Coquelin tried hard to persuade her to join the company and visit Europe, but the opposition of friends was too strong.

While her features are in repose there is nothing in Miss Phipps's face to



"I've cut my finger! Boo-oo-oo!"

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"Pooh!"

she often is—but her very humour is a thing not to be trifled with—there is strong character in every upward curve. Her faces are seldom inane, they always command respect, and often fear.

All her poses are sublime. She can be more impertinent than the rudest of schoolboys, more sinister than the arch criminal in Sherlock Holmes, more ridiculous than a clown in a circus, and more spiteful than a cat in a corner.

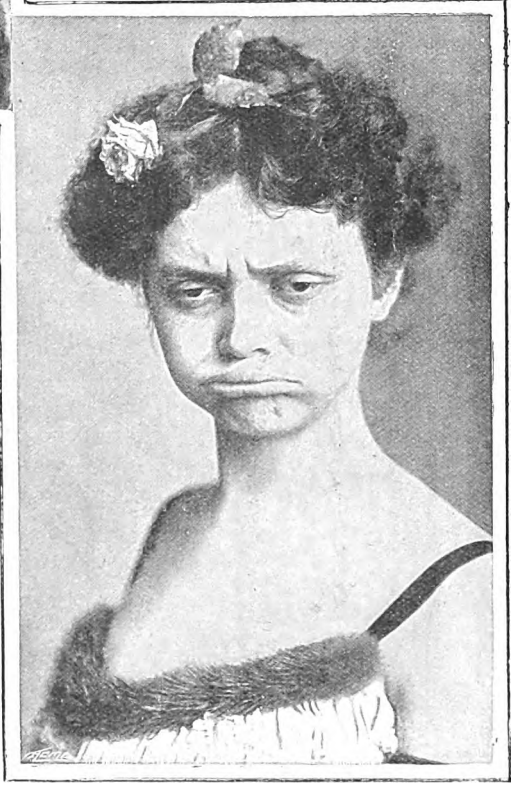
As a reciter, Miss Phipps, thanks to her marvellous control of her face muscles, has created quite a sensation in her own country. One can fancy her rendering of the "Dream of Eugene Aram," or "Christmas Day in the Workhouse."

Her repertoire of droll and terrible expressions is ever increasing. Like Charles Dickens, she derives most of her inspirations from real life, though, like him, her portraiture owes its originality to a liberal leaven of exaggeration.

In a recent interview Miss Phipps said that none of her faces were made by accident. She had names for all of them. There is the mad Irishwoman face and the Brownie face; she might have added the disgusted wife's face, the cannot-have-a-new-bonnet face, the "I-shan't-so-there!" face, the "what-a-funny-little-man-you-are" face, and others too numerous to mention. It is not only as a facial contortionist that Miss Phipps is gifted; she has histrionic talent, and she also sings well.

She does not want to sink into a variety artist, she has dramatic instincts and ambitions. She will certainly have this advantage over the general run of actors—she will not need half the usual make-up to produce the wished-for effect, as facility in the line of facial expression will take the place of paint.

Major Pond, who may well be described as the Barnum of literary and artistic lions, is a great admirer of Miss Phipps' curious art. Under his management she has done a great deal of work as a recitationist and monologist, and he may persuade her to visit England yet. She will not find the British public behind Americans in the appreciation of such merit as she possesses.



The sullen face—"I don't care. I shan't. So there!"

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SOLD! A STORY TOLD IN DOCUMENTS

By OWEN OLIVER

①
AULD AND AULD
DEALERS IN ANTIQUITIES
16 BINDERS' ROW
LONDON, E.C.
May 13th 1901
Dear Sir,
In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, we should recommend you to advertise the old homilies that you mention in "THE EXCHANGER."
Without seeing the books we cannot give any satisfactory estimate of their value, which would, e.g. be enhanced if they were uncut; but if all four are undamaged (and genuine) we should advise you not to entertain any offer below twenty pounds.
Yours faithfully,
Auld and Auld
per J.S.
Rev A Moon,
The Rectory,
BOODLEBURY
②
NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS
1.—Advertisements must reach this office not later than the first post on Thursday morning.
2.—They should be addressed to the "Advertisement Manager, The Exchanger, 19, Press-lane, London, E.C."
3.—Envelopes should be marked clearly with the heading under which the advertisement is intended to appear.
4.—Payments should be remitted by Postal Orders, odd amounts only being sent in stamps (halfpenny preferred).
5.—Advertisers who desire replies forwarded should enclose large, stamped envelopes for the purpose.
③
The Advertisement Manager,
The Exchanger,
19, Press Lane,
London,
E.C.
BOODLEBURY
7PM
MY 13
01
④
THE EXCHANGER
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER'S OFFICE
19 Press Lane,
LONDON, E.C.
19
This letter is unmarked
Presumably it is for
the Matrimonial sec
J.S.
IN YOUR REPLY
PLEASE QUOTE
⑤
THE RECTORY
BOODLEBURY
16 May, 1901
My dear Thurston,
I shall be delighted to come to
Breakfast on Monday and stop
till Friday. My worthy housekeeper,
Mrs Broom, contemplates her an-
nual sacrifice to the household
Gods – she calls it 'spring cleaning'.
I have no desire to participate in
these unhallowed rites, so your
kind invitation is doubly wel-
come.
With kindest regards to
Mrs Thurston and yourself,
Yours very sincerely,
Archibald Moon

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⑥

MATRIMONIAL.

An Honest Man (in excellent condition); A Loving Heart (good as new); Income (very rare) for disposal. Apply, personally or by letter, to Rev. A. Moon, Rectory, Boodlebury.

Young Lady of prepossessing appearance (Brunette, medium height) wishes to correspond with a view to matrimony. Gentleman with a view to matrimony need only need apply.

⑦

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

No. of Telegram

DEEPDALE MAY 8 1901

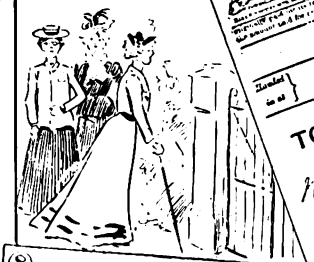
Charges to pay

Received here at 1 10 p.m.

Handed in at Boodlebury at 12 45 p.m.

TO { Rev A Moon The oaks Deepdale.

Numerous applicants in reply to your advertisement in exchange what shall I do



⑧

A.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS (Inland Telegrams)

Office of Origin and Service Instructions

Words

Sent

At

Charge

To

By

For Postage Stamps.

NOTICE.—These Telegrams will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed on the back hereof.

12 words 6d. Every additional word 1/2d.

TO { Broom Rectory Boodlebury

Close with last offer over twenty

Every word beyond the number allowed in ordinary or code telegrams.

FROM { Moon

⑨

The Rectory
Boodlebury
23rd May 1901

Dear Sir

I have accepted Miss Vine. She is of good family Her father is a doctor at Slowbridge and twenty last birthday. She looks a nice young lady and modest though I do not aprove of it myself and seems a great risk. I send her photo thinking you may be curious to see it

There were twenty five applied and most of them you would not like at all but she seemed domestick and noticed how I kept the place Carlo took to her at once and being reason in dum animals. I have not touched your books and remain

Yours dutifully
Ann Broom

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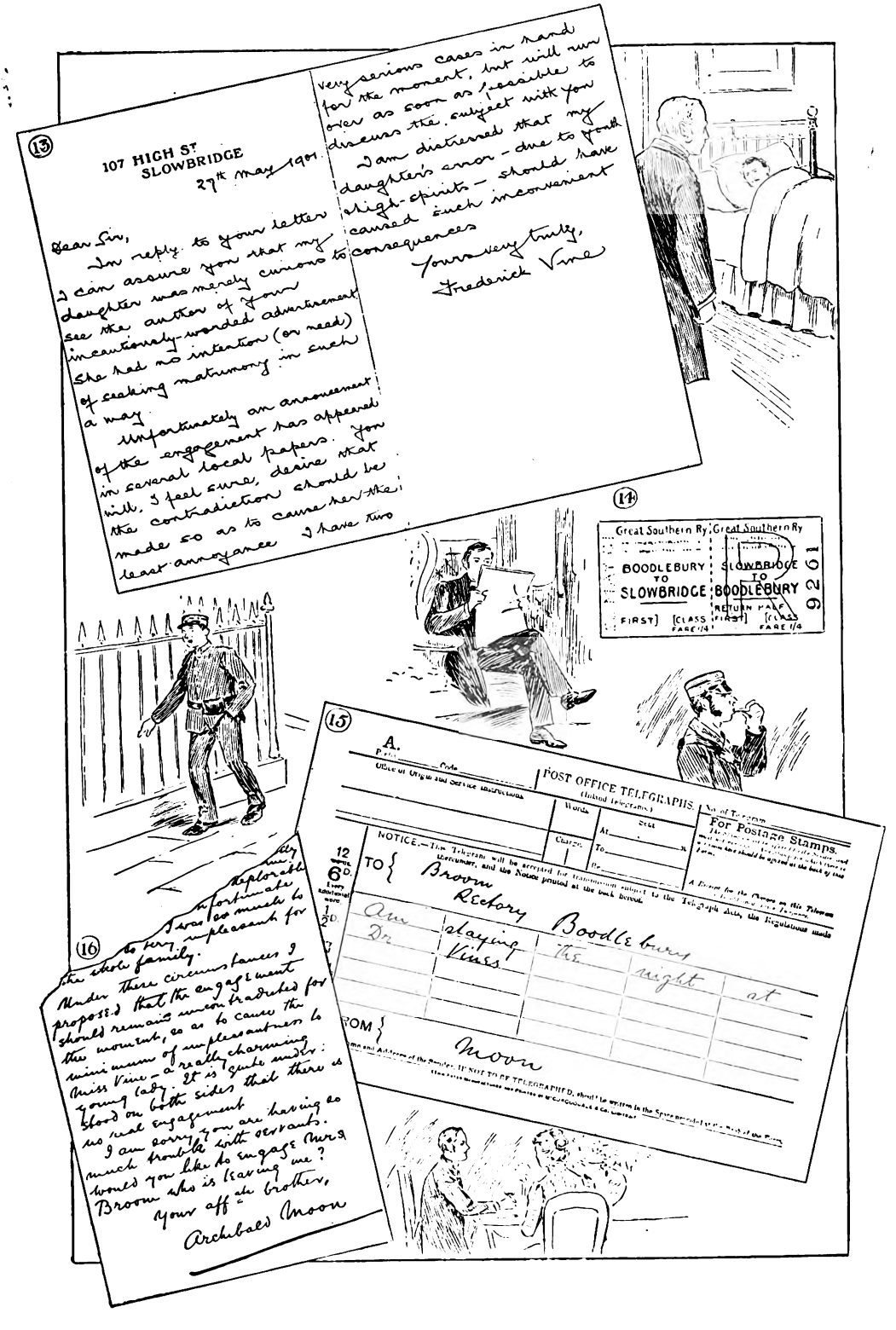

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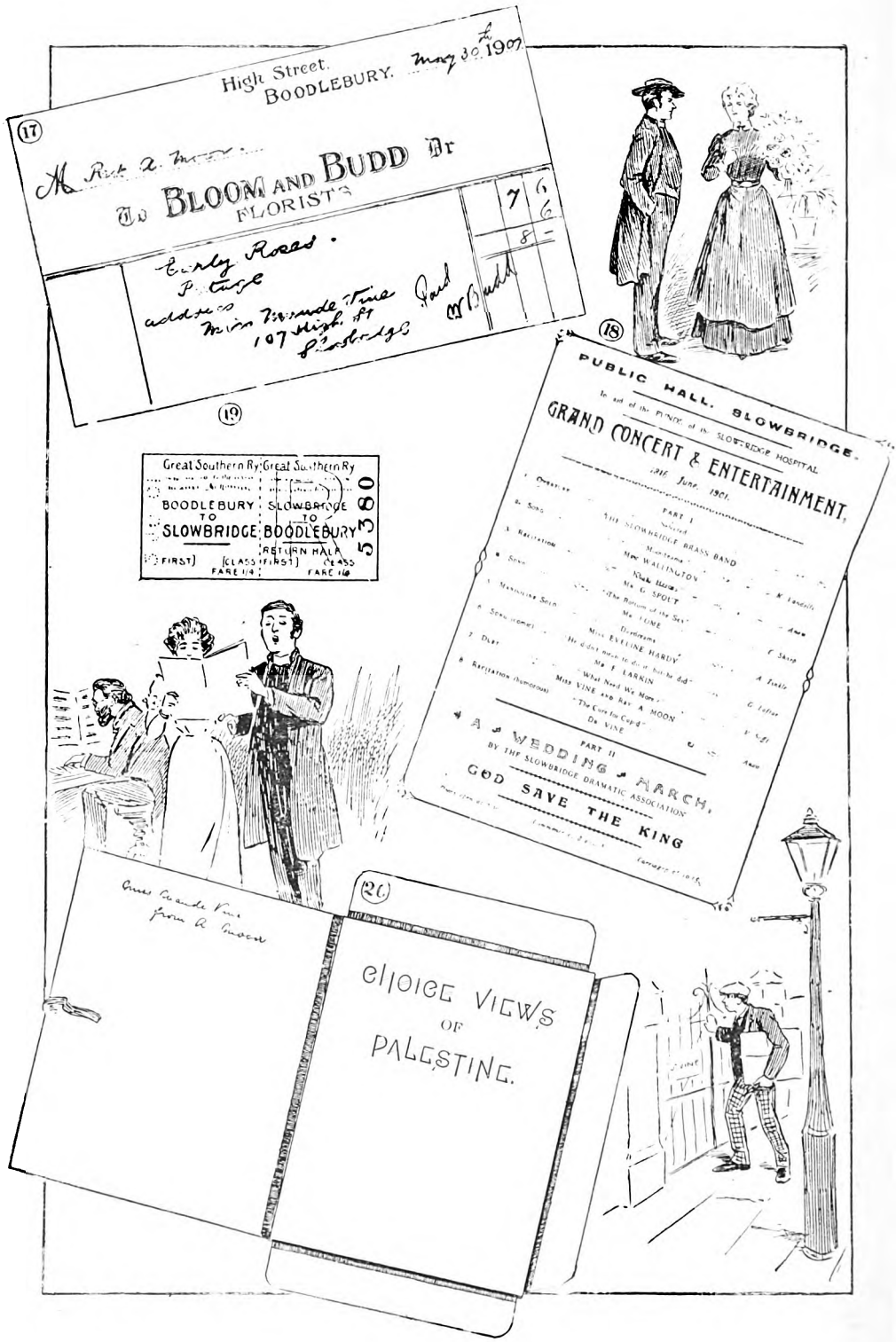
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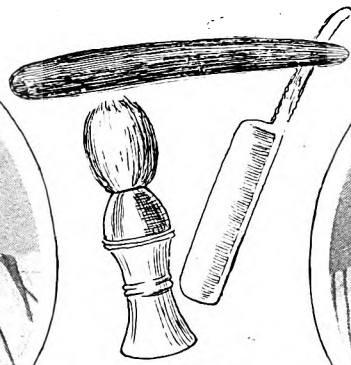
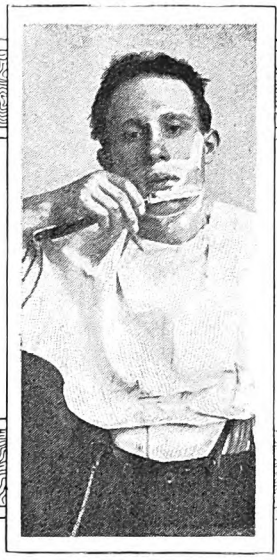
Shaving the right cheek. Bring the razor in one sweep from below the temple to the chin. There is no necessity to steady the face with the left hand.



In shaving the left cheek, learn to use the left hand.

A clean sweep across the chin.



You must not tighten your under-lip when shaving, otherwise you run the risk of cutting it.

The upper lip can be shaved with two strokes, and if the razor is properly sharp there is no need to tighten the skin.

When you have shaved the whole face, wash it with warm water and go over it again without a second lathering.

though you ought to have it hot. You have no proper shaving soap receptacle, but have been chasing a small piece of yellow soap round and round an ordinary soap-dish, until you think you have rubbed off enough lather to go all over your face. The operation has made you cold and a little fretful.

The face being lathered you start shaving the right side. The razor glides easily over the surface, taking with it the soap, but leaving the hair untouched. Again you must paddle to the washstand for more soap, and you furiously strop the razor, making it blunter than before.

All this time the soap on the other parts of the face has been forming into a sticky, uncomfortable crust—the skin smarts and irritates unbearably.

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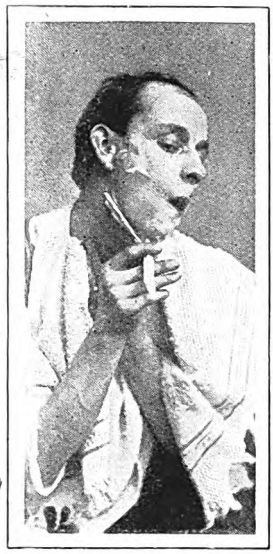
Then you recognise that if you are to be shaved actual force must be used.

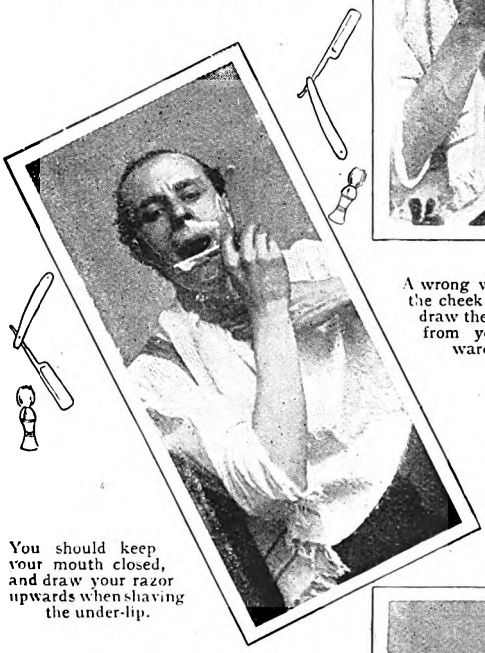
A sensation as of the hair being torn up by the roots is the result. You now realise that by the time you are ready for the left side the soap will have hardened into an impenetrable mask, so you take it off with a towel and content yourself with lathering a couple of inches at a time, working with the razor over this limited space. Your little niggling strokes take much time; you have not the courage nor the razor for bold time-saving sweeps.

Most of this suffering may be avoided. In stropping the razor see that you turn it on its back, instead of on its edge. With a keen razor a courageous man may do anything. Don't be afraid to take bold strokes. Commencing under the temple one swift stroke should bring the razor down to the level of the chin, leaving the surface traversed perfectly mown. Another downward sweep should clear the right side of the cheek.

With the exception of shaving up, so long as the skin is loose, there is little danger of cutting. Learn to use both hands. The left should be employed for the left side of the face. Change the razor to the right hand, and one sweep from left to right the lower portions of the face, including the chin, are done.

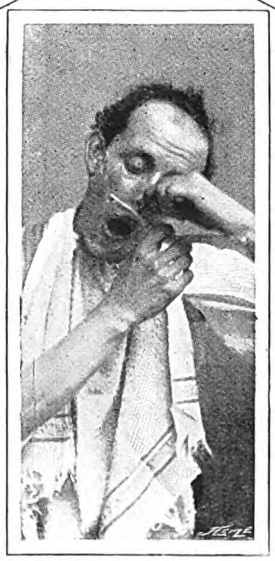


A wrong way of shaving the cheek. You should draw the razor away from you, not towards you.



You should keep your mouth closed, and draw your razor upwards when shaving the under-lip.

There is no need to tighten the skin when shaving the upper lip.



Your razor should be sharp: then there is no necessity for these horrible grimaces.

The angle at which the hair grows varies in different individuals and at different parts of the face. In close shaving the razor should first be used with the grain, and afterwards against it. At the sides most people must shave directly up for the second time, the right hand being used for the left side and *vice versâ*, the razor being turned in the hand so that the thumb rests on the inside of the haft and the back of the razor on the inside of the fingers. Shave with the grain only at the throat, in most cases up, as that is an exceptionally tender part.

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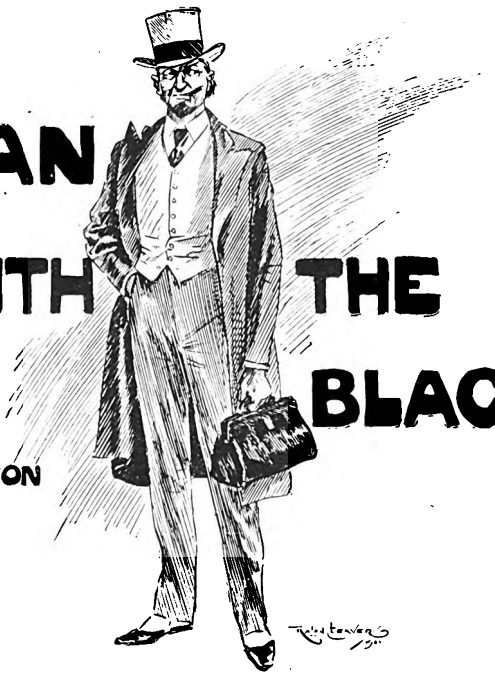
THE MAN WITH THE BLACK BAG



BY
FRANK VERNON

For two whole days the Salt Lake City express had been steaming, puffing and snorting, and now that it was within a few hours of its destination, it seemed to put new energy into each of these operations. Everything outside and everything inside the train was covered with the red dust of the desert. Books, papers, and conversation had long been discarded by the passengers; even games of cards seemed to grow tiresome.

There was only one of the many who occupied the saloon car who was quite contented and happy; hour after hour he looked out of the window of the carriage, his face covered with an expression which denoted that he observed nothing of the monotonous landscape through which the train was travelling. Now and then he would take out a pocket-book from a large black bag which he kept continuously by his side and enter something into it, after which he would carefully replace the book in its old position and continue enjoying his view of nothing.

A young Englishman, bright, honest faced, with fair hair, had tried to converse with him during the journey. A vivacious young lady of the half American, half Spanish kind, with "Pa" by her, reclined upon a seat smoking a cigarette—all of which very much interested the young Anglo-Saxon. As for the rest of the occupants of the carriage, they were of the usual American business men, most of whom talked "money" or played cards when they were not asleep. Twilight had come—always a most depressing time in an American express—and the passengers were informed through the nose of a dark attendant that dinner was served in the dining-saloon.

"Do you never dine?" inquired the young Englishman.

"No," curtly replied the man with the black bag and the pocket-book.

"Have dinner with me," invited the kindly youngster, thinking that his fellow-passenger looked as though he were in a state of impecuniosity.

"No," answered the other, "I prefer no dinner with digestion than train-car dinner with indigestion, thank you." This was the longest speech that the man with the black bag had made so far.

"Why, you might be a millionaire by the way you talk," laughed the bright young gentleman as he turned and followed the others, who were rushing towards the exit quite regardless of the fact that they were preceding the cigarette-smoking lady and her old father.

The dinner over, they all returned with the same rush to the saloon, and resumed their smoking and card-playing. It was now dark, and the dusty seats looked almost comfortable under the influence of the bright electric light.

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Suddenly there was a jerk, and the train came to a standstill. Then there was a great noise of shooting. It sounded as if a whole regiment of infantry were firing round the train.

"What's the row?" asked the young Englishman.

"We are held up," said the man with the black bag.

The half-Spanish girl moaned, started up, tore open the top part of her bodice, and from her neck took a string of the most beautiful diamonds and pearls. Then she bent down, opened a spittoon at her feet, put the necklace inside of it, and replaced the lid. This enterprise having been completed, she lit another cigarette and resumed her old position.

The young Englishman laughed, but before his hearty burst of laughter had subsided two men, dressed in rough riding breeches, ragged shirts, and top boots, made their appearance at the two extremities of the saloon carriage.

"All up," shouted one of the banditti, and simultaneously everybody put their hands above their heads, all save the young Anglo-Saxon, who thought that he required something which he carried in a pocket on his hip. There was a report before his hand arrived at his pocket, and a bullet passed within a few inches of his head and smashed a large glass window at the back of him.

"Now, see here, youngster," said one of the intruders, "try that game once more and I guess you'll never see your ma again."

"Say," said the man with the black bag, "you'd better put up like the rest of us," and the young man subdued his spirits and "put up" as he was requested.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the armed guard, "I guess we'll just make the Sunday collection for the poor. Jim, do yer dooty, and, see here, don't let none fall to the ground."

Then Jim fell to work. When he came to the semi-Spanish lady, he pulled aside her dress and looked at her neck. Then apologising for giving her any trouble, he kicked the spittoon, but passed on, at which our fair-haired boy laughed.

At last he came to the silent man with the black bag.

"Now then, nanny beard, fork out!" he shouted.

"Look here, boss," was the reply, "I'll just tell you how I'm situated. I'm a 'commercial' taking the 150 dollars I have in this 'bag down home to the firm."

"Guess that there firm will have to make a present of it to the poor. Now then, come, hand over."

"Right," says the man undoing the bag. "I was only going to tell you that this here carriage contains something worth twenty times that sum, and which same property you have just passed over. Guess you'll never find it, if you don't promise to leave me my $150, 'cos I can see the down express is just signalled."

"Then I reckon we'll blow the matter out of your head," replied Jim, holding a revolver between the commercial traveller's eyes.

"Stay, Jim, you fool!" shouted his companion, "that ain't the way to work it. There's not time to trouble the gentleman 'bout such little matters now," then turning towards the man with the bag, he added, "say now, boss, on the word of a man you shall keep your dollars if you tell us right here where we can find the sum mentioned."

"Right! it isn't money though, but a diamond necklace, and if you just lift up the lid of that spittoon, you'll find it right under your hand."

Something between a growl and a groan went round the company; the young Englishman dropped his hands and sprang to his feet. "Jim, present arms," cried Jim's superior officer, and the revolver was transferred to the fair head of hair.

"Sit down, young 'un!" said the man with the black bag. "Don't worry—that game isn't any good!" So the youth sat down, and comforted himself by clenching his fists in the air—during which time Jim's chief was extracting the diamond necklace from the spittoon, and placing it in his pocket amid sobs of the half-Spanish lady.

"Right sorry to have caused yer so much inconvenience, mum," said Jim apologetically, still holding the revolver at the head of the enraged Britisher. "Say, boss, there's the whistle, we best shift, and quick!"

Jim backed to the exit stile pointing his revolver at the same object, thus covering the retreat of his chief. When they had gained the door of the saloon, they both disappeared like a flash of lightning, and a moment afterwards the sound of galloping horses was heard upon the sandy substance outside.

The youngster with the fair hair drew his revolver, put his head through the broken glass and fired at the place from whence the, now distant, sound seemed to come, but the report was only answered by three peals of laughter. "Still your game's no good," said the man with the black bag—"you're only wasting the contents of your revolver."

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This remark drew the attention of the young man from the robbers, and with flashing eyes he turned upon the person from whom it came.

"You—you infernal blackguard!" he shouted. "You coward to take advantage of a woman's confidence like that! You wretched low-bred Yankee brute—"

"Listen here," said one of the business men, "listen here, young man, he's low-bred, he's a coward and he's a blackguard! But we'd rather you didn't call him a Yankee, because he isn't one to play that kind of game, and for two cents I'd put a bullet through his head!" This was applauded by all his fellow-business-men.

"There, there, child!" said the young lady's "Pa," "we must do the best we can now. Gentlemen," he said turning to the rest of the passengers, "this is a severe blow to her. Those few diamonds were worth some 5000 dollars, and we were going up to Salt Lake City to realise on them, so that we could pay off a mortgage upon a small estate, which, like the diamond necklace, has been the property of my family for generations. The loss we have just sustained will, I fear, bring us to nothing short of ruin."

This speech was greeted with renewed sobs from the lady.

"Get up," cried the impetuous youth to the man with the bag, "get up; and at least let me have the satisfaction of punching your head!"

"Stay," called another passenger from the far end of the saloon. "We'll just stand by him when we arrive at Salt Lake City, and guess it'll be an easy matter to have him taken charge of when we tell the police of what has happened—for, he's nothing less than an accomplice of the thieves that have just decamped."

This idea seemed to meet, first of all, with astonishment, and then with approbation.

"Gad," laughed our fair-haired friend, "that's good! I've just lost all I brought into this country to make a fortune with, but, by Jove, I'd give it all over again ten times to see this blackguard get what he deserves!"

The train moved on and all the enraged passengers took their seats again and passed the time by glaring at the man with the black bag, as if they feared that he might melt or vanish into space.

"Yes, I reckon it's 'bout time some of you did a bit of breathing," he said, looking round. "I never enter into discussions; it

"If you just lift up the lid of that spittoon, you'll find it right under your hand."

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upsets my digestion and costs no end in 'Dyspepsia Gum.'" Here he opened his bag, and, taking out the pocket-book, he quietly made an entry therein, then he tore out a page, upon which he also wrote. "Yes!" he continued, "if any one of you had as much wear and tear as I have had during the past few years, that individual would soon come to my way of thinking, though, judging from your looks, I don't think there's one who could stand such a strain for more than a few months without turning himself into a corpse."

Then addressing the young lady's "Pa," he said: "That necklace, you say, boss, was worth 5000 dollars? Well! I save you the trouble of staying in the Salt Lake City for any longer than you care to do for your own pleasure, for see here, I buy the necklace from you for 10,000 dollars."

Saying this, he put his hand into the black bag and drew out a bundle of bank-notes, part of which he handed to the astonished old man.

"Say, youngster," he continued, facing the fair-haired Britisher. "You're rash, but I guess I like you." Then he added in a sharp, business-like tone, at the same time handing the lad some of the notes he had taken from the bag, also the paper he had torn from his pocket-book. "See here, now, there are a thousand dollars there. To-morrow before eleven o'clock you buy a hundred shares which are known by the name written on that paper. The money you'll make by it will start you square.

"Mum," he said, turning to the half-Spanish lady, at the same time lifting his hat, "I'm much obliged to you for your smartness. That bag contained over a million and a half of dollars, and though I am five times a millionaire, if that money had not arrived in Salt Lake City to-morrow, things would have gone pretty badly with me. Here's my card, mum. Don't be bashful about writing to me if you want a friend with a bit of ready cash at any time. But, see here, don't cry any more, 'cos I'm going to have a bit of a snooze before we arrive, and it upsets my digestion to be disturbed when I feel sleepy, and," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it costs no end in 'Dyspepsia Gum.'"

THE MAIDS OF LONG AGO.

By A. Forest.

I.

Do you find the maid alluring?
Is your love beyond all curing?
Are her charms as long enduring
As the charms of long ago?
Think a moment, I implore you,
Does her hockey never bore you?
Has she leisure to adore you
Like the maids of long ago?

II.

She is all my fancy painted,
I am sure, that, if acquainted,
I should scorn the maid who fainted
In the days of long ago.
When I come from town a-weary,
Modern girls are bright and cheery,
Not a prey to vapours dreary,
Like the maids of long ago.

III.

Do you think the costume striking
Which she wears when she is biking?
Should she dress to suit your liking
In the gowns of long ago?
Care you still to steal her kisses?
Do you think of vanished blisses
And the blushing, trusting misses
Of the days of long ago?

IV.

Would I change the comrade trusty
Of my long excursion dusty,
For the charms long since grown rusty
Of the maids of long ago?
No, their day is quite departed,
Vanished with their swains true-hearted,
Cupid's shafts are never darted
From the days of long ago.

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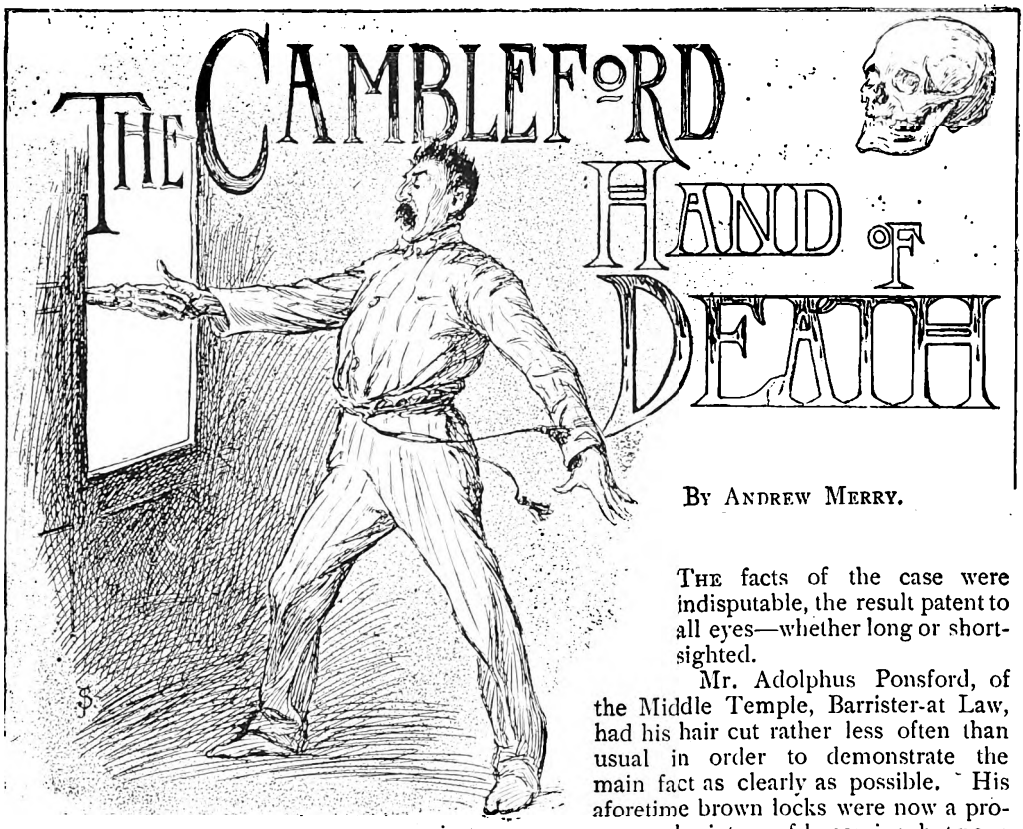

THE CAMBLEFORD HAND OF DEATH

By Andrew Merry.

The facts of the case were indisputable, the result patent to all eyes—whether long or short-sighted.

Mr. Adolphus Ponsford, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at Law, had his hair cut rather less often than usual in order to demonstrate the main fact as clearly as possible. His aforetime brown locks were now a pronounced mixture of becoming, but none the less unmistakable, shades of grey and white. And this change had taken place in one night.

Adolphus Ponsford had paid a visit in the last week of the month of October to his friend Lord Cambleford, and had arrived on *the* mystic night of all nights, that eerie eve of All Saints' Day, when spirits are free to roam abroad. He had left a select circle of admiring friends with a fairly well preserved crop of brown hair crowning his massive brow —on an errand not unconnected with sport.

To be strictly accurate he had very nearly lost several out of his large circle of acquaintances! Many had fallen victims to severe attacks of boredom, induced by the constant repetition of the astounding fact that he was invited by Lord Cambleford into Hertfordshire to try his luck at the longtails.

But when it was noised abroad that Adolphus had returned from his much talked of excursion, having only spent one night under his friend's roof—and that on this unexpected return he had at once taken to his bed and summoned learned physicians to his side, all memories of past boredom vanished and curiosity was rampant.

When a guarded report of his terrible experiences appeared in print, Mr. Ponsford blushed to find their publication spelt Fame—for the story was one to stagger the most pronounced sceptic. It was quickly clipped and exchanged—stolen as a whole or in part, and dressed and re-dressed to suit various palates by many literary cooks.

Mr. Ponsford bore the trial of all this publicity with wonderful fortitude.

He determined to dress the part, and purchased a nice grey frock coat. He curbed a deeply rooted love for lurid neck-gear. Bandana scarves, crochetted sailor knots and butterfly bows of brilliant hues languished for want of notice in the recesses of his wardrobe, sober ties of black, grey, white and shepherd's plaid henceforth alone encircled his manly throat.

Even the chaste "colours" of the Broxhill Golfing Club were excluded, though up to this he had habitually sported them. This particular tie had been especially knitted for him by the fair fingers of Mrs. Widgery, a rich widow, whom he intended one day to make his

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wife. She lived in the large villa over-looking Broxhill railway station.

It was with much pleasure just before Christmas that Mr. Ponsford learnt of the return of Mrs. Widgery, who had been staying in the south, by receiving an invitation to an evening At Home at her house. The note was couched in the following terms:

Railview Mansion, Broxhill.

MY DEAR MR. PONSFORD,

Do come to my little party! I quite *count* upon your acceptance. You won't be so heartless as to refuse poor little *me*—will you? I have so much I want to say, and more I want to *hear* from *you*. You must tell me *all* about your wonderful experience! I have become so intensely interested *lately*—in *such matters*. Would you think me a *horrid* bore if I asked you to give us the *whole story* yourself? Just as if we were a meeting of the Don't-know-how-to-spell-it Society? I have purposely refrained from letting *anyone* tell me *anything* about it reserving for myself the great pleasure of hearing *all* direct from *you*. So you will come, won't you? And eternally oblige,

Yours, SARA WIDGERY.

Of course Mr. Ponsford could not refuse so tender an appeal from a lady!

He accepted, and on Christmas Eve presented himself in due form at the Villa.

A large number of the first families of the neighbourhood had there assembled; on his entrance to the drawing-room all eyes were turned upon him.

But Adolphus had in return no attention to spare for anyone except his hostess, for Mrs. Widgery in greeting him had pressed his hand—or so he thought—with such tender muscular contraction, that it induced a like sensation in his heart, quite intoxicating him.

"You *are* kind!" she murmured. "And you will let us hear your deeply interesting story? Oh, thank you *so* much! What an intellectual treat we shall have, for—a—a—gentleman I met—whom I travelled with—I mean one of the members of the party on the yacht—is coming too to-night. He has lately had a Terrible Experience of the Unseen! So *awful* he has never spoken to a living soul about it! But to-night he has promised Me to tell it aloud for the first time! He said he could not refuse *Me* anything I asked him! Now, wasn't that a pretty speech?"

"Standing as we all are on the threshold of the Twentieth Century—"

Mr. Ponsford felt an unmistakable pang of jealousy towards this complaisant Interloper.

"Who is this—this a—personage?" he demanded.

"Mr. Carruthers Dashwood," Mrs. Widgery replied. "One of *the* Carruthers Dashwoods — very old family. So—so—so—oh, so select, don't you know! But quite a wreck poor fellow when he joined the yacht! Broken down by the terrible Psychical Experience he had undergone. I am simply *longing* to introduce you to each other, and will let you know the very moment he arrives. A charming man! *So* Metaphysical!"

Adolphus distinctly objected to Mr. Carruthers Dashwood presuming to relate any psychical experience. Of course this paltry little story could not compare to the gruesome horrors of his own thrilling tale! Still he would have infinitely preferred to have the whole field to himself,

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Therefore it was with feelings of relief that he heard his hostess a little later on in the evening declare that as Mr. Carruthers Dashwood had not appeared she feared he could not now be coming after all.

"So we won't wait another moment before we ask Mr. Ponsford to be so kind and clear as to tell us all about everything," she concluded.

The assembled guests murmured polite assent, and a subdued sound of clapping greeted Adolphus when, rising from his chair, he gave a pull to his waistcoat, shot out his immaculate cuffs, and after a few coughs to clear his voice, began to speak.

"Standing as we all are on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, the deep thoughts, borne in upon us all by—er—this circumstance, have induced a fresh interest in matters—"

"Really, my good Ponsford!" Colonel Belcher, his rival to the hand of Mrs. Widgery, interrupted, "haven't we done with the Twentieth Century platitudes yet? Surely you've something newer than that to tell us? What happened to you at Cambleford? Get to the point! Tell us *what* turned your hair grey, and made an old man of you."

Adolphus quivered with righteous indignation, but preserved his outward composure under this malicious speech.

His dignified manner of bearing so uncalled for an attack, won him the sympathy of everybody present.

He waited until the rustles of disapproval had subsided, then resumed his narrative.

"Let me then go straight to the point. Just two months ago I left home to pay a visit to my friend Lord Cambleford, the immediate object indicated in the invitation sent me being four days' pheasant shooting! I was to be one of the eight guns——"

"Spare us their names," said the irrepressible Belcher.

"I will," rejoined Adolphus quite good humouredly, "for the simple reason that I don't know many of them myself! If you will allow me to continue my narrative, Colonel, I will tell you *why* I never met my fellow guests, never shot one of my friend's pheasants——"

"Shot *at* you mean—couldn't hit a haystack flying," growled his rival.

"—And only spent one out of the five nights I had intended to sojourn, beneath the hospitable roof of Cambleford Grange! I left my own house in this neighbourhood on October 31st, taking the five o'clock train, which would deposit me about 6.15 at Cambleford. The Grange is only a quarter of an hour's drive from the railway station, so I knew I should have ample time to dress, etc. before the dinner hour.

"The weather all day had proved most inclement, and somehow I was unfortunate enough to contract a chill. By the time I arrived at the Grange my symptoms of nasal catarrh were so marked that I decided my only chance of being in a fit state to enjoy the next day's sport was to retire to my room immediately, and deny myself the social pleasures of the evening. In fact I resolved to go to bed at once!

"I communicated my intention to my host, who was most kind. I remember"—Mr. Ponsford smiled at the recollection—"he facetiously remarked, 'Right you are old chap! You *do* look a boiled owl! Bed is the best place for you. I'll tell my own man to see you get a skinful to eat and drink—a hot bottle to toast your toes, and a tallow candle to rub your nose with!'"

A ripple of laughter greeted the repetition of this spirited speech. Mr. Ponsford felt he had made a hit despite the disparaging remark of his martial foe, who could be heard declaring loudly *his* opinion that both the original remark and its retailed edition were distinctly vulgar—before ladies too!

"Lord Cambleford was as good as his word—a most elegant repast, with equally excellent wine, was served to me in my bedroom. Providentially I found my appetite was not impaired, and I could thoroughly enjoy all that lavish hospitality spread before me. I must confess to a glass of hot toddy during the evening"—Adolphus looked quite coy—"or to be quite accurate, to having indulged in two!"

"Oh, that accounts for the thing!" said Colonel Belcher. "He had a well-deserved nightmare—and thought because he saw everything double, he was interviewing Spooks and Bogles!"

"No, Colonel Belcher, I was not in the smallest degree under the influence of indigestion or intemperance. I retired to rest perfectly sober, and feeling as well as any man suffering from a mild attack of catarrh can feel!

"The chamber assigned to me was one of the largest, lofty and spacious, with a deep fireplace across the corner. Its walls and ceiling were panelled, and the floor was of polished oak covered by a few handsome rugs.

"My couch was an old-fashioned four-

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poster, and stood in the middle of the wall exactly opposite the only door in the room. On its left, at right angles to the door, were all the apparatus—er—for ablutions, on the right a writing-table and two armchairs.

"I apologise to you, my dear ladies, for thus thrusting these details before your notice, but they are necessary for the proper understanding of what followed. After enjoying a pipe or two and my grog I finally retired to rest at about nine o'clock. My couch was redolent of the garnered sweets of summer——"

Colonel Belcher interrupted him with a jeering laugh.

"Of summer," repeated Mr. Ponsford.

"My couch, I repeat, was downy, and I soon fell into that delicious slumber known to the fairer portion of my hearers as Beauty Sleep."

Smiles followed this pleasing fantasy, also still louder guffaws from the jealous soldier, even more offensive than his actual words.

"Beauty sleep, indeed! It's a pity you didn't take a longer snooze, then."

Adolphus made a little pause before he began again, artistically dropping his voice a tone or two.

"I had slept three or four hours, perhaps, when I was suddenly awakened by noises which I can only describe as indescribable. No words of mine will convey any idea of these fearsome sounds. They were evidently made by some person, some creature racked by agony too deep, too bitter for articulation. They rose and fell in dismal cadence, with measured intervals, like the rising and falling of waves beating on some lonely beach."

"Are you sure you did not simply wake yourself up by your own loud snoring?" demanded Colonel Belcher, adding, with a great show of friendly interest, "I remember when I shared your room the time we were golfing at St. Andrews, I could not get a wink of sleep until I got accustomed to your nasal music."

Adolphus wisely would not condescend to notice these base insinuations. He drew himself up, spread his doeskin covered white hand over his heart, and continued.

"My breath came and went, my heart quickened its action with painful celerity. I sat bolt upright and listened. The noises were coming from behind the writing-table, of that there could be no doubt.

"I lighted a candle and listened again—then, as the sounds did not cease, I started to investigate.

"Unfortunately, at an early stage in my search, I hit my large t—, er—well, the prominent bone of my pedal supports struck with great violence against a chair, causing me such acute pain that I dropped my lighted candle, accidentally extinguishing it as I did so, and simply danced in agony for several seconds. The offending chair was overturned with some force, and both it and the candlestick in falling made a considerable clatter. Imagine me standing thus, ladies——"

"*Don't*—I advise you not to—*don't!*" Colonel Belcher rolled his eyes with badly simulated horror.

"In Egyptian darkness, at a considerable distance from my bed where I had left the matches! Pulling myself together by a mighty effort, I groped my way to the wall, and began feeling along its guiding panels, listening the while for any sound. The noise which had awakened me had ceased, but ere many seconds passed I heard a fresh one. This time it was as if some ghostly fingers were pressed almost against my own on the other side of the woodwork. Then I could distinguish a soft sighing quite close to my ear! Anxious to get back to my bed——"

"And put your head under the clothes?" queried the Colonel with offensive politeness.

"—where I should find the matches," explained Mr. Ponsford severely, "I pressed my hands firmly against the panelling, the better to guide myself. I took a few steps in this way, when suddenly under my fingers I felt a panel move, sliding very gently and gradually to the right. I saw a momentary flash of light, felt a rush of cold air—then the panel slipped away from my fingers, and my nerveless hand dropped into a void."

His voice grew quite tragic in its intensity, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. Whatever Mr. Adolphus Ponsford imagined he had seen or heard at Cambleford Grange, one thing seemed certain—it was all an absolute reality to him.

Mrs. Widgery turned quite pale in sympathy, and the most incredulous of her guests were in some measure affected.

Even Colonel Belcher grew silent under a strange spell of fear, which had communicated itself from the speaker to all his audience.

"I say my nerveless fingers dropped into a void—would to Heaven that it were so! As my powerless hand slipped from the projecting wood of the moving panel it fell in contact with another hand. A Hand chill and clammy with the dews of Death, a Hand bony, fleshless, as that of a skeleton, a Hand

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which gripped mine with no merely human force.

"I was absolutely fettered by the supernatural strength of those emaciated fingers, whose icy touch sent every drop of blood in my veins down below zero. For several minutes, each of which seemed an eternity, I was thus held a prisoner! What words can convey the hideous horror of the time, what description explain to you the creeping fear which made my vertebrae crepitate and every hair move away from its fellows uneasily on my scalp? Then I collected the scattered remnants of my senses, recalled my ebbing strength, and with a final effort wrenched myself free from the Hand of Death which held me, and managed to close the panel, between me and the —the Horror without."

I sat bolt upright and listened.

Mr. Ponsford paused to wipe his white face.

"I think then I must have fainted, or swooned —one thing only I know, when I recovered consciousness the daylight was streaming into my room, and a manservant was bending over me, looking at me with a very anxious face.

"'What has happened, Sir?' he inquired. 'Did you walk in your sleep and hit your head?'

"Not wishing to pose as the injudicious guest of Christmas literature who invariably interviews the particular family apparition, regarding which his host is most touchy, I allowed the man to continue to believe this was the right solution of my being found in a heap upon the floor at eight a.m., and dispatched him with a message to Lord Cambleford to the effect that my catarrh was so pronounced I felt it would be best and wisest under the circumstances to return home at once in case I was in for a serious illness.

"My friend came in to see me half an hour later, and seemed much shocked by my wretched appearance. He placed a closed vehicle at my disposal to convey me to the station, and, to make a long story short, I returned to my own home by the first possible train. Our kind friend, Dr. Timbles, came to my help, and with his usual skill diagnosed my seizure as the forerunner of an attack—mild, thank Heaven—of brain fever, brought on, he thought, by overwork.

"A few words more, and I have done. My hair on the 31st of October was, as you all know, a dark brown; on the 1st of November it had become the colour you now see it."

Adolphus ran his fingers through his grizzled locks, bowed to his hostess and the assembled company, and resumed his seat.

A buzzing of conversation broke out. Everyone present had a theory of their own to air, and they all tried to do it at the same time.

Many questions were asked Mr. Ponsford, and answered with straightforward candour by that gentleman, but the most minute cross-examination failed to elicit any facts which could throw more light on the mystery of the Death Hand of Cambleford Grange.

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This excitement had hardly subsided when a newcomer was announced, and Mrs. Widgery rose with a little cry of pleasure to greet the belated guest.

"Oh, here is Mr. Carruthers Dashwood," she exclaimed. "How do you do? I had quite given you up! And we were all so disappointed, and feared we should not hear the—the—experience you had promised *me* to tell."

"My dear Mrs. Widgery, ten thousand apologies for my late appearance. I was delayed by unavoidable business. Nothing but matters of vital importance would have kept me from your side."

Mr. Carruthers Dashwood spoke in a very deep voice, quite out of keeping with his five feet nothing of figure and seven stone of weight.

He retained the fair hostess's hand in his own during the whole of his rather florid apologies. When at last he released it, with such undisguised reluctance and a lingering glance of ardent admiration, Colonel Belcher and Mr. Ponsford became at once one in their desire to shed his blood.

Mrs. Widgery blushed very sweetly. She was conscious of the many curious glances fixed upon her and her unknown friend, also of the baneful light shining in at least two pairs of those inquisitive eyes! So she hastened to make her latest Lion roar—in the manner expected of him.

"I will only forgive you your bad, *bad* conduct on the condition you at once fulfil the promise you gave me, and tell us all about your wonderful Cyclist performance."

Mr. Dashwood looked mystified—then his face brightened and he hastened to correct. His voice was not without a faint savour of reproach.

"My *Psychic* experience? Certainly, if it will at all interest you and your guests, my dear Mrs. Widgery."

"Oh, indeed, indeed it will," the widow assured him. "We have just had a truly wonderful half hour while dear Mr Ponsford related the *most* thrilling story. I do wish you had been here to enjoy it too. Let me introduce Mr. Adolphus Ponsford—Mr. Carruthers Dashwood. You are both Great Souls, and should know each other."

The two gentlemen bowed with all the elegance induced by mutual and fervent dislike at first sight. While their tongues expressed their pleasure at meeting, their eyes exchanged a challenge *à l'outrance*.

"Now," Mrs. Widgery continued, clasping her hands ecstatically, and addressing her guests *en masse*. "Now we have got Mr. Dashwood a prisoner, we will be oh! so cruel! We will not give him one morsel to eat or drink, not a scrap of supper until he has told us the whole of *his* most interesting story."

"That being the case, I will begin at once. Your wishes, Mrs. Widgery, are ever my law."

"Gutter snipe!" whispered Mr. Ponsford confidentially to the back of his own hand, *apropos* of nothing.

"How *did* the dwarf get away from Barnum's, to which he properly belongs?" Colonel Belcher inquired from his ill-used pocket-handkerchief, blowing furious blasts into its innocent folds of linen the while.

Mr. Dashwood, unconscious of these fervent compliments, stood with his dapper little toes in the third position, gave *his* waistcoat the usual oratorical tug down and began his story.

"I am not an imaginative man," his deep voice made two or three elderly ladies jump, "and was an absolutely healthy one until the period when I lately passed through the Awful Experience which by my hostess's request I am about to relate for the first time. That period of mental stress, short though it was when reckoned by mortal standards, was long enough to completely shatter my health and disorganise my entire nervous system and leave a mark upon me—for my whole life! Thanks to a sea voyage in charming and congenial society," here he threw a languishing glance at the widow, "I am now quite restored. To go, without further preface, to my tale.

"At the end of October of this present year, the last week of the month, I was staying with a very great friend in Hertfordshire for a few days' shooting."

Mr. Dashwood gazed round complacently at his audience. He was agreeably surprised by their alert attitudes of attention. Everyone sat up in their chairs listening intently.

"My visit," he continued, "had come to its last night. I was to depart early on the morrow, when fresh guests were arriving for more shooting. I went to my room, a lofty chamber panelled and ceiled in oak, on the night of October 31st."

Mr. Adolphus Ponsford gasped — his fingers groped blindly at his collar stud. He felt choking.

The merciless voice went on.

"In the middle of the night, or perhaps towards the early dawn, I was awakened by hearing the most unearthly and objectionable

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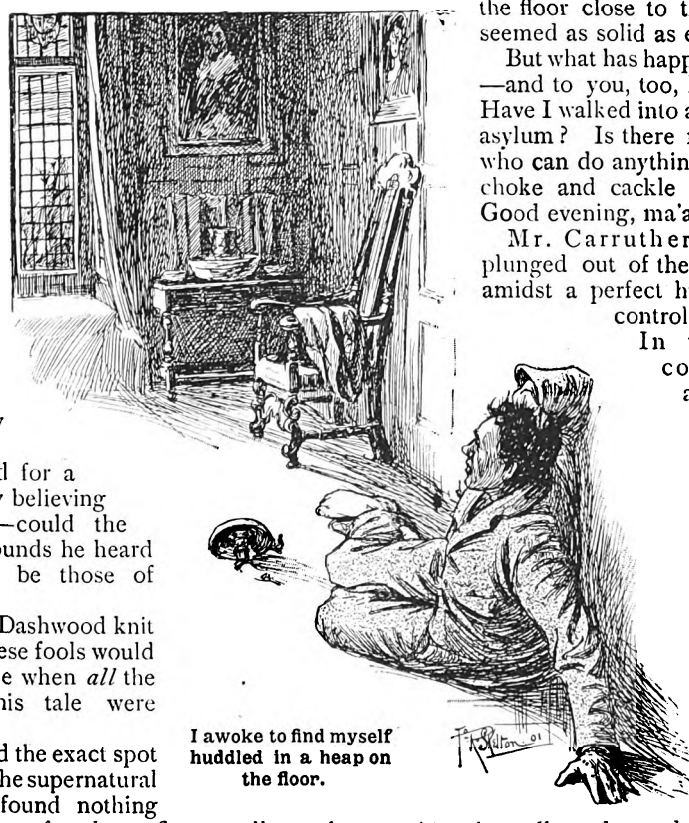
noises in my room close to the wall dividing my apartment from the next. Now, Cambleford Grange—the house I was staying in—was, I knew, noted for its ghosts—"

Mr. Dashwood paused, and looked round rather puzzled.

"I perceive," he remarked, "that there are smiles on many faces at the mention of the word ghosts. Ladies and gentlemen, I, too, once smiled, but now"—he frowned portentously—"I laugh on the wrong side of my mouth! To resume, I lit my candle, and, creeping out of bed, advanced to the area whence these horrible sounds proceeded, determined at all costs to unearth the mystery. But a chill, not of this world, crept over my whole body. My temperature was mysteriously and suddenly lowered! I verily believe that every drop of blood in my veins was many degrees below zero—"



I awoke to find myself huddled in a heap on the floor.

He stopped for a second, hardly believing his own ears—could the suppressed sounds he heard on all sides, be those of laughter?

Carruthers Dashwood knit his brows—these fools would cease to giggle when *all* the horrors of his tale were unfolded.

"I examined the exact spot where I heard the supernatural sounds, but found nothing there to account for them, floor, walls, and ceiling seemed quite normal. Then I could almost have sworn I saw a panel in the apparently solid wall move. A hot wind, warmed by no earthly fires, swept across my face extinguishing my candle. I groped with my free hand in the Egyptian darkness and then—oh, crowning agony, my hand was grasped by Another Hand burning with no mortal flame."

The indiscreet rippling giggles had been steadily increasing. His last words were greeted by open shouts of laughter. It was several minutes before silence was restored.

"I am glad, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I amuse you," remarked Mr. Carruthers Dashwood, with acrimonious politeness. "Pray laugh to your heart's content. Don't mind me. My story is nearly done. My hand, as I say, was held by this Fiery Hand in a Titanic grasp for at least a quarter of an hour, before I managed by a mighty effort to release myself from the Fetters of Flame. I heard a wild, demoniacal shriek, then merciful Providence sent to me oblivion, and I knew no more until with the early dawn I awoke to find myself huddled in a heap on the floor close to the wall, which seemed as solid as ever.

But what has happened to you all—and to you, too, Mrs. Widgery? Have I walked into a private lunatic asylum? Is there nobody present who can do anything but roar and choke and cackle with laughter? Good evening, ma'am——"

Mr. Carruthers Dashwood plunged out of the drawing-room amidst a perfect hurricane of uncontrollable laughter.

In the hall he collided with another departing guest.

He noticed that Mr. Adolphus Ponsford was not laughing.

At an early stage in Mr. Dashwood's narrative Adolphus had, Boojum-like, slowly and silently vanished away.

"Are they all mad up there?" inquired Carruthers Dashwood.

Adolphus sadly shook his head.

"Come round to my house," he said mournfully, "and I will explain."

* * * * *

Cutting from the *Morning Post*:

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Sara, widow of the late John Widgery, Esquire, of Rail View Mansion, Broxhill, and Theophilus Belcher, late Colonel of His Majesty's Regiment of Mounted Motor-car Marines.

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HANDYMEN OF SPORT

W. G. in his younger days took the hurdles in fine style.

By George Epping.

Illustrated by Frank Gillet.

To-day he likes a peaceful (?) game of whist.

The Navy's "handyman" has frequently been the theme of song and story; but no one seems to have considered the claims of the "handymen" of sport. They are very numerous, too, and a long list of brilliant "all-rounders" could easily be compiled.

Dr. W. G. Grace is a fair example of the athletic handyman. True his great cricket feats have overshadowed all his other performances; yet the champion was a fine hurdler and sprinter in his younger days, though now that his hair is becoming tinged with the frost of passing winters, he devotes part of his leisure to the quiet game of whist.

No one has had a more varied experience than "W. G.," and some capital stories are told of him. When Alec Bannerman, the Australian stonewaller, was to the fore, Dr. Grace used to field almost on the end of that player's bat. One day, when the champion was creeping gradually in from point, he was rather startled to hear a youngster cry out to Bannerman: "Take care, Alec, or W. G.'ll have his hand in your pocket!"

Phil May, the black and white artist, played a joke on the doctor that was scarcely appreciated by the victim of it. Phil, in one of his cricket sketches, which appeared on a cold December day, put a pair of wicket-keeping gloves on one of the fielders.

Dr. Grace saw the picture, and wired to the artist: "Why, oh why does square leg wear wicket-keeping gloves?" Phil waited until about midnight, and then telegraphed the reply: "To keep his hands warm." There is no true and faithful record of the language used by the recipient when he was called out of bed about two o'clock in the morning to receive the message.

"Ranji" is an excellent hand at tennis —

One visit of Dr. Grace to Marlborough College is well remembered at the school. In the match the famous batsman was dismissed for a small score in each innings, and at night in chapel the masters were surprised at

— and enjoys a day's shooting.

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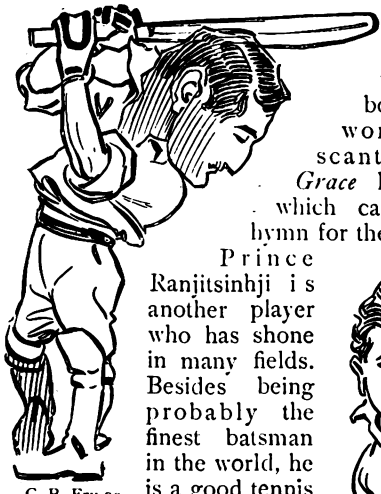


C. B. Fry as cricketer—

the heartiness with which the boys sang the words, "The scanty triumphs *Grace* hath won," which came in the hymn for the evening.

Prince Ranjitsinhji is another player who has shone in many fields. Besides being probably the finest batsman in the world, he is a good tennis and racquets player and a capital shot. At one time he was fond of Association football, but an injury to his knee laid him up, and when he recovered he decided to do duty as a spectator in the future.

—footballer—

Before he was so well known as he is now, Ranji obtained a lot of fun out of country cricket. During one long vacation he was on tour with the Cambridge Cassandra club, and a member of the opposing side inquired if "that dark chap could speak English?"

He was told that Ranji knew only a few words, such as "Yes," "No," and "How's that?" The consequence was that when the Indian prince went to the wicket he heard some lively criticisms passed on his batting. He soon set going, and began to knock the bowling about, and at length one of the out fielders called to the bowler: "Here, isn't it time you got this heathen out?"

All the changes proved ineffective, and at last, when a fast ball hit Ranji in the chest, the opposing captain audibly hoped "that it would knock the steam out of the beggar!" The joke was kept up until the dinner after the match, when the "dark chap," to the astonishment of his adversaries, rose and made a genial speech in proposing the toast of "The Home Club." It was wonderful what a number of the team were troubled with bad coughs during Ranji's remarks.

C. B. Fry is, I suppose, the greatest handyman of sport we have ever had. When at Oxford he represented his University as a runner, Association footballer, and cricketer, and distinguished himself in each branch of sport. To-day he is acknowledged to be one of the soundest batsmen in England, and he is still good enough to play back for his country at football.

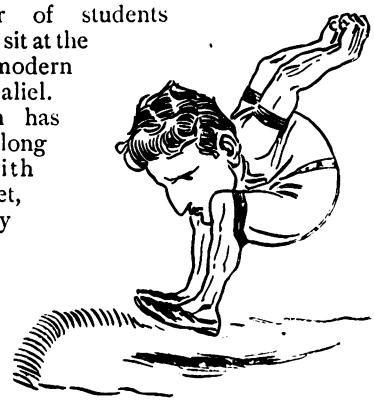
Though Mr. Fry's great performances for Sussex last year surprised many of the public, he only fulfilled the expectations of the leading professional cricketers. In 1899 I remember hearing Titchmarsh, the well-known umpire, say that if he were picking an England team Mr. Fry would be his first choice, as he considered him the best batsman in the country. Since then the Sussex amateur has shown that there were good grounds for the professional's high opinion.

Last winter Mr. Fry was playing football with Southampton and the Corinthians; and during the latter team's Christmas tour he created a great impression on Northern players. He can suit his style of play to his opponents, and when hard, determined tackling becomes necessary, it is a pleasure to see the Southerner set to work. He believes in the robust school, and can act up to it if needed.

—sprinter—

Not content with his "field" successes, Mr. Fry, through the medium of newspapers and magazines, has now become a guide and counsellor to rising athletes. Knowing the game well, he is thoroughly qualified for the post, and it is an ever increasing number of students who come to sit at the feet of this modern athletic Gamaliel.

W. Gunn has been so long identified with Notts cricket, that many present-day players may not know he was once one of our best Association footballers. He



—and jumper.

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A. N. Hornby can turn his hand to cricket, football, and boxing.

played before combination was the chief end and aim of forwards, and his sprints along the wing were as characteristic as those of any international forward.

Gunn has had the satisfaction of representing his country in both summer and winter pastimes, and though his football days are over, he is still able to hold his own at cricket.

Daniell thinks no game like football, though he plays cricket with the best. His reason is that if a fellow damages you in football you can always wipe the slate clean during the game.

No one has been more prominent and popular, both in England and Australia, than A. E. Stoddart, the Middlesex batsman. Mr. Stoddart was acknowledged to be the best three-quarter back in England when he played Rugby football, and he was far and away the best man in the Shaw & Shrewsbury team of footballers that toured through the Antipodes. His performances at home and abroad are too well known to need recapitulation, and wherever he goes Stoddart is sure of a hearty welcome.

The "Oval catch" is known to cricketers. and the Oval crowd has peculiarities of its own. In a match there, so it is said, Mr. Stoddart knocked the umpire's hat off with one of his straight drives. This was particularly pleasing to two of the spectators, one remarking to the other: "There, that shows you what practice will do! Why he can do what he likes with the bowling."

Of course Mr. Stoddart does not give all his time to cricket. Some of it is devoted to the banjo, on which tuneful and soulful instrument he is quite an expert. He sings to his own accompaniment. He is also reported to have drawn the winner of the Melbourne cup in an Australian lottery, and pocketed £1,000 over his success.

Australia seems to be quite a favourite resort of our sporting handymen. Last winter Archie MacLaren, A. O. Jones, and C. McGahey did the now accustomed tour. They are three good men and true in several branches of sport. Mr. MacLaren has a decided weakness for the Island continent, as it was there he met, and married, his wife.

Another famous amateur, Ernest Smith, who, as bowler, batsman, and in the field is still doing excellent service for his county, Yorkshire, when his school duties permit him. is a fine all-round sportsman, a thoroughgoing handyman. He has been a football player; at golf, though he plays but little, he can very well hold his own with the average scratch amateur, while at billiards a fifty break is of frequent occurrence.

A. O. Jones, the Notts captain, is a "Rugger" player, and had he stayed at home and turned out for Leicester, he might have been in the running for International honours.

Lancashire's old captain, A. N. Hornby, once had a curious experience at Lord's. The ball slipped out of the bowler's hand as he was delivering, and Mr. Hornby rushed up the pitch to hit it to the boundary. The bowler did a sprint as well, and, beating the batsman, threw the ball to the wicket-keeper, who knocked the bails off. A violent debate followed as to whether the batsman was out or not, but eventually he was allowed to continue his innings.

When Hornby left Harrow his father asked him what professional career he would like to follow. "Well," responded young hopeful, "what with cricket in the summer, and football and hunting in winter, I think I

Foulke at the wickets. It is said that the umpires tried to make the following arrangement: If the ball should hit Foulke on the stomach he was out leg-before-wicket; if it hit him in the lower part of the back it was to be called "wide."

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shall have plenty to do, and ought to get along very well. Don't you?" He certainly did keep himself busy throughout the year, and played full back for England several times. In cricket he stole more runs than any other batsman, and, while a staunch upholder of amateurism, has always been a good friend to professionals. He is among other things a famous boxer.

Australia has given Somerset a very handyman indeed in the stout-hearted, muscular, and jovial S. M. J. Woods, whose "Who's coming in first with me, Martin?" was one of the institutions of Lord Hawke's American tours. Can anyone imagine the westerners without the versatile "Sammy"? He was one of our foremost footballers from 1890 to '95. Mr. Woods was a famous "winger," and I still remember his great effort to make a speech at the dinner after an international match at Manchester.

"Sammy" might develop into a great orator with practice. Parliament's loss is Somerset's gain. For years Mr. Woods was our leading amateur fast bowler; but he has slowed down a little now, though at times his batting is as lively as ever. He sings a good song, is fond of his pipe, and can make himself at home in any company.

J. Daniell, the old Cambridge Blue, is one of Sammy's friends and comrades in the Somerset eleven. A few seasons ago the Light Blue experienced a wretched run of luck, and, seeing him looking somewhat dejected one day, Sammy, who was enjoying a pipe, tried to cheer Daniells up with: "Never mind, Daniells, your luck must change soon, and then you will get your own back on the bowlers."

"That's all right, Sammy," was the victim's reply, "but you give me Rugby football and you can take cricket to Jericho. In cricket, if a fast bowler hits you in the ribs and hurts you, and then adds to your injured feelings by bowling you, you can't say or do anything to him. You dare not even throw your bat at him. But at football, if a fellow damages you a bit, you can always wipe the slate clean during the game. Yes! give me football, and hang cricket." As a footballer he occupies a foremost place. He plays for Richmond, Middlesex, and England, and is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, forward in the country.

A popular saying in Derbyshire last year was "Ahr knaw that man. He cooms fra Sheffield." He was easily identified, too, for it was none other than the burly, yet graceful, W. Foulke, Sheffield United's goalkeeper, a handy man of sport if there ever was one. He played four matches for Derbyshire, and made fifty-three runs at his first attempt. His friends declare that he would have played more frequently had it not been for the grumbling of the opposing captains.

Gregor McGregor finds the Stock Exchange a more engrossing sport than cricket.

McGregor, Sammy Woods, and Stoddart. The latter plays the banjo, Woods sings, and McGregor, being a friend of both, might learn to play. The result would certainly fill the halls.

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I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but will give it as it reached me. The captains are alleged to have protested that Foulke's pose at the wickets handicapped their bowlers. The latter scarcely knew how to bowl at him to hit the stumps, and they wanted the home skipper to agree to the following arrangement being made between the umpires: If the ball hit Foulke on the stomach he was out leg-before-wicket. Providing this was agreed to, they were willing for any ball that hit him in the lower part of the back to be called "wide."

Speaking of Foulke reminds me that he is not nearly the "heavyweight" of cricket. Old records of the game tell us that the celebrated Daniel Lambert was a splendid cricketer in his youthful days. In fact, he was such an authority on the sport that "many used to resort to him to settle disputes after their games were finished, he being a constituted umpire at a time when there were no printed established rules;" and the old chronicler goes on to say: "A gratuitous beefsteak and a foaming tankard of ale his clients always received."

A player who says that he is taking less interest in cricket each year is Gregor McGregor, the Middlesex wicket-keeper. Two years ago he told the present writer that the Stock Exchange claimed so much of his attention that he had no time to think of the game until he was on the field of play.

He is a Scottish International in football and an English one in cricket, and the best amateur stumper since the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. As he is a great friend of Mr. Stoddart, perhaps he, too, patronises the banjo, and together they may try to charm their circle of acquaintances with duets. A song by Sammy Woods, with a banjo accompaniment by the two celebrated Middlesex players, should draw a big house anywhere. Perhaps the secretary of some of the Cricketers Funds may accept the suggestion.

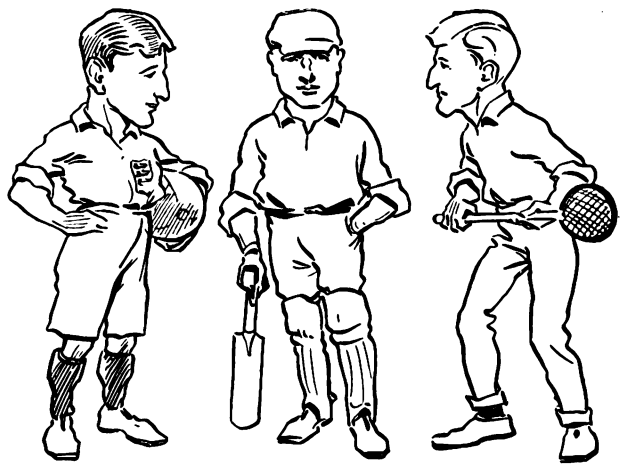
Worcestershire would be lost, in a sporting sense, without the Foster family, and better athletes than the three brothers H. K., W. L., and R. E., are seldom met with. They have been the backbone of Worcestershire cricket. As an "all-rounder" I should say that R. E. carries off the palm. If he is behind H. K. at racquets, he is at least his equal at cricket and his superior at football, and altogether the younger Foster is a useful man to have on your side in a general sporting contest.

W. L. Foster has had a lively experience of the South African war. For a time he was galloper to Lord Methuen, and in the discharge of his duties had nine horses shot under him during one day! He must have been in some warm corners for this to happen, and his luck was certainly in, for he escaped without a scratch.

J. Le Fleming, of Kent, can boast of having played in a cricket match on the site of the battle of Elandslaagte.

Several of our jockeys are fond of cricket, and Morny Cannon is a frequent spectator at first-class matches whenever he has a day off. His younger brother, Kempton, shines as a critic.

It is a pity that the match between the jockeys and sporting writers has been allowed to drop. In one of these, played at Leighton Buzzard, Mr. J. H. Smith, "Jim the Penman," of the *Sporting Times*, snapped a man at the wicket, and appealed for the catch. To his disgust the batsman was given "not out." Afterwards the matter became the subject of discussion in the pavilion, and as the players came in one of the spectators said to Mr. Smith: "What was that, Jim?" "We all thought he hit it," was the reply. "Hit it," responded the questioner, "why there was only one man in Leighton Buzzard who thought otherwise." At this Joe Cannon, who had been standing quietly by, remarked: "Well, what have you to complain of? He was the only man you asked!"



The brothers Foster can turn their hands to any sport under the sun.

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Behind Love's Mask.

By Maud Howard Peterson.

Miss Hargrave pulled off her fencing mask impatiently; flung it on one side; smoothed back the stray damp hairs from her flushed temples, and rested one hand above the other on the foil she held.

Young Trimble, who had placed a board across an old mahogany cradle that had held generations of Hargraves, swung gently in his improvised rocking chair, his long legs trailing backwards and forwards as a fisherman's line trails in the water. He regarded his pupil complacently.

"If I didn't happen to know that that was very fine steel, I'd dare suggest that you are bending it a bit too far."

Miss Hargrave relaxed her pressure on the foil. The steel sprang back in place as an arrow released from its bow.

"I'm tired of seeing you sitting there keeping cool," she said a little crossly. "And I'm tired of saluting you."

She sat down on the end of a box and looked severely at his uniform, immaculate linen, and placid face.

"I salute my superior officers every hour of the day," he answered.

"You have to—and that's different. I'd never acknowledge my duty to salute anyone."

The lieutenant ceased his slow rocking, drew up his long legs under the cradle with the mysterious nautical method of reducing everything to the smallest possible space, clasped his hands together, and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

"I'd give a good deal," he answered slowly, "to see what kind of a chap the fellow is who will master you some day, and whom you won't mind saluting."

Miss Hargrave ran the rubber tipped point of her foil along a crack in the attic floor. A little red flush, not entirely due to heat from her recent exertions, crept into her cheeks and lost itself behind her ears.

She pressed her lips firmly together and was silent, but young Trimble, who had long ago learned to read the signs forecast by his companion's face, suddenly sprang up.

"That salute is really quite simple," he said in a kindly but perfectly businesslike tone. "Remember—feet at right angles; point of foil in front; a lift of forty-five degrees, and then—and—so—so—and so. And there you are!"

"You never expect me to be able to do that, do you?" she said. "Besides, it's impossible to learn in these dresses. I must get a fencing costume."

"The sooner the better," he said lightly, making a thrust at an imaginary adversary.

"Yesterday," she went on, "when I broke mamma's best Dresden vase practising it, I felt pretty certain fencing was beyond me, and this morning when I smashed her choicest Sevres cup and saucer, I was dead sure of it. That's why she's banished us up here to practise," she added.

"It's a fine, jolly old place," observed young Trimble, looking around him.

Through the dim, cobwebbed panes of the small window near, the late afternoon sun

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was filtering and falling on her hair, lending to it a touch of its own reddish glow. He let his gaze wander absently to the foil he held.

"I'm in hopes you won't get discouraged and that we'll have a regular bout before long. It's uncertain just how long the squadron will be in the bay, and——" he broke off suddenly.

Someone was climbing laboriously up the attic stairs. The someone was Tommy, he felt positively certain. Tommy was young Trimble's special *bête noir*.

"I've come." The flushed face of Tommy appeared above the opening of the inclosed stairway. "I've come," he went on complacently, "for you to teach me how to fence. I want to fence with Margy."

He balanced himself perilously on the railing and looked from his sister to young Trimble. His sister spoke severely.

"You shouldn't talk so Tommy, and you mustn't *think* of fencing with Margy. Margy is a little girl."

"I don't see why," retorted Tommy, eyeing her suspiciously. "Mr. Trimble is teaching you to fence. Aren't you a girl?"

Miss Hargrave, unable to deny that she was, sat silent. Trimble muttered something hot below his breath, and went over to one of the small windows.

Far below him lay the town, and beyond it the bay, where the battleships were lying at anchor like great white sea gulls resting for a moment on the bosom of the deep, before they plumed themselves for their long flight.

And then he wondered if he was growing sentimental and *why* Tommy didn't go!

"I think," remarked Tommy slowly and with calm impertinence, "I think you're both very stupid and—very disagreeable."

Young Trimble turned away from the window and quite deliberately crossed the attic floor to where Tommy stood. Something in the lieutenant's quiet face awed Tommy, and grabbing up a foil, he held it out straight in front of him for a defence against—whatever the lieutenants meant to do. His small hands found difficulty in keeping it quite steady, and there was a sudden sense of bottomlessness where once had been his little heart, that he wouldn't have confessed for worlds.

"I don't care," he cried defiantly from behind his guard, "and what's more, I heard the paymaster tell Miss Sarah that you're the worst chap on board ship; that you've a sweetheart in every port, and the way you——"

Something caught Tommy firmly by the seat of his trousers—something he never could quite understand afterwards when he remembered the vicious foil he had pointed so valiantly at the sailor's heart.

Even in that terrible moment, he couldn't help thinking vaguely that the lieutenant must be very brave, and very, *very* strong, while he was being carried down the attic stairs, and placed not over gently, but very firmly, on the outside of the attic door, that was closed and locked on him. The lieutenant returned slowly up the stairs.

Miss Hargrave had risen from her seat on the box, and was gathering up the masks and foils. She leaned over abruptly to pick

"I'd give a good deal," he answered slowly, "to see what kind of a chap the fellow is who will master you."

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up a glove as he appeared, and she did not let him see her eyes.

"There isn't a word of truth in it," he burst forth. "It's only one of Blackmore's yarns." He crossed the attic floor to where she was stooping, and bent over her: "Won't you believe me—dear?"

The last word was so low that not even the inquisitive spider above their heads heard it, and it only reached the girl. There was a cadence in it, and a tenderness of which even Trimble did not wholly know, but to the girl in whose ears still echoed Tommy's tale, it sounded like an insult, and it dried the tears that hung upon her lashes.

She straightened herself, and was vaguely conscious as she did so of being glad that the daylight was growing dim and that her companion could not see how Tommy's thrust had gone straight home. She hoped that her voice did not betray what the coming darkness hid in her eyes.

"I don't see that it can make any particular difference, whether I believe it or not," she said coldly, moving over to where the masks and foils lay.

He had been invited to dinner and had got "special leave," to spend the evening on shore. She couldn't dismiss him—and how was the remaining time to be spent? She slipped on the mask, and behind the ugly protection her eyes shone forth like stars. A stray lock became unfastened and caressed the wire lovingly. She picked up her foil.

"Come," she said, "we'll have one more lesson before it grows too dark."

He did not move to obey her, but watched her longingly. Suddenly he took a step forward, caught her in his arms, and pushed back the mask. For a moment she lay passive there, her eyes looking up at him with a startled wonder in their depths. Then he kissed her.

"Won't you believe me—now?"

She forced herself away from his detaining hold, and turned and hid her face in her hands. There was something like a sob in her voice.

"How could you?" she said brokenly. "How—could—you—treat—me—so?"

He made a movement as if he would go to her. She turned on him.

"Did you think me that kind of a girl," she went on chokingly—"the kind of girl who doesn't mind such things and takes them all in sport—as they are meant?"

Suddenly she fled across the attic floor and down the attic stairs.

Young Trimble turned and gathered up the masks and foils—the emblems of a cause defeated.

"She's hurt," he muttered to himself. "I'm a brute, but she's hurt and—she does not care! She does not care!"

"She does not care!" grinned the empty, ugly masks at him.

"But, how much *I* care!" he groaned.

It was Tommy who made that dinner time endurable, and it was Tommy who, without compunction, joined the two silent figures on the porch, a little while after Mrs. Hargrave had discreetly withdrawn to write some very necessary letters.

"I hope you're going to give me fencing lessons," he began cheerfully, addressing the disconsolate Trimble, who was absently watching the signal lights flashing from his flagship in the bay. His eyes travelled slowly to the child.

"Hey—ah—yes. I don't know—perhaps."

"Because," went on Tommy with a face as serene as the September evening, "because I want you to—and because I think you will."

"You mustn't speak to Mr. Trimble so, Tommy," interposed Miss Hargrave's gentle voice reprovingly.

"I will!" said Tommy. "He isn't any one to talk, nor you either—to let him kiss you so!"

Young Trimble made a motion towards him, but Tommy, remembering the grip of the afternoon, fled to the lawn, and from that safe vantage ground hurled back defiance at them.

He was realising that the defence he held just now excelled all the foils that were ever made. Miss Hargrave flushed up in the dusk.

"How—how did you know?" she stammered.

"Ladder! Up to the roof of the new wing, and peeped in the other window," said Tomy laconically.

"Tommy—you couldn't—have. You—" she broke off in confusion; "you must promise really truly never to tell. Do you hear?"

It was the worst possible thing Miss Hargrave could have said. There probably isn't a boy living above bribes, and Tommy revelled in his chance.

"That depends," he said, closing one eye thoughtfully; "I won't ever breathe a word—solemn honest—if I can have Mr. Trimble's mask—"

"You can," said Trimble hurriedly, while

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he inwardly hoped it might prove anything but a protection to the naughty face he longed to slap.

"And sis's foil—the pair," went on Tommy, counting the articles off on the fingers of one grimy hand.

"Yes—yes," said Miss Hargrave.

"And the gloves and—"

Trimble rose.

"You young thief!" he cried, and chased him round the lawn.

With the agility of a monkey, Tommy climbed a tree and sat regarding the lieutenant from a bough some four feet above his head. Miss Hargrave joined them.

"But, Tommy," she said pleadingly, "you wouldn't be so selfish as to take all Mr. Trimble's things, and sister's, too."

"Wouldn't I?" said Tommy hunting for the tart he had stolen from the pantry before dinner. "One set for me and one for Margy."

"You can't—" began his sister and young Trimble in a breath.

"Then I'll tell mamma and Mr. Blackmore and—and—"

"Oh, you can have them," cried the girl in a sudden panic of embarrassment. Then she pulled Trimble by his sleeve.

"Do come away," she said.

Trimble was wondering whether he dared suggest a scheme for Tommy's downfall and his own ascendancy. If she would only give him the right.

Miss Hargrave looked across at the squadron in the bay.

"I may not see you again before you leave," she began coldly. "Perhaps we had better say good-bye——"

He interrupted her.

"You will let me come again—just for appearances? The fellows will think it awfully strange, and talk, and that wouldn't be pleasant for you. You will let me give you one more lesson?"

She shook her head trying not to smile. "Tommy'll have all the outfit."

"I'll see to that," said Trimble viciously, determined to steal Blackmore's foils. "May I come—just once, you know?"

"Yes," she said.

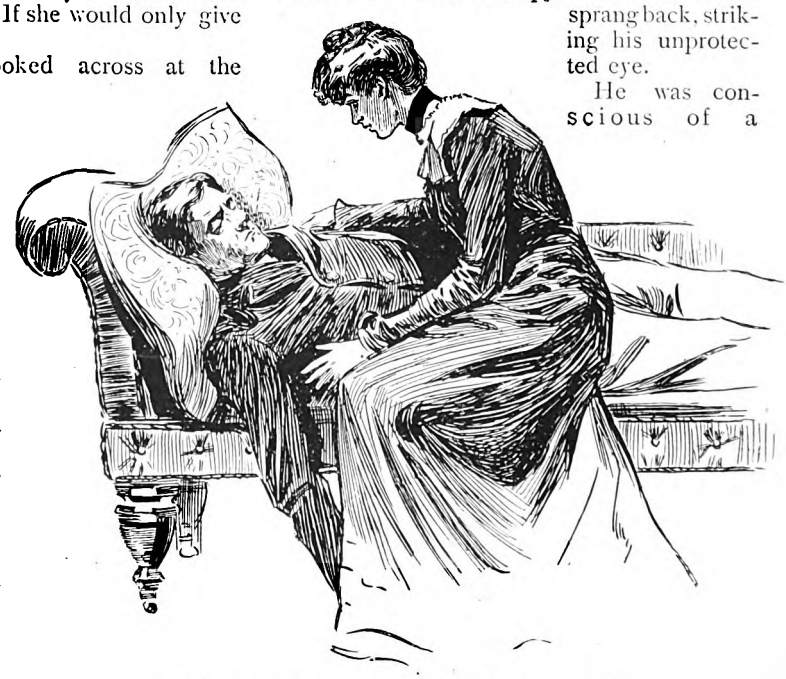
* * * * *

It is not known whether Miss Hargrave practised salutes, passes, thrusts, and parries before the mirror in the seclusion of her own room, or whether it was the knowledge that this was their last bout together and pride alone that nerved her to do her best. The fact remains that when, two days later, she and young Trimble stood together for the last time in the deserted attic, Miss Hargrave saluted her adversary with a grace that even his training could not criticise.

Her guardwork was somewhat weak, but her attack was surprisingly good. Trimble parried a bit absently as he watched the eyes and flushed face behind Blackmore's mask. His own face was unprotected, for like an officer and a gentleman, he had paid his debt to Tommy, and he had only been able to find one mask on shipboard, which he had given to the girl.

Miss Hargrave made a lunge that brought him back from dreaming and put him on his guard. She lunged again, and neither could ever afterwards tell how it happened, but Miss Hargrave tripped; tried to regain her position, and her foil that had sought out Trimble's shoulder slipped and the steel sprang back, striking his unprotected eye.

He was conscious of a



"Oh, why won't you answer me?" she cried.

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moment of horrible pain, and of feeling sickeningly dizzy; then he was forced gently back on an old horsehair sofa, and Miss Hargrave was hanging over him.

"Oh, why don't you answer me?" she cried. "Why don't you say something. I—I never meant—" she broke down and he could feel her warm tears on his face, "I never meant—the—unkind—things I said—the other day. I really couldn't be—so very—angry when you—." He could not hear the rest for her sobs, but still he kept his eyes closed and lay motionless. "Tell me that you—"

His apparently limp arms suddenly became tense, and Miss Hargrave felt herself being drawn close within them.

"Shall I tell you now, dear—that I love you?" young Trimble whispered.

She drew herself away confused.

"And you were not unconscious after all," she breathed. Then, as she looked up at the swelling eye, she shook herself free and rushed towards the stairs.

"Tommy! Tommy!" she cried. "Call mother and run for the doctor quick. Mr. Trimble's hurt!"

Tommy, who was listening at the key-hole, started back.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "I hope Margy will be careful."

Tommy brought Margy with him and introduced her to young Trimble, as the latter sat on the porch that evening with Miss Hargrave by his side. The doctor had come and gone, and had pronounced it "a narrow escape—a very narrow escape," but he did not believe the injury serious, and young Trimble, in spite of the burning, throbbing pain, and the use of only one eye, was happy.

"There are *some* points," said Tommy modestly, "I can't just understand, though I listened when you and Mr. Blackmore were fencing the other day."

"Yes," put in Margy, "me and Tommy wants to know."

Young Trimble looked down into the children's warm flushed faces hidden by the stolen masks that were quite three sizes too large. "All right," he said good naturedly. "Fire away."

But as the children listened they thought the young lieutenant's replies very hard to understand and very vague.

"Well, what's '*touche*'?" asked Tommy.

Young Trimble looked at Miss Hargrave, and a little quizzical expression crept around his mouth.

"That's rather a complicated bit of fencing," he replied, "but you'll learn it some day."

And then I heard you say something about '*engage*'— is that hard?" asked Tommy.

Tommy's sister let her eyes wander off across the bay, and the red deepened in her cheeks, but young Trimble looked down at her and laughed as though at a pleasant thought.

"It's sometimes difficult," he admitted, still looking at the girl, "but the very best point of all to those who have learned how."

"And '*disengage*'?" asked Tommy thoughtfully.

One of young Trimble's strong brown fingers traced a pattern on the back of Miss Hargrave's white hand that lay near. He smiled gently.

"That's something I don't know anything about," he said.

Tommy stared.

"But——" he began, then paused. "A mask is very necessary, isn't it?" he asked, looking towards young Trimble's bandaged head. "I suppose I had always better use a mask, hadn't I?"

"I think you had," said Trimble.

"You always make sis wear a mask, don't you?" Tommy went on,

"I used to," said Trimble simply, "but we've decided never to wear any more masks when we—we play together now."

You have met Captain Kettle before?

Of course.

But don't forget to renew your acquaintance by reading his Adventure in the

MARCH PEARSON'S.

On Sale Everywhere, March 1st.

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By C. England Cowan.

It was a bedroom steward really made the discovery, though of course the captain and purser must have known. There were two Imperial Yeomanry captains on board, each glorying in the name of William Henry Smith.

The first five days from Table Bay were just dreadful, and although the ship was a splendid one, twin screws, bilge keels, etc. —and other preventions of sea-sickness—very few survived. In fact the skipper, one of the Captains Smith, and a pretty hospital nurse were the only ones who took meals in the saloon.

It can be easily understood that that particular Captain Smith had a very good start with pretty little Nurse Willis.

Now both Nurse Willis and this Captain Smith were amateur photographers, that is to say, each possessed a hand-camera, but had little or no knowledge about developing, and they decided, having a complete outfit, to occupy their time in experimenting, the skipper having rigged up part of the large chart room for their benefit.

It was the sixth day out, just after breakfast. Captain Smith had shown Nurse Willis his overnight attempts at printing with bromide paper from a negative supposed to represent himself. The face was smeared with many pea-green blotches, and Nurse Willis promised to read up from her manual the why and the wherefore and the antidote. She was successful, and scribbled a note to Captain Smith to that effect. She wrote:

Dear Captain Smith,—I am so sorry for you. I think you can prevent those green patches on your face by adding a weak solution of bromide when you wash. T.W.

She placed the note in a dainty little tinted envelope, addressed it to Captain Smith, and gave it to a bedroom steward to deliver.

It was this steward made the discovery.

He took it to the wrong Captain Smith – to the Captain Smith who had been suffering all the agonies of *mal-de-mer* for close upon a week.

"Letter for me?" he asked, mightily astonished.

"Yessir; from Nurse Willis, sir."

Captain Smith wondered who Nurse Willis was and what she wanted, opened the envelope, read the note, turned purple, spluttered, swore some fearful oaths, then pitched the surprised steward out of the cabin.

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The steward picked himself up, rubbed the angles of his body that had come in contact with the deck, muttered that it was a rum go, and returned to Nurse Willis to report."

"You delivered my message?" she asked sweetly.

"Eh, yes miss."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said a good deal, miss. Your letter seemed to surprise him a bit, for he swore something horful, then pitched me out of his cabin, neck and crop."

Nurse Willis seemed a bit surprised too.

"You didn't make any mistake, did you?" she asked.

"No, miss—Captain William 'Enry Smith, Himperial Yeomanry."

Nurse Willis said it was queer, gave the steward a tip, and sat wondering there until the original Captain Smith arrived.

"I've had such a lark," he remarked breezily.

"Really," in a below zero tone. "I'm only a woman, of course, but I think it most cowardly to hurt an unoffending steward, and he said you used dreadful language."

Of course explanations followed, but Captain Smith number two persisted that it was a put up affair by the nurse and Captain Smith number one, and mentally swore to be avenged.

After this things got fairly lively. Not a man on board had a chance. It was one or other of the Smiths, and not a soul thought of interfering; the race was far too interesting, and on a long voyage! It was a god-send. In the absence of the Smiths it was the general topic in the smoke-room, and the betting on the daily run dwindled down to a mere nothing in comparison with the Smith race.

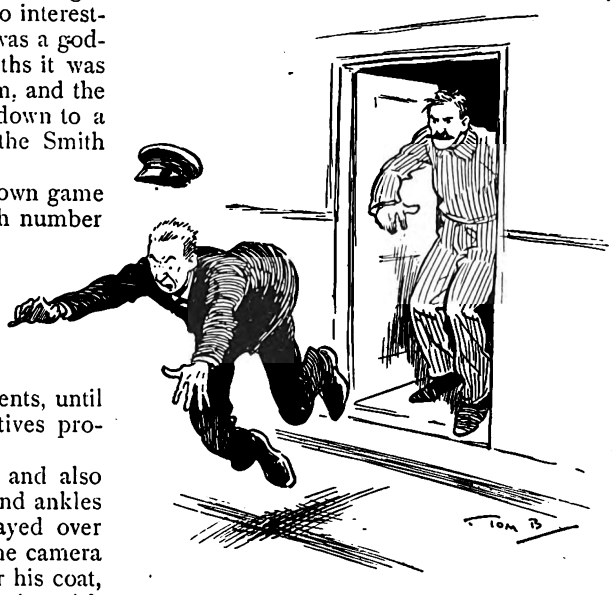
Smith number two played a low down game on Smith number one. While Smith number one was perspiring hard in the limited space of the dark room, Smith number two went—and, well, borrowed the other Smith's camera, a Kodak. Nurse Willis was swinging in a hammock, busy reading patent medicine advertisements, until the motion and the thrilling narratives produced a sweet slumber.

Smith number two had seen this, and also that Nurse Willis's pretty little feet and ankles were somewhat prominently displayed over the side of the hammock. With the camera opened, but carefully hidden under his coat, Smith walked quietly past the sleeping girl, watching her whether she was really asleep. Satisfied, he returned, and, standing about a couple of yards from the before-mentioned pretty feet and ankles, let the shutter snap.

Now, Nurse Willis had promised to do some developing during the absence of the photographic Smith, and, as some may not know, a long roll of film is not the easiest thing in the world to manipulate in a small developing tray, Nurse Willis spoiled them all but one photograph, and that was, as luck would have it, the one so meanly obtained by Smith number two. The poor little nurse was too upset at spoiling so many films to care very much what the good one was until after it had been fixed. Then she got a shock. She saw herself in the hammock, with a head the size of a penny doll, and the feet and ankles—! Medium tens, with ankles in proportion, the latter diminishing in the wrong direction.

She wept! She thought long and deeply upon the baseness and treachery of men, and finally vowed she would never speak to Smith number one again.

A week passed—a weary monotonous succession of meals, drinks, and smokes. It was painfully evident that Smith number one had given up the race, and, of course, Smith number two had a clear field (or deck); and, getting into more northern parts, the astronomy business went very strong, including warm wraps and articles of the kind. The other Smith kept to the seclusion of his cabin; hence the smoke-room had practically



Captain Smith pitched the surprised steward out of the cabin.

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nothing to discuss but whisky and whist, and the Colonel, who had a crazy sub. for a partner, caused the only bit of nightly stir by making things hum at the end of each game.

It was just after one of these volcanic episodes of extra magnitude had entertained the company, when in marched the two Smiths, evidently in great states of excitement.

"Colonel Benan and gentlemen," began Captain Smith number one (the skipper was on the bridge), "I—"

"We," from Smith number two.

"Very well, we" (with absurd emphasis), "wish you to arbitrate in a matter of some delicacy."

The Colonel went reddish purple, either from vexation at a winning game being thus interrupted, or from difficulty in suppressing mirth.

The Colonel took the chair, the others arranging themselves on either side, but at the end of a quarter of an hour no one was a scrap the wiser, as both Captain Smiths persisted in speaking at the same time, despite all the efforts of the president. Finally, it was understood that each Smith accused the other of doing a dirty, low, mean, blackguardly trick on Nurse Willis.

The Colonel, with twinkling eyes and various little coughs, suggested mildly that the two warlike Smiths should toss up for it, the winner to have so many hours grace (to be arranged) wherein to ask Nurse Willis the vital question. The two Smiths smiled, thanked the Colonel for his advice and suggestion, but said they had already made an attempt to solve the difficulty in that manner but that it had been a failure, ending in high words and nearly in coming to blows.

The Smiths were most unreasonable.

The doctor (R.A.M.C.) suggested putting poison in one glass and water in another, &c., at which both Smiths paled and said it wouldn't do.

Things had arrived at a decided deadlock when the skipper entered the saloon. He was for backing out, thinking he had dropped in on a court-martial, but the Colonel appealed to him to try and settle the differences of the Smiths.

The situation having been explained to the skipper, he at once asked if the Smiths desired a mental or a physical means to an end. They would leave the matter entirely in the hands of the captain.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "at six o'clock tomorrow morning we will be coaling at St. Vincent. The coal is brought in lighters, then bagged and hauled up. My suggestion is, that as soon as the nurse goes ashore, which she is sure to, for coaling is a dirty job, you two gentlemen have an hour's turn each at filling the bags, hoisting and trimming, the man who does best average work to have the monopoly of the lady for the remainder of the voyage, the loser to give his word to steer clear out of the way."

The Smiths were practically forced to accept this, the skipper's suggestion being received with general acclamation.

Twelve noon was the time arranged for the first stage—filling the bags on the lighters.

The smoke room had practically nothing to discuss but whisky and whist.

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The two Smiths, however, never took their eyes off the lighters from the moment they came alongside.

At 11.55 the two Smiths crawled down the rope ladder, and each took up a position at either end of the lighter. Both had been provided with old clothes, but the niggers were mightily astonished to see these two tall white men begin shovelling coal into the bags at a pace simply appalling.

A quarter of an hour saw Smith number one quite half a bag to the good, which he almost doubled in the succeeding fifteen minutes.

She saw two tall shining black men approaching.

Then, amidst bewildering excitement, Smith number two put on a spurt. The way he shovelled coal, dust and lumps, was truly marvellous. Exactly ten minutes from "time" the two were level, starting their next bag simultaneously. Quite an ovation was accorded them and kept up until the sound of eight bells gave the signal to "cease fire." The captain, as umpire, declared it a dead heat, which was the signal for another cheer.

Just as the echoes of the last cheer were dying away over the tranquil peaks, Nurse Willis, who had returned unseen, touched the Colonel on the sleeve and asked the reason of the cheering. He, poor man, had just caught a glimpse of one of the Smiths at the top of the ladder. A sort of convulsion seemed to have gripped him. He really appeared to swell visibly, while his face underwent most peculiar distortion. Nurse Willis looked at him with evident alarm, and was going to ask if the Colonel were ill, when suddenly the two Smiths appeared on the upper deck. She saw two tall shining black men approaching, but a second or two lapsed before she realised who the masquerading sweeps were.

When Nurse Willis came to, as the saying is, she was very weak, but quite strong enough to protest against and contradict the doctor's remark about hysterics.

"Oh, tell me why did they do it?" she asked.

No one dared tell her, and the silence gave her the cue. She blushed—well, the doctor said right down to her feet, and he ought to know, though he wouldn't explain how.

Things went on very slowly after this. Nothing would appease the wrath of the Smiths, and poor little Nurse Willis changed completely. The Colonel got worse tempered, while the crazy sub. went in for open rebellion, said he didn't mind getting bombarded by a long Tom, but was jiggered if he could stand it from a mouth organ (said *sotto voce*).

It was a period of strained relationships.

The Colonel was arguing with the senior major (R.H.A.) that the guns ought to have done this and that, when both were startled by hearing a burst of downright genuine laughter, evidently from the captain's room.

"Sounds like one of those confounded Smiths," the Colonel muttered.

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The major went and peeped in through the port-hole, then beckoned the Colonel.

Much to their astonishment they beheld the nurse, and the two Smiths enjoying some joke. Nurse Willis said something that set the two Smiths roaring with laughter again, and amidst it all the little nurse rose, curtsied, and ran out of the cabin.

"Most extraordinary behaviour," the Colonel remarked as he walked away disgusted.

"Well, I'm frizzled," remarked the crazy sub., as he and the major discussed a cocktail and the latest developments of the Smith case.

It was just as well it was near the end of the voyage. Nobody liked the way that nurse and the Smiths behaved, and quite a coldness grew up between them and the others, but the others seemed to take it more to heart.

At last the tug-boat got alongside. Only two people came off; the skipper appropriated the one, and those abominable Smiths the other. The crazy sub. said they were two detectives to arrest the Smiths.

The saloon was filling for tiffin, when the nurse and the Smiths with the strange man came in in a vulgar, boisterous manner, and, instead of occupying their usual places, the four remained at the end of the table.

Just before soup was in, the nurse rose, bowed to the skipper and the Colonel, and begged to introduce her nearest and dearest relative, James W. Willis, her husband.

A lyddite shell would have caused less commotion. The skipper recovered his presence of mind first, and got up and bowed to this Willis man. The Colonel followed, as did the lot. Then this James something Willis got on his hind legs and said he was very pleased—care of wife, and rot like that. Finished up by saying his wife had gone out to nurse her brother, wounded at some place or other.

Nobody took any interest, and everybody was excessively bored; but all wondered if the nurse told her husband about her carryings on with those Smith chaps when there were so many really decent fellows on board.

THE MAIDEN'S CATECHISM.

By Jessie Carr.

You ask how much I love you. Let me pause and ponder well.
I will not say 'With all my heart,' nor, 'More than tongue can tell,';
I will not say, 'I love as woman ne'er hath loved before!'—
Such hackneyed phrases, you'll agree, 'tis better to ignore.
So I will rather put it that the love my heart doth hold
Is as sterling as your silver, and as plenteous as your gold!

You ask me when I loved you first. And well I do recall!
'Twas not the day when first we met, as sometimes doth befall;
'Twas not the time you pressed my hand, and tried to steal a kiss,
Nor yet the day you first began to hint at wedded bliss.
Not then had Cupid touched my heart—nor did he there encroach,
Until I learned your bank account was quite beyond reproach.

You ask me why I love you—ah! how could you ever guess!
It is not for the wisdom nor the wit you may possess;
It is not for your virtues, and it is not for your fame;
It if not for your valour, nor your pure unsullied name.
Ah! not for reasons such as these my heart goes out to you—
But just because I know, my dear, you're very well-to-do!

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CAP AND BELLS

It is not often a woman misunderstands a judge, especially when the case happens to be one of "breach of promise." However, the other day a well-known counsel examining the plaintiff in a case *re* the above, inquired of her: "Was the defendant's air, when he promised to marry you, perfectly serious or jocular?"

"If you please, sir, he had been rubbing his hands through it, and it was all of a rumple."

"You mistake me; I mean, was the promise made in sincerity?"

"No, yer worship, it was made in the larder."

VISITOR: "What are you painting?"

ARTIST (sarcastically): "Can't you see?"

VISITOR (sweetly): "Yes, I see it is a flower. Have you decided yet what to call it?"

* * * * *

A Japanese gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukanboz Ki-bashi-ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colours. It is hoped that he will not imitate Daguerre by christening the process with his own name. Think of going to a photographer and telling him you want a dozen Azurizawaryochichome-sanjukanbozkibashikuo types taken!

* * * * *

A MATTER OF INCHES.

When Gladys walks with Horace Long,
The contrast is, I wis,
A scandal to the public eye—

But when next day with Bertie Short
Strolls out that charming miss,
The pair do not attract remark—

He sees her to her parents' door,
And steals one little kiss,
And then with no observer nigh,

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"He's an awful miser. I never heard of him giving anything away in his life."

"Didn't he give his daughter away when she was married?"

"His daughter eloped."

* * *

"What a time you have been about that egg, Mary!"

"Yes, madam, but the new kitchen clock has such large minutes!"

* * *

SUPERIOR EXPERIENCE.—The imaginary invalid, who fancies he has had all the diseases in the world, or at least all the interesting ones, is not often an amusing person to a physician; but now and then a valetudinarian of this sort affords the faculty a good deal of diversion.

A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation.

He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis.

"I beg your pardon," said the patient in a haughty way; "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!"

And he went out to seek another physician.

* * * *

JUDGE: "What induced you to break into that bank?"

BURGLAR: "The money there was in it. What yer 'spose? Think I did it for glory? Ain't money what we all are after? Ain't that what you get for trying these cases?"

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" said a gentleman to the parson's daughter. "No," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday, when I can get it by the choir."

SHE (tragically): "Take back the heart that thou gavest."

HE: "Never mind about the heart, just hand over that diamond ring."

* * *

A WELCOME VISITOR.—"They are comical folk, truly, those English; they tell us they are on a pleasure excursion, and they spend all day trotting up and down the mountains.

"I'll tell you a story," went on the guard, when, with his eyes full of tears, he had coughed himself quite into a corner of the *coupé*.

"An Englishman came down here last year; *komischer kerl* (a queer fellow) he was truly, and wanted to go fishing in the lake at Hasterang. So away he went to the fish-master, who rents the water about here, and asked how much must be paid for permission. "Well," continued the guard, his voice beginning to shake again with another fit of laughter that was coming on—"well, the fish-master, of course, thinking the Englishman was only joking, told him that for a florin a day he might do as he liked.

"Would you believe it? Every day for a whole month actually the Englishman worked hard from morn till night catching fish, and as I live"—here the guard broke fairly out again—"as I live, instead of keeping the fish he had caught for himself, he used to come regularly and give them up; so the end of it was that the fish-master lay in bed the whole day, while the Englishman not only went out fishing for him, but actually paid a lot of florins for being allowed to do the work! Ah, they are *komisches Volk* (queer people), these Englishmen!"

She: "As we are going to be married so soon, don't you think you ought to begin to save up?"

He: "Oh, I've begun already. That very thought occurred to me this evening as I was coming here."

She: "What did you do?"

He: "Passed the sweet shop without stopping."

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5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE FOR MAGAZINE... READERS.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY is not a millionaire's income, but it is an income which will, at all events, support you for the rest of your life—even though you have nothing else.

Added to your present income it will mean little luxuries for whi h you have longed, and which have been out of your reach.

Put into your bank it will mean a comfortable balance at the end of the year. It will mean a splendid holiday at the seaside next summer, with a balance over for week-end jaunts.

. . . WHAT 5s. A DAY MEANS . . .

TO BOYS AND GIRLS : : :

All the playthings, all the toys, all the sweets, and other good things that your heart could desire, and even then a big balance over to save till you are grown up.

TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS : : :

Enough money to cover all your little wants—your dress, amusements, your holiday expense. It will make you quite independent for the rest of your life.

TO GROWN-UPS : : :

Five Shillings a Day (nearly *£100 a Year,* please note) will keep you and your family out of the workhouse, should all other sources of income fail. It would start your son in business, or give your daughter a dowry which would be the envy of all her friends—or, if you wished to spend the money on yourself, it would give you all the luxuries you could very well wish for.

Even if you are well-to-do, five shillings a day more for life is not to be dispised. If you don't want it yourself, you can make other homes happy with it.

Think of it! *Five Shillings a Day for Life!*

Supposing you live to the age of seventy-five—a by no means outside estimate under natural conditions—then you will have received one or other of the huge sums shown below :—

If your age now is	50	you would receive more than				£2,250.
,, ,,	45	,, ,, ,,				£2,700.
,, ,,	40	,, ,, ,,				£3,150.
,, ,,	35	,, ,, ,,				£3,600.
,, ,,	30	,, ,, ,,				£4,100.
,, ,,	25	,, ,, ,,				£4,550.
,, ,,	20	,, ,, ,,				£5,000.
,, ,,	15	,, ,, ,,				£5,450.

FULL PARTICULARS AND EXACT CONDITIONS OF THIS SENSATIONAL PRIZE WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

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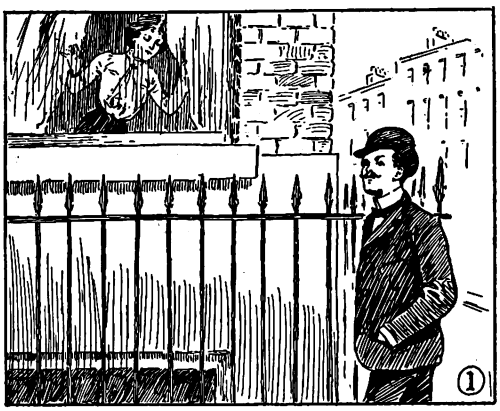
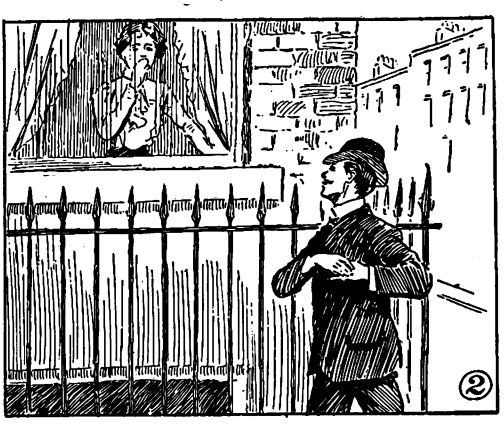
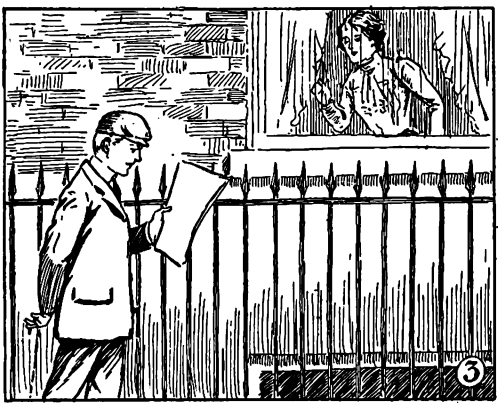
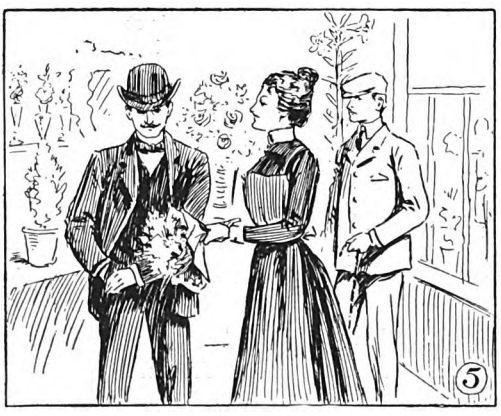
WHAT HAPPENED?

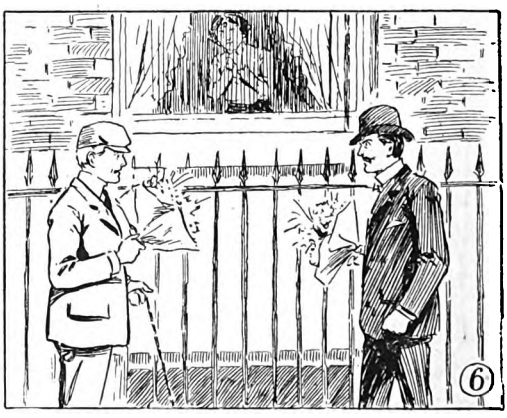
A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.











This story must be concluded, and it is for our readers to suggest the conclusion. What they have to do is to suggest to our artist two more pictures which shall, without a word of explanation, bring the story to an effective close. We offer a prize of Two Guineas for what we consider the two best suggestions. Will competitors please mark their envelopes "Wordless" in the left-hand corner, and send in their communications before March 20th.

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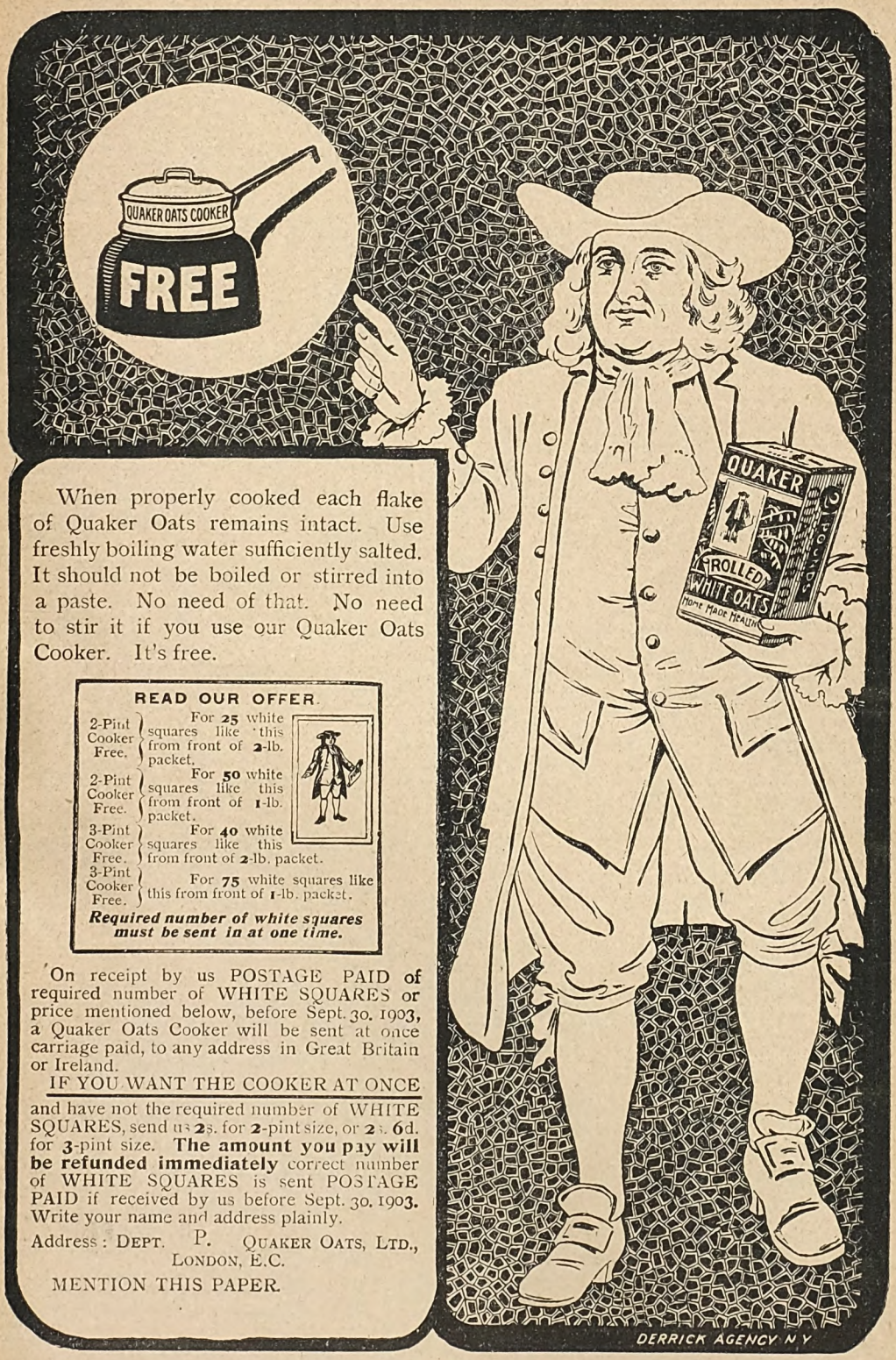

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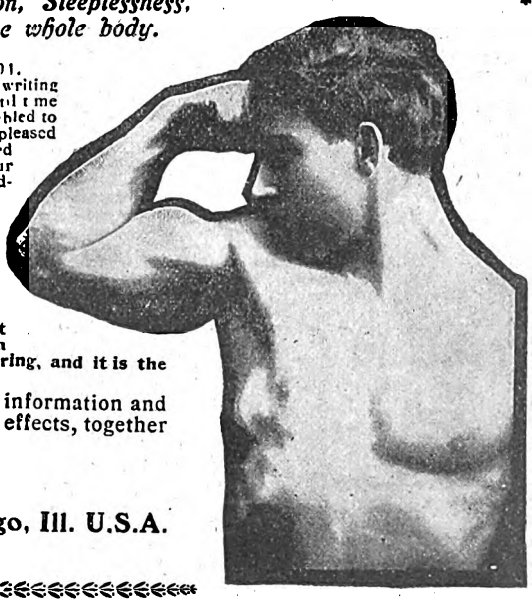

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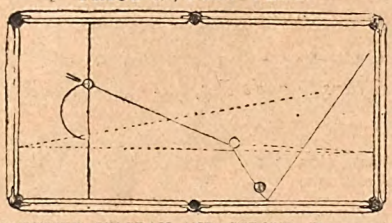

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Prize of 5/= a day for life (see page 519)

THE APRIL

ROYAL

FOURPENCE

Who is this?

(See page 505).

FOURPENCE

VOLUME VII. No. 42.

APRIL 1902

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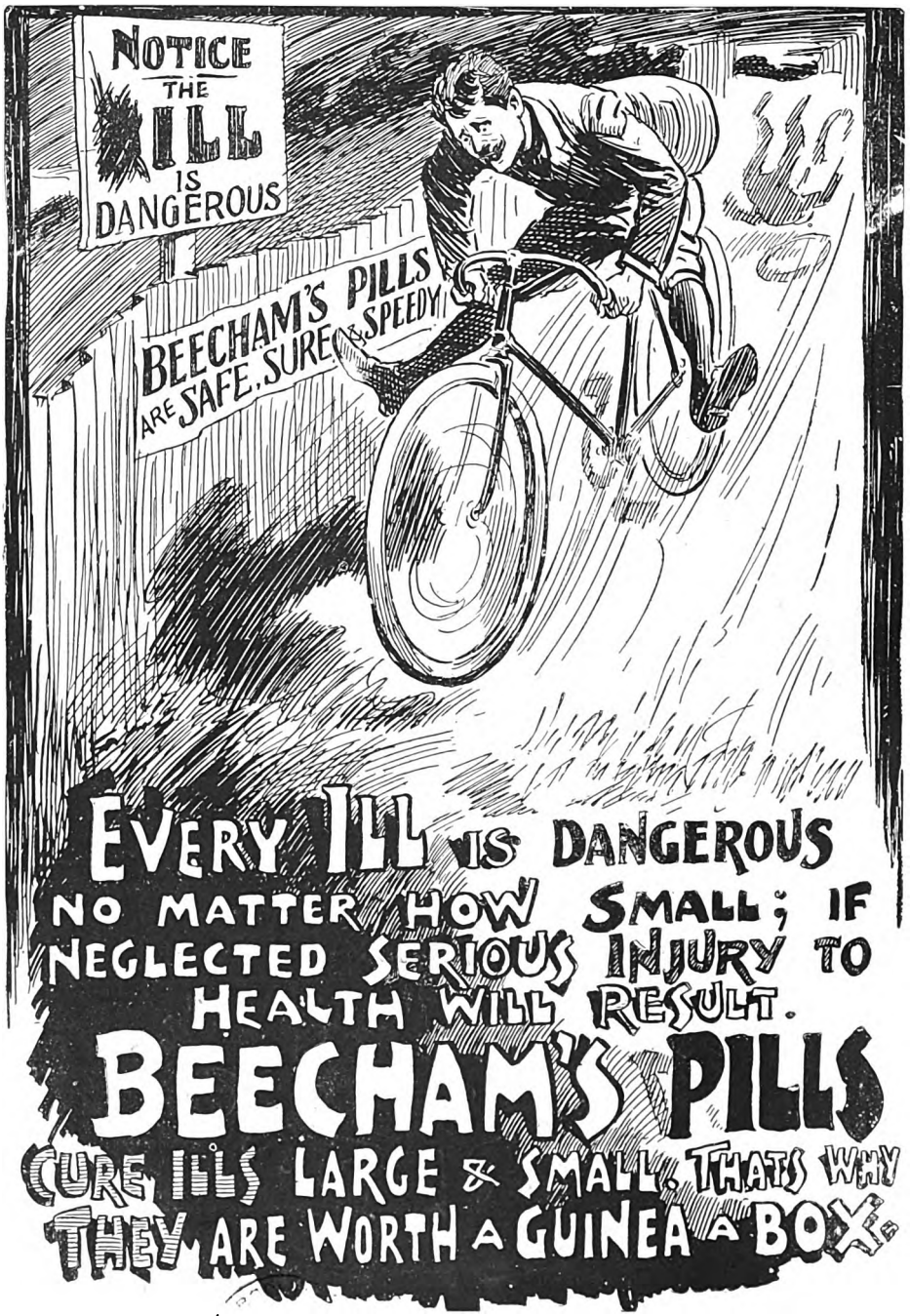

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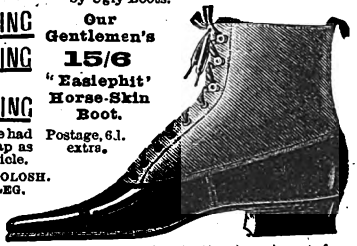

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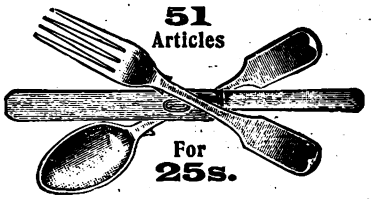

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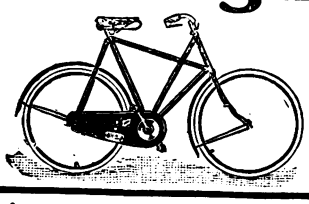

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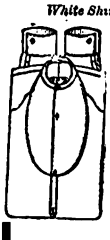

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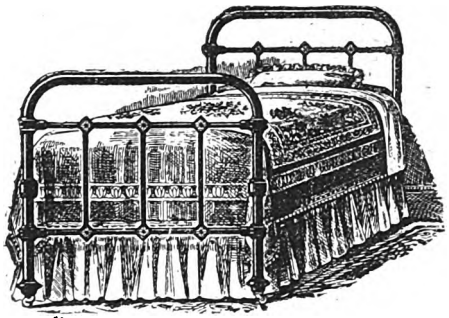

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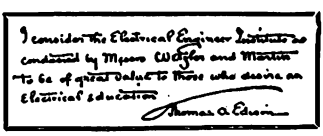
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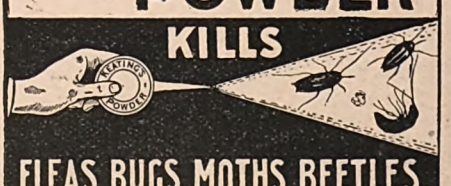

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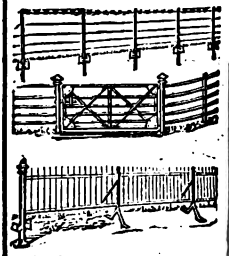

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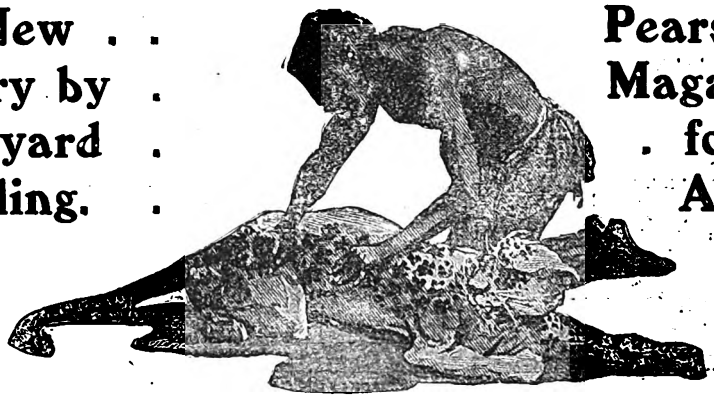

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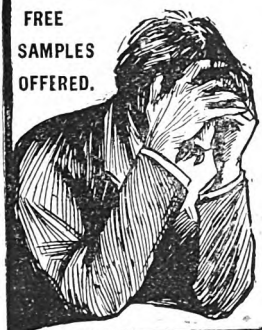

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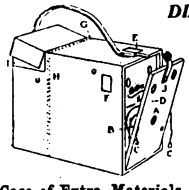

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That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seems to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to any one who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, and bladder trouble disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs, or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

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Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS in the "Referee."

Says the "Sketch" (12th Feb.) of the Discoverer of "Tatcho":

"Indomitable determination. That is 'Dagonet's' chief characteristic at first blush. True enough, he is the embodiment of mental and physical strength, this thick-set, muscular man with broad brows, light blue eyes, moustache, and imperial, and 'Tatcho' hair, as he sits writing his pungent *Referee* 'Mustard and Cress' in the dining-room of his cosy Regent's Park mansion, quaintly dubbed by him, 'Opposite-the-Ducks Villa.'"

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"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation?"

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"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring-matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s., in addition to the special trial size mentioned above.

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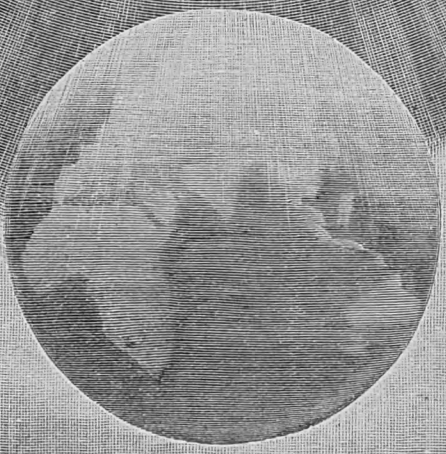

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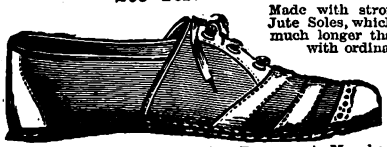

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VI. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

In the February ROYAL we stated that Miss Ethel Warwick began her theatrical career under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. This is an error; it was Mr. Tree who first brought her out. Our regrets are due to Miss Warwick for the mis-statement.

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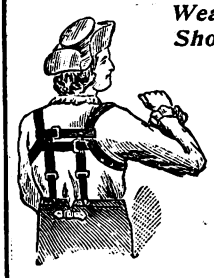

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Photo by Ellis & Walery

Miss Ellaline Terriss singing "A Little Bit of String,' a song she sang before the King and Queen at Sandringham.

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Commanded To Court

By A. Wallis Myers.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles"—a play he was specially invited to perform before the King.

There are, of course, many actors and actresses now playing on the London stage who have appeared before the King and Queen—but their Majesties have come, as it were, to the players concerned, the players have not gone to them. To be requested to appear at one of the Royal Palaces is a coveted honour which falls but rarely even upon the most distinguished actor; and the number of famous living artists who have been specially requested to bring their services and their companies to Court may almost be counted on the fingers of the hand.

Needless to say, any request of this sort is tantamount to a command, which is invariably obeyed, no matter what arrangements may be upset, and regardless of such minor drawbacks as hurried departures and sleepless night journeys *en route*.

The Theatre Royal, Sandringham, which is for all practical purposes a royal playhouse replete with all modern requirements, has been the scene of many a memorable performance when stars of the dramatic profession have appeared before the present King and Queen. Thirteen years have elapsed since Queen Victoria paid her last visit to His Majesty's Norfolk home; and that occasion will probably never be forgotten by Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, including Miss Ellen Terry.

On the afternoon of April 26th, 1889, the actor knight travelled down by express train, with his entire company, to Sandringham. The performance His Royal Highness commanded was the time-honoured "Bells," concluding with the Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice"; and the large and handsome ball-room, improvised as a theatre, looked its best and brightest.

Though naturally limited for space, Sir Henry's stage manager was able to extend the beautiful and ingenious snow scene from "The Bells" as far back as the large bay window behind the stage. Instead of the real animal which appeared at the Lyceum, Sir Henry had brought with him a cleverly-modelled horse which was substituted, it is said, without any of the royal spectators discovering the difference. And room was found for no fewer than sixty persons on the stage, which is probably a record in the number of artists which have been collectively commanded to Court.

Of course, Mathias was impersonated by Mr. Irving, as he then was; and, in the second piece, Sir Henry, it goes without saying, was the Shylock, and Miss Ellen Terry the Portia, Mr. George Alexander on this occasion appearing as Bassanio. The production was voted a complete success, both by the late Queen and the present King, who, prior to the caste leaving for London at 1 a.m. by special train, bestowed a personal commendation on Sir Henry Irving while the company were at supper.

Here it may be interesting to state that the King and Sir Henry have had many a long chat together on theatrical matters in the latter's old-fashioned dressing-room at the Lyceum. There is a crumbling arm-chair in this room in which His Majesty as Prince of Wales has sat during intervals between the acts, the remaining company being kept in entire ignorance of the Royal presence so near at hand.

Preceded by a message signalling his advent, the Prince would slip quietly away from his

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box in company with an equerry, and, reaching the back of the stage by a private entrance, would mount the rickety stairs which lead up to Sir Henry's room; equally quietly would His Royal Highness regain his box just before the play recommenced.

Among our premier actor's most treasured possessions are several costly souvenirs with which the King has from time to time presented him. Miss Ellen Terry has also been the recipient of these permanent marks of favour.

Let us turn to Mr. John Hare's appearances at Court — three in number — and, strangely enough, respectively at Windsor, Balmoral, and Sandringham. With the Garrick Company Mr. Hare produced "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Quiet Rubber" eleven years ago before the Court, including Queen Victoria, in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. This being his first command to Court, Mr. Hare confesses to having been a little nervous; but the Lord Chamberlain had prepared the Waterloo Chamber with such care, improving the auditorium so that the sitting arrangement was perfectly uniform, that his company had no difficulty in doing their best.

The late Queen paid Mr. Hare the compliment of having an elliptical daïs projecting a foot from the front of the temporary gallery constructed for her benefit, in order that Her Majesty might hear the famous actor more distinctly.

Some of the stage accessories were of a unique character. The Chippendale furniture in the principal scene of "A Pair of Spectacles" was taken from the tea-room at Fort Belvedere, near Virginia Water, where the Queen sometimes took refreshment during her drives about the Great Park. On this occasion Mr. Hare "made up" in a portion of St. George's Hall, which is the banqueting room of the castle, and, after the performance was over, supper was served in the dining-room, which is adorned with the great and famous silver punch-bowl.

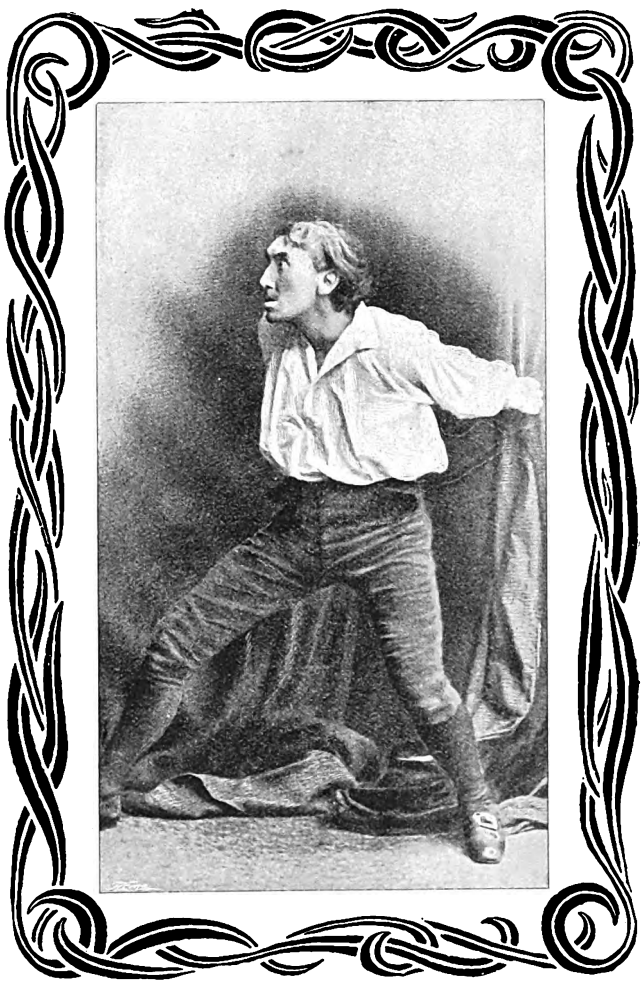

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells," which he played at Sandringham before the King and Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hare has also taken his "Pair of Spectacles" to Sandringham by the desire of the present King, while in "Diplomacy" he has appeared before His Majesty at Balmoral.

But perhaps it is safe to say that the visit of the famous actor to Sandringham on the occasion of His Majesty's fiftieth birthday was an event of greater significance. In company with Sir Augustus Harris, who led the party, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Hare went to Norfolk on behalf of the actors and managers of London

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to present His Royal Highness with a solid gold cigar-box as a token of the loyalty and devotion of the dramatic profession.

Weighing a hundred ounces, this gift was of a most elaborate description, on the lid being arranged the Prince's plumes in brilliants, surrounded by a garter in dark blue enamel, on which was shown in diamond letters the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," the whole surmounted by the Prince's crown. It was one of the largest pieces of gold work executed in the last century, and is specially prized by its recipient, who has never failed to remember the spontaneous loyalty which prompted its presentation.

Though twenty years have elapsed since the incomparable Mr. J. L. Toole was commanded to Sandringham to appear in three pieces before the present King and Queen, the famous comedian is never likely to forget the occasion. The performance commenced with "The Steeplechase, or, Toole in the Pigskin," in which J. L. T. appeared in his original character of Tittums. He then presented "Our Clerks," impersonating John Puddicombe, and concluded by "bringing down the house" in his character, as played by him four thousand times, of Spriggins, in "Ici On Parle Français."

The King took immense delight in Mr. Toole's superb acting, and two years later, on the occasion of the late Duke of Clarence's twentieth birthday, "Master J. L. Toole" (I quote from the programme before me), "and hys Companie" presented "Paul Pry" at Sandringham; while in 1886, on the twenty-second birthday of the same Prince, he was commanded to Sandringham to play Old Cossett, in "Going It," as well as Tom Cranky in "The Birthplace of Podgers."

Photo by Window & Grove.

Miss Ellen Terry as Portia—a *rôle* she played, by special command, at Sandringham.

It was on one of the above occasions that the agent of the distinguished actor impersonated the Spanish Ambassador. The Heir Apparent, as he then was, had commanded Mr. Toole to "surprise" the Princess of Wales, and when the actor's manager appeared at Sandringham to make arrangements for the visit, the Prince explained that, to keep the matter a profound secret until the last moment, he would introduce the agent as the Spanish Ambassador.

"But I can't speak Spanish, sir," exclaimed the frightened agent. But the present King put him at his ease at once by saying: "No more can they, so your disguise will be perfect." Needless to say, the "Ambassador" proceeded with his arrangements quietly and without interruption.

So sudden and unexpected are notices to Court that it often happens that the actor-

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Photo by Sarony.

Mr. Tree in "The Balladmonger." He was ordered to play this part at Balmoral.

manager concerned has to race time to fulfil his engagements. Primarily due to Her late Majesty's command that he should bring "The Red Lamp" to Balmoral was Mr. Beerbohm Tree's accomplishment of the journey from Deeside to Dublin, a distance of five hundred and ninety miles, in record time.

The Royal command to appear at Balmoral on Monday night reached Mr. Tree on Friday evening in London. Now he was due to appear at Dublin on the Monday evening, so in order not to leave this engagement unfulfilled for more than one evening the resourceful actor arranged for a special train to Holyhead and a special steamer to Dublin.

In the meantime, within twenty-four hours of the Royal message, new and special scenery for "The Balladmonger" and "The Red Lamp" was constructed and painted to meet the exigencies of the stage at Balmoral. Here the Ball Room was converted for the occasion into a bijou theatre, the Court officials lending valuable aid in the rapid transformation. In the caste, besides Mr. Tree, were Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mrs. Tree, and her daughter, Miss Viola Tree. When the curtain had fallen at half-past eleven, after a brilliantly successful performance, Mr. and Mrs. Tree and the principal members of their company were presented to Her late Majesty, who bestowed on the first-named a very handsome memento of the occasion.

In company with some of the members of the Royal family, the artists then partook of supper, and immediately this was over there began what may be called the flight to Dublin. The travelling arrangements had been timed to such a nicety that the intervening six hundred miles were covered in seventeen hours, the company going straight from the deck of their steamer to their dressing-rooms at the theatre.

On his arrival in Ireland Mr. Tree immediately dispatched a telegram to Sir Fleetwood Edwards, in accordance with Her Majesty's request, informing the Queen that they had "accomplished the journey just in time to appear at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, having broken the record for the distance."

It sometimes, though rarely, happens that an actor is commanded to Court only to find, through an unforeseen circumstance, that the performance has been postponed. This happened to Mr. Charles Wyndham, who

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mrs. Tree accompanied her husband.

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was engaged to produce "The Squire of Dames" at Osborne in the first month of 1896. But the sudden death of Prince Henry of Battenberg at Madeira a few days before the date fixed for the production made it imperative for all arrangements to be cancelled, much to the disappointment of Mr. Wyndham, who had bought and designed new scenery, and who, but for this sad event, would have made his first bow before Royalty at their own home.

To Mr. Seymour Hicks belongs the distinction of being the first actor alive to appear before an English King. The hasty summons of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks (Miss Ellaline Terriss) with the Vaudeville company to Sandringham on the occasion of Princess Charles of Denmark's birthday is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

"Both 'Scrooge' and 'Papa's Wife' went splendidly," Mr. Hicks afterwards observed. "We were personally congratulated by their Majesties, and altogether you can take it that the day was the proudest in the life of both my wife and myself." After the performance, which won the praise of all present, Miss Ellaline Terriss—whom the Prince of Wales asked to sing "A Little Bit of String," of which he appeared to have a vivid recollection—was presented by the King with a diamond brooch in the form of the letters E. R., and Mr. Hicks with a pair of diamond sleeve-links.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Seymour Hicks gave a very successful performance of "Scrooge" before the King.

Photo by Hellis & Sons.

Miss Ethel Kelly, who played in Mr. Seymour Hicks's company before the King.

There were four children in the caste—three of whom, strangely enough, were aged thirteen—who each received a basket of fruit and a copy of the Royal programme as a memento of their first visit to Court as professional artists.

One of these juvenile players was Master A. E. Randall, who was associated with the late Bessie Wentworth in her coon songs, and who has sung a solo at Covent Garden Opera. Another was little Miss Lucy Davis, who, though only thirteen, has played in Shakespearian plays and has toured the provinces. A third was Miss Ethel Kelly, who has been five years a member of Stedman's Choir, joining it when she was only eight years old. She has appeared and sung at half-a-dozen principal London theatres, including Covent Garden and the Lyceum, and is now with Mr. Seymour Hicks, whom she acknowledges to be "the most kind and considerate manager in London."

The party were entertained to supper at the Hall, and were subsequently driven in the King's motor-car to King's Lynn, where they took a special train for Liverpool Street.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Martin Harvey lately gave a performance of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" before the King.

A few weeks after Mr. Hicks, Mr. Martin Harvey was commanded to Sandringham to sustain the pathetic and demented Count in "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Mrs. Harvey accompanied her husband, and both had the honour of an introduction to the King and Queen. Mr. Harvey's rise to eminence has been as rapid as it has been merited, and none will question His Majesty's judgment in selecting this cultured actor to display his talents at Sandringham so early in the new reign.

But the most memorable theatrical event of the new reign was the *début* of Mr. Dan Leno as "Court Jester." It was the first time a music-hall artist proper had been commanded to Sandringham, and Mr. Dan Leno may be excused for the thrill of pride which "overcame him" when he saw his name appear in the *Court Circular* of the following day.

"Although I am not in the habit of singing to kings," said the inimitable Dan, when he returned to town, "strange to say I did not feel nervous. Believe me, I strove my hardest to make a success. After arriving at Sandringham the first thing to see to was a rehearsal, and when that was over I walked about and was shown over the kitchens, grounds, and stables until half-past six, when dinner was served.

"I was due to appear on the stage at eleven o'clock. My first song was 'How to Buy a House.' Then I sang 'The Huntsman,' and after that I gave the best of my dialogues. In all I was on the stage thirty-five minutes. The King laughed very much at my jokes, and so did the Queen, and I was more than pleased at the applause I received.

"After I retired," Mr. Leno smilingly added, "the King came round to the back of the stage, shook hands with me, and said he had enjoyed the performance very much, presenting me with a diamond pin as a souvenir of my visit. His Majesty does not shake hands with the tips of his fingers, but gives you a good, hearty, English grip."

By the way, it is recorded that when Mr. Leno put on his dress suit to be presented to His Majesty, he found he had forgotten his white tie. Ever resourceful, the comedian put on a little piece of white tape in its stead. How like the Dan Leno we all love!

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

A few months ago Dan Leno was commanded to Court. His performance was an immense success.

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By
BARONESS E. ORCZY.

Illustrated by
P. B. Hickling.

THE GLASGOW MYSTERY.

(Being the first of a new series of stories, "The Mysteries of Great Cities," told by the famous "Man in the Corner," who has already related the "Mysteries of London.")

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER, *who tells the story to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST.
MRS. CARMICHAEL—*The landlady who was murdered.*
MR. YARDLEY—*A poet living in her house.*
MR. JAMES LUCAS—*Another of her boarders.*
UPTON—*Her manservant.*
EMMA—*Her cook.*

I.

"IT has often been declared," remarked the man in the corner, "that a murder—a successful murder, I mean—can never be committed single-handed in a busy city, and that on the other hand, once a murder *is* committed by more than one person, one of the accomplices is sure to betray the other, and that is the reason why comparatively so few crimes remain undetected. Now I must say I quite agree with this latter theory."

It was some few weeks after my first introduction to the man in the corner and the inevitable bit of string he always played with when unravelling his mysteries, and some time before he recounted to me his grim version of the tragedy in Percy-street, which I have already retold in the ROYAL.

Now I had made it a hard and fast rule whenever he made an assertion of that kind to disagree with it. This invariably irritated

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him; he became comically excited, produced his bit of string, and started off at rattling speed, after a few rude remarks directed at lady journalists in general and myself in particular, on one of his madly bewildering, true cock-and-bull stories.

"What about the Glasgow murder, then?" I remarked sceptically.

"Ah, the Glasgow murder," he repeated "Yes, what about the Glasgow murder? I see you are one of those people who, like the police, believe that Yardley was an accomplice to that murder, and you still continue to hope, as they do, that sooner or later he, and the other man, Upton, will meet, divide the spoils, and throw themselves into the expectant arms of the Glasgow police."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't think Yardley had anything to do with that murder?"

"What does it matter what a humble amateur like myself thinks of that or any other case? Pshaw!" he added, breaking his bit of string between his bony fingers in his comical excitement. "Why, think a moment how simple is the whole thing! There was Mrs. Carmichael, the widow of a medical officer, young, good-looking, and fairly well-off, who for the sake of company, more than for actual profit-making, rents one of the fine houses in Woodbine Crescent with a view to taking in 'paying guests.' Her house is beautifully furnished—I told you she was fairly well-off. She has no difficulty in getting boarders.

"The house is soon full. At the time of which I am speaking she had ten or eleven 'guests'—mostly men out at business all day, also a married couple, an officer's widow with her daughter, and two journalists. At first she kept four female servants; then one day there was a complaint among the gentlemen boarders that their boots were insufficiently polished and their clothes very sketchily brushed. Chief among these complainants was Mr. Yardley, a young man who wrote verses for magazines, called himself a poet, and, in consequence, indulged in sundry eccentric habits which furnished food for gossip both in the kitchen and in the drawing-room over the coffee-cups.

"As I said before, it was he who was loudest in his complaint on the subject of his boots; it was he, again, who, when Mrs. Carmichael expressed herself willing to do anything to please her boarders, recommended her a quiet, respectable man named Upton to come in for a couple of hours daily, clean boots, knives, windows, and what-nots, and make himself 'generally useful'—I believe that is the technical expression. Upton, it appears, had been known to Mr. Yardley for some time, had often run errands and delivered messages for him, and had even been intrusted with valuable poetical MSS. to be left at various editorial offices.

"It was in July of last year, was it not, that Glasgow—honest, stodgy, busy Glasgow—was thrilled to its very marrow by the recital in its evening papers of one of the most ghastly and most dastardly crimes?

"At two o'clock that afternoon, namely, Mrs. Carmichael, of Woodbine Crescent, was found murdered in her room. Her safe had been opened, and all its contents—which were presumed to include a good deal of jewellery and money—had vanished. The evening papers had also added that the murderer was known to the police, and that no doubt was entertained as to his speedy arrest.

"It appears that in the household at Woodbine Crescent it was the duty of Mary, one of the maids, to take up a cup of tea to Mrs. Carmichael every morning at seven o'clock. The girl was not supposed to go into the room, but merely to knock at the door, wait for a response from her mistress, and then leave the tray outside on the mat.

"Usually Mrs. Carmichael took the tray in immediately, and was down to breakfast with her boarders at half-past eight. But on that eventful morning Mary seems to have been in a hurry. She could not positively state afterwards whether she had heard her mistress's answer to her knock or not; against that, she was quite sure that she had taken up the tray at seven o'clock precisely.

"When everybody went down to breakfast a couple of hours or so later, it was noticed that Mrs. Carmichael had not taken in her tea-tray as usual. A few anxious comments were made as to the genial hostess being unwell, and then the matter was dropped. The servants did not seem to have been really anxious about their mistress during the morning. Mary, who had been in the house two years, said that once before Mrs. Carmichael had stayed in bed with a bad headache until one o'clock.

"However, when the lunch hour came and went, Mrs. Tyrrell, one of the older lady boarders, became alarmed. She went up to her hostess's door and knocked at it loudly and repeatedly, but received no reply. The door, mind you, was locked or bolted, presumably, of course, from the inside. After

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consultation with her fellow boarders, Mrs. Tyrrell at last, feeling that something must be very wrong, took it upon herself to call in the police. Constable Rae came in; he too knocked and called, shook the door, and finally burst it open.

"It is not for me," continued the man in the corner, "to give you a description of that room as it appeared before the horrified eyes of the constable, the servants, and lady boarders; that lies more in your province than in mine.

"Suffice it to say that the unfortunate lady lay in her bed with her throat cut.

"No key or bolt was found on the inside of the door; the murderer, therefore, having accomplished his ghastly deed, must have locked his victim in, and probably taken the key away with him. Hardly had the terrible discovery been made than Emma the cook, half hysterical with fear and horror, rushed up to Constable Rae, and, clutching him wildly by the arm, whispered under her breath, 'Upton, Upton; he did it, I know . . . My poor mistress; he cut her throat with that fowl carver this morning. I saw it in his hand . . . It is him, constable!'

"'Where is he?' asked the constable peremptorily. 'See that no one leaves the house. Who has seen this man?'

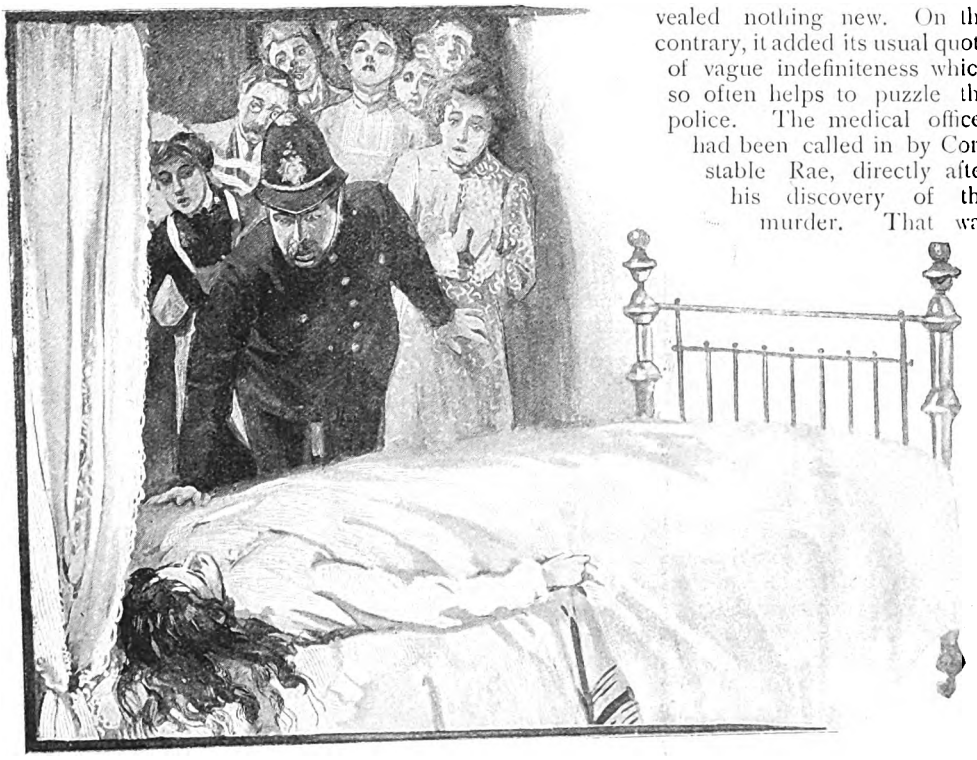
"But neither the constable, nor anyone else for that matter, was much surprised to find that on searching the house throughout, the man Upton had disappeared."

II.

"At first, of course, the case seemed simplicity itself. No doubt existed, either in the public mind or that of the police, as to Upton being the author of the grim and horrible tragedy. The only difficulty, so far, was the fact that Upton had managed not only to get away on the day of the murder, but also had contrived to evade the rigorous search instituted throughout the city after him by the police—a search, I assure you, in which many an amateur detective readily joined.

"The inquest had been put off for a day or two in the hope that Upton might be found before it occurred. However, three days had now elapsed, and it could not be put off any longer. Little did the public expect the sensational developments which the case suddenly began to assume.

"The medical evidence revealed nothing new. On the contrary, it added its usual quota of vague indefiniteness which so often helps to puzzle the police. The medical officer had been called in by Constable Rae, directly after his discovery of the murder. That was



"Mrs. Carmichael was found murdered in her room."

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"This fowl carver is awful blunt."

about two o'clock in the afternoon. Death had occurred a good many hours before that time, stated Dr. Dawlish—possibly nine or ten hours; but it might also have been eleven or twelve hours previously.

"Then Emma the cook was called. Her evidence was, of course, most important, as she had noticed and talked to the man Upton the very morning of the crime. He came as usual to his work, about a quarter to seven, but the cook immediately noticed that he seemed very strange and excited.

"'What do you mean by strange?' asked the coroner.

"'Well, it was strange of him, sir, to start first thing in the morning cleaning knives when we had as many knives as we wanted clean for breakfast.'

"'Yes? He started cleaning knives, and then what did he do?'

"'Oh, he turned and turned that there knife machine so as I told him he would be turning all the edges. Then he suddenly took up the fowl carver and said to me; "This fowl carver is awful blunt—where's the steel?" I says to him: "In the sideboard, of course, in the dining-room," and he goes off with the fowl carver in his hand, and that is the last I ever saw of that carver and of Upton himself.'

"'Have you known Upton long?' asked the coroner.

"'No, sir, he had only been in the house two days. Mr. Yardley gave him a character, and the mistress took him on, to clean boots and knives. His hours were half-past six to ten, but he used to turn up about a quarter to seven. He seemed obliging and willing, but not much up to his work, and didn't say much. But I hadn't seen him so funny except that morning when the poor missus was murdered.'

"'Is this the carver you speak of?' asked the coroner, directing a constable to show one he held in his hand to the witness.

"With renewed hysterical weeping Emma identified the carver as the one she had last seen in Upton's hand. It appears that Detective McMurdoch had found the knife, together with the key of Mrs. Carmichael's bedroom door, under the hall mat. Sensational, wasn't it?" laughed the man in the corner; "quite in the style of the penny novelette — sensational, but not very mysterious.

"Then Mrs. Tyrrell had to be examined, as it was she who had first been alarmed about Mrs. Carmichael, and who had taken it upon herself to call in the police. Whether through spite or merely accidentally Mrs. Tyrrell insisted in her evidence on the fact that it was Mr. Yardley who was indirectly responsible for the awful tragedy, since it was he who had introduced the man Upton into the house.

"The coroner felt more interested. He thought he would like to put a few questions to Mr. Yardley. Now Mr. Yardley when called up did not certainly look prepossessing; and from the first most persons present were prejudiced against him. He was, as I think I said before, that *rara avis*, a successful

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poet: he wrote dainty scraps for magazines and weekly journals.

"In appearance he was a short, sallow, thin man, with no body and long limbs, and carried his head so much to one side as to almost appear deformed. Here is a snapshot I got of him some time subsequently. He is no beauty, is he?

"Still his manner, his small shapely hands, and quiet voice undoubtedly proclaimed him a gentleman.

"It was very well known throughout the household that Mr. Yardley was very eccentric; being a poet he would enjoy the privilege with impunity. It appears that his most eccentric habit was to get up at unearthly hours in the morning—four o'clock sometimes—and wander about the streets of Glasgow.

"'I have written my best pieces,' he stated in response to the coroner's astonished remark upon this strange custom of his, 'leaning against a lamp post in Sauchiehall Street at five o'clock in the morning. I spend my afternoons in the various public libraries, reading. I have only boarded and lodged in this house for two or three months, but, as the servants will tell you, I leave it long before they are up in the morning. I am never in to breakfast or luncheon, but always in to dinner. I go to bed early, naturally, as I require several hours sleep.'

"Mr. Yardley was then very closely questioned as to his knowledge of the man Upton.

"'I first met the man,' replied Mr. Yardley, 'about a year ago. He was loafing in Buchanan Street, outside the *Herald* office, and spoke to me, telling me a most pitiable tale—namely, that he was an ex-compositor, had had to give up his work owing to failing eyesight, that he had striven for weeks and months to get some other kind of employment, spending in the meanwhile the hard-earned savings of many years' toil; that he had come to his last shilling two days ago, and had been reduced to begging, not for money, but for some kind of job—anything to earn a few honest coins.

"'Well, I somehow liked the look of the man; moreover, as I just happened to want to send a message to the other end of the city, I sent Upton. Since then I have seen him almost every day. He takes my manuscripts for me to the editorial offices, and runs various errands. I have recommended him to one or two of my friends, and they have always found him honest and sober. He has eked out a very meagre livelihood in this way, and when Mrs. Carmichael thought of having a man in the house to do odd jobs, I thought I should be doing a kind act by recommending Upton to her. Little did I dream then what terrible consequences such a kind act would bring in its trail. I can only account for the man's awful crime by thinking that perhaps his mind had become suddenly unhinged.'

"All this seemed plain and straightforward enough. Mr. Yardley spoke quietly, without the slightest nervousness or agitation. The coroner and jury both pressed him with questions on the subject of Upton, but his attitude remained equally self-possessed throughout. Perhaps he felt, after a somewhat severe cross-examination on the part of the coroner, who prided himself on his talent in that direction, that a certain amount of doubt might lurk in the minds of the jury and consequently the public. Be that as it may, he certainly begged that two or three of the servants might be recalled in order to enable them to state definitely that he was out of the house, as usual, when they came downstairs that morning.

"One of the housemaids, recalled, fully corroborated that statement. Mr. Yardley's room, she said, was on the ground floor, next to the dining-room. She went into it soon after half-past six, turned down the bed, and began tidying it up generally.

"There was only one other witness of any importance to examine. One other boarder—Mr. James Lucas, a young journalist, employed on the editorial staff of the *Glasgow Banner*.

"The reason why he had been called specially was because he was well known to be one of the privileged guests of the house, and had been more intimate with the deceased than any of her other boarders. This privilege, it appears, chiefly consisted in being admitted to coffee, and possibly whiskey and soda after dinner, in Mrs. Carmichael's special private sitting-room. Moreover, there was a generally accepted theory among the other boarders that Mr. James Lucas entertained certain secret hopes with regard to his amiable hostess, and that, but for the fact that he was several years her junior, she might have encouraged these hopes.

"Now, Mr. James Lucas was the exact opposite of Mr. Yardley, the poet; tall, fair, athletic, his appearance would certainly prepossess everyone in his favour. He seemed very much upset, and recounted with much, evidently genuine, feeling, his last interview with the unfortunate lady—the evening before the murder.

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"'I saw Mr. Yardley descending the stairs.'"

"'I spent about an hour with Mrs. Carmichael in her sitting-room,' he concluded, and parted from her about ten o'clock. I then went to my club, where I stayed pretty late, until closing time, in fact. After that I went for a stroll, and it was a quarter past two by my watch when I came in. I let myself in with my latch-key.

"'It was pitch dark in the outer hall, and I was groping for my candle, when I heard the sound of a door opening and shutting on one of the floors above, and directly after someone coming down the stairs. As you have seen yourself, the outer hall is divided from the inner one by a glass door, which on this occasion stood open. In the inner hall there was a faint glimmer of light, which worked its way down from a skylight on one of the landings, and by this glimmer I saw Mr. Yardley descending the stairs, cross the hall, and go into his room. He did not see me, and I did not speak.'

"An extraordinary, almost breathless, hush had descended over all those assembled there. The coroner sat with his chin buried in his hand, his eyes resting searchingly on the witness who had just spoken. The jury had not uttered a sound. At last the coroner queried:

"'Is the jury to understand, Mr. Lucas, that you can swear positively that at a quarter-past two in the morning, or thereabouts, you saw Mr. Yardley come down the stairs from one of the floors above and go into his own room, which is on the ground floor?'

"'Positively.'

"That was enough. Mr. Lucas was dismissed and Mr. Yardley was recalled. As he once more stood before the coroner, his curious one-sided stoop, his sallowness, and length of limb seemed even more marked than before. Perhaps he was a shade or two paler, but certainly neither his hands nor his voice trembled in the slightest degree.

"Questioned by the coroner, he replied quietly:

"'Mr. Lucas was obviously mistaken. At the hour he names I was in bed and asleep.'

"There had been excitement and breathless interest when Mr. James Lucas had made his statement, but that excitement and breathlessness was as nothing compared with the absolutely dumbfounded awe which fell over everyone there, as the sallow, half-deformed, little poet, gave the former witness so completely, so emphatically the lie.

"The coroner himself hardly knew how to

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keep up his professional dignity as he almost gasped the query:

"'Then is the jury to understand that you can swear positively that at a quarter-past two o'clock on that particular morning you were in bed and asleep?'

"'Positively.'

"It seemed as if Mr. Yardley had repeated purposely the other man's emphatic and laconic assertion. Certainly his voice was as steady, his eye as clear, his manner as calm as that of Mr. Lucas. The coroner and jury were silent, and Mr. Yardley turned to where young Lucas had retired in a further corner of the room. The eyes of the two met, almost like the swords of two duellists before the great attack; neither flinched. One or the other was telling a lie. A terrible lie since it might entail loss of honour, or life perhaps to the other, yet *neither* flinched. One was telling a lie, remember, and in everyone's mind there arose at once the great all absorbing queries 'Which?' and 'Wherefore!'"

III.

I HAD been so absorbed in listening to the thrilling narrative of that highly dramatic inquest that I really had not noticed until then that the man in the corner was recounting it as if he had been present at it himself.

"That is because I heard it all from an eye-witness," he suddenly replied with that eerie knack he seemed to possess of reading my thoughts, "but it must have been very dramatic, and, above all, terribly puzzling. You see there were two men swearing against one another, both in good positions, both educated men; it was impossible for any jury to take either evidence as absolutely convincing, and it could not be proved that either of them lied. Mr. Lucas might have done so from misapprehension. There was just a possibility that he had had more whiskey at his club than was good for him. Mr. Yardley, on the other hand, if he lied, lied because he had something to hide, something to hide in that case which might have been terrible.

"Of course Dr. Dawlish was recalled, and with wonderful learning and wonderful precision he repeated his vague medical statements:

"'When I examined the body with my colleague, Dr. Swanton, death had evidently supervened several hours ago. Personally, I believe that it must have occurred certainly more like twelve hours ago than seven.

"More than that he could not say. After all, medical science has its limits.

"Then Emma, the cook, was again called. There was an important point which, oddly enough, had been overlooked up to this moment. The question, namely, of the door-mat under which the knife (which, by the way, was blood-stained) and also the key of Mrs. Carmichael's bedroom door was found. Emma, however, could make a very clear and very definite statement on that point. She had cleaned the hall and shaken the mat at half-past six that morning. At that hour the housemaid was making Mr. Yardley's bed; he had left the house already. There certainly was neither key nor knife under the mat then.

"The balance of evidence, which perhaps for one brief moment had inclined oh, ever so slightly, against Mr. Yardley, returned to its original heavy weight against the man Upton. Of course there was practically nothing to implicate Mr. Yardley seriously. The coroner made a resumé of the case before his jury worthy of a judge in the High Courts.

"He recapitulated all the evidence. It was very strong, undeniable, damning against Upton, and the jury could arrive but at one conclusion with regard to him. Then there was the medical evidence. That certainly favoured Upton a very little, if at all. Remember that both the medical gentlemen refused to make a positive statement as to the time; their evidence could not, therefore, be said to weigh either for or against anyone.

"There was then the strange and unaccountably conflicting evidence between two gentlemen of the house—Mr. Lucas and Mr. Yardley. That was a matter which for the present must rest between either of these gentlemen and their conscience. There was also the fact that the man Upton—the evident actual murderer—had been introduced into the house by Mr. Yardley. The jury knew best themselves if this fact should or should not weigh with them in their decision.

"That was the sum total of the evidence. The jury held but a very brief consultation. Their foreman pronounced their verdict of 'Wilful murder against Upton.' Not a word about Mr. Yardley. What could they have said? There was really no evidence against him—not enough, certainly, to taint his name for ever with so hideous a blight.

"In a case like that, remember, the jury are fully aware that the police would never for a moment lose sight of a man who had so narrowly escaped a warrant as Yardley had done. Relying on the certainty that very soon Upton would be arrested, it was not to

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be doubted for a moment but that he would betray his accomplice, if he had one. Criminals in such a plight nearly always do. In the meanwhile, every step of Yardley's would be dogged, unbeknown to himself, even if he attempted to leave the country. As for Upton——"

The man in the corner paused. He was eyeing me through his great bone-rimmed spectacles, watching with ironical delight my evident breathless interest in his narrative. I remembered that Glasgow murder so well. I remember the talks, the arguments, the quarrels that would arise in every household. Was Yardley an accomplice? Did he kill Mrs. Carmichael at two in the morning? Did he tell a lie? If so, why? Did Mr. James Lucas tell a lie? Many people, I remember, held this latter theory, more particularly as Mrs. Carmichael's will was proved some days later, and it was found that she had left all her money to him.

For a little while public opinion veered dead against him. Some people thought that if he were innocent he would refuse to touch a penny of her money; others, of a more practical turn of mind, did not see why he should not. He was a struggling young journalist; the lady had obviously been in love with him, and intended to marry him; she had a perfect right—as she had no children or any near relative—to leave her money to whom she choose, and it would indeed be hard on him, if, through the act of some miscreant, he should at one fell swoop be deprived both of wife and fortune.

Then, of course, there was Upton—Upton! Upton! whom the police could not find! who must be guilty, seeing that he so hid himself, who never would have acted the hideous comedy with the carver. Why should he have wilfully drawn attention to himself, and left, as it were, his visiting card on the scene of the murder?

Why? why? why?

"Ah, yes, why?" came as a funny, shrill echo from my eccentric *vis-a-vis*. "I see that in spite of my earnest endeavour to teach you to think out a case logically and clearly, you start off with a preconceived notion, which naturally leads you astray *because* it is preconceived, just like any blundering detective in these benighted islands."

"Preconceived?" I retorted indignantly. "There is no question of preconception. Whether Mr. Yardley knew of the contemplated murder or not, whether he was an accomplice or Mr. Lucas, there is one thing very clear—namely, that Upton was not innocent in the matter."

"What makes you say that?" he asked blandly.

"Obviously, because if he were innocent he would not have acted the hideous tragic comedy with the carver; he would not, above all, have absolutely damned himself by disappearing out of the house and out of sight at the very moment when the discovery of Mrs. Carmichael's murdered body had become imminent."

"It never struck you, I suppose," retorted the man in the corner with quiet sarcasm, "how *very* damning Upton's actions were on that particular morning?"

"Of course they were *very* damning. That is just my contention."

"And you have never then studied my methods of reasoning sufficiently to understand that when a criminal—a clever criminal, mind you—appears to be damning himself in the most brainless fashion, that is the time to guard against the clever pitfalls he is laying up for the police?"

"Exactly. That is why I, as well as many people connected with journalism, believe that Upton was acting a comedy in order to save his accomplice. The question only remains as to who the accomplice was."

"He must have been singularly unselfish and self-sacrificing, then."

"How do you mean?"

"According to your argument, Upton heaped up every conceivable circumstantial evidence against himself in order to shield his accomplice. Firstly he acts the part of strange, unnatural excitement, he loudly proclaims the fact that he leaves the kitchen with the fowl carver in his hand, thirdly he deposits that same blood-stained knife and the key of Mrs. Carmichael's room under the mat a few moments before he leaves the house. You must own that the man must have been singularly unselfish since, if he is ever caught, nothing would save him from the gallows, whilst, unless a great deal more evidence can be brought up, his accomplice could continue to go free."

"Yes, that might be," I said thoughtfully; "it was of course a part of the given plan. Many people held that Upton and Yardley were great friends—they might have been brothers, who knows?"

"Yes, who knows?" he repeated scornfully, as getting more and more excited his long thin fingers wound and unwound his bit of string, making curious complicated knots, and then undoing them feverishly.

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"Do brothers usually so dote on each other, that they are content to swing for one another? And have you never wondered why the police never found Upton? How did he get away? Where is he? Has the earth swallowed him up?

"Surely a clumsy brute like that, who gives himself hopelessly away on the very day when he commits a murder, cannot have brains enough to hide altogether away from the police—a man who before a witness selects the weapon with which he means to kill his victim, and who then deliberately leaves it blood-stained there where it is sure to be found at once? Why imagine such a consummate fool evading the police, not a day, not a week, not a month, but nearly two years now, which means altogether? Why, such a fool as you, the public, and the police have branded him would have fallen into a trap within twenty-four hours of his attempt at evasion; whereas the man who planned and accomplished that murder was a genius before he became a blackguard."

"That's just what I said. He was doing it to shield his accomplice."

"His accomplice!" gasped the funny creature, with ever increasing excitement. "Yes, the accomplice he loved and cherished above all—his brother you say, perhaps. No, someone he would love ten thousand times more than any brother."

"Then you mean——"

"*Himself*, of course! Didn't you see it all along? Lord bless my soul! The young man—poet or blackguard, what you will—who comes into a boarding-house, then realises that its mistress is wealthy. He studies the rules of the house, the habits of its mistress, finds out about her money, her safe, her jewels, and then makes his plans. Oh, they were magnificently laid! That man ought to have been a great diplomatist, a great general—he was only a great scoundrel.

"The sort of disguise he assumed is so easy to manage. Only remember one thing: When a fool wishes to sink his identity he does so *after* he has committed a crime and is wanted by the police; he is bound, therefore, for the best part of the remainder of his life, to keep up the disguise he has selected at all times, every hour, every minute of the day; to alter his voice, his walk, his manners. On the other hand, how does a clever man like Yardley proceed?

"He chooses his disguise and assumes it *before* the execution of his crime; it is then only a matter of a few days, and when all is over, the individual, the known criminal, disappears; and, mind you, he takes great care that the criminal shall be known. Now in this case Upton is introduced into the house; say he calls one evening on Mr. Yardley's recommendation; Mrs. Carmichael sees him in the hall for a few moments, arranges the question of work and wages, and after that he comes every morning, with a dirty face, towzled hair, false beard and moustache—the usual type of odd job man very much down in his luck—his work lies in the kitchen, no one sees him upstairs, whilst the cook and kitchen folk never see Mr. Yardley.

"After a little while something—carelessness perhaps—might reveal the trick, but the deception is only carried on two days. Then the murder is accomplished and Upton disappears. In the meanwhile Mr. Yardley continues his eccentric habits. He goes out at unearthly hours; he is a poet; he is out of the house while Upton carries on the comedy with the carving knife. He knows that there never will be any evidence against him as Yardley; he has taken every care that all should be against Upton, all; hopeless, complete, absolute, damning!

"Then he leaves the police to hunt for Upton. He 'lies low' for a time, after a little while he will go abroad, I dare say he has done so already. A jeweller in Vienna, or perhaps St. Petersburg, will buy some loose stones of him, the stones he has picked out of Mrs. Carmichael's brooches and rings, the gold he will melt down and sell, the notes he can cash at any foreign watering-place, without a single question being asked of him. English banknotes find a very ready market abroad, and 'no questions asked.'

"After that he will come back to his friends in Glasgow and write dainty bits of poetry for magazines; the only difference being that he will write them at more reasonable hours. And during all the time the police will hunt for Upton.

"It was clever, was it not? You have his photo? I gave it you just now. Clever-looking, isn't he? As Upton he wore a beard and dyed his hair very black; it must have been a great trouble every morning, mustn't it?"

The next mystery which "The Man in the Corner" relates is entitled "The York Mystery," and deals with a murder in that city.

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Baroness Orczy.

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

The creator of "The Man in the Corner," and the author of the new series of tales entitled "The Mysteries of Great Cities," which commences in the present number.

LAST September the ROYAL MAGAZINE published the finish of a series of thrilling and cleverly conceived detective stories entitled, "London Mysteries," told to a lady journalist by a remarkable personage who goes by the name of "The Man in the Corner," since he always sits in one particular corner in the A.B.C. shop, where he is interviewed. His chief peculiarity is the knotted string in his fingers and his glass of milk at his side. The accomplished authoress has now written for us a second series, treating with mysteries which have baffled the police wholly and utterly in the large provincial centres of the British Isles.

Baroness Emmuska Orczy is of Hungarian family, and was born at Tarna-Örs in the Lowlands of Hungary. Her father, the Baron Orczy, after holding the post of Director of the National Opera at Buda-Pesth—where he brought from comparative obscurity the great conductor Dr. Hans Richter—and some important diplomatic offices, came over to England with his fourteen-year-old daughter. Here Baroness Emmuska set herself to study art at various schools, exhibiting several times at the Royal Academy, her picture "The Jolly Young Waterman" in 1892 gaining a place on the line. She also painted a portrait of Sir Henry Irving—Mr. Irving, as he was then—for the National Museum of Dramatic Art in Buda-Pesth. She describes with pleasure her many visits to the delightful studio of the late Edwin Long, R.A., in Hampstead, when she sat as a pronounced Eastern type for the eminent Academician.

It was not, however, until 1894 that the Baroness entered the ranks of literature. In that year she produced with her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, a book of fairy tales illustrated and written by themselves. But to her, the real interest of the book was in the illustrating, which fell largely to her lot.

Her serious writing days, one may say, began about four years ago, when, staying with her husband in a house where all were engaged in magazine work, she caught the infection, and has since been bound hand and foot to this fascinating pastime.

Her first short work of fiction appeared in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Baroness Orczy soon intends to publish stories in French and German, with a view to ascertain which country takes the greatest interest in her work. She also hopes to write a novel dealing with Hungarian life, trusting to gain the sympathies of the British public in a country so unknown and obscure to us. It is curious to note that she has never yet written in her native tongue. But she will do so soon.

The Baroness is, I suppose, the only living writer who finds herself perfectly at home when writing in a language other than her own. Personally, the Baroness Orczy is one of the most charming of women. But she is not at all English in her manner and conversation. Of course, she speaks English perfectly and with only the slightest foreign intonation, and yet no one would ever mistake her for an Englishwoman. Her manner is far too alert and vivacious; and she possesses what our countrywomen generally lack, charming as they are, remarkable conversational powers, interest in all manner of subjects, and a large fund of ideas. We are sure our readers will wish the charming authoress of "London Mysteries" every success in her literary career.

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FACES IN PLASTER

An interesting Article describing in detail how Life-Masks are taken.

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

The subject whose life-mask is to be taken is covered with a linen overall——

——and his hair is protected by a specially made preparation.

We cannot all be famous enough to feel certain that a grateful nation will hand down our features, chiselled by some ingenious hand, to a venerating posterity. Still, for him who would secure the approving glances of "those who come after," some small amount of comfort remains in the fact that for a comparatively trifling outlay he may immortalise his noble brow or blooming cheek in a very wearable substitute for the stone of kings and millionaires.

In fact, it is quite feasible for any person of modest income to have a plaster cast made of his face for the benefit of his children and grandchildren when he is no more—that they may still smile upon his features when he has long ago passed away from them.

Not very far from that home of the sculptured great, Westminster Abbey, stands an establishment which, amongst other lines of business, makes a speciality of the art of producing plaster casts of living—and dead—faces. Mr. M. Bird, the proprietor, assures me that he is often called upon in this particular branch of work, and gave me proof that his clients are by no means confined to one particular class.

Most of his professional visits are westward, where at the private residences of his patrons, he executes his interesting task. Men and women of good social position, and even their children, are his more numerous subjects, and especially has this been so during the past two or three years. Those people who are well able to afford the cost of having their faces chiselled in marble by sculptors of repute, are included in Mr. Bird's *clientèle*. His work is always faithful in representing features, and flattery knows no part in the making of a life-mask.

The process of making a life-mask is particularly interesting. It may perhaps be a little trying to the more nervous class of subject, especially among the fairer sex, and those who have an inborn horror of suffocation. In no case, however, will Mr. Bird agree to carry out the work except when he feels fully assured that the subject will not make a fuss at the crucial moment.

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To the ordinary man or woman who can sit still for a space of from a quarter to half-an-hour, the operation is really not very trying. Under skilled hands, aided by up-to-date appliances, one does not mind it much more than if the harmless, necessary shave or hair-cut was being carried out. The writer can say so from personal experience.

The subject whose face is to be treated, reclines on a cleverly constructed chair, which can be manipulated with ease by the operator, enabling him to raise, lower, or turn the "patient's" head and body as the different phases of the process requires. When in position on this chair, the subject is in an easy, comfortable position, and ready for the preliminaries.

These consist in the complete covering of the subject's body in a sort of overall, which

The ears are filled with a wad of cotton-wool—

—and the whole face is treated with a certain lotion to prevent the plaster adhering to the skin—

protects his clothes from the effects of the clay to be used later on.

Next comes the covering of the hair with a special kind of material treated with a certain preparation on the outside.

The hair being fully protected, the subject's ears are then filled in lightly with a wad of cotton-wool previously treated with a secret preparation, the composition of which is known only to Mr. Bird, and, by the way, makes his system of mask-making from life far less disagreeable than more old-fashioned methods.

Now the "patient's" face must be touched with another secret lotion. A somewhat jealously guarded phial is produced from the operator's case, and, with the point of the finger, applied to every portion of the face and neck. Most particular care is taken that not the smallest part of the face escapes the treatment, otherwise the operation of having one's plaster cast taken might prove a very unpleasant experiment, and unlikely to be repeated!

The subject's face is now ready for further developments. The operator takes up a vessel containing a whitish mixture, which has been worked up into the proper consistency. This is the casting clay, and although the larger portion of its composition does not differ from the material used by other life-mask makers, Mr. Bird has introduced an improvement in the process of mixing which renders the subject's ordeal less trying at this point than would otherwise be the case.

Beginning at the front of the head, the clay is gradually applied down the sides of the face

—after which the casting clay is carefully applied.

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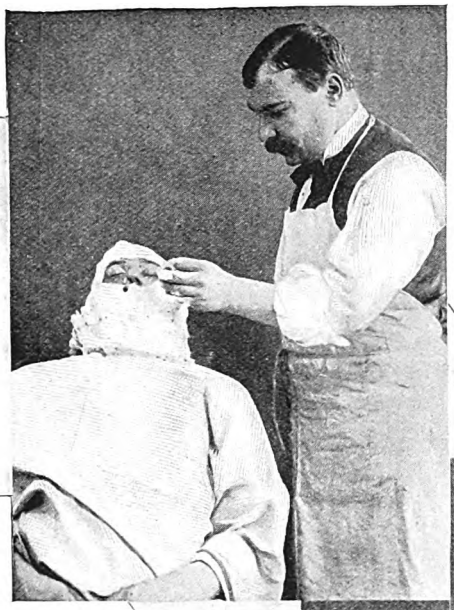
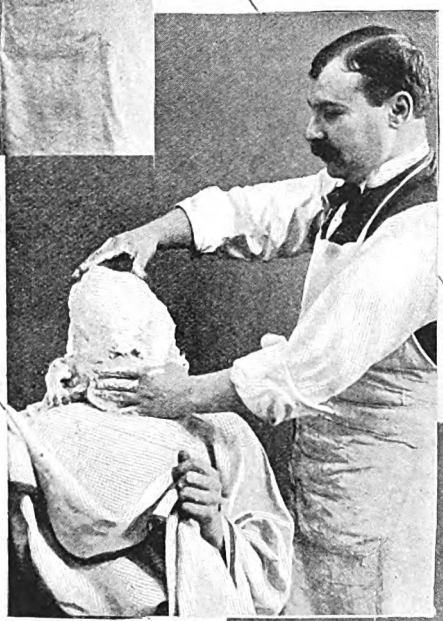


The whole face is gradually covered with clay——

and pressed well under the chin—the latter with the eyes, nose, and cheeks, only remaining visible.

With a few more swiftly applied lumps of clay, the chin, mouth, and cheeks are covered. Then what is literally a ticklish job has to be done.

This is the fixing of two little pipes in the nostrils of the still and silent subject, who now reclines as one dead. The pipe is of course a necessary appliance—otherwise suffocation would ensue. Inch by inch the clay is then built up over the remaining portion of the face; the "patient" not daring to so much as wink. Just before the last bit of clay is applied the operator deftly inserts another tube in the remaining nostril, and dabs the closing patch of material over the tip of the nose. The appearance of the subject at this particular point is not exactly beautiful, but there he must remain for the finishing touches of the modeller's fingers, which, working rapidly and evenly, press home the clay into every furrow, wrinkle or hollow,

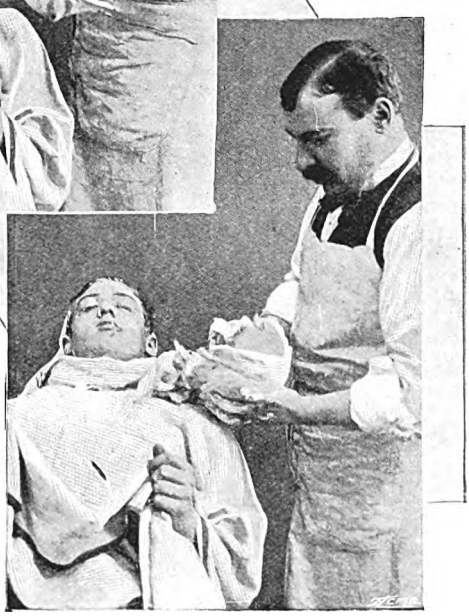


——two little tubes being thrust into the nostrils to prevent suffocation.

When the operator's experienced finger-tips convey the knowledge that the clay closely fits every detail of the features, he pulls out his watch to time the setting of the clay. A very few minutes suffice for this, so well has the stuff been worked up.

A rapid movement of the modeller's hands and arms, and hey, presto! the clay is removed from the subject's face, leaving it as clean and shiny as when the first dab was applied. Within the rough-looking chunk of clay is retained an exact impression of the features of the subject. And there is no denying that when the clay is removed he looks happier than when the ordeal was about to begin!

When the clay mask has hardened sufficiently, a plaster cast, or several casts, may be taken from it, and there is no doubt that it will satisfy anyone who wants a really truthful counterfeit presentment of himself. To those who want a beautiful, dignified-looking plaster cast where beauty and dignity are not the strong point



Then with a rapid movement the clay is removed from the subject's face,

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of the original, the plaster cast from a mask taken from life is not to be recommended. Like Salem Scudder's camera, the clay mask cannot lie!

Mr. Bird assured the writer that he frequently has the same difficulty to contend with as that which gives the photographer a great deal of trouble. His patrons, for instance, are apt to be led away by the belief that their features are irreproachable, and that any irregularity appearing in the finished cast is not so much their fault as his. In other words, they seem to think that, no matter how plain they may be, the cast of their features should, in some mysterious way, present a judicious blending of the Grecian and Roman statuesque styles, with a goodly spice of that beauty which sculptors usually bestow on marble presentments of Apollo and Venus!

"I had intended placing this plaster bust on a pedestal in the entrance hall of my residence," one of his lady patrons remarked to him one day, "but I hardly think it does me sufficient justice, so I shall place it in the library."

And Mr. Bird could hardly refrain from congratulating the lady on her wisdom. For she was very stout—and decidedly elderly.

The mask-maker does not always confine himself to human subjects. He says there is growing up a fashion amongst well-to-do people to have plaster casts made of their favourite pets, in preference to the more costly process of preserving the bodies artificially, which, to most people of a sensitive nature, seems a rather repugnant way of commemorating a dead favourite, be it horse or kitten.

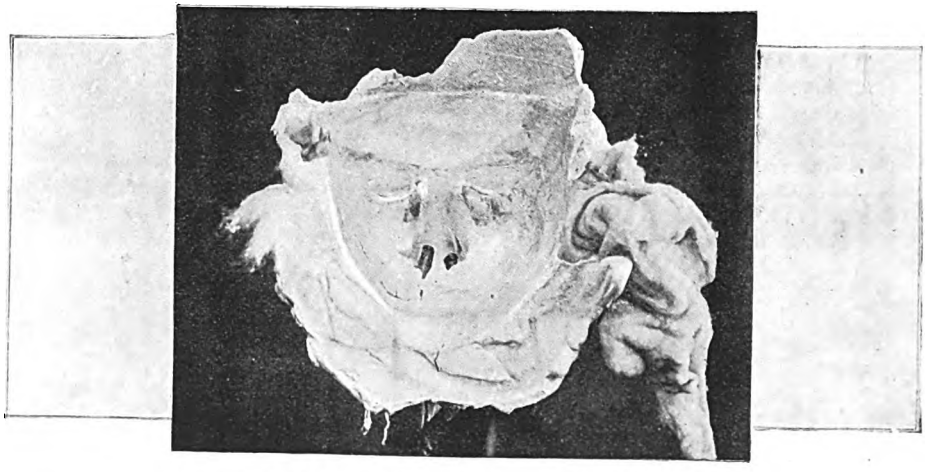
The casting of animals' masks is, of course, almost invariably undertaken after death, so this part of the subject hardly comes within the scope of the present article, although the process is very interesting.

Mr. Bird has several amusing and otherwise interesting little anecdotes to relate in connection with his experience as a maker of life masks.

On one occasion he was suddenly called away whilst waiting for a subject's mask to harden. By a series of circumstances which would take up too much space to relate, he was prevented getting back to his studio for nearly an hour. Muffled groans from beneath a thick gag of clay told him that his patient was feeling extremely uncomfortable, and when he rushed to relieve the poor fellow, he found the clay had set so effectively as to necessitate the use of a chisel.

On another occasion a "patient," in spite of instructions to the contrary, opened his mouth to speak just as a lump of clay was being dabbed over that organ. The clay—about half a pound of it—had afterwards to be extracted from the unhappy subject's throat by means of a sugar-tongs, the operation coming to a sudden end as soon as the victim could regain his voice and express his feelings in appropriate language.

But Mr. Bird's experiences are not always so amusing. His professional duties have made him familiar with the chamber of death. He has made casts from many a well-known man's dead face, and has had to listen to the heart-rending mourning of parents whilst forming, from a dead child's features, something to keep those parents in life-long remembrance of her!



A life-mask as it appears when removed from the face.

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And how are you going to win this munificent prize?

Well, it will be offered in a competition of which particulars will appear in the next — the May — Number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, published on Tuesday, April 22, the full details being not quite ready for publication in this issue.

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Consolation Prizes to the value of **£100** *will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor*

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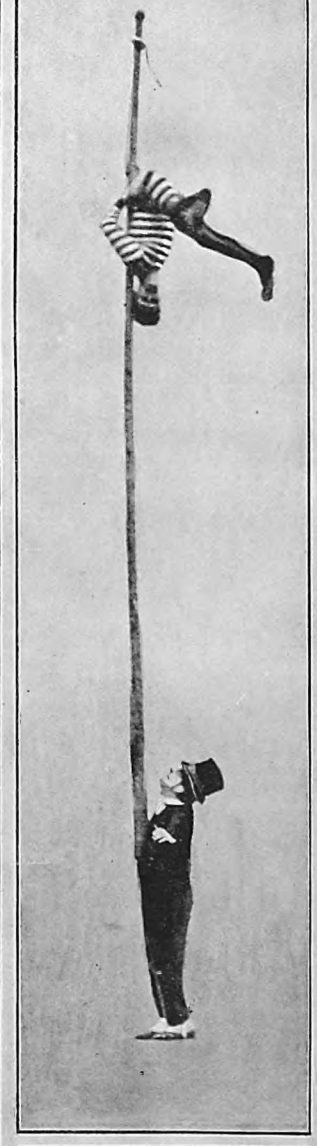
POLE STARS

Some Extraordinary Performances on a Pole.

By H. L. Adam.

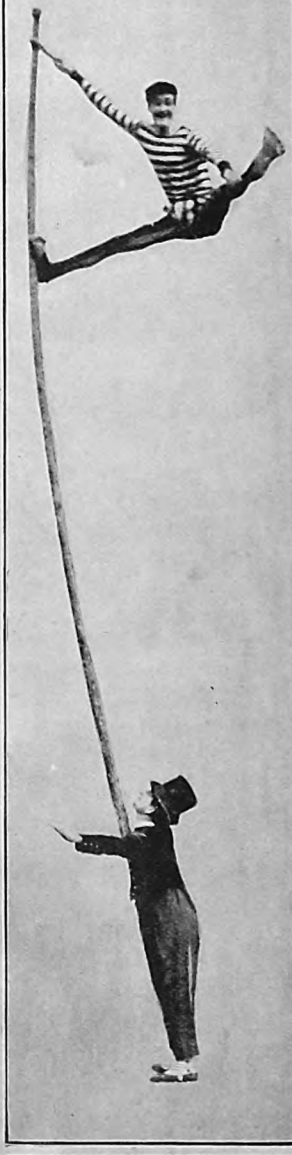


While De Witt holds the pole, Burns goes through performances on it. Here he is hanging by one hand, his head downwards.

We are indebted to America for many variety turns of a sensational, skilful, and amusing kind. English managers are always on the lookout for them. About a year ago Mr. Dundas Slater was travelling in America, seeing what he could managerially devour, when he found De Witt and Burns.

De Witt and Burns call themselves "Perch Equilibrists." You may naturally wonder what this means. Not long ago there appeared at the Crystal Palace an intrepid Greek who tempted Providence on a bending mast. Mounting to the top of the latter, he went through certain acrobatic evolutions, while the mast bent with, and creaked beneath him. One fateful day the mast snapped, and Sir Greek went to the ground, somewhat hurriedly. He subsequently died from his injuries. There was little but foolhardiness in the performance.

The performance of De Witt and Burns is somewhat similar to the Greek's, and yet very different. At the Crystal Palace the mast was a hundred feet long,



Here the pole has to be strongly inclined in order to preserve the balance.

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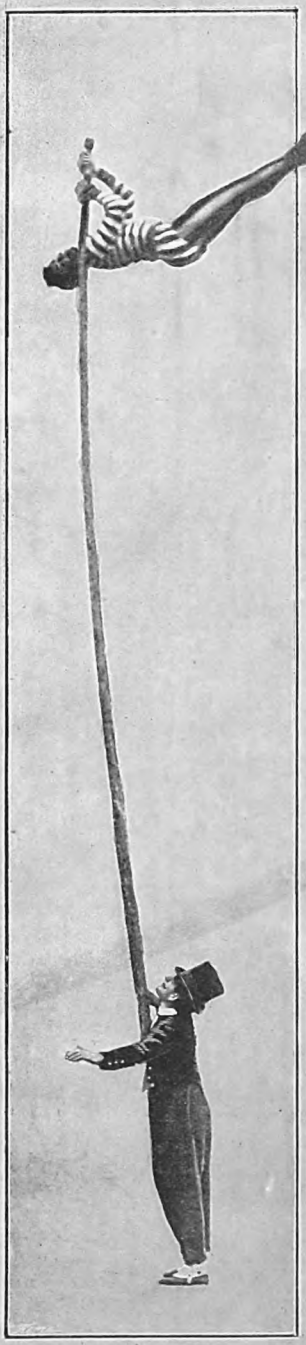
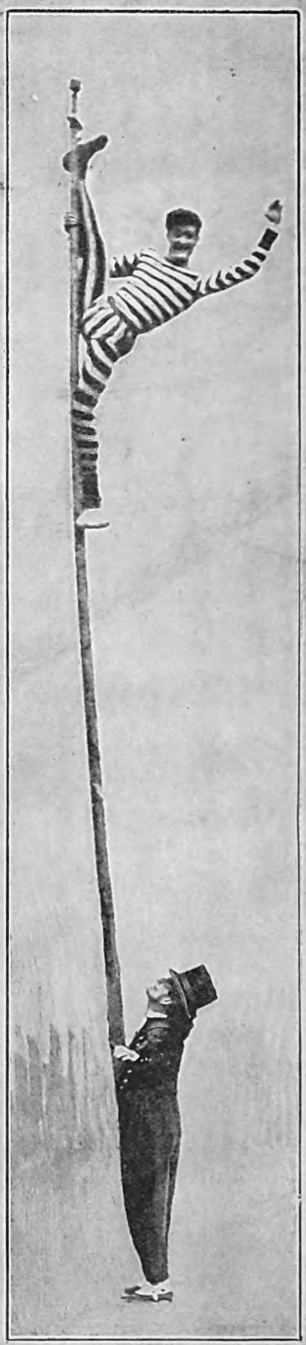


Burns manages to keep himself in position by resting his shoulder against the pole.

with the former, and learned from him many interesting particulars concerning the performance. The pole used is a spruce-pine sapling, is 19ft. long, weighs 35lb., and was fashioned at a yard where they make ships' masts. Burns weighs 155lb., so that when he is on the pole De Witt is supporting and balancing 190lb. This he does for the space of five or six minutes, every minute increasing, or seeming to increase, the weight above him. It is, of course, his own strength decreasing.

De Witt and Burns are the only artistes working this class of show. On one occasion a couple of performers were attempting a similar thing in a circus ring, when the one below failed to keep the balance, and his partner came down among the seats.

I questioned as to mishaps, but De Witt could remember only one. The perch snapped just beneath Burns' feet, who was up; he came down. Fortunately, the performance was in a circus ring, the ground of which was soft. De Witt's shoulder also intervened. The net result was a nasty shaking for both. But the most peculiar experience he could remember, said De Witt, was their engagement at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Here they performed on a raft, built on empty barrels, and floated on a lake. With this unstable foundation they found balancing anything but an easy task.



Doing "splits" in mid-air.

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A LULLABY

BY

RITA CAY

"THERE seems to be trouble upstairs, Clare."

"What is wrong, Wilfred? Who is in trouble?" asked Mrs. Dalmeny anxiously.

"As I passed Sybil's room I heard sounds which seemed suspiciously like sobs. I didn't go in. The child should have been asleep long ago."

"Poor little woman! I will go to her. There is nothing wrong with the horses or dogs to make her unhappy?"

"I haven't been told of anything."

Mrs. Dalmeny put down her needlework and left the room.

The well-being and happiness of her children meant so much to this young mother. They were all the world to her and came first in every way.

Quietly she opened the door of Sybil's room. The little girl had hidden her face in the pillow and was sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"My little Sybil," said her mother tenderly as she gathered the child up into her arms, "are you ill dear, what is it?"

But the child just continued to sob.

"Childie, what is it?"

The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck and nestled against her.

"Beautiful mamm," she said between her sobs. "My beautiful mummie."

For a little while Mrs. Dalmeny was silent. She stroked the little girl's face as it lay on her arm until the paroxysm of grief was past.

"Now tell me, dear, why you are so unhappy," she urged.

"I thought you were angry with me. That . . . that I was wicked and so you could not love me."

"Dear little maiden, whatever made you think that?"

"It is so silly of me to care. I don't like to tell you because you will think me such a baby."

"And didn't I love you when you were a baby?"

"Then I will tell you. It wasn't because I minded Dicky going or because I wanted to go myself. It was because you didn't choose me to go this afternoon. I knew when I heard which cart was ordered that you could only take one of us. And last time it was Dicky, and the time before, and the time before that, and I hoped it would be me to-day."

"Weren't you happy at home, dear?"

"Yes, mummie. I mean I wasn't, but I could have been. No, it wasn't that. But I thought if you choose Dicky again, then it must be true that you didn't love me as you love him."

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not be certain of saving both my little ones. I could only take one with me, and the other I must leave to the cruel waves until I could come back. The water was even then at our feet, and as you felt it round your ankles you looked at me and said in your little trustful way: 'Mummie, it's all wet, make me dry again.' But Dicky laughed and played with the waves. He was such a baby.

"Then, darling, I knew I could not live without my daughter, and taking off my dress I wrapped it round the baby boy and laid him down at the far end of the bay, in the only place which would be secure from the water for a little time. Then I took you under my arm and we started."

Mrs. Dalmeny's voice failed her.

"Mummy, my own mummy," said the child clinging to her. "But how did we get Dicky?"

"I swam with you round the corner. It seemed such a long way. And then I saw a high rock, which I knew we could clamber on to. It was quite above high water mark. I left you there and swam back to find the boy. He was off his feet, poor little man, and had just begun to be afraid, I think. The dress I had wrapped round him kept him up. In a little while it might have dragged him down, but I had put it round him in case the waves washed him against the rocks before I could return. I brought him as I brought you, and we all three waited on that rock until the tide went down, and then we got home as fast we could. And neither of you had even a cold."

"But you, dear mummie?"

"Oh, well, little girl, I felt the strain and was ill again. But now do you see why I have told you this story which is still so full of terror for me?"

"I think so. To show me that you love me really and truly."

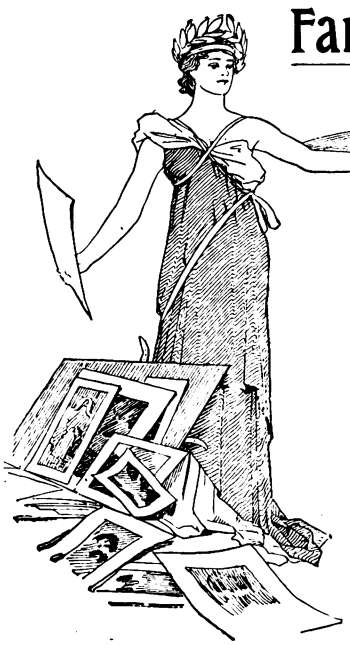
"Yes, and also because then I learned that my little girl came first in my heart, and ever since I knew it I have been so afraid of showing it that, when there is one to be chosen, my head says Dicky because my heart would always want my Sybil.

"It is difficult, darling, always to be fair; and Dicky must never know that, though I love him dearly, he only comes second. You must trust me, dear."

"My dear, dear mummie," murmured the child. "I shall never forget how much you love me. Thank you for saving me."

"Now, sweetheart, you will be happy again, and go to sleep at once or you will lose your beauty sleep. It is quite late."

"Yes, I will go straight to sleep. Good-night. Kiss daddy for me. Good-night. I shall be asleep before you get downstairs again and so happy. Good-n-i-g-h-t."



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A CATERPILLAR FARM

A corner of the caterpillar farm. In order to protect the caterpillars the shrubs on which they feed are covered with a muslin bag or "sleeve."

By Wilfred Mark Webb, F.L.S.

A midnight rush from London on the Great Northern brings us to York, and at the end of another trip by the North-Eastern we find ourselves at Scarborough in the early hours of the morning.

It is not, however, our object to enjoy the many beauties which have brought renown to that fashionable watering-place. Scarborough has other claims to fame, particularly in the eyes of entomologists, and we look forward to seeing the celebrated caterpillar farm which belongs to Mr. H. W. Head of that town.

Although the rearing of moths and butterflies has been Mr. Head's hobby for many years, he, at the same time, makes a successful business of it. The great majority of his choice specimens goes to delight the hearts of hosts of collectors scattered all over the country, who are enabled to buy for a small sum the rarities they could hardly hope to meet with in their own districts.

The interior of a "sleeve."

A little way inland we come to Mr. Head's establishment. It is not more than half an acre in extent. "Hardly worth calling a farm," you will say, but one may search the world through for another that contains such a prodigious quantity of stock, or which grows such an endless variety of plants.

The glimpse of a corner is enough to arrest the attention and the steps of even

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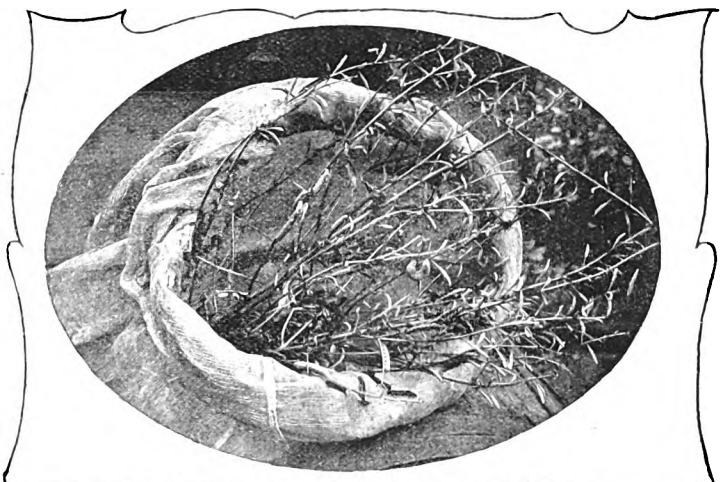
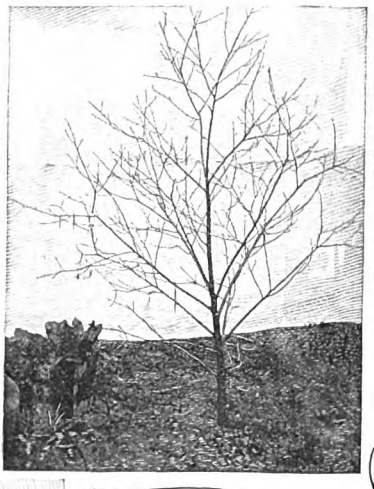
the most casual observer. Trees and shrubs are planted in endless profusion and their limbs or often their whole bodies are swathed in those muslin bags which the rearer of caterpillars alludes to as "sleeves," whatever their size may be. Within these bags the larval insects feed secure upon the juicy leaves of their chosen food plant.

Our attention is directed to the "sleeve" which covers a small poplar tree laden with a horde of the fine caterpillars of that rare moth, the "Clifton Nonpareil." At present you may still see some of the leaves on the tree. But across the farm we come to another tree left a little longer to the tender mercies of the hungry insects, and behold! not a scrap of its abundant foliage remains.

Another covering is opened and we see the silken nests of the



Close observation will show you the caterpillars on the branches of this shrub.



In a very short time a tree becomes completely defoliated by the caterpillars.

"Small Eggar," to which the grubs retire at night. On some oak twigs, stuck for the nonce into a jar of water, careful examination will reveal a number of the stick-like larvæ of the "Pale Oak Beauty." Perhaps no better example could be found of resemblance to surroundings than is given by these extraordinary larvæ.

There is quite a crop of white "sleeves" apparently growing out of the earth in another part of the farm. Each of these sleeves is found to contain a willow-herb and the larvæ of the elephant hawk-moth, with the horn upon the tail—the characteristic of the genus to which these fine insects belong. The caterpillars in question as well as those of the smaller species which feed on the pretty bedstraw are remarkable for the large spots upon their backs not very far behind the head.

The use of these is not evident when the creature is quietly feeding, but let it be startled ever so little and a wonderful change takes place. The head is drawn in, out of sight, causing the already fat body to swell at the front end and bringing the first pair of peculiar spots into just the position one would expect to find eyes in a small snake. In fact, it is the earnest endeavour of the insect to palm itself off as

The caterpillars of the "Pale Oak Beauty" show an extraordinary protective resemblance to the twigs of the plant on which they feed.

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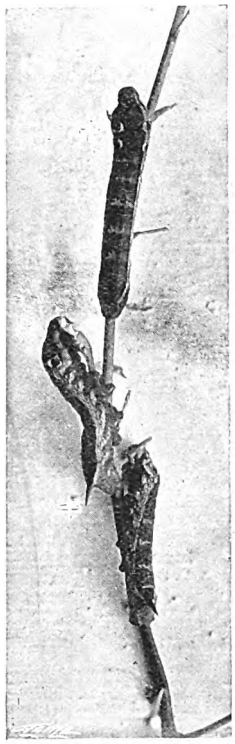


The "Elephant Hawk" caterpillar. Note the horn upon the tail-end of this insect, shown in the photograph opposite the lower cross, and the eye-like spots upon their backs not far behind the neck opposite the upper cross. When irritated these insects cause their bodies to swell at the front—a motion which brings the spots into the position of the eyes in a snake.

The small "Elephant Hawk" caterpillar.

the first few inches of a venomous reptile, and thus scare away any enemies that might feel inclined to make a meal of it.

Aptly enough, until the caterpillars are sufficiently big to warrant their attempting this trick they are green all over, and trust for protection to their resemblance to the leaves upon which they feed.

Others of the caterpillars have quite as curious methods of defence, as, for instance, those from which the "Lobster Moth" takes its name. When first hatched these animals have long legs, and are about the size of an ant, which they very much resemble in their appearance and movements—no doubt to their great advantage, for ants are not often interfered with.

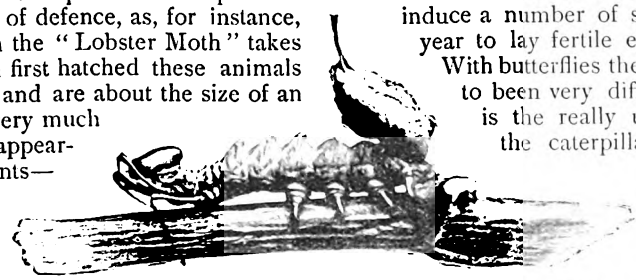
When grown a bit, and resting with legs retracted and head thrown back, the "Lobster" may easily be taken for a withered leaf of its favourite food plant, the beech. On the farm it is fed on apple. Should the insect be irritated, it displays its well developed legs, and assumes an attitude that gives the effect of a great spider preparing to attack the intruder.

The "Puss Moth" larva is much pestered by ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs upon it, and bring certain death when the grubs hatch out of the eggs and feed upon the juices of the caterpillar. The latter not only has the power of squirting formic acid over its enemies, but it is provided with two pink whips at its hinder end, which it can wave with the effect of frightening them away.

The air of Scarborough is so fresh that several of the larger caterpillars come to maturity later than they do inland and down south. Indeed, the privet and lilac trees, upon which the handsome "Privet Hawk" caterpillar feeds, have to be protected with glass frames when the insects are being reared, or the bracing sea breezes would be too much for them.

In the glass house, where some of the choicer varieties are kept, the great chrysalides of our largest British insect, the "Death's-head Moth," are stored. When I visited the place these insects were beginning to make their appearance. They will, when touched, display their big bodies and utter a weird squeaking noise, caused by rubbing together the two halves of their honey-sucking proboscis.

Collectors have long been able not only to rear moths from the larval stage, but also to induce a number of species year after year to lay fertile eggs in captivity. With butterflies the case has hitherto been very different, and what is the really unique work of the caterpillar farm is the production of butterflies. It is here that Mr. Head's special knowledge and skill have been



When young the "Lobster" caterpillar very much resembles an ant; later on it may be easily taken for a withered leaf of its favourite food, the beech.

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Mr. Head, the proprietor of the caterpillar farm, making up an order from the set stock.

brought into play, and success has been gained in this way :—

The adult butterflies are kept in spacious inclosures formed of light frames covered with mosquito netting or similar material. These, in turn, are protected by well ventilated glass houses. In the bottom of the cages there grow in the soil, or sometimes in pots, the food plants for the caterpillars and numerous flowers from which the winged insects may sip the honey upon which they live. It should be said at once that it is practically impossible to provide enough flowers to supply the hosts of fine butterflies which are to be seen in their season. Artificial feeding has in consequence to be resorted to. Honey may be smeared on to some of the flowers, or in some cases, as in that of the rare "Camberwell Beauties," it is found that the insects will sip the nectar from the bottom of a flower-pot or saucer through the holes in the mosquito netting. Ten or twelve pounds of honey disappear during the year, most of it clover honey, but for some insects with special tastes heather honey has to be procured.

Nearly all the British butterflies have been successfully mated and their offspring reared by Mr. Head. It is, of course, to the rarer species that most attention is paid. A stray "Swallowtail" may be occasionally met with on the Broads, but think of seeing forty or more disporting themselves in their sunny house at Scarborough!

The "Privet Hawk" caterpillar, a large and handsome insect. It is bright green with pure white stripes running down its back.

The "Privet Hawk" moth and its newly-laid eggs.

In small cages within the big glass house we find the "Commas," the "marbled whites," and a crowd of other butterflies, including even the common "meadow browns." Here and there the pretty insects flit, stopping now and again to deposit an egg on the food plant or in a less desirable

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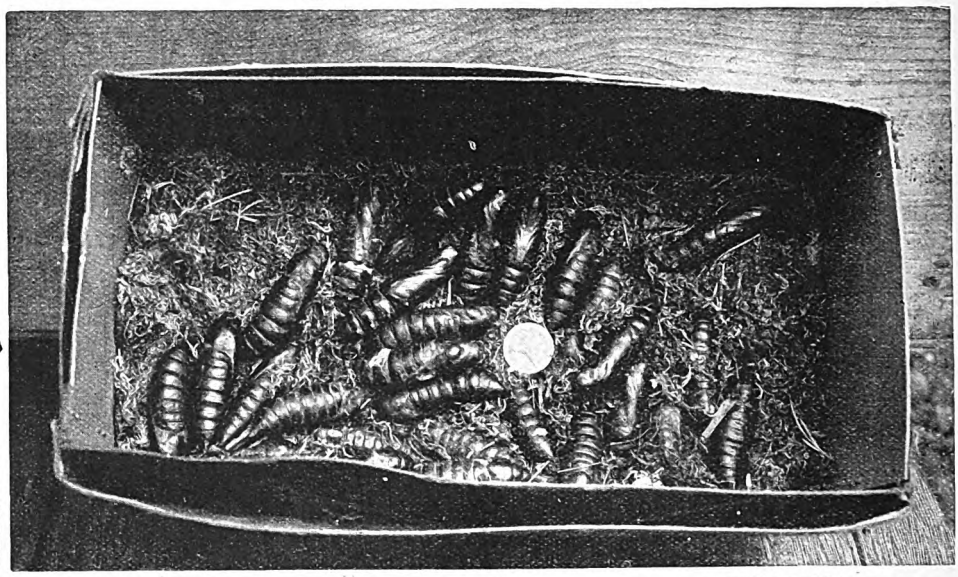
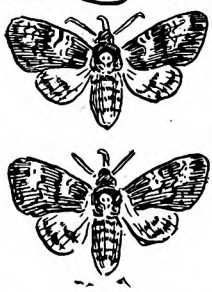
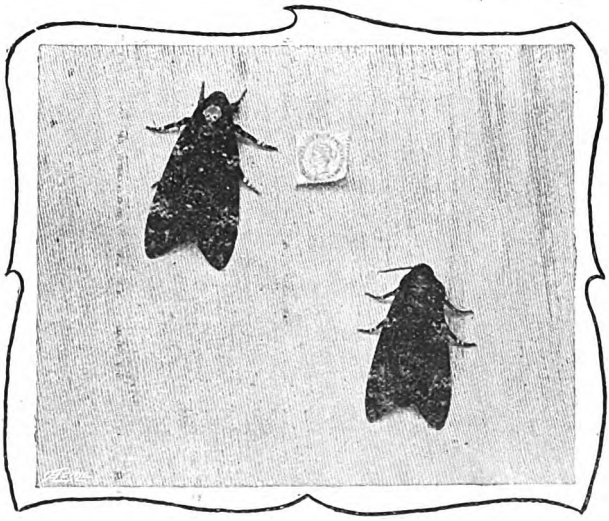


A box containing the chrysalises of the famous and rare "Death's-head" moth. They are very large, as the shilling placed in the centre of the box will show.



position on the netting. All the eggs have to be collected before the ubiquitous earwigs devour them. Earwigs are within doors as great a pest to the caterpillar farmer as cats are without. Cats seem to take a delight in tearing down the "sleeves" and turning loose the choicest broods of larvæ.

The eggs, as may well be imagined, are a very important part of the business, and no fewer than two hundred thousand pass through Mr. Head's hands in the year. Many of those laid by the larger moths can easily be seen with the naked eye, but their full beauties are only to be made out with the help of a microscope.



Two "Death's-head" moths.

A few insects like the "Brimstone," "Red Admiral," and "Tortoiseshell" butterflies hide themselves during the winter, and come out again in the spring. Many species, however, face the cold weather in the egg, and numerous others as chrysalides. Insects in all their various stages are marketable, and the usual stock of the farm is as follows:—

Caterpillars in their season, twenty thousand; chrysalides in the winter, half this number, and eggs nearly three times as many. In reserve are from thirty to forty thousand preserved insects, so that butterflies and moths can be supplied irrespective of the time of year.

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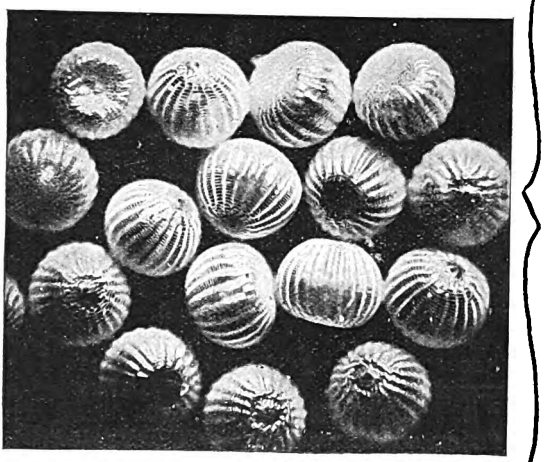
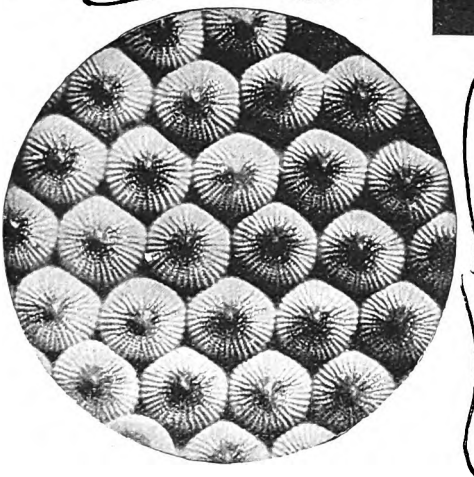
Mr. Head adopts the following methods when he wishes to secure the young caterpillars of certain species which live in the heather. He sallies out at night with an acetylene lantern strapped to his chest, and armed with a "net," the sight of which alone is enough to make one's arms ache. It has a sturdy oak handle, and a heavy rim of wrought iron, the material of the "net" being thick mackintosh sheeting. With this instrument Mr. Head sweeps the damp heather by the hour together, and obtains valuable stock for his farm.



The eggs of the "Feathered Gothic." These eggs are greatly magnified. Naturally, thirty in a row go to the inch.

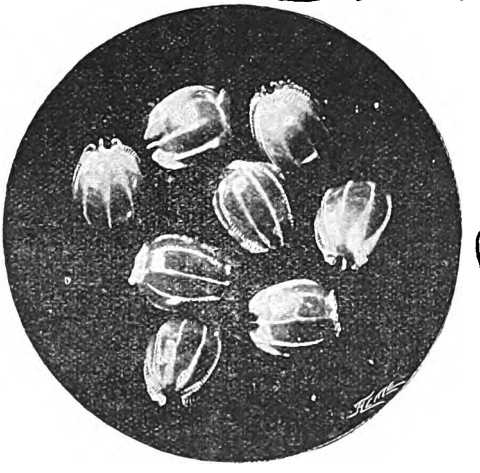


These are the eggs of the "Common Quaker." Forty of these eggs go to the inch.

The prices which the insects command are somewhat as follows: Many you can get for threepence, or even twopence; a "Purple Emperor," among butterflies, will cost you half-a-crown; a "Death's-head Moth," two shillings; while smaller, but rare species, may fetch five shillings, seven-and-sixpence, or even half-a-sovereign.

In conclusion, one might point out that, it having been proved that butterflies may be successfully kept in captivity, a new field is opened up to those who are fond of watching things grow and take a pleasure in the beauties of living creatures The extent to which flowers are now cultivated merely as a hobby is, when we come to look into the matter, little short of marvellous, while the amount of care, trouble, and money lavished upon special kinds is exceedingly great.

Why should we not take up insects, which vie with plants in interest and eclipse their blossoms in beauty? Think how many children have added to their enjoyment by keeping common silkworms, which come to but an insignificant moth.



Photos by F. N. Clark.

The eggs of the "Red Admiral." These eggs are shown twenty times their natural size.

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By William MacLeod Raine.

What say — double the stakes?" asked Portancherry.

"Done!" cried Selwyn.

"No, no," I put in. "They're high enough for me as they stand."

"Rat it, for me, too! I've dropped a cool two thousand since I sat down," said Walleck gloomily.

"Cramped?" asked Portancherry, with that insolent sneer on his face I had learned to hate.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't, but when I lose I always pay, my lord," I answered tartly, and noticed that I had flicked him on the raw.

Granby had just arrived very drunk from Will's coffee-house, and he guffawed extravagantly at my words. The others took up the laugh with the exception of Portancherry, who scowled in a prodigious ill humour at me. He had a bitter tongue had Portancherry, but he suffered torment when people laughed at him instead of with him.

Beau Nash craned forward his head and looked down the table.

"Ah—er! To change the—er—topic, I'll thank somebody to—er—that is for the loan of my snuff-box," he simpered.

Nobody answered him, and again he lisped his question, without avail. George Selwyn rang an imaginary bell in imitation of the town-crier.

"Give ear, give ear, give ear, good people all!" he drawled. "Whereas, one most choice jewelled snuff-box, presented to Jimmy Nash by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, curiously wrought with dancing fairies on the cover, was but lately passed from hand to hand for inspection, and has since been lost; be it therefore known to all whom it may concern that a suitable reward will be given for its return by the said—Oh, hang the rest! What do I get for crying it, Jimmie?"

Every man affirmed his ignorance of the whereabouts of the box. We looked under the tables and examined every place where it could have been mislaid.

"'Slife! The thing is bewitched, and has vanished into air," suggested Cibber.

"Or the fairies on the cover have spread their wings and flown away with it," proposed Selwyn.

"Art sure you haven't got the thing in your pocket, Nash?" asked Lord Portancherry with his habitual sneer.

"Lard no! Last time I saw it, 'twas in your hands, old man," answered Nash, with such innocence that I chuckled at his hit.

"If you mean—" began his lordship reddening.

"He doesn't mean that, Port. I'll take oath you handed the thing to me, and that I passed it on to Plunket," said Cibber.

Plunket shrugged his shoulders. "I gave it to Jack."

"And I turned the thing over to Harry Haddon."

"Quite true," I admitted. "And I—"

"Burn me, I wish the thing had stayed in the jeweller's shop before it interfered with our game!" cried Portancherry.

"It has been abused enough in the past four minutes to carry it down to the right circle of Dante's Inferno," laughed Selwyn. "I suppose your pious friends would tell you that White's gambling rooms are well on the road to the abode of the wicked, my lord."

"There have been no servants in the room since—"

Cibber got so far and then stopped, startled at the implication in his words.

Egad, you might have cut the silence with a knife. Each man looked at his neighbour out of an accusing, furtive face while each sought to dissimulate all suspicion, looked for an instant and then turned away in

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embarrassment. We were so sheepish a lot you might have taken us for cut-purses caught in the act. Even my sour, wooden-faced neighbour, Fairfax Westcott, showed disturbance. My cousin, Rom Haddon, was playing picquet at the next table, and the cards lay where he had dealt them, the game suspended with one consent. At the loo and quinze tables it was the same.

There were men in the room, and more than one or two, who would have rooked their own fathers without qualm at any game of hazard and counted no trick too low to use so only it were not found out; but to steal a snuff-box! The thing was unthinkable. It was to bracket one's self with every common cut-purse.

"Fie, fie! For shame! confess—confess. For shame!" croaked a hoarse voice behind us.

We started guiltily, then joined in a roar of laughter that relieved the strain. The voice belonged to the coffee-house jackdaw, and the sage old bird was perched on the mantel, with its head cocked wisely to one side, winking at us out of one leering eye. "Rat me if I don't wring that bird's neck some day," quavered Cibber peevishly.

"Well, now—s'help me!—if the bird hasn't given me an idea, you know," cried one exquisite in black satin breeches and flowered silver coat.

Selwyn gravely took out his notebook and entered the date.

"A date to be remembered," he explained, with composure. "Beau Plunket gets an idea!"

"Some one, you know, must have the snuff-box! La! the thing must be somewhere, sink it," said Plunket.

"Elucidation of the idea," commented Selwyn solemnly.

"And so, gentlemen, I move—stab me if I don't—that we all search each other—and—and—search each other, you know," he ended weakly.

"Revolutionary idea sets an unprepared world on fire," chorused Selwyn gloomily.

"You needn't laugh, Selwyn. Hang it, you know I never said I was clever."

Selwyn laughed. "Well, I can't remember ever hearing anybody else slander you that way, either, Plunk," he said.

George Selwyn rang an imaginary bell in imitation of the town-crier.

But Plunket's suggestion had fallen pat, nevertheless. The feeling was strong that the matter should be threshed out, lest suspicion rest unjustly. None knew but that some chance word or meaning shrug of the shoulders might throw the odium upon him, after proof of innocence was impossible. For that reason the plan was agreed to clamorously.

"And who shall play the part of the catch-poll?" asked Cibber.

"Let Harry Haddon. He has emptied all our pockets so often at hazard and quinze that he will have the knack of the thing," said Walleck, grinning over at me.

"Agreed! agreed! Let Haddon play beak," the others shouted, and, despite my protests, they made me improvise the part of Jonathan Wild.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," I heard Portancherry murmur in Cibber's ear.

"Sir!" I thundered, swinging round on him savagely.

"He said he hoped you would catch the

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thief," was the suave lie with which Cibber checkmated me.

I bowed stiffly, and then fell to work, after I had first been searched myself. When I had finished with each man he moved across the room to the other side. Among those I went through were one duke of the royal blood, two lords, three baronets, and divers country gentlemen living in town, who had never before been so manhandled. Conceive the secrets of upholstering I learned, of padded chests and limbs, of waists tight-laced to the point of suffocation. I tore the disguise from many a well-set, gallant figure, known only to his tailor and his valet for the shrunken fraud he was. Yet so careful of their feelings was I that none save myself suspected the bales of cotton wadding I came across.

The macaronis made a social function out of the affair, and as it proceeded joked me and each other with the gayest abandon in the world, betting freely on whether the box would be found at all, and if so, whether among the first ten searched, the second ten, or the last ten.

"Gadzooks, he looks guilty!" one would cry cheerfully, as a fresh victim appeared to face the ordeal of levelled eyeglasses and merry badinage flung at him. "His knees do tremble under him, i' faith."

"Fie, fie! For shame! Confess—confess. For shame!" another would cry.

Walleck came up in his turn smiling. "I vow 'twill take but a short time to search me. Port and Selwyn have already cleaned me out."

But there was one man who feared the test. His set, ghastly smile was the mask a schoolboy wears when his master is about to thrash him, and it was plain to me that he hung back to the last. The man was Faixfax Westcott, my neighbour in the country, whose estate adjoined mine across the river on the south.

I did not know the man well, for I had spent the burden of my life in town, while he remained in the country. We had never been friends, I being too gay a liver to suit him; but I had never heard any harm of him save that he hugged his pennies till they grew warm before he parted with them.

Though I knew him to be deuced hard-up, I could hardly credit him with such a thing as this. Westcott had not been playing himself, but had been leaning over my cousin Tom's chair watching the play. I remember that it was at that table the golden toy had last been seen; and what ailed him, I asked myself, that he had gone so white if he had nothing to conceal? Nor was I the only one who noticed that he was shirking the search. I saw Portancherry's cold, steely eyes fastened on him with the ominous smile lurking about his mouth. When Lord Portancherry smiled, I always made it a point to mistrust him.

Yet awhile, and the ordeal was no longer to be avoided by Westcott. He came up with a harassed faced, doggedly sullen.

"I shall not allow myself to be searched in public. I did not take the snuff-box, nor shall i submit to the indignity," were his first words.

A flicker of excitement ran through the room. Eye signalled eye an instantaneous flash of understanding. Meaning nods and coughs were exchanged. Westcott had condemned himself.

"Is this resolution not a trifle late, Mr. Westcott?" asked Portancherry suavely. "You will remember that we have submitted to this—ah!—indignity already."

"It matters not. I refuse," then, a moment later, with a tremor in his voice; "I have—private reasons of my own for declining—not connected at all with the matter in hand."

"Indeed!"

There was a world of meaning in the word, of insinuation and mockery and doubt; and the insulting, dare-devil smile with which he accompanied it drew the hot blood to Westcott's face.

"And I insist upon my right to leave the room unsearched," continued Westcott stiffly.

Portancherry bowed low to him. "Your right to do so is not to be denied. To insist upon that right may be—unwise."

"Nevertheless, I insist."

"Ah!" Portancherry was standing near the door, and he flung it open to let the other pass out, then drew back ostentatiously to make way, gathering close the skirts of his coat that Westcott might not brush against them.

Fairfax Westcott's lean face was aflame with anger. He was snatched quite out of the cold composure which was his usual manner. His fingers trembled and his voice shook as he turned at the door.

"I would give all I am worth for a meeting with you, my lord."

The impudent smile was in evidence again. "I do not cross swords with a ——"

Portancherry did not finish the sentence. He had a knack of implication, of stopping just short of something that one could seize upon as a handle for a quarrel, yet all the time his manner might be the most offensive conceivable.

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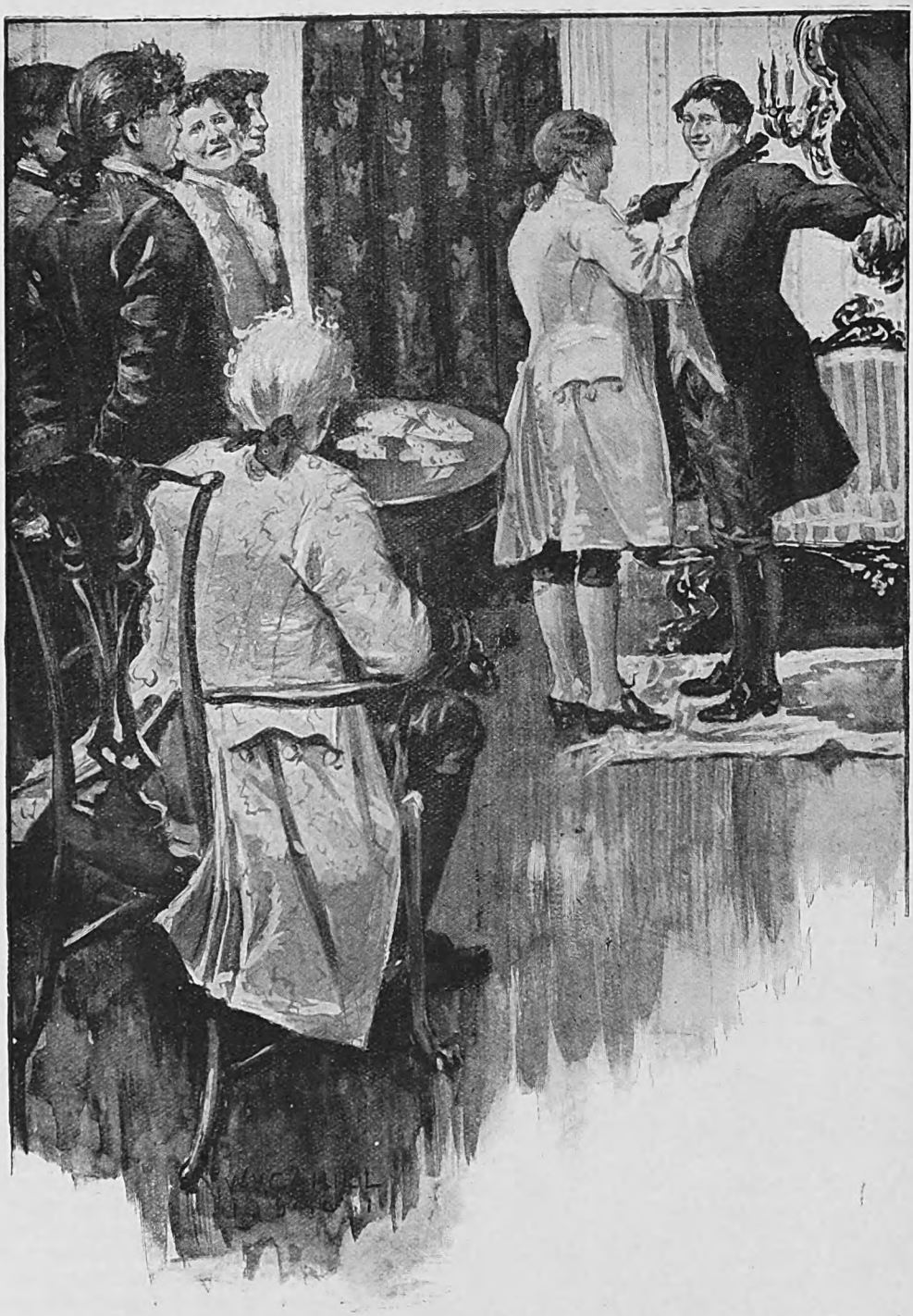

"Gadzooks, he looks guilty!" one would cry cheerfully, as a fresh victim appeared to face the ordeal.

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"With a what, my lord?"

His lordship shrugged his shoulders. "Better let sleeping dogs lie," he drawled, and turned on his heel.

Now, though Portancherry was doubtless in the right of it, yet the man so grated on me that I was itching to interfere on the side where my sympathies had ranged themselves. Westcott was my neighbour; he was new to the town, and after all I was not satisfied of his guilt. But I knew if he went out of that door unsearched his sentence would never be reversed. He would be branded with the mark "Thief!" as plainly as if it were burned on his forehead, nor could he ever wipe it out, lived he as long as Adam. Therefore I intervened.

"One moment, Mr. Westcott! I call to mind that you used the words 'public search.' Was it a slip of the tongue, or will you submit to a private investigation?"

He considered a moment, then signified acceptance of my suggestion.

"And who shall act for us in the matter?" asked Cibber.

Perhaps Westcott read the friendliness in my eye.

"Mr. Harry Haddon will be satisfactory to me," he answered.

"Mr. Harry Haddon has had experience enough in cutting purses for one night," I laughed. But I moved forward with him into the inner room.

"Two to one in ponies he finds it on him," I heard Portancherry cry.

"Done," answered Walleck.

A dozen bets were flung across the room ere I could close the door. The last words I heard were Granby's drunken warning:

"Don't let him bi-bilk you, Harry."

Westcott took a paper package from his pocket and placed it on the table. I searched him, and came across nothing but a patched undershirt beneath the fine brocaded coat. Then I understood his conduct.

"Well, do you find it?" he asked with a pale smile.

"No, it is not on your person," I answered; then I pointed to the package on the table. "As a mere matter of form, I suppose you will have no objection to my looking through that?"

He flushed, but made a gesture of assent.

I opened it to find—a wing and drumstick of a cold roast fowl. You may imagine I started at my find with liveliest interest.

"I' faith, Westcott, you have a pretty queer fancy in larders," I attempted lightly. "Do you always carry your pantry with you provisioned for a siege?"

"Egad! You look hard hit, old man," I told him frankly.

He tried to laugh, but broke down in the attempt. The facts were so plain that all attempts at illusion on my part were worse than useless. I flatter myself that I am a man of resource, and I tried another tack. Seated on the table with my hands in my pockets and one leg dangling in space, I began anew the tack, with as much composure as if it were a daily habit of mine to fish fragments of fowl from the pockets of my friends. No longer did I try to ignore the gaunt poverty that stared at me, but strove rather to put myself in touch with it and him.

"Egad! You look hard hit, old man," I told him frankly. "You mind me of the shifts to which I was put in the governor's time once when we had a row. I vow you're not a match to what I was; out at elbows, toes and stomach. Faith, I was for renting myself to some Farmer Hodge for a scarecrow. But why not let a neighbour know you were short-shipped? I take it monstrous ill of you, man. Dash it, we have been next door to each other 200 years, have the

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Westcotts and the Haddons! D'ye think I don't remember that your great-uncle married my grandfather's cousin?"

'Twas a revenge out of a thousand. He had made me a text through the county for many a lay sermon on the local prodigal son, and here was I offering help to him when his pious friends were standing aloof. Some such foolish notion must have come to him, for the tears were in his eyes when he offered me his hand. He would have me know that he had wronged me, and more of the same kind.

Presently out came his story. As I knew, his father and his grandfather had lived high and gamed mortgage after mortgage upon the estate. At his father's death Fairfax Westcott had set himself resolutely to clear the estate. A portion of his income he had set aside for the use of his sister, and the major part he had turned over to his creditors.

He did not tell me of the shifts he had been put to in order to keep soul and body together, but, from the single example I had discovered, his manner of life may be guessed. It appeared that one of the cooks at White's had formerly been a servant to the Westcott family, and from him had come the remnants of food, in the paper package, which would otherwise have been thrown away.

Before we left the room an arrangement satisfactory to both parties had been agreed upon by us. The overseer of my large estate had lately died, and I was casting about for another one to take his place. I knew Fairfax Westcott to be a good manager, since in five years he had almost lifted the mortgages from his own place. I put it to him as a personal favour that he would undertake the management of my place as well as his own upon the same terms as my former factor, and when he saw that it would be to my advantage he jumped at the chance.

Once more he shook hands impulsively with me before we joined the rest, and thanked his lucky stars that he had selected me to search him. I told him 'twas I who was in luck in having done so good a stroke of business, but one thing I assured him heartily, that his new valet would not peach and make the story town tattle for the macaronis to titter over.

Our entrance stirred a buzz of interest in

We met under the chill morning sky on the slippery grass, our seconds fighting by our sides.

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the gaming room. One or two games that had started anew came to a sudden end, and bloods who lounged indolently to and fro halted in immediate attention. They might have read the verdict in my companion's changed appearance. He was another man from the one that had passed into the inner room with me ten minutes before. Then he had looked ready to hang himself; but now 'twas an erect, clear-eyed young Hercules that faced the languid gentlemen of fashion, one who would give back a step to no man.

"Where's the snuff-box?" rasped out Cibber.

"Gentlemen, I have the honour to report that the mystery of the snuff-box is still unsolved. Mr. Westcott is as guiltless as you or I."

"'Slife! Here's a prodigious sell. Where is the confounded thing, then?" asked Plunket.

Portancherry's cold voice cut into the silence that followed.

"May I ask, then, why he was not willing to be searched like the rest of us?"

"You may ask, certainly."

"I understand you to mean that you will not answer me?"

"You take my meaning exactly, my lord—unless it be an answer to say that the reason is one which reflects nothing but credit upon Mr. Westcott."

"No doubt in the world of it," he murmured ironically. "But I fear the town will talk. 'Tis a censorious world."

"It will talk under its breath, then," said Westcott coldly.

"Indeed?" with polite insolence.

I looked meaningly at him. "Personally, I presume, you are quite satisfied, my lord?"

Portancherry arranged his ruffles carefully, and flicked a speck of dust from them with a scented kerchief.

"Oh, Lud! Since you ask, personally I don't believe a word of what you say."

A murmur of excitement buzzed over the room at his words. I was well pleased at his answer, for I had him where I had wanted him for many months. Noted duellist as he was, I believed myself a match for him.

"Will the rear of Montague House suit you, or would you prefer the 'ring' at Hyde Park?" I asked.

"All one to me," he murmured languidly. "Shall we say the Park at daybreak? 'Tis more convenient to my rooms. Our seconds can arrange the details."

We met under the chill morning sky on the slippery grass, our seconds fighting by our side. Luck was with us handsomely. Fairfax Westcott fleshed Plunket after a few passes. Lord Portancherry and I fought with acrimony a long ten minutes, but in the end I pinked him savagely in the arm.

He never killed another man, for blood poisoning set in, and the doctors found it necessary to amputate his sword arm. The story is that he raved like a madman when he was told what he must expect, and swore that he would die a hundred deaths first. Yet he walked the streets with his sleeve pinned to his coat some months later, and those who had old scores to settle with my lord took care to inquire solicitously after his health.

The day after the duel Cibber was describing the meeting to a circle of listeners at White's. He laid his glasses by his side to make his story more vivid by gesticulation. Presently he looked up just in time to see the jackdaw hopping toward the chimney with the gold-rimmed spectacles in his beak. A sweep was sent for, and in the jackdaw's hiding-place far up the chimney were found three silver spoons, one gold sovereign, a crown, a shilling, a jewelled brooch, a pair of ivory dice—and Beau Nash's snuff-box!

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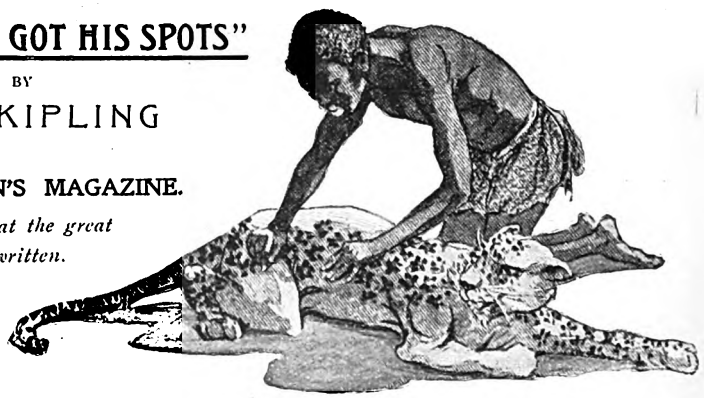

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MY VIS-A-VIS

By Owen Borderman.

Thirty years ago, when I was lighter in foot and purse—ay, and perhaps lighter in heart as well—than I am now, I was "on the road," travelling for a large London tea-house. People didn't buy their "Congou" in flaring lead packets in those days, and the post of tea traveller to a good firm was a nice thing; we thought no small beer of ourselves, and considered that we ranked as the first flight of the bagman fraternity. My ground was the south-west of England, and very pleasant ground it was; fine country, and fine old-fashioned towns, with good solid tradesmen and first-rate inns. I stood high in the favour of my firm and of my customers too; I was a bachelor, heart-whole as yet, and found life a very enjoyable affair.

One sultry afternoon towards the end of August I found myself with a brief holiday before me, which I intended to spend with the old folks at my home in Chester. I had come up to town from the West on the previous day, had spent the morning in Mincing Lane, and was now released and ready for the journey North. I consulted the time-table and found an express due to leave Euston in about an hour's time. That would suit me well.

I turned into a confectioner's for a cup of tea and then made my way to the terminus.

I sent a telegram to my mother giving her the time of my arrival at home, an attention which I knew she appreciated, and, this done, went in search of my train. I was an extravagant chap in those days, fond of my ease and a bit of luxury, and I not unfrequently supplemented out of my pocket the firm's second class ticket allowance, and rode "first." In this case when I was bound solely on pleasure I should have been wiser to go on the cheap; but like a fool I chose to swagger, and so put down my gold for a "first return."

I walked up and down the platform for some five minutes without choosing a carriage, for I was particular about my company. I flattered myself on being somewhat of a ladies' man; at all events I always courted their society, and I was waiting till some of the fair sex should begin to select seats before I appropriated a corner. Three or four hours in a railway carriage always seemed to me to pass more quickly if there was a pleasant feminine presence to look at—perhaps to exchange civilities with.

Passengers in twos and threes came up and took their seats. Sportsmen bound for moor or stubble; "commercials" like myself; the hundred-and-one types of travellers one sees any day at a London terminus; but, as it happened, very few ladies. The train was beginning to fill; vacant corners were growing scarcer every minute. Rather disgusted at the lack of specially attractive company, I took my seat in a corner of the only first class compartment still empty.

At that moment I noticed among the crowd of porters, passengers, and idlers on the platform three people coming hurriedly from the direction of the booking-office. The first was a tall, ascetic-looking clergyman, with thin, well-marked features above a long flowing beard. He carried a small black bag, and looked as if he were bound on a Friday-to-Monday visit of pleasure or "duty." After a hasty walk up the platform he

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returned and took a seat in my compartment at the end farthest from the platform and me, and unfolded an evening paper.

A moment later the two other people I had seen, and who had been delayed for a few minutes by a visit to the refreshment rooms, came up. The one was an elderly woman in widow's weeds, with a tired looking face, which the sombre drapery of her dress threw into pale relief. These were all the details of her appearance which I caught before I glanced from her to her companion.

"This will do, Nurse," said a full sweet voice. I looked at the speaker, and met the eyes of one of the most lovely girls I had ever seen, or for that matter, have ever seen since.

It was what we call with just pride a thoroughly English face. An almost perfect oval, a complexion of roses and cream, touched now with the warmth of the summer's sun and exhibiting a rich, evenly-spread tinge of brown; the complexion of a girl who had not feared to trust herself unveiled to the sun and breezes of the English coast. Thick brown hair, with a ripple of sunlight flashing through it, as she turned her head; heavily shaded grey-blue eyes; a figure worthy of being draped by Worth himself, and little hands and feet perfectly gloved and shod. Indeed, she might have posed as a "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

"This will do very nicely, Nurse," she repeated, stepping lightly in. "Let me see, which way do we go? Oh, yes, of course, how stupid I am." So, evidently wishing to travel backwards, and the clergyman occupying the "back to the engine" corner seat on the far side, she placed a small travelling bag opposite me and stepped out again on to the platform.

She chatted vivaciously with "Nurse" for a minute or two, and then, the ticket inspector coming round, she took her seat, and as the train moved off, nodded and smiled "goodbye" through the window.

Here was a companion to my taste indeed. To prompt inquiries as to her wishes with regard to the window, she answered not with the awkward monosyllables of the recently emancipated schoolgirl—she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty—but with the smiling eagerness of one who seemed rather to wish for conversation.

You may fancy that it was a wish I was by no means slow to gratify. Weather, scenery and the usual topics gave place to gossip of theatres and concerts, and discussions on the merits of actors and actresses. I was rather great at amateur theatricals myself in those days. In short I soon found myself delightfully at my ease with her. The parson read his paper steadily, and we were practically *tête-à-tête*.

With the chit-chat of the theatres my fair companion seemed particularly well acquainted. Once or twice she let drop scraps of information which were news to me, ardent and regular theatre-goer though I was. At last in reply to one or two delicately veiled leading questions she tacitly admitted her connection with the stage.

From this moment my heart began to beat wildly. Oh, you may laugh at the idea of love at first sight; wait till you are a victim yourself. Had I only seen the girl for a moment, passed her in the street, caught sight of her in a crowd, that beautiful face would have haunted me for many a long day. But the two hours I had spent with her, listening to her soft rich voice, sunning myself in her smiles, had completely enslaved me, and I was by this time over head and ears in love.

It was folly, of course; and till I had discovered her connection with the "boards" I had been fully alive to the folly; for in spite of her ease and charming freedom of manner, I had all the time taken her for some *grande dame*, who would be met at her journey's end by a carriage and pair with obsequious cockade-hatted servants and perhaps a coronet on the panels; I might hand her from the compartment; she would throw me a smiling glance of thanks; and that would be the end.

But an actress. That was quite another matter. Surely a thriving tea-traveller might aspire to an actress on her probation, for she could not be far beyond that stage or I should have recognised her. My idol seemed suddenly to come within my reach. I determined that when we parted it should not be for ever.

At Rugby I was allowed to fetch my fair friend a cup of tea to sip at her ease in the carriage; page-boys did not then bring a meal round on india-rubber-wheeled trucks. The clerical gentleman put his bag in his seat and walked up and down the platform. I had been hoping for the last half-hour that he might leave us to ourselves here, but it seemed I was to be disappointed. However, the train moved off again without any addition to our party, which was something to be thankful for; a carriage full would have been fatal to my schemes.

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Cautiously, but persistently, I threw an initiatory tenderness into my words and tones, sinking my voice and watching anxiously for any signs of resentment. I had left my window-seat with an excuse about draughts and evening air at which I almost blushed, for I was as strong as a horse, and had seated myself between my lady friend and the parson, a position which lent itself better to confidential talk than my former one. The gentleman of the white tie still perused his paper diligently as though oblivious of our presence; or perhaps, I thought, he had a fellow feeling and a kindly heart.

My advances were not repulsed; faint shy smiles and a tender colouring of her cheeks met my fond looks and words; and when, as we neared Crewe, I handed her my card bearing a pencilled request that we might meet again, she gave me a quick glance as she just traced the answer, "If you like," below my message. Her uncle, she had mentioned at an earlier stage of our acquaintance, was to join her at Crewe and accompany her to Scotland.

My foretaste of bliss was drawing to its close and I was becoming anxious to know the name and abode of my charmer. Smitten and enchanted, I was nevertheless beginning to feel as we approached the junction, that I had been precipitate, to say the least. Moreover, the lady, though she had slipped my card with its appealing message into her bag, did not seem inclined to return my confidence. However, she might do so yet.

The platform lamps flashed by, each more slowly than the last; I rose to take my hat and bag from the rack, and as I turned again towards the girl, something white shone in her hand. My heart leapt high. It was the coveted "paste-board." I bent towards her and she slipped it into my palm, glancing furtively as she did so at the parson; but he was folding up his newspaper and making evident preparations for alighting.

The train stopped.

"There is my uncle," she cried, and following her eyes with mine I saw a tall figure in an Inverness cloak, and, which struck me for the moment as strange considering the weather and the time of year, a silk scarf wrapped closely round chin, mouth and nostrils. He was gazing searchingly up and down the carriages and evidently did not see his niece.

She half sprang from her seat to leave the carriage, but at that moment he caught sight of her and came forward. The clergyman was behind me waiting to alight. Desperately I seized the girl's hand, pressed it and jumped out. The uncle glanced at me somewhat sharply as I passed him almost on the step. The next moment I heard a stifled gasping cry, and turned. The girl had, I suppose, put her hands on his shoulders to kiss him; now with ashen-pale face and lips, and eyes full of terror she was pushing him from her, while both his hands held her wrists.

My advances were not repulsed.

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I sprang to interfere, but the man's words arrested me. "Now come quietly please, it's no use to struggle! we've got your uncle."

He half dragged, half lifted her from the carriage.

The clergyman followed, and to my surprise I saw that he was carrying her hand bag. He met my eye and smiled coolly.

"What—what is this?" I stammered as he was following the man and his prisoner to the waiting-room.

"Diamonds," was the enigmatical reply, as he elbowed his way through the little crowd that had begun to gather.

Ten minutes later I was standing with my brain in a whirl by the Chester train, when the seeming cleric joined me. With a meaning smile he held out the slip of pasteboard which bore my name and appeal.

"I daresay you'd just as soon this didn't get overhauled with the rest of the lady's effects, young gentleman," he said as I took it mechanically. "It's lucky for you that I saw you give it to her—and the whole affair indeed, or else awkward things might have been said.

She was pushing him from her, while both his hands held her wrists.

"Detective? Oh yes. My get-up was fairly successful to-night. We've been on her track for some few days and got a 'cert' about it this morning, and also about her uncle or cousin, or husband or whatever he is, who has worked round through Bristol with half the stuff, to lessen the risk. Two of our men arrested him half-an-hour ago; it was a smart idea of one of them to dress up in Barron's—that's his name or alias—coat and scarf to make the woman give herself away."

"What stuff do you mean?"

"Why the stolen diamonds from that Bond Street jeweller's. She has been behind the counter there for the last six months with forged references and all the rest of it; got the keys, took the stones from the safe and—there you are. You off? Well good-night, sir, and, excuse me, but however pretty their faces are, always have a regular introduction."

One thing the detective's sharp eyes had missed; the card the girl gave me. I took it from my breast pocket, and without looking at name or address I burnt it to a curling feathery leaf with a vesta. I saw some weeks later the account of the trial of Edward and Alice Barron, alias etc., etc.

It seemed that the girl had, during her six months behind the jeweller's counter, carefully got up a pale face, dark circled eyes, etc. Once off with the stones she had liberally padded a naturally thin figure, added two inches to her height by patent shoes, and employed other feminine arts. Thus disguised, a week at a small south coast watering place with "Nurse," who by the way was never traced, had lent a rich tan to her face, and made recognition less likely, but, as it proved, possible.

I suppose that she and the detective both kept their own counsel as to my share in the drama, and I have done so till to-night.

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MAGIC FOR THE MILLION

BY C. LANG NEIL

Some Simple Tricks that everyone can perform.

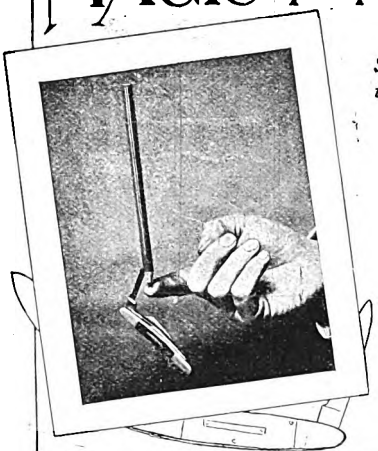

Fig. 1

A SIMPLE BALANCING FEAT.—Stick the blade of a knife into a pencil. By altering the angle made by the knife-haft and blade, the pencil may be made to assume a perpendicular or a nearly horizontal position.

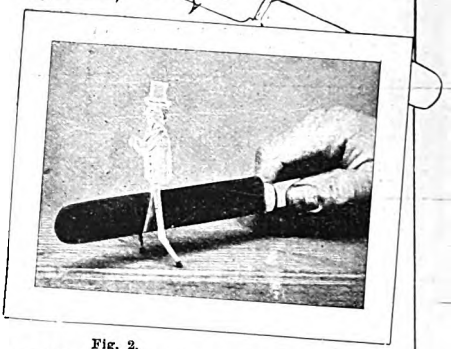

Fig. 2.

WALKING APPARITION.—Two match-sticks are joined together at the end, one end being sharpened and wedged into a slit in the other, and each bent in the middle. With a bit of cardboard, cut out a figure of a man and fix it in a slit at the junction of the matches. Then place it on the edge of the knife. The vibration of the steadiest hand will cause it to move to the edge of the blade either backwards or forwards according to whether the blade be kept slanted upwards or downwards.

Fig. 3.

A SOUP TUREEN STAND.—A novel and quickly-made soup tureen stand may be fixed up with a serviette ring, three forks, and a plate. Once properly fixed, there is no danger of the stand collapsing.

Fig. 4.

TO BALANCE A PLATE ON A NEEDLE.—Slice a couple of corks into halves and lace them on the edge of a plate as shown. The needle is pushed through another cork, and the latter tightly fixed into a bottle. The plate is placed on the needle, and when a balance is obtained, you may spin it round.

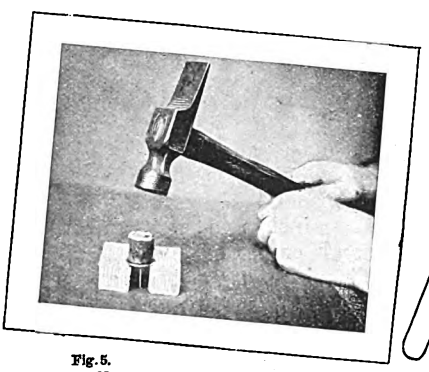

Fig. 5.

DRIVING A NEEDLE THROUGH A HALFPENNY.—Drive a needle through the centre of half a cork until the point just comes out at the other end. Cut off with pliers the eye end of the needle flush with the cork. Place a halfpenny on two small blocks of wood and your cork and needle upon the halfpenny, point side downwards. Hold cork in position and tap with hammer on top side of cork. The needle will gradually be driven right through the halfpenny.

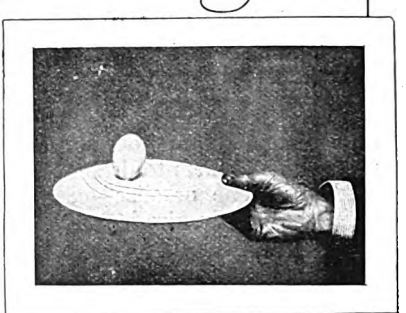

Fig. 6.

SPINNING AN EGG.—To do this, a gentle, revolving motion, gradually increasing, is necessary. The egg should be boiled hard. When boiling, place the larger end of the egg bottommost, and keep it in that position in the saucepan. This causes a vacuum at the top narrow end of the egg, so accentuating the extra weight of the larger.

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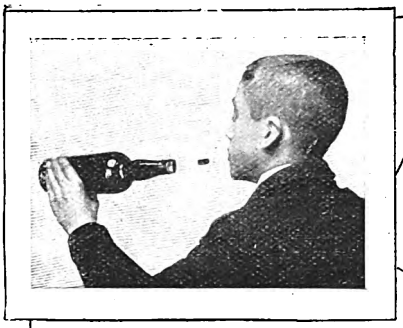

Fig. 7.

BLOWING A CORK INTO A BOTTLE.—A small-sized cork should be placed into the much wider neck of a bottle, and a friend asked to blow it in. He will probably blow hard, with the result that the cork will fly out and strike him in the face. With the aid of a tube or pipe stem, a gentle blowing will be sufficient to send the cork into the bottle.

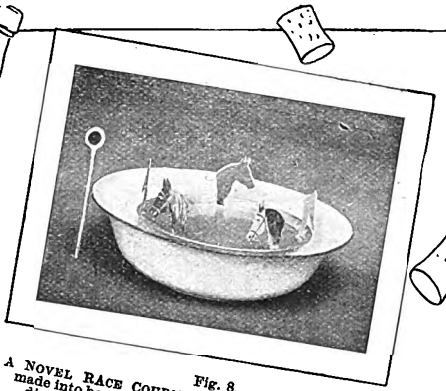

Fig. 8.

A NOVEL RACE COURSE.—Visiting cards can be made into horses' heads, and these are glued at equal distances to the side of a tin plate, which is set revolving in a basin of water. If looked at whilst it is revolving, with one eye, through a tiny hole in a piece of cardboard—the eye being on a level with the horseheads—the horseheads show the appearance of a living photograph. By placing a post at one side of the basin a race-game can be made.

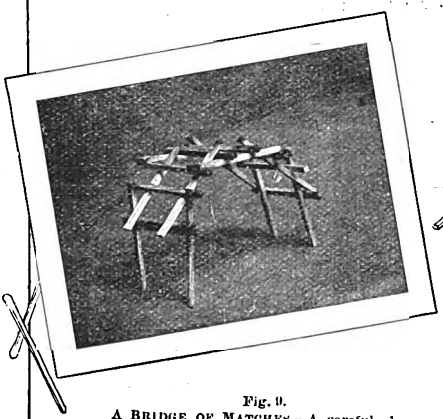

Fig. 9.

A BRIDGE OF MATCHES.—A careful observance of the photograph will enable you to form a bridge of matches, with the matches only, without any fixing together except that given by their own weight. The large square woodon matches are necessary.

Fig. 10a.

A CORK TRICK.—You are required to free the two corks simultaneously from their position in the above illustration with the thumb and index finger of each hand—

Fig. 10b.

—Place the hands as shown above—

Fig. 10c.

—and take hold of the corks as indicated here. You must, of course, draw them entirely apart.

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Fig. 15.

BALANCING AN EGG ON THE EDGE OF A BOTTLE.—This may be easily done. The photograph explains itself. The cork should be slightly hollowed at the end which rests upon the egg. You had better experiment with an hard-boiled egg.

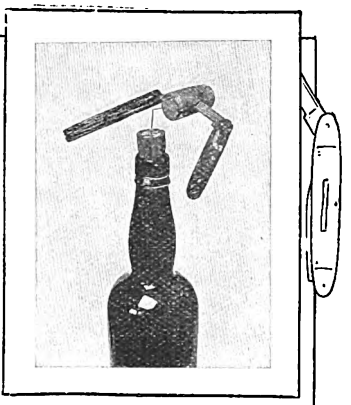

Fig. 16.

BORING A PIN WITH A NEEDLE.—The pin is driven into the cork into which are fixed penknives of about equal weight. Having run a needle through a cork in a bottle, after some effort you will be able to balance the pin on the point of the needle, which done, you may set the apparatus revolving. The needle will in time bore right through the pin.

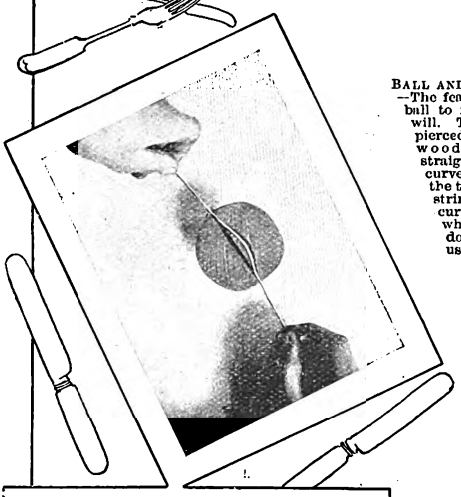

Fig. 17.

BALL AND STRING TRICK.—The feat is to allow the ball to fall or stop it at will. Two channels are pierced through a wooden ball, one straight, the other curved. When you do the trick, you pass the string through the curved channel; when your friends do it, they naturally use the straight one. Ready-made balls can be purchased in any toy-shop.

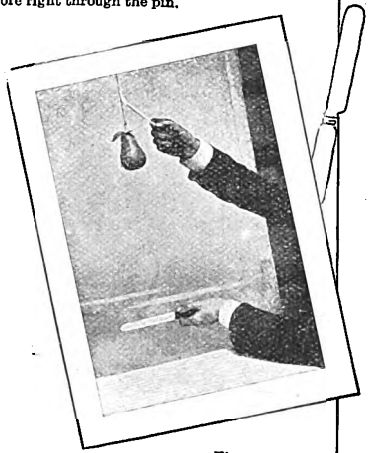

Fig. 18.

SLICE A PEAR WITHOUT TOUCHING IT WITH THE HANDS.—To slice a pear without touching it with the hands, suspend the pear and hold a knife underneath. You may get the exact spot on which the pear will drop by dipping the fruit in water before hanging up. Mark the place where the water drops on the table, and hold the knife half-a-foot above that. Set light to the string holding the pear and it will bisect itself upon the knife blade.

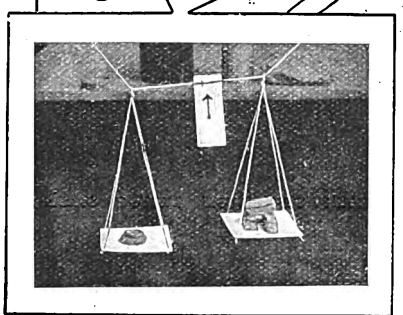

Fig. 19.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S SCALES.—The photograph explains how to make the scales. To graduate them mark the centre of the cross-bar of string with a knot, and exactly opposite it on the wall place a piece of card on which you have marked a vertical arrow. This indicates the position of exact balance. If, for instance, you wish to weigh 1lb. of sugar, you put a 1lb. weight on the left scale. This will bring down the knot to the left of the arrow. You then add sugar to the right scale until the knot returns to the point of the arrow.

Fig. 20.

TRYING YOUR LUNG POWER.—Any man of ordinary lung power can, by placing a bag underneath a heavy weight—or a couple of volumes even larger than those in the photograph, blow them over with ease. Try it.

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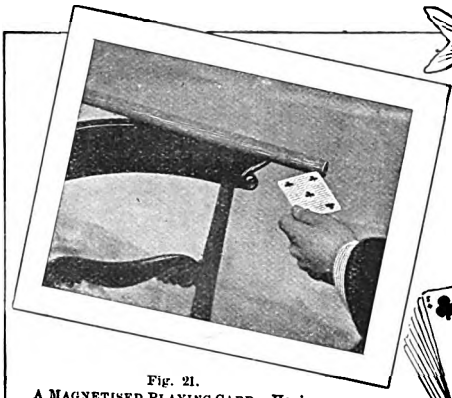

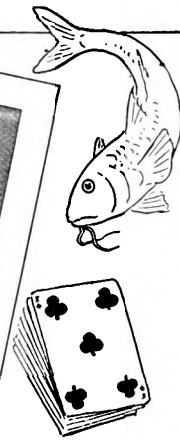

Fig. 21.

A MAGNETISED PLAYING CARD.—Having balanced a stick on a chair-back, rub the card sharply up and down on your coat sleeve several times, which will magnetise it. You can then attract the stick without touching it and draw it round until it falls off the chair.

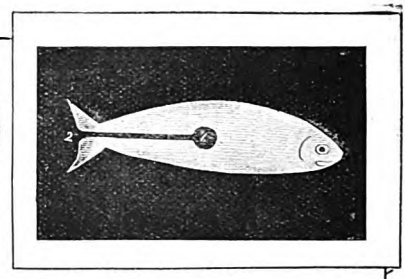

Fig. 22.

A SWIMMING PAPER FISH.—Make the fish about half-a-foot long, and cut it as in the photograph. The fish should lie on the water and a few drops of oil must be poured into the round hole marked 1. Oil on water spreads, and in escaping down the channel marked 2 it will force the fish in the opposite direction.

Fig. 23.

A HOME-MADE SPRAYER. — A very useful little spray may be made by two pieces of quill, pushed through a cork as in the photograph. You must blow through the horizontal tube in order to work the sprayer.

Fig. 24.

EMPTY A GLASS OF WATER WITH A BOTTLE FULL OF THE SAME LIQUID.—Fill the bottle and cork it, having inserted through the cork two tubes, protruding about one inch below the cork, one tube being at least six inches longer than the other. Next fill the glass, turn over the bottle, and place the shorter tube in the glass. The water will then be drawn out of the glass into the bottle and through the longer tube.

Fig. 25.

A THREEPENNY-BIT TRICK. — Bend a match but do not break it. Place it across the mouth of a bottle, and on it a small coin. Ask a friend to put the coin into the bottle without touching either coin, match, or bottle. This is done by dipping the finger into water and allowing drops to saturate the fracture of the match. The match will straighten itself out and the coin fall into the bottle.

Fig. 26.

INDESTRUCTIBLE THREAD. — If a blown egg be suspended as in the illustration—the egg being held on a piece of linen — there is a method by which the thread, even after it has been burned and reduced to an ash, is still strong enough to support the egg. This is done by repeatedly soaking the thread in a strong solution of salt and water, and allowing it to dry thoroughly. It is even possible to ignite the linen support, if it has been soaked like the thread.

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THE MURDERED MOOSE.

By Herman Whitaker.

"Tom! Tom! The moose?"

The door of old John Forrest's cabin flew open, and a tangle of eager boy, rifle, cartridge belt, and long hunting-knife, sprawled over the sill and rolled upon the kitchen floor.

"Here you! Young fellow!" yelled old John in mock alarm. "Who's your game?"

"Where's Tom?" The boy jumped up and began to buckle on his belt with furious haste. "Oh, Mr. Forrest! I just saw the big bull moose crossing Dick Young's hay clearing."

"Tom!" shouted his father.

"Well!"

"Moose, Tom! Moose!" yelled Jim McCloud. "Come on!"

"Great Scott!"

The shanty trembled as the boy bounced from his bed, and they could hear him impatiently exclaiming as he fumbled his clothing. But in little more than a minute he burst from the room, rifle in hand.

"Better have some breakfast, lads?" said old John.

"Bother breakfast!" chorused the boys.

Tom slipped on his moccasins, and they rushed out into the snow.

"It's old Short Foot," puffed Jim. They were skimming along at a ten mile gait, and conversation was not easy. "I saw his tracks."

"Oh, if we can only bag him!" ejaculated Tom.

His heart thumped at the thought. Old Short Foot! The giant moose which had fooled two generations of hunters and baffled the skill of old Pete Brousseaux.

"Jim," he gasped.

"What?"

"We'll give old Pete the fore foot."

"Right you are!"

* * * * *

While the boys thus divided his carcase and disposed of it among their admiring friends, Short Foot invited himself to breakfast at one of Dick Young's haystacks.

The short, sweet, almost green prairie hay was so much nicer than the last season's grass; which had, moreover, to be pawed from beneath the snow. His large soft eyes glowed with pleasure as the juicy bunches rolled over his tongue.

"Good grass, this," he thought.

And perhaps a vague idea of the goodness of Providence in thus creating man to supply the needs of moose, caused him to step round

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the stack to see if any of the bipeds happened to be about.

"Now, Tom. Right behind the shoulder," whispered Jim.

"Wait a minute. My hand's shaking."

The moose's head sloped back on his shoulders, and his quivering nostrils took the wind. One sniff, and away he flew, angling to get the stack between him and the deadly rifles.

The Winchesters barked like angry dogs, but a boy may not shoot straight when the buck fever is upon him.

They mortally wounded the inoffensive haystack, took the bark off several young poplars, and raised a miniature snowstorm round the moose, but never touched him.

And when the smoke of battle cleared away, they sat down on the snow-packed trail and watched the big fellow reeling off the miles.

"My word!" said Tom, drawing a long breath. "What horns!"

"I suppose," said Jim, "that you'll have to cut the toes off the old cow for Pete's Chris'mas present?"

"I think not. I'm going after him."

"I'm with you. But let's go home first, and get grub and matches, so that we can camp."

For a good ten miles Short Foot ambled along.

He was alone. That summer he had wandered with a young cow through the maze of lake and swamp in the heart of the Riding Mountains, and had been as happy as the flies will allow a moose to be.

One night he heard afar off the call of a rival. With a swelling heart he had thrown back his great head and sent a whistling defiance ringing through the bush.

It was answered. Slowly he had wound his way through the heavy shadows, skirting round the moonlit glades, snorting a repeated challenge. The answering call always came back.

At last nothing but a narrow slough separated him from his foe. In the scrub at the other side he could hear his rival scarping the leaves with his angry hoof.

One last challenge, and he stepped into the moonlight. A blaze of fire burst from the bush. A stinging blow on the foot sent sharp pains shooting up his foreleg.

Quick—almost as the lightning which had blasted him—he turned and shot into the shadows of the black forest. Then slowly and painfully he hobbled back to his cow.

In the clearing where he had left his partner feeding, the silvery light of the moon shone down on a dreadful shape hanging from a stout pine, and the clammy scent of fresh blood thickened the air.

Round a camp fire stretched a dozen of the two-legged creatures which he had come to dread more than the grizzly. Smoke came from their mouths, and they made noises the one to the other, and rolled over in their talk, pointing at his dead cow.

Then the scent of the blood weighed heavily on Short Foot's brain. He could see nothing but red—red blood, red fire, and a red moon sailing o'er the tree-tops.

His mane bristled, and bloody foam shot from his snorting nostrils. He charged through the fire into the midst of the camp.

One of the creatures he tossed on high. Another he split open with one blow of his sharp hoof, even as they had split his cow.

With cries of terror, the others ran—all but one. And he stood quietly waiting.

How the moonlight flashed from his strangely light eyes! Short Foot rose in the air to strike the man down. Then came the thundering roar and the brilliant flash.

The flesh along his side—where the hair grows no more—quivered and burnt, and he fled.

Since that time Short Foot had wandered alone.

* * * * *

After the first wild burst away from the boys' rifles, the big moose moved steadily forward across lakes, through timber and over wooded banks.

The sun was sinking before he stopped to feed. He circled cautiously round a big clearing, then stepped to the centre, and commenced to paw the snow from the dried grass.

For a full hour he fed, then he moved into the shadow of a giant willow and lay down.

He dozed, quietly ruminating. The lids dropped over his mild eyes, but his ears twitched to the slightest sound.

The howl of a wolf broke the stillness. He raised his head. He had a vendetta of a thousand generations standing with the wolves.

Many a year-old cow had they pulled down, and he had seen a moose calf borne into their very jaws. Once more, weird and long drawn, the howl floated on the frosty air.

He sprang to his feet. The mildness faded from his eye, and, laying back his great antlers upon his shoulders, he threaded his way through the pines towards the sound.

* * * * *

"It seems to me," said Tom, taking a bite

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of bread and meat, "that he circled to the north-east."

They were back at the stack prepared for a hunt. That moose was to be bagged if it took a week, and to save time they swallowed a cold lunch while laying their plans.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Jim. You cut straight for the bush. If you cross his track—howl! One long howl and two short barks. If he's kept straight on, I'll call you when I arrive at the wood."

Now, it so happened, that when Short Foot passed from their sight, he swung back a little to the northward. The boys, therefore, travelled on divergent lines, and when Tom came to the wood line he was miles away from his chum.

He howled until he became the centre of a mile-wide ring of interested coyotes, who mocked him to perfection; and fate decreed that one solitary brute, sitting on the snow midway between the boys, should answer with one long howl, and two sharp barks.

"There's Tom at last," said Jim, when his ear caught the distant sound, and he immediately started in that direction.

"He's coming," said Tom. "Silly ass! Why didn't he answer before? I'll walk slowly on."

Setting up a stick to warn Jim, he walked on, leisurely at first, but quicker as the heat of the chase got him in its grip. Mile after mile passed beneath his feet, and Jim did not catch up.

Wondering what could have become of him, Tom sat down to rest. He was sitting there, idly throwing twigs at a cheeky squirrel, when he chanced to spy at a little distance, unmistakable evidences that the moose had but lately gone by.

He jumped to his feet. Instantly, Jim, time, everything but the great bull were forgotten.

He leaned over the moose's footprints, speculating on the length of time which had elapsed since Short Foot had passed, while a couple of miles back a big timber wolf was sniffing at his footprints.

The savage brute ran back and forth for a few moments picking up the scent of his quarry, and then its sharp nose turned up, and a long howl, followed by three sharp yaps, split the air.

"Y-o-w-o-l! Yap! Yap! Yap!"

Far away in the forest his mate had heard the call to dinner, and had answered. Once more the wolf raised his head and sent forth three yelps in quick succession.

In those regions the sun sinks to rest hours before his rays are withdrawn from the southlands of the same longitude.

When the shadows began to lengthen they were unnoticed by the boy. He pressed on, heedless of everything but the big moose.

At length he reached the clearing where Short Foot had stopped to feed. The snow was pawed in every direction, and the boy trembled with excitement when he remembered the beast would be sure to lie down after feeding.

"Must be close by," he muttered. "Better be ready!"

He raised his rifle to throw another shell into the chamber, but no cartridge flew up at the click of the lever. Then he remembered that he had not re-charged the magazine after emptying it at the flying moose.

He drew a cartridge from his belt. It was empty. Another—the same; still another—empty.

He unbuckled the belt and knelt down in the snow, and fumbled the cartridges wildly over—all empty.

He had used them up the day before, taking long shots at a running fox on Grant's Lake.

He struck the butt of his rifle on the ground and stamped his foot. Nothing for it now but to wait for Jim.

He looked backward on the trail, and leaned forward, listening intently. Surely that was the quick patter of moccasined feet?

A glad shout trembled on his lips, but he remembered the moose and checked himself. He listened again—certainly Jim was coming. He waited impatiently.

Through the pines flitted a grey shadow. Then a snarling yelp broke the stillness, and the big wolf burst from the timber.

Tom chilled with sudden fear. He knew the brute was strong enough to pull down a running steer.

It came at him without a pause—hair bristling, tongue lolling over the red chops, breath rising in a steamy cloud, while foaming saliva ran over its grinning teeth.

The boy's rifle flew instinctively to his shoulder; then he remembered, and clubbed it ready for a blow.

The beast sprang full at his throat. He struck with all his strength, but the wolf was too close, and the blow of the flying body knocked him backward.

In a second the wolf had him by the shoulder, then snapped at his throat.

Seizing the beast with both hands, Tom strove to hold it from his windpipe. Its hot,

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fetid breath played over his face. The demon eyes looked right into his.

Again and again the sharp teeth sank into his arms. They began to stiffen, and the blood to run down inside his shirt.

He felt himself weakening, and the snapping fangs drew nearer to his throat. Now they sank into the muscles of his left arm, and the savage brute snarled and strove again and again to reach the wretched boy's throat.

Mad with pain the boy staggered to his feet. He tried to reach his knife, which lay with his belt on the snow.

One second he stood, swaying to and fro, while the big wolf crouched for another spring. In that second he saw a gaunt she wolf tearing through the timber. Then the body of his enemy struck him, and he went down, uttering a cry of bitter agony.

While Tom was battling for life, Short Foot travelled towards the scene of the combat. Before the appearance of the she wolf he was close enough to hear the angry snarl of her mate—a sound indissolubly connected in his mind with the tearing of a moose calf. He skirted round the edge of the slough, and when Tom dropped the second time, the moose shot from the scrub, whistling with rage.

One blow of his sharp hoof broke the wolf's back. It howled dismally, and scuttled along the snow, its hind legs dragging.

Then the snapping hoofs struck again, and the beast stretched quivering on the snow. Snorting with anger, Short Foot shovelled his antlers beneath the body, and sent it flying through the air.

Again and again he tossed it skyward until it caught in the crotch of a tree. Then he turned his attention to the female.

But the wary brute had retired into the forest, and was sitting on the snow, calmly waiting to assist at the interment of her luckless mate.

Short Foot made one or two rushes at her; then, realising the folly of it, threw up his head, and marched proudly down the glade to the senseless boy.

He sniffed at the lad's moose skin coat. A young moose, surely? Smelt like it!

Softly he licked the boy's face, and his eye glowed with tenderness.

A twig cracked. He raised his head and listened. Then a sheet of flame flashed from the gloomy woods, followed quickly by another.

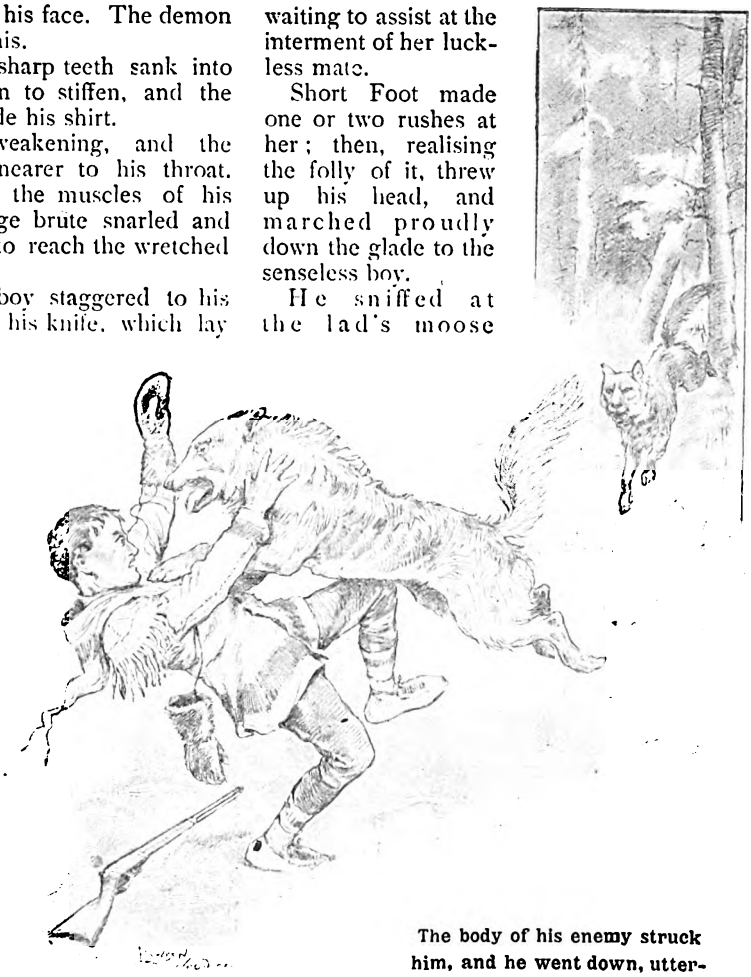
One spasmodic leap, and the great bull fell—shot through the heart by Jim.

* * * * *

On the wall of old John Forrest's cabin, far away in Manitoba, hangs a great moose head, which excites the admiration and cupidity of every hunter who chances that way.

Underneath the beautiful trophy is an inscription which reads:

SHORT FOOT,
Murdered, Nov. 5, '94.



The body of his enemy struck him, and he went down, uttering a cry of bitter agony.

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WHEELBARROW RAILWAYS

A wheelbarrow railway truck used for carrying minerals. It can bear four tons.

An Interesting Account of the Many Uses and Conveniences of the One Line Railway.

By James Clarke.

The moment a country is opened up (it may be a war of conquest or a mere gold rush), the first vital necessity is a road or trail of some kind for the conveyance of food and goods. But road-making in a new region is neither easy nor cheap, and attempts to transport heavy stuff, such as saw-mill or mining machinery, over a primitive track through the wilderness is often attended by disaster.

Now some years ago the slow and painful progress of the French troops in Tonquin created so much disturbance and sympathy that a French engineer, Monsieur H. J. Caillet, set himself to invent an entirely new system of railway transport, cheap and easy of construction.

The result was Caillet's mono-rail system, which is as simple as all great inventions usually are. At present this curious railway is designed only for manual or animal traction. The cars run on two wheels of the same size, placed one before and one behind in the same plane.

The hand-cars have wheels 10in. in diameter; but the bigger vehicles, such as trams propelled by mules, have 20in. wheels. The cars are put in motion and balanced on the railway by means of a rod or lever projecting at right angles to the rail, and the mere effort of propulsion alone is enough to maintain the balance. In fact, the only weight exercised is that of, say, the shafts of a dog-cart, whose whole weight rests upon the wheels.

When the car is at rest, it lies over on one side, and so it cannot run away down-hill. Some of the cars have movable sides for carrying ballast, coals, loaded sacks, or other heavy produce, but pannier sides can be substituted when light, bulky produce, such as hay, straw, sugar-cane, etc., has to be dealt with.

With regard to passenger trucks and trams, it does not in the least matter how or where the passengers sit. There are also ambulance cars built to carry four persons, and Monsieur Caillet recently sent out to French Guiana huge wheelbarrow living-cars for the use of the engineers who were pushing forward the line in wild regions, scores, if not hundreds, of miles from any base or centre where food and general supplies might be obtained.

As to cost, the mono-rail may be estimated at a fifth of that of an ordinary light railway. At Caborca, in Mexico, a twenty-one mile line was supplied, with enough rolling stock to carry a hundred tons of ore per day, and the cost was under £240, everything included. Think of that!

There are lots of these wonderful wheelbarrow railways in Mexico, Spain, and

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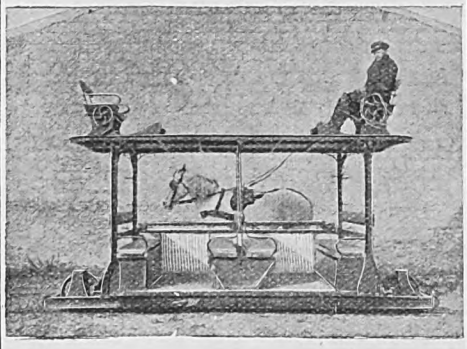
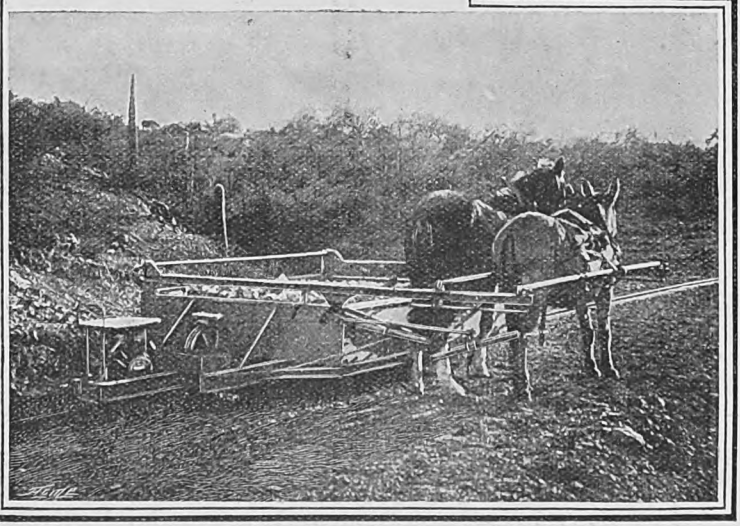
Ballasting a wheelbarrow railway truck with minerals in Mexico.

Spanish America, where valuable ore is brought to market on mules' backs, and sometimes in carts, over terrible roads. In these countries many rich deposits which could not previously be worked, owing to expense of transport, are now paying properties, thanks to this extraordinary system. Even the lightest of light railways costs some thousands of pounds per mile to lay down. Moreover, when your wheelbarrow railway has finished its work in one place, you can move it somewhere else at a cost of £10 per mile. Further, it requires no skilled labour.



A wheelbarrow tramcar for twelve passengers. The driver sits on top and drives the horse sideways.



A horse and donkey are easily capable of dragging a truck loaded with four tons of minerals up a considerable incline.

It seems a curious thing in these days of hundred-mile-an hour lines (not to mention air-ships that sail round the summit of the Eiffel Tower) to speak of trains not exceeding five miles an hour; but our quaint little mono-rail deserves the credit that Disraeli mentioned as due to the man who caused two blades of grass to grow where only one grew formerly. The beauty of the thing is that anybody can understand and work it.

At the Birmingham Royal Show in '98 a mono-rail car, loaded with three trusses of hay each weighing 56lb., was worked by a child of seven, who amused himself and many spectators for an hour or so by running the loaded car up and down the rail. Another car, loaded with nearly half a ton of scrap iron, was propelled and balanced by several curious spectators with one finger!

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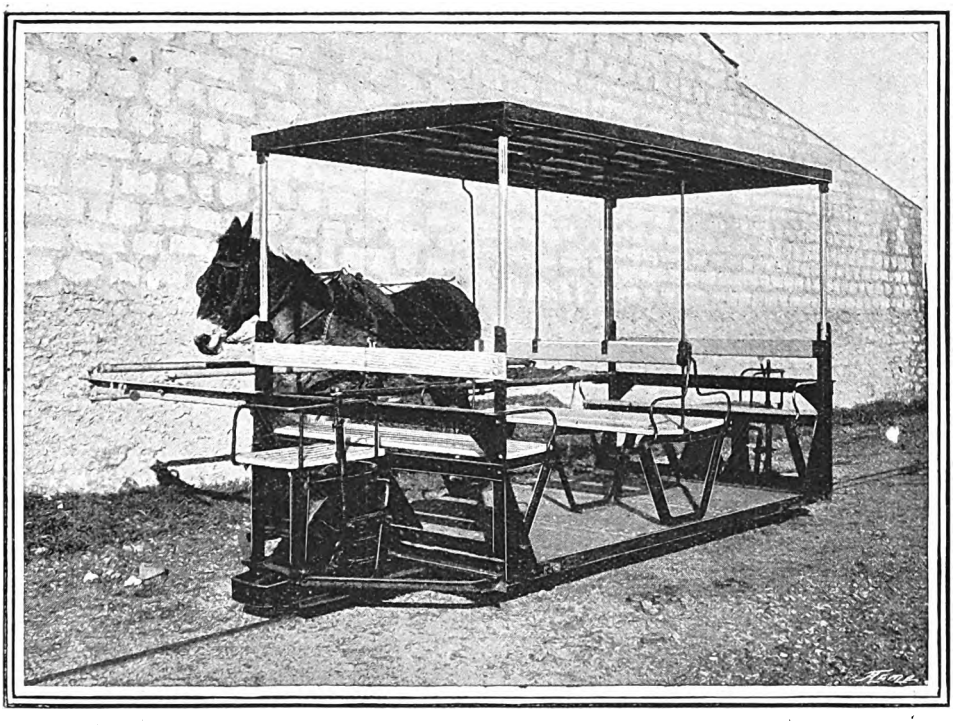

A common type of open wheelbarrow tramcar as used in Mexico. It can hold twelve passengers.

was being laid in a Brazilian wilderness, where it was impossible to get food or supplies of any kind, and where the natives were far from friendly. The engineer's valuable plans, papers, firearms, etc., were kept safely in this queerest of residences; and at the end of each day the big wheelbarrow villa was pushed up to the rail head.

A curious picture showed a bogey truck loaded with cotton plants, with a very alert-looking mule at the side, no doubt wondering how it was that his load was in front of him instead of behind; or rather it would be more correct to say that his load was at the side of him, and the pressure of it in front.

A capital example of a wheelbarrow tramway is the line from the Casino of San Stephano down to the beach at Alexandria. There are mono-rail lines at the Egyptian prisons.

A mono-rail was laid down at a sisal plantation in the Bahamas, and the result was very interesting. Previously carts had been used, whose full load was thirty bundles of "large leaf." These carts were heavy and cumbersome, and they knocked the roads to pieces. They were slow, too, and cost two shillings a day to drive. The mono-rail truck held sixty bundles, ran easily, did not disturb the road, took two trips to the cart's one, and cost ninepence a day each. A small boy was "engine-driver" on the wheelbarrow railway, whereas a full-grown man was needed for the cart.

"My mules," wrote the manager of the sisal plantation, "can walk away quite easily with sixty large bundles, whereas on some of the existing roads, when I arrived, it was a hard matter to get an empty cart along."

In Nyassaland, with black labour, the cost of preparation and laying, excluding the engineer's salary, worked out at less than £7 per mile, the cost of the actual laying of the wheelbarrow track being under a sovereign per mile.

Truly the mono-rail system is the ideal method of getting a good day's work out of an employé. The cars for hand traction are light and easily handled, and one man can work ten hours a day transporting loads of six hundredweight. This is essentially a system for small traffic, and the limit of its economical working varies from 75 to 100 tons per day.

A great number of mono-rails are working on farms in France, where they have naturally gone ahead rapidly. Others have

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been laid across the swamps in the Southern States and Northern South America, while one wishes one had all the silver ore transported by these nimblest of "wheelbarrows" throughout Mexico.

Mono-rail tramcars pushed by men (advertised as *Le Bicycle Poussé à huit places*) have been built and sent out to remote regions where people are in no hurry; and it is by no means unusual for a cable to be received at head-quarters—"Please send out three-mile wheelbarrow railway with rolling stock and all complete by the next steamer." These wonderful systems can, in fact, be ordered like a pound of tea. The light rails are supported by steel sole-plates at intervals of a few feet, and they are laid down direct on the surface of the ground without sleepers, ballasting, or other special preparation. The rails are joined together by so-called fishplates, so that they can be almost "thrown" down over the roughest country.

A wheelbarrow railway truck loaded with cotton.

The trucks for animal traction have two levers from either end, connected by movable rods to form the shafts. No more weight falls on the animal than is exerted by the shafts of an ordinary cart. When a customer abroad orders one of these railways to be sent out to him, the truck is put on board ship in sections ranging from 4ft. 1½in. in length up to 16ft. The rails are shipped loose, while the sole-plates are packed in barrels of about 400, making about five barrels to each mile of rail. Of course, customers have to tell the vendors of these rails precisely what work the system is intended to perform. Oxen or buffaloes can be used instead of mules or asses, and a very "or'nary critter" indeed can take two tons along.

It sounds curious to speak of the small expense of the shipment of one of these railways, but the mono-rail certainly weighs less than half an equal length of even the lightest double rail.

Briefly then, this system does wheelbarrow work on a huge scale. By its use a man may multiply his carrying capacity twelve times—a great point in countries where the necessity for porters robs the land of its labour for tilling.

A wheelbarrow line, worked by natives, runs from the Casino of San Stephano in Egypt to Alexandria.

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THE NECKLACE

BY

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE SINCLAIR

I.

She was one of those pretty and charming women, born by a mistake of destiny into a family of middle-class people. She had neither *dot*, hopes, nor the faintest chance of being understood, loved, and espoused by a man rich and distinguished; and so she allowed herself to marry an underpaid clerk in the *Ministère de l'Instruction Publique.*

Knowing herself born for all the refinements and all the luxuries of life, she suffered incessantly. The things which another woman of her station would not have perceived tortured and exasperated her. She dreamt of grand saloons hung with ancient silk, of elaborate furniture, of precious ornaments, and of gorgeous liveried footmen. When she sat at dinner, the table-cloth stained with three weeks' usage, her husband would smilingly lift the dish-cover, saying complacently: "Ah! an excellent stew; I don't know of anything better than that." But she had ever visions of elegant repasts, of gleaming silver, of delicate dishes served on wonderful china, and of whispered gallantries listened to with the smile of a sphinx.

She had a rich friend, an old playfellow of her convent days, but she did not often go to see her because she suffered so much after returning to her own shabby home. Often she wept whole days from chagrin, regret, despair and distress.

One evening her husband entered with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"Here is something for you," he said.

She tore the envelope open quickly, and took out a printed card which bore these words:

"*The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau beg M. and Mme. Loisel to do them the honour of spending the evening at the Hôtel du Ministère on Monday, Jan. 18th.*"

Instead of being enchanted as her husband expected, she threw the invitation pettishly on the table. "What use is that to me?" she inquired half angrily.

"But, my dearest, I thought that you would be so delighted. You never go anywhere, and this is a splendid opportunity. I had great difficulty in getting the invitation. All the fashionable world will be there; it is a most stylish affair, and very few of the employees are invited. You will see all the principal officials."

She looked at him irritably.

"And what must I wear if I go there?"

He had not thought about that.

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"Well, the dress you wear for the theatre. That seems to me quite good enough."

He stopped stupified to find that his wife was weeping. Two great tears were running slowly down her face.

"What is the matter with you?"

With a violent effort she conquered her tears and replied to him in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. But as I have not a toilette I consequently cannot accept the invitation. Give the card to one of your colleagues who has a better-dressed wife."

He felt sorry for her.

"Look here, Mathilde. How much will a suitable costume cost, a frock as simple as possible, and one that will serve you for other occasions?"

She reflected several seconds, calculating the price and inwardly debating what sum she might ask without meeting an immediate refusal from her economical husband.

At last she spoke hesitatingly.

"I cannot say exactly, but I think that I should be able to get something decent for 400 francs."

He went just a little pale. That sum exactly he had reserved for the purpose of buying a gun so that in the coming summer he might go lark-shooting with some friends on the Plain of Nanterre.

However, he said:

"Very good. I will give you 400 francs. But see that you have a pretty dress."

II.

THE day of the party approached, and Mme. Loisel appeared sad, restless, and anxious. Her dress was ready, however.

"Are you not well? For the past week you have seemed quite odd," said her husband, one evening.

"It vexes me not to have any jewels to put on," she replied. "I shall cut a poverty-stricken figure after all—indeed, I almost prefer not to go to that party."

"You can wear natural flowers, they always look *chic*. For ten francs you can buy some magnificent roses."

But she would not be convinced.

"No, there is nothing more humiliating than to be poorly dressed among a lot of rich women."

"You are stupid!" suddenly cried her husband. "Go to your rich friend, Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewellery. You know her well enough to ask a favour like that?"

She gave a cry of joy.

"It is true! I had not thought of it."

The next morning she was at her friend's house telling her tale of woe.

Mme. Forestier went to her wardrobe and took out a large jewel-case.

"Choose, my dear," she said to Mme. Loisel.

Mathilde saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a gleaming Venetian cross of gold and precious stones. She tried the trinkets on before the glass, unable to make up her mind.

"You have nothing else?"

"Oh, yes. Search. I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly Mathilde found in a box lined with black satin a superb necklace of diamonds. Her heart began to beat with delight, and her hands trembled in holding the flashing jewels She clasped the bauble round her throat, and stood in ecstasy before her reflection in the mirror.

Then she turned to her friend.

"Will you lend me this—nothing but this?" she demanded, her voice shaking with anxiety.

"Yes, certainly."

Mathilde fell upon the neck of her friend, embraced her, and hurried home with her treasure.

The night of the party arrived and Mme. Loisel had a great success. She was the prettiest woman present, and elegant, smiling, and gracious, she was the observed of all observers. All the men wanted to dance with her, and even the Minister himself paid her a compliment.

At four o'clock in the morning she was ready to go home. Her husband put round her shoulders her shabby, everyday cloak, the poverty of which contrasted so strangely with her ball dress of shimmering satin. She was anxious to make her exit quickly so as not to be observed by the other women, who would doubtless envelope themselves in rich furs.

"Wait a minute," said her husband. "You will catch cold. I will call a cab."

But she would not listen, and rapidly descended the staircase. When they got into the street they could not find a vehicle of any sort, and they called in vain to the cabbies driving past.

They walked down towards the Seine, angry and shivering. At last they found on the quay one of those old nocturnal *coupés* which are only seen in Paris after night has fallen—just as if they were ashamed to show themselves during the day.

The ancient cab brought the Loisels to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and they entered sadly. Her night of triumph was

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over and done with. He was thinking that by ten o'clock he would have to be down at his office again.

She removed her cloak and stood in front of the mirror so that she might take a last look at herself in her glory. Suddenly she gave a startled cry. The collar of brilliants no longer encircled her throat.

"What is the matter with you?" her husband demanded.

She turned to him, her voice hoarse with fright:

"I have--I have lost Mme. Forestier's necklace!"

He rose hastily.

"How, where? It is not possible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress and mantle. They searched everywhere and found nothing.

"You are quite sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I remember touching it in the vestibule at the Hôtel."

"If you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Very likely. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you—did you not notice it either?"

"No."

They looked wildly at each other. Finally Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I will go over the ground that we have covered to see if it should by chance be there," he said.

He returned about seven o'clock. His search had been in vain. At the Prefecture of Police he announced the loss, and he advertised it in the newspapers offering a substantial reward.

She was in agony all day, bowed down by the frightful disaster which had befallen her.

Loisel came back in the evening, his face haggard and pale. His efforts had been fruitless.

"You must write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of her necklace, and that you are having it repaired," he said. "That will give us the time to see if it turns up again."

She wrote according to his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope of finding the vanished necklace.

And Loisel, looking five years older, said:

"It will be necessary for us to replace it."

The next day they took the box in which the jewel had been to the jeweller whose name was stamped on the black satin

"Choose, my dear," she said to Mme. Loisel.

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lining. The jeweller looked through his books.

"The necklace was not bought here, madame; I find that I only furnished the case."

Then the Loisels went to jeweller after jeweller, looking for a necklace similar to the missing one. They tried to remember exactly how the necklace had looked, and both of them were ill with despair and anguish.

At length they found in a shop in the Palais Royal a chaplet of diamonds which appeared to them exactly like the one they sought. It was priced at 40,000 francs, but the jeweller would let them have it for 36,000 francs.

They asked the shopkeeper not to sell it for three days, and they made this condition with the jeweller that he would buy it back again for 34,000 francs if the original one were found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed 18,000 francs which had been left to him by his father. He borrowed the rest. He went to usurers and to all kinds of money-lenders. From one he demanded 1,000 francs, from another 500 francs, 5 louis from this person, 3 louis from that. He got hopelessly into debt, and borrowed sums he felt certain he would never be able to pay back. Overwhelmed by the black misery which had fallen so suddenly upon him, he went to the jeweller and placed upon his counter the 36,000 francs demanded.

She became familiar with the weary monotonous drudgery of household affairs.

When Mme. Loisel took the necklace to Mme. Forestier her friend said with an annoyed air:

"You should have returned it to me before; I may have had occasion to wear it."

She did not open the case, and Mathilde felt relieved. If Mme. Forestier had perceived the substitution what would she have thought, and what would she have said? Indeed, might she not have had her friend arrested as a thief?

III.

Mathilde Loisel lived the horrible life of poverty. She, however, accepted her altered circumstances heroically. It was necessary to pay that frightful debt, and she would help to do it. The servant was sent away, and, the Loisels removed from their flat and took a shabby room under an attic.

She became familiar with the heavy monotonous drudgery of household affairs, the menial toil of the washtub, the scouring of dirty dishes and of saucepans. And dressed dowdily like a woman of the people, she haggled with the butcher and the greengrocer every morning, keeping a jealous eye upon each halfpenny.

It was necessary each month to pay the moneylenders, and to renew some of the bills in order to gain time.

Her husband laboured at nights over the accounts of small tradespeople, and he often did law-copying at twopence-halfpenny the folio.

And this life lasted for ten years.

At the end of that time they were straight again. They had paid off even the most grasping of money-lenders.

Mathilde Loisel looked old. She had become a strong, rugged, and hard woman. Badly dressed, she had coarse red hands, and she spoke in a shrill, high voice. But sometimes when her husband was at his office she sat by a window and dreamt of the Ministry ball of ten long years ago—that evening when she had been so beautiful and so courted.

What would she have been by then had she not lost that necklace? Who knows—who knows? How singular life is, how full of changes!

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IV.

One Sunday she went for a walk in the Champs Elysées to cast off for a brief space the heavy burden of the week's work. She suddenly perceived in front of her a lady walking with a child. It was Mme. Forestier, always young, always pretty, always seductive.

Mathilde felt moved at the sight of that charming woman. Should she go and speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up to her.

"Good day, Jeanne."

The other did not recognise her, and was astonished at being accosted so familiarly by such a common-looking woman.

"But, madame, I do not know you. I fancy that you must be mistaken," she stammered.

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde, how changed you are!"

"Yes; I have gone through some hard times since I saw you last, and I have known many miseries. And you have been the cause of them all."

"I? How?"

"Do you remember that necklace of diamonds which you lent me to go to the fête at the Hôtel du Ministêre?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How could that be when you returned it to me?"

"I bought you another like it! And it took ten years to pay for it. You can guess that the task was not an easy one for us—we who have nothing. At last it is over, and I am heartily glad."

Mme. Forestier stopped her.

"You say that you purchased a collar of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not notice it then? The necklaces were exactly like one another."

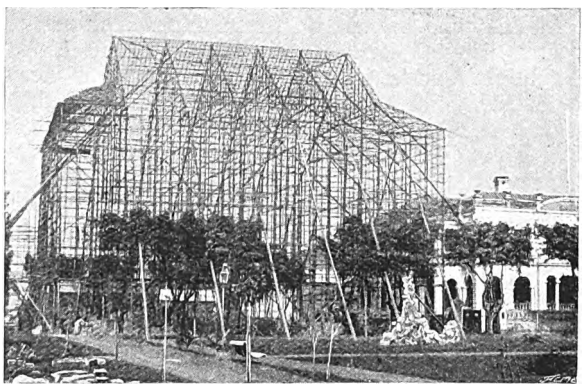
And she smiled proudly.

Mme. Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands:

"Oh! my poor Mathilde! But mine was false. At the most it was only worth 500 francs!"

A SKELETON THEATRE.

This huge framework is not, as one might at first imagine, the scaffold of a vast building, theatre, or hotel. It is the theatre itself, the walls and the foundations and the roof combined. The bamboo is a wonderfully versatile plant in the east, being used in almost every trade and every undertaking. Wherever you go you find it in a different capacity — as a weapon of defence and as a delicate dish of vegetable; as a scaffolding pole; and as a sewing needle. It is everywhere and everything.



The Framework of a Chinese Theatre.

In this case it is the framework of a Chinese theatre. The great bamboo poles are fastened together with rope made of soaked fibres from the same plant, which, when joined together, form a tough cord indeed. Outside this gigantic frame will be affixed yards and yards of native oilcloth, serving to keep out the sun and rain, while in the inside the wall paper and decorations will be of rice paper covered with savage giants with mighty swords slaying ogres and dragons more horrible than the direst monster ever seen on a pantomime stage. These delight the heart of the heathen Chinee, always attracted by gaudy colours and bold design. The Chinese municipality, with true Oriental diffidence, ignore the fact that a touch of a match would set the building —if it can be called a building —into a flare in a second, and roast alive several hundred peaceful Celestials. However, the philosophic Eastern would regard the loss probably as a blessing in disguise. Besides, what are a few hundreds out of several hundred million?

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POLITICIANS AND THEIR FADS.

By Livingstone Black.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett.

Lord Salisbury delivers his most crushing remarks without either change of countenance or gesture.

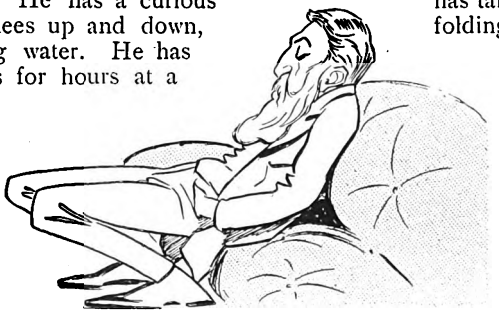
There is hardly a man in Parliament—at least, among those who assert themselves at all — who has not some marked peculiarity — some little trick of speech or gesture, which serves to distinguish him from others and which, in most cases, acts as an index to his personal disposition and character.

Lord Salisbury is no exception to this rule. Broadly speaking, his peculiarity consists in the fact, that seated he is one man, and delivering a speech, quite another. A deaf person would be sure to find Lord Salisbury's orations singularly unsatisfying, the language of gesture being in his case almost absent. He says the nastiest and most crushing things about an opponent without altering his attitude one iota; a mere inflection of his voice being the only sign of his spoken satire—none the less cutting, by the way, because it falls from the lips of a statue. All the time he stands with bent head, and hands hanging loose at his sides, or clasped behind his rounded back.

When seated Lord Salisbury loses much of this *sangfroid*, and sometimes appears very nervous indeed. He has a curious habit of working his knees up and down, as if he were treading water. He has been noticed to do this for hours at a stretch. The voice of the Premier is musical, and his delivery in general excellent, but he has one singular defect for so great a speaker. Now and again he lapses into a style suggestive rather of talking to himself than addressing the House, and he then becomes inaudible to the reporters' gallery.

But, if Lord Salisbury divides his time between calmness and perturbation, the same cannot be said of his colleague, the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke cannot be betrayed into anything like unseemly haste, or overweening anxiety. He is the "Weary Will" of the House. When not actually engaged in a speech he is lying about in all directions. Apparently, however, the essence of the debate mingles with his dreams, for he always has a good grasp of the subject when it comes to his turn to speak. But it is patent that the whole thing bores him awfully—his own speeches, perhaps, most of all—if we may judge by the yawns with which they are punctuated.

Lord Rosebery resembles the Premier inasmuch as he has two distinct manners, one for the House and one for the platform. In the House latterly he has seemed to try to control himself, to keep down his natural tendency for gesticulation. But he must have something to do with his hands, and he has taken to folding and unfolding, to turning and twisting a piece of ribbon. It is to be feared this new diversion will not last him long, but that he will return to his former trick of thumping the table as he denounces the noble lords opposite. On the platform, or at public dinners, Lord Rosebery lets himself go, so to speak.



The "Weary Will" of the Upper House. The Duke of Devonshire is always just on the verge of sleep, and the positions he assumes are more applicable to a snake than a man.

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Lord Rosebery has lately taken to fidgetting with a piece of ribbon when delivering a speech.

It is only the very rich who can afford to dress shabbily, and not even the rich do so without paying certain penalties. The Duke of Norfolk has the distinction of being the most carelessly-dressed among Peers. This matters not at all, of course, so long as his Grace is known; no one thinks of a nobleman's clothes. But with strangers it is different. With characteristic kindness the Duke threw open his grounds at Arundel Castle to the public, but in doing so he did not bargain to be ordered off his own grass.

Two Irishwomen, who were taking an airing in the park, noticing a shabbily-dressed man turn off the pathway and take a bee-line across a strip of the grounds, were very indignant at witnessing, as they thought, so flagrant a breach of hospitality. "Hi! come back here, come back here!" they cried. "Can't you read that notice staring you in the face? It is the likes of you as keeps the likes of us out of many a dacent place!"

There is a man now in the House of Lords whom pressmen cannot abide—Viscount Goschen. Not that they have any personal animus against him—their complaint is that they cannot hear him. I suppose that in the course of his career, the noble lord has been the cause of more lurid language in the Press Gallery than any other man living. It is not his fault, it is merely his eccentricity—an eccentricity linked to a natural misfortune—very bad eyesight.

His delivery caused an infinite amount of annoyance during his tenure of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. With his head bent over the table, he would peer into an overwhelming mass of folios. He was always searching for things, and seldom found them. All the time he went on talking in a sort of monotone. In introducing his budget he lost his place among the hundred and one wretchedly-written slips of memoranda. And when he finally gave it up as a bad job, he remarked sanguinely: "I hope my figures will be understood when they are seen in the morning."

Viscount Goschen—the bugbear of reporters. He sees badly, he speaks badly, he can never find anything.

In the other House, from the members of the Government downwards, most of the leading and lesser lights have some little mannerism all their own.

"I wonder what's wrong?" "Nobody would be much astonished if the Duke of Norfolk appeared one day in the House with his coat on the wrong way. He is the worst dressed man in Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain is an absolutely unique personality. He is a product of this smart age, but he is also quite original. His eyeglass, his orchid, his frock coat and fancy waistcoat, have all become so identified with his personality, that it is impossible for the public mind to imagine him apart from any of these appurtenances. He is very faithful to the frock coat; the only concession that he will make in summer is to vary its colour from black to grey.

On arriving at the House Mr. Chamberlain always does the same thing. He will take from the table the orders for the day, glance at them, and then throw them down with an air of impatience. His next action is to adjust his eyeglass, thrust his legs straight out, and gaze round the House.

He is not a quick speaker, neither does he make use of much gesture. All his speeches are neatly written out, and are carefully prepared, and many of them are first committed to memory. When he is most calm, he is most

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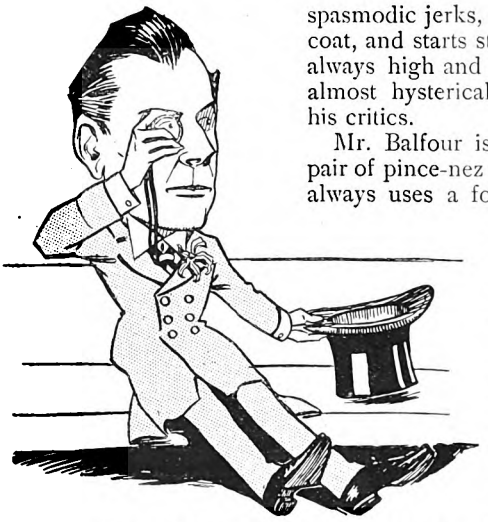
dangerous. As his intensity of feeling grows, he becomes paler and paler, his parchment-like skin being sometimes almost ghastly in its pallor.

Mr. Chamberlain has an overwhelming confidence in himself and his own powers, though not up to the estimate of a little girl in a Sunday School at Birmingham, who, when asked by her teacher, "Who made all this wonderful world, the sky, the trees, the flowers?" replied—"Please, Miss, Mr. Chamberlain."



Before speaking, Mr. Chamberlain stretches out his legs and screws his eyeglass into his eye.

Mr. Balfour also wears a frock coat, but it is of a different genus to that of Mr. Chamberlain, not so smart, but equally neat. Mr. Balfour is somewhat peculiar in matters of dress in the summer time. He then astounds the House with garments strangely in contradiction to his conventional attire of five-sixths of the year. In the very hottest weather he may be seen in a light transparent alpaca coat, such as no other man in or out of the House has ever been known to wear. Although it possesses tails—a great mistake in an alpaca coat—it somehow seems to give the effect of being even shorter than the usual lounge pattern.

At the commencement of a speech Mr. Balfour tugs at the lape's of his coat.

The Leader of the Government in the Lower House has also two manners. In repose he looks almost as slothful as the Duke of Devonshire, as he lies with his head resting on the Treasury Bench, and his long, thin legs marvellously twined. But a languid and philosophical smile, so characteristic of his temperament, plays over his features as he listens to hostile criticism.

There is no lack of energy in his delivery as he addresses the House. On gaining his legs he gives his garments three or four spasmodic jerks, seizes the lapels of his coat, and starts straight off. His voice, always high and feminine, mounts to an almost hysterical shriek as he chastises his critics.

Mr. Balfour is never seen without a pair of pince-nez of a choice pattern; he always uses a fountain pen. Notwithstanding his occasional lapses into irritability, he is far and away the best liked man in the House.

Talking of irritability immediately brings before the imagination the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Sir Michael very often gets heated, but very rarely explodes in the House. Motives of policy forbid. The volcano — though never extinct — is always smouldering. There was almost an eruption, however, when Mr. Lowther, having made certain suggestions, Sir Michael replied that if they were accepted it would involve a new Government. "Not at all," coolly answered Mr. Lowther. "It would only mean a new budget." There was a dangerous flash from the Parliamentary Vesuvius, but the streams of lava did not come.

Outside the House Sir Michael says what he thinks, and the process is not always pleasant to the person who provokes it. A Member of his own party, who thought he had a grievance, tackled Sir Michael in the smoke-room, and emerged a sadder and wiser man. He told some sympathisers he had often been insulted before, but it was something new to be dubbed "a confounded canting solicitor." The Chancellor is familiarly known in the

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is safer when not crossed.

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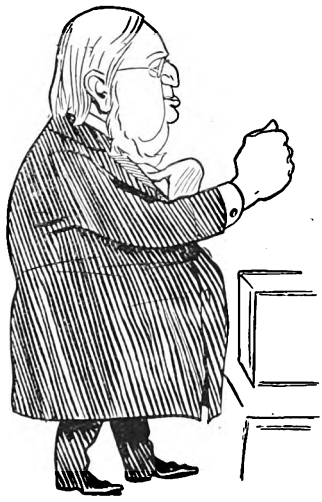

Sir William Harcourt's hand is the size of a small leg of mutton, and when speaking he thumps the table with it. Poor table!

House as "Black Michael."

Sir William Harcourt has a giant's strength, and uses it like a giant. Everything about him is gigantic; his very smile is colossal. The way he whacks the table with a fist as large as a small shoulder of mutton is Cromwellian. He is a man of infinite jest withal, but even his jokes are ponderous, and he frankly appreciates them; no one more so in the House. Most of his best quips mature with a flourish of his eye-glasses, of which he always carries a pair, as the spectacles on his nose.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's humour is quaint and pleasant; the style he adopts is more like a friendly chat than a formal address. And this confidential manner is heightened by his habit of leaning equably on the brass-bound books; he inclines his head slightly on one side, and holds the lapel of his coat. Sometimes he gently fans himself, though there is nothing of the Chinee about the Leader of the Opposition. He is a nervous speaker, and, somehow, does not give the House the impression of meaning what he says. There is something very bird-like about Mr. Labouchere, something between a magpie and a pert school boy. He speaks with his head on one side and with a twinkle in his eye. The system of putting a hat on a seat to retain the place, while the wearer was out, grew so abused that the two-hat rule came into force, which forbad a member leaving one hat on his seat while he went about his business in another. Mr. Labouchere is not the man to be beaten by a little technicality like that. Leaving his hat on the seat, he crept from the House in a skull cap, a form of headgear outside the letter of the act, and returned in his own good time, to an unlawful seat.

Sir H. C.-B. fans himself gently when addressing the House.

"Labby." He is the "*enfant terrible*" of the House. When speaking he invariably stands with his legs apart, and cocks his head on one side.

The poet of the House was Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When he had nothing better to do, the muse kindly came to his aid and impelled him to reach forth his hand for a stray copy of the orders of the day, on the back of which he penned his inspiration. When finished, he just threw it on the floor—for someone to pick it up and send it to the newspapers. He has a particularly quaint and somewhat perverse kind of humour, as when a Member, in urging the introduction of a pure beer bill, argued that it would do away with much liquor of a harmful, intoxicating quality, Sir Wilfrid, who was against the bill, against all beer in any form, wanted to know what was the use of beer at all if it did not intoxicate!

Mr. Gibson Bowles has a back bench seat, but a front bench manner. Some say that he is deserving of a more important position. This does not alter the fact that his political status is no greater than that of a medium sized fish, whereas he always talks

This is not Napoleon, but "Tommy Bowles." Among other eccentricities, one of which is the excellent opinion he entertains of himself, is his habit of thrusting his hand into his coat.

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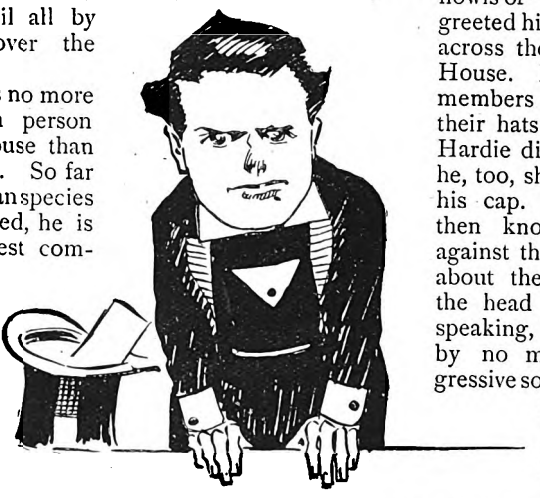
Mr. Lecky's legs and trousers never agree. Which are to blame? Are the trousers too short, or the legs too long?

like the big whales. And yet, there is a certain schoolboy perkiness with it all which mars his dignity, as if a man in endeavouring to make a stately exit from a large assembly should bear himself well until the door is reached and finally spoil all by tripping over the doormat.

There is no more Dickensian person in the House than Mr. Lecky. So far as the human species is concerned, he is perhaps best compared to an undertaker. He finds his counterpart in the animal creation, in the flamingo, so well described in "Alice in Wonderland," whose neck seemed to grow longer and longer. One always expects to see the other characters of that charming book gather round Mr. Lecky. His voice is like his figure — high and thin.



When speaking, Mr. Winston Churchill thrusts his head forward and clings like grim death to the bench in front of him.

Mr. Keir Hardie's grotesque arrival at the House rather belied his subsequent behaviour. In a wagonette, with flags flying and accordions playing, he came to take his seat. His personal appearance was in accordance with the vehicle; his unkempt hair straggled for freedom from beneath a tweed cap, his jacket and trousers were obtrusively short, and howls of "Order, order" greeted him as he walked across the floor of the House. Noticing other members sitting with their hats on, Mr. Keir Hardie did not see why he, too, should not wear his cap. He did not then know that it is against the rule to walk about the House with the head covered. In speaking, Mr. Hardie is by no means the aggressive sort of individual that many people imagine. He is, in fact, rather timorous than otherwise.

Mr. John Burns does not dress in so *outré* a manner as Mr. Hardie. He wears a bowler hat, which he tears from his head with comical energy, and with much detriment to the brim,

When Mr. Leonard Courtney is satirical he strokes his beard.

One of the most ungraceful speakers in the House, not in what he says, but in the way he says it, is Mr. Winston Churchill. His favourite attitude, when he has made a point, is to place both hands on his hips and smile broadly with satisfaction. At other times, when excited, he seems to be hammering home his words, with both hands raised aloft. He has a slight lisp; his head is always thrust forward, and more often than not he clings like grim death to the bench in front of him.

When the ex-member Mr. Courtney makes a satirical hit, he strokes his beard and smiles.

His cap is his eccentricity. When Mr. Keir Hardie first entered the House he walked to his seat with his hat on, amid yells of "Order!" He was ignorant of the rule by which this is forbidden.

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Waiting for his turn, Mr. John Burns sits with his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

when he rises to speak. Before speaking, his hands are invariably thrust deep into his trouser pockets. Notwithstanding his extreme views, he is a universal favourite.

The most sombre-looking individual in the House—and his looks do not belie his disposition—is Mr. John Dillon. More like a mute at a funeral than anything else, he seems to be perpetually protesting against the burial of a friend. He is a man who has never been known to smile. In physique he is tall with sallow complexion, says violent things in a shrieking voice, and defies the Chair with folded arms.

The most formidable and relentless of the Irish party—John Redmond, in a characteristic attitude.

Bunkum is a word which for years has been incorporated in the language, but how many people are aware that, like "boycoot," it originated in the name of a person. Mr. Bunkum is an American legislator, and in the view of some people he has his political counterpart in the English Parliament in Mr. John Redmond. Not that Mr. Redmond is insincere, for when he says a thing he always means it—at the time. But he has a somewhat rash way of rapping out remarks which, on more careful reflection, he would probably repudiate, and he is the admired of all French admirers, who regard him as the only true leader of democracy in the House of Commons.

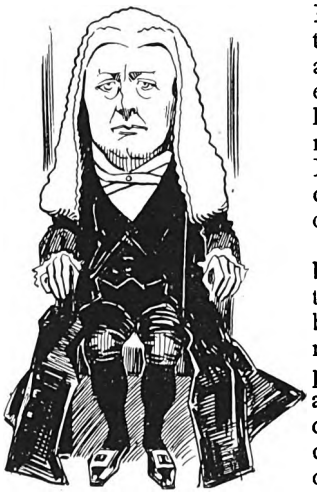
He is certainly one of the most relentless of Opposition members; any stick is good enough for him to beat a Government dog with. Even his most fervent supporters were not with him when he counselled a general exodus from Parliament of all Irish members as a sort of protest against the iniquities of the Constitution. Such advice, if followed, savours too much of going without one's dinner, or cu ting off one's nose to spite one's face. Mr. Redmond is not the man to do such things, whatever he may threaten. As practical head of the Irish Party, he is likely to be with us for many a year to come.

Mr. Dillon, though an Irishman, is the most funereal-looking man in the House.

Mr. Asquith, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. John Morley, and Sir John Dilke have no particular eccentricities.

When the Speaker's hand tightens upon the arm of his chair members know that somebody is about to be called to order. And he never requires the least prompting as to what course to pursue.

The terrific scene in the House, in which certain Irish members took so prominent a part, made large calls upon such presence of mind as Mr. Gully possesses. That Mr. Gully gave general satisfaction in his courageous enforcement of the rules of the House goes without saying, but that he should have given almost equal satisfaction to the evicted parties is surely a revelation of his tactful management of an unpleasant situation. Everyone admitted that the job could not possibly have been done more neatly and efficiently.



When Mr. Gully grips the handles of his chair—Beware! Beware!

Mr. Gully is a strong man, but perhaps not quite so authoritative as Lord Peel, probably the best Speaker of modern times. And if any position in life more than another calls for the highest qualities of tact, firmness, and courage, is it not the mastership of Parliament, that miscellany of warring interests, personal ambitions, and—eccentricities?

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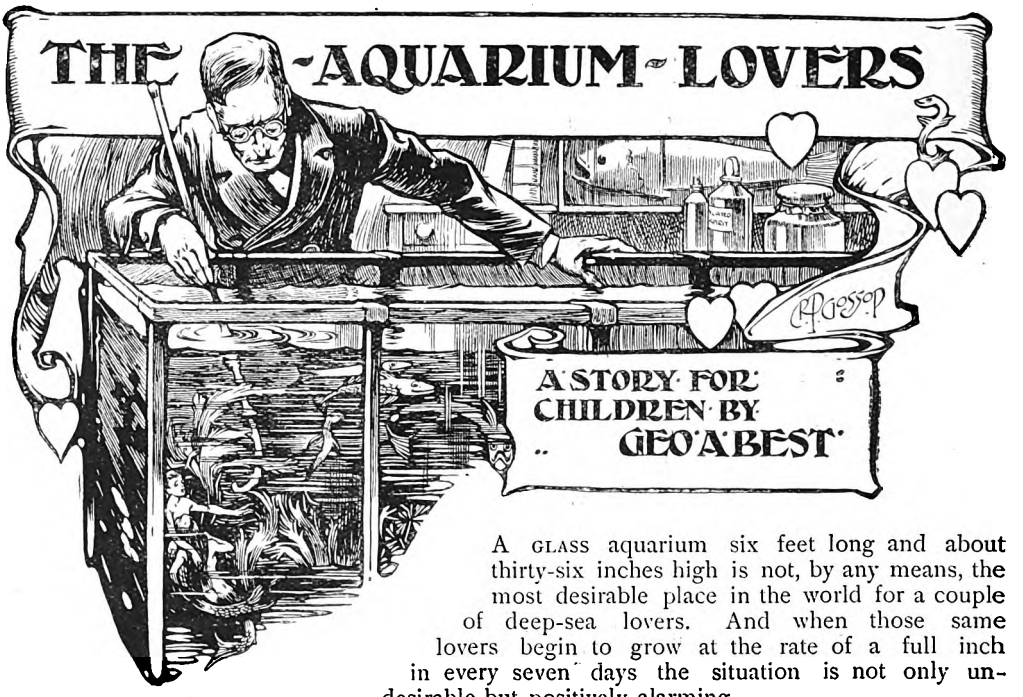

A GLASS aquarium six feet long and about thirty-six inches high is not, by any means, the most desirable place in the world for a couple of deep-sea lovers. And when those same lovers begin to grow at the rate of a full inch in every seven days the situation is not only undesirable but positively alarming.

In the first place, it is not nice to be compelled to do one's courting in a glass-house which is open on every side to the gaze of other people. The "other people," themselves, will acknowledge as much if you care to ask their opinion on the matter.

Then the space in a six feet aquarium is so limited that it is impossible to swim more than twenty strokes in any direction without knocking one's head against something hard, and this is especially humiliating when one is in the middle of a very tender and lover-like speech, because it is worse than silly to break off suddenly and rub your poor head in the presence of a sweetheart who is inclined to laugh at an accident of this kind. Ordinary men don't like this kind of humour, and mermen are no exception to the rule.

The tiny merman and maid who lived in Mr. Wilkin's Aquarium endured all the discomforts we have mentioned, and many more besides, for Mr. Wilkin was a collector of submarine specimens who was wont to peer through the glass panes of his hunting ground at all hours of the day and night.

But, luckily for the aquarium lovers, Mr. Wilkin was short-sighted—so short-sighted, indeed, that, although the greatest discovery of the century was actually under his nose every time he probed the tiny seaweed forest in search of specimens, he never landed anything more curious than a shrimp with two heads. This marine novelty was pounced upon and eaten on the spot by the family cat, a very deceitful animal which had hitherto been much petted and encouraged by the Professor because of the kindly and intelligent interest it had appeared to take in the fishing operations of its master.

In this way matters went on from day to day until Miss Winifred Wilkin, the Professor's only daughter, came home for the holidays after her first term at school. Winifred was a pretty little maiden, nine years old, who had been packed off to boarding-school at this very early age because the Professor was far more interested in deep-sea rubbish and ugly creeping things, than in little girls or boys.

Although Winifred always treated her father with great respect, and although Mr. Wilkin was very fond of his daughter, after a fashion, it cannot be denied that neither understood the other as father and daughter should do. This being so, it is no wonder that when Winifred first discovered the submarine lovers she decided that they would be more comfortable and happy in the aquarium than in a glass jar full of methylated spirit, and did not speak to Mr. Wilkin of what she had seen.

The tiny sea babies were swimming, hand in hand, through the clear water when

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Winifred's face first appeared at one of the glass panes of the aquarium; and the mermaid shrieked so loudly at this unexpected sight that a dozen air bubbles rose rapidly to the surface, where they burst one by one. Her lover, who was a manly little fellow in spite of his fishy appearance, did not shriek. He simply stood bolt upright on the tip of his tail, and, folding a pair of shapely arms across his bare chest, glared defiantly back at Winifred. It is somewhat difficult for a man scarcely more than two ounces in weight to look defiant and dignified, especially if he does not possess a single leg to stand upon, and the spectacle was so comical that the Professor's daughter laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Now, when people laugh so heartily that they appear to be crying they are generally very much amused, and an amused person is usually harmless.

It was Winifred's hearty laughter, therefore, which did more than anything else to restore confidence to the hearts of the aquarium lovers. So when she climbed on to a chair, and, leaning over the tank, beckoned them to the surface, they obeyed the silent summons without any hesitation.

"Oh! what dear, lovely little creatures!" exclaimed Winifred, clapping her hands in delight.

"You won't capture us?" gasped the merman.

"Nor eat us?" added his lover breathlessly.

Winifred shook her head eagerly.

"I wouldn't hurt you for a whole shilling!" she declared solemnly. "And as for eating you, that is quite out of the question, because I don't like fried fish."

"But we aren't fried fish," said the little sea girl in an offended tone.

"Nor fish of any kind," added the merman indignantly.

Winifred laughed.

"I was thinking that you looked like a pair of very handsome whitebait—about the tail," she remarked in a complimentary tone. "Whitebait are very pretty fish, you know, and they are considered to be a real delicacy."

The merman lashed his tail furiously.

"Haven't I told you already that we object to be called fish!" he cried angrily.

"We regard it as an insult," said the mermaid. "And it is equally distasteful to us to be described as 'luxuries.' We're absolutely flavourless as an article of diet."

"Positively poisonous!" added the other tragically. "Whoever heard of potted mermaid!"

"I'm really very sorry to have hurt your feelings," said Winifred apologetically.

It is worse than silly to break off suddenly and rub your poor head in the presence of your sweetheart.

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"What can I call you without giving offence?"

"My name is Conger Halibut, but I'm generally called Connie by my friends," explained the mermaid; "and this gentleman is Mr. Shingle Barnacle."

"Are you sweethearts?" whispered Winifred eagerly.

"We're really very far gone indeed!" acknowledged Mr. Barnacle with a love-sick groan.

"And we can't get a quiet corner to ourselves," murmured Miss Halibut sighing heavily as she spoke.

"And we're very miserable," said the merman, "so miserable, in fact, that on more than one occasion we have attempted to die in each other's arms——"

"Without the slightest success," added the mermaid tearfully.

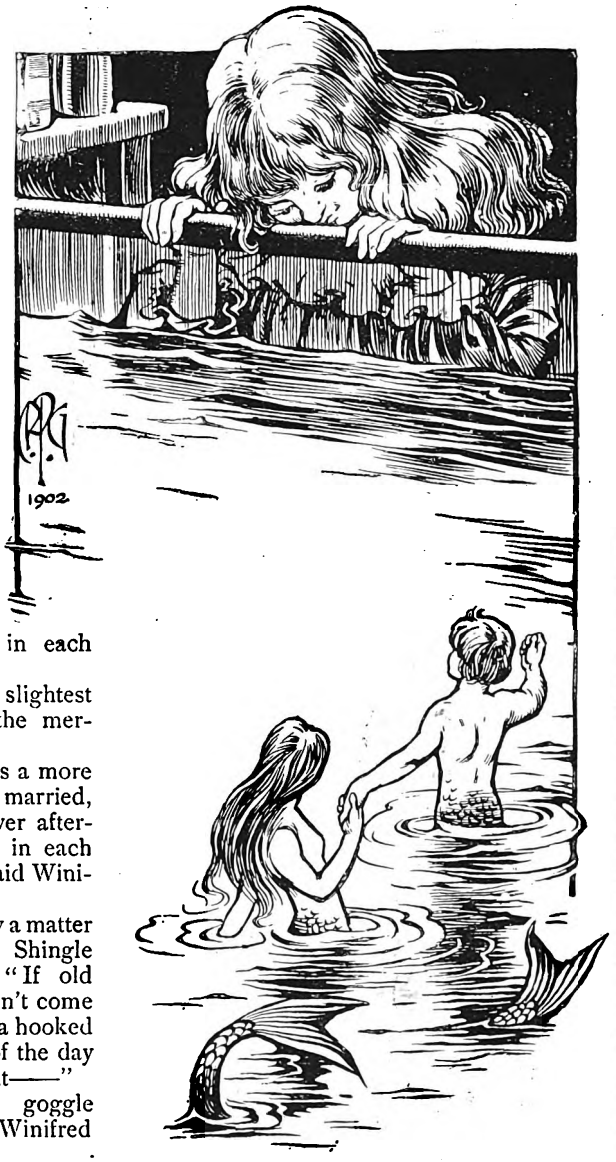
"But surely it is a more sensible plan to get married, and live happily ever afterwards than to die in each other's arms?" said Winifred with a smile.

"That is entirely a matter of opinion," said Shingle thoughtfully. "If old goggle eyes wouldn't come poking about with a hooked stick at all hours of the day and night we might——"

"Who is old goggle eyes?" asked Winifred sharply.

"The ugly old monster who is always fishing in this tank for specimens," replied the merman with a frown.

"You *must* know him," added Connie breathlessly. "He resembles nothing so much as a great, yellow-faced monkey."



"We object to be called fish," he cried angrily.

"I *do* know him," replied Winifred coldly. "He is my father."

The sea babies dived to the bottom of the aquarium to hide their confusion upon hearing this remarkable announcement. When they returned to the surface the merman said:

"I am truly sorry to have described your dear father as an 'ugly old monster.' Please accept my sincere apology."

And Connie, looking very much ashamed, murmured:

"I sincerely regret that I was so rude as to call your father a 'yellow-faced monkey.' Please forgive me."

"I forgive you both freely," said Winifred graciously, "because, of course, you did not know that I was Professor Wilkin's only daughter. He is really a very kind father, but I must warn you to hide away, wherever you can, as soon as you hear him approach. If you should be so unfortunate as to fall into the Professor's hands, you will be placed in a pickle jar full of methylated spirit, and posted at once to the British Museum. And in that case," she added mischievously, "you will die in each others arms, whether you wish to do so or not."

"What *shall* we do?" groaned the mer-

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maid helplessly. "We are growing with such extraordinary rapidity that we cannot much longer hope to conceal ourselves from the watchful eyes of the Professor. In another week we shall both be as large as the six-eyed lobster; and before the month is out we shall be just as visible as the pair of horned mackerel which your father feeds twice a day with his own hands. When we were the same size as aquarium shrimps it was an easy matter to hide ourselves among the seaweed; but in a year's time we shall be fully as big as the Professor himself!"

"It is an awkward position — very awkward," said Winifred thoughtfully. "I might certainly be able to persuade father to buy a larger aquarium; but as you will soon require a tank about as large as the Bay of Biscay it is useless to make such a suggestion to him."

The mermaid sighed pitifully. The jar of methylated spirit seemed horribly near at that moment.

"If you could only live out of water for about eight hours I would pack you both in a box and post you to a friend of mine who lives at Brighton," continued Winifred. "I would inclose a letter in the same box, and ask her to be so kind as to drop you into the sea at the earliest possible moment."

Mr. Shingle Barnacle leaped clean out of the water when he had heard Winifred's suggestion.

"Where is the box?" he cried excitedly, "If you will line it with wet seaweed we shall be able to keep ourselves alive and fresh for a whole day. Post us to Brighton without a moment's delay—it is our only chance of escape! The Professor may return and discover us at any moment!"

"I must write the letter to my friend, Miriam, first," explained Winifred hastily. "Father has gone to the railway station to order a fresh keg of sea-water. If he should return to the aquarium before I've prepared the box and finished my letter to Miriam, you must hide away among the seaweed as you have done before."

And in two minutes' time Winifred had seated herself at the Professor's writing-table to commence the all important letter to her friend.

"Dear Miriam," (she wrote). "This box contains a real mermaid and her lover, whom I found in father's aquarium at home. They are both alive, so please handle them very carefully, *and don't let the cat get hold of them whatever you do.* They are very anxious to get back to the sea, so if you keep them at home it will be *a great sin and a shame.* Please run down to the beach *at once* and drop them into the water when nobody is about. In great haste,

"Your loving friend,—

Winifred Wilkin."

No sooner had Winifred signed her name to this remarkable note, than the door of the study was thrown violently open, and the Professor dashed into the room in a state of terrible excitement.

"Where is my waterproof lantern, child?" he demanded in a voice shaky with emotion. "I must have my lantern at once—I have discovered a pair of wonderful creatures in my aquarium. They are hiding away among the seaweed at this moment. Find my lamp for me, Winifred, while I run down to the laboratory for the methylated spirits. I must secure the marvellous specimens and preserve them without a moment's delay!"

For once Winifred committed an act of great disobedience. Instead of searching in the study for the Professor's lamp she dashed upstairs to the aquarium room on the next floor. A couple of tiny dolls lay on a chair beside the tank, one dressed as a lady of fashion and the other as a sailor boy.

Without a moment's hesitation Winifred tore the clothes from the backs of her dolls, and threw a complete walking costume and a sailor's suit into the aquarium. The lovers were sobbing bitterly amongst the seaweed, and the surface of the water was covered with grief bubbles and dolls' clothing. The water babies rose rapidly when Winifred tapped upon the glass panes of the tank.

"We are discovered and all is lost!" cried the little merman wringing his hands.

"I have come to save you," shouted Winifred. "Dress yourselves quickly in these clothes, and then lie at the bottom of the tank as stiff and lifeless as though you were dead. Father will then think that you are only my dolls which have fallen into the water by accident, and he will lift you out and hand you to me. The box is quite ready for you."

"But—but I don't know *how* to dress?" cried Miss Halibut rapidly buttoning up a smart jacket with the lining outside.

"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," said the merman with his tail inside one leg of a pair of white duck trousers.

"Quick!" exclaimed Winifred. "The Professor is coming upstairs! Never mind about your feelings or your appearance—dress anyhow!"

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Professor Wilkin entered the room at this moment.

"I have found my lamp, thank you, Winifred," he said. "It was in the laboratory. And now, my dear," he continued exultingly, "we will capture those priceless specimens without delay."

Winifred stood by, trembling violently, while her father lowered the lamp into the dark waters of the aquarium and peered anxiously through the glass panes.

"Why, what is this rubbish, Winifred?" he cried at length, leaning over the tank and diving his arm to the bottom. "If you can't keep your stupid, poisonous dolls out of my aquarium, I shall stop your allowance of pocket money! Here, take the silly things down to your nursery, and never let me see them in this room again."

And the hearts of the "dolls" were beating wildly as Winifred carried them down to the play-room.

* * * * *

On the following morning a dainty little maiden tripped lightly over the sands at Brighton, holding a battered cardboard box tightly in her hand.

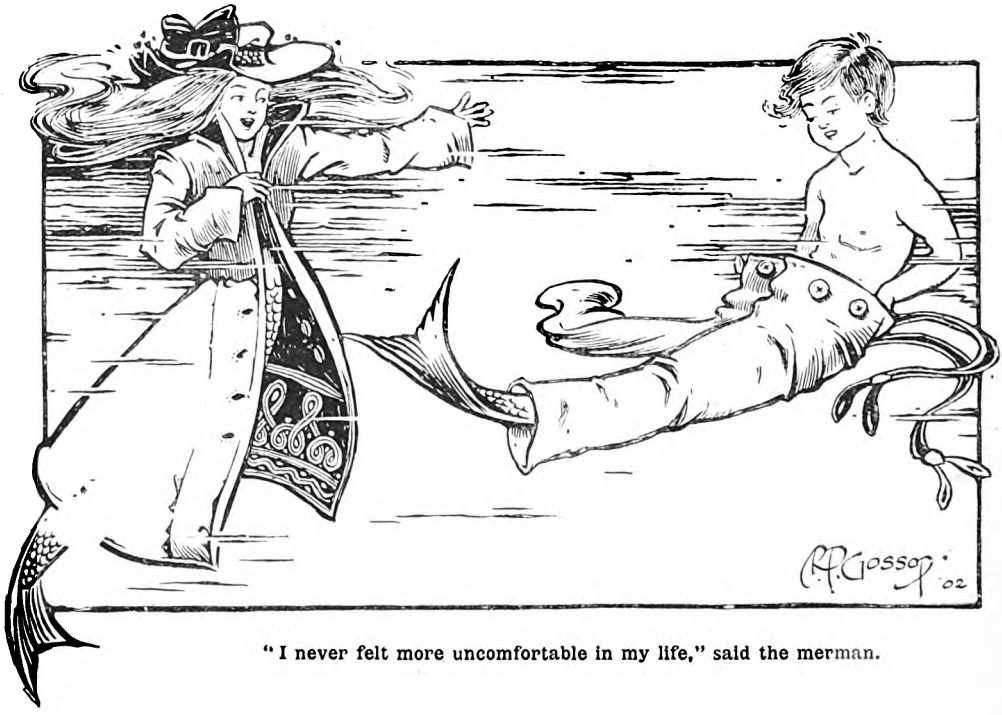
"I should dearly love to keep you both," she said speaking through a hole in the lid of the box, "but Winifred says it would be a sin and a shame to do so."

"It would, indeed!" exclaimed a weak, muffled voice from the interior of the box. "I wouldn't travel by parcel's post again for a King's ransom! We have been standing on our heads for six hours, and the seaweed is drying rapidly. We are very sick and faint."

Miriam drew the exhausted lovers out of their tiny travelling case, and gently bathed them in a pool of sea-water which the receding tide had left behind.

"How do you feel now?" she asked gently.

Miriam's kind inquiry was never answered, for in a moment the aquarium lovers had slipped through her fingers and swam rapidly down the little tidal stream which flowed from the rocky pool, away across the sands, to the great sea beyond.



"I never felt more uncomfortable in my life," said the merman.

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The Cult of the Lorgnette

The society lady goes nowhere without her lorgnette.

She can then freeze you with her stare.

By Margaret Noel.

Photographs posed for by Miss Jessie Bateman and published by permission of the "New York Herald."

In the old days, the early days, the days when

First great George was dead and gone,
George II. was plodding on,

when the fair sex to add to their charms, assumed patches and powders, one of their chief weapons of attack, of conquest, was the fan. In old volumes of the time, we read of the fan treated scientifically. It was as important a thing to manipulate the fan correctly, as it was to be able to take one's place in the minuet. A movement of the fan was ordained for each mood or varying fancy of an age of extravagances and absurdities. There was the fan coquettish, the fan coy, or the fan alluring.

However, these days have passed away with the powdered hair and the silver patch box, and, perhaps, the courtly grace of that age. The fan exists still, but its glory has faded; its day is past. To whom shall it yield the laurels it has worn for so many years?

Surely to the lorgnette.

But what is the lorgnette? We find that it is "a little glass, which is used to see objects a short way off." The word "lorgnon," we find described as a "concave pebble for the short-sighted, a convex one for the long-sighted, supported by a stick of metal or of shell." The lady of fashion of yesterday may have been charming with her fan, but to-day, with the lorgnette, she is invincible.

Her smile of welcome is trebly enhanced, as, recognising you at the crowded At Home,

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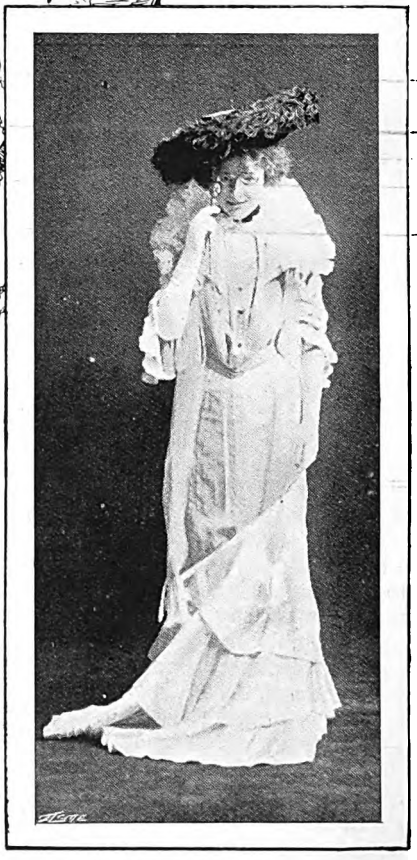
"Whom did you say this picture was by?"

she holds out a hand of friendly greeting. At the Private view she assumes the *rôle* of a critic of art. She pauses before a picture on the line, her lorgnette raised, examining it in every detail—a formidable critic indeed. No little flaw will escape her; she notes the colour, the composition, and the varying tones. Before her magic glasses Raphael himself would shake in his shoes.

Madame is offended. See her haughty glance, hard as the winter, and as the winter cold, a dire and dreadful thing, as she regards you scornfully through those fateful glasses. Before, you were, perhaps, crushed and humbled; now, beneath the lorgnette's charm, you are utterly routed. You feel that you have fallen, never to rise again, so great is the power of that little contrivance of tortoise-shell and glass.

In ordinary conversation too, the lorgnette is supreme. You venture to contradict your fair companion; she shakes her lorgnette in your face and repeats her arguments, picking off each point daintily on her fingers. You attempt to reply, but it is useless; the lorgnette is held up demanding instant silence. And when the lady has finished, before you can utter a word, she points the instrument straight in your face, like a pistol, plainly implying—"Now, my dear man, refute that, if you dare! Why, you have not got a leg to stand on!" And she is quite right. You have not got a leg to stand on.

The lorgnette has knocked your last support away; your retreat has been cut off entirely. Certainly, in a point of verbal contest, the lorgnette wins the day. Its



"What a funny little man you are!"

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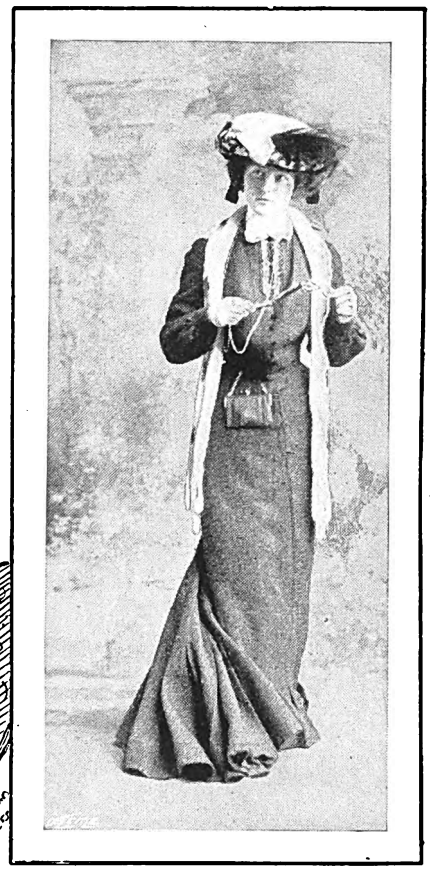
dramatic value in society, is, on this point at least, immense.

It takes the place of the fan, too, and with equal success. What can be more entrancing, more delightful, than that little tap on the sleeve, full of playful reproof, from the cunningly-embossed article of tortoise-shell, as the fair owner smilingly acknowledges a well-turned compliment or applauds a witty speech.

But we have hitherto spoken of the subject of this article only from its lighter side. Apart from its capacity as a general entertainer, it has its own work to do. A lady may, we believe, be permitted to have a defective sight. She cannot wear spectacles,

"What does the man mean?"



"Well, that woman is a fright!"

they are so unbecoming; *pince-nez*, too, have hardly a beautifying effect, and when worn beneath a veil are most uncomfortable.

Here, then, is a great and serious difficulty to be solved. The lorgnette steps in. No longer need madame strain her eyes to recognise a friend, to scrutinise her neighbour's toilette, or to criticise the latest work of London's newest artist.

Necessity has provided a charming instrument of tortoise-shell and gold, a graceful combination of utility and beauty. Not only is this instrument used by dowagers and elderly ladies, but it is making its way to the four corners of the world with rapidity and increasing strength.

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Our Private Theatricals—

By Hilda Cowham

The

Dear

m staying down h& 4 a day 2 with Stuart of the lower 5th— rather A nice sort of Last t was a partE, and we got up 6 privates theatricals; they were such fun.

It's no end of a dodge 4 a party, 2 tell U. Jack Summers and Beech Minor r staying h& also, so there w Just a n number of us, with the 3 . Oh, 4got 2 tell u. Stuart h 3 sisters, stunners all of them especi l; she's a treat. but u'll h& about her later on, old ; as w saying, we all of us decided 2 get up these things. were 2 B serious & comic. -how they turned out mostly comic, tho' they werent in.ed 2. But t was'nt our fault. Of t was a good of squ bl g. 2 w was 2 B played and who was 2 play it, & all that. Now U kno th m her A serious

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looking , but I must B taken as they wanted me 2 t the funny parts & Beech Minor, who has a that would make a they w ed him 2 play "An Ardent Lover, and serious parts like t !

anyway, after A d of discussion and unnecessary of we came 2 this decision:—

T t were 2 B 6 tablo's, that they were 2 B:— viz

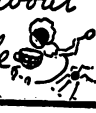
① An elopement (" wasn't in t).

② "Kittens (wasn't in that ther).

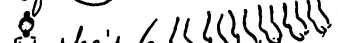
③ "An 'Rdent L (very funny).

④ 2 (a hit).

⑤ Little . (all the 2 B in that; we had 2 have them 3 in a row, with 3 and 3 — we 3 were the spiders).

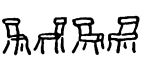
⑥ & t we finished up with 10 little ; it was fun practising 4 the affair. U would come a+ the others all sorts of out of the way places trying t parts: 4 instance, Dolly (t s the nicest) & would sit on the any convenient spot we could find & try over our part. 2 "It was fine fun; we came qute adepts at it. Also you'd C Beech going about with his "Ardent Lover "Xpression, and Little 

were spread about the room with doing their parts on the landing, & so on till the evening.

At last the came, & was int; I told u in the 1st Tableaux; but only died of 2 C Summers with Gr , (thats the eldest she's 6  high, & you know the size of Summers) and Beech Minor standing in the background the rate father in Colonel Stuarts coat, which had 2 have a tuck taken in to keep it off the ground, & hes stuffed 2 keep Beech's from going in & disappearing altogether Oh, it was funny!

T came "Kittens". That was her silly as said before, Dolly sat on a with her pet on her knee. The seemed her afraid of the screen we had brought down from the ry & had A lot of n painted all over it. xpect he had A guilty conscience.

After that, "An Ardent Lover". Now u imagine Beech Minor, an Ardent Lover, grovelling at the or a long way low the of a of 3 or 4 sitting in a very high ?. The audience enjoyed it, so did immensely. But the next tablo was the hit of the evening. After practising as we had, all day long it ought 2 have p ed off .

W had an Arbour erected of  with a

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made with a that had a reflected in it, & the stage was all d , & Dolly & were sitting in the arbour:— , it w encored 6 t s a success 4 u, old !

Beech told me afterwards that it was like life.

After that "Little Miss seemed rather tame, although t was such A of it, and the 10 little , wasn't bad 4 A finish, we all had our faces mine isn't clean yet, & had 2 borrow 4 from the ry 2 make up. the set; so it wasn't so bad, the audience were d ed with the whole affair, and each cong ulated me on my performance.

say old , we will do some at my party when give it; may B we'll do "??", Dolly, & , and secret, old , we havn't q wen ups practising yet & don't want 2.

yours,

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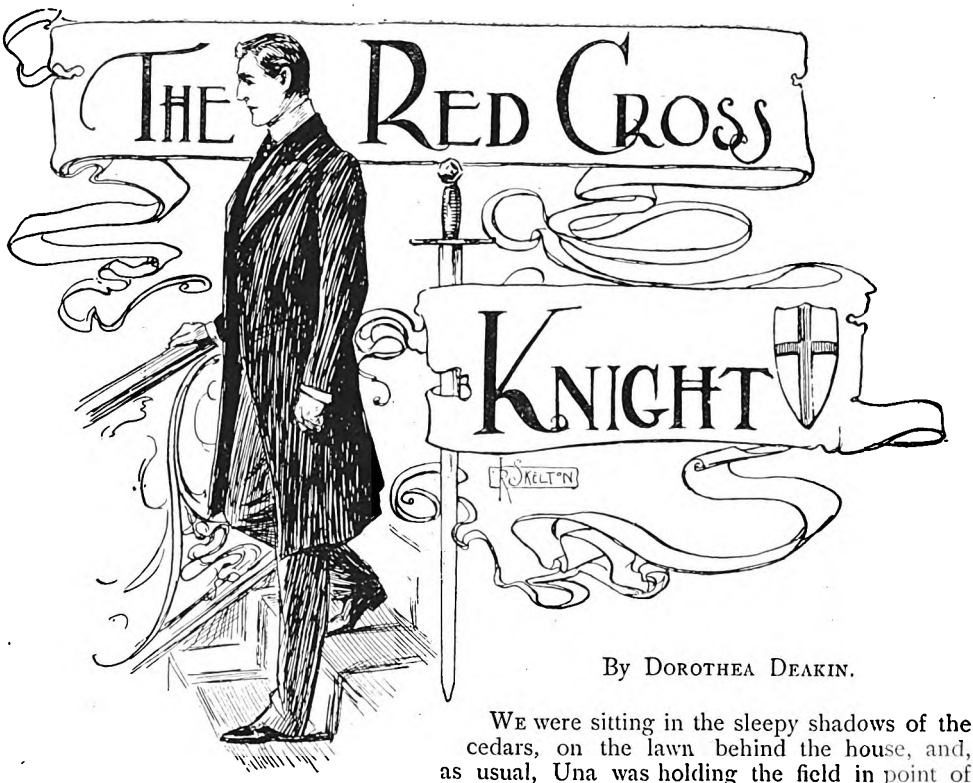

By Dorothea Deakin.

We were sitting in the sleepy shadows of the cedars, on the lawn behind the house, and, as usual, Una was holding the field in point of conversation. We had finished our tea, Una had eaten nearly all the cream-cakes, and the grass for three feet round her chair was literally carpeted with books and chocolate boxes and greengages and nectarines from those two ridiculous young men—sent, I suppose, to tempt her "delicate appetite."

"You have eaten eight cream-cakes," I said presently, "and half a box of chocolates, in the last half hour. I wish Charlie and Mr. Drummond could have seen you. It is absolute nonsense for them to go on sending grapes and things to you."

"They can't help it," Una murmured. "They are so fond of me, you see. I suppose I shall have to make up my mind about one of them soon."

"I don't believe you have got any mind to make up," I replied candidly.

"I can't think why they like me so much," she went on, looking at me out of the corner of one of those distracting hazel eyes. But I knew she was fishing for a compliment, and so naturally I didn't take the bait.

"It is a strange taste," said I.

Una laughed.

"You don't think so, really," she said, "and neither do I. But, Lesbia, it is really getting serious—I can't marry both of them, and I know that they are both going to ask me. I have got to make up my mind somehow. It is a pity that they are both so exceedingly nice."

"Mr. Drummond has all the brains," I said.

"And Charlie has all the good looks," Una said thoughtfully.

"Well, then, if you intend to go by mere beauty, make up your mind to take Charlie—when he offers himself. He has the kindest heart in the world, as well as the handsomest face."

"I don't agree with you," Una cried quickly. "No one could be kinder than Mr. Drummond; and then he always gives me such an impression of silent strength. I could trust him with anything, Lesbia. He is a perfect rock."

"Then have him by all means," I said, "if you want to marry a rock. You certainly share each other's tastes in books and pictures and all the things that really matter.

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"You aren't in love with either of them," I continued. "I think you ought at least to wait a little while before you decide. I don't think your real Red Cross Knight has turned up yet, my pretty Una."

"I am very fond of them both," she said, "and I know I could be perfectly happy with either of them. Charlie is a darling, but Mr. Drummond is a man to look up to—it would be such a good thing for me, Lesbia, to marry a man with such ideals; because then I should be obliged to live up to them, if I wanted to keep his love."

"If you talk about keeping his love," I said wisely, "there is another question which may help you to decide. Which of them, I wonder, is the fondest of you?"

Una sighed. "I wish I knew," she said, "I wish I knew. There must be only one Red Cross Knight, but I can't find out which it is. Charlie loves me to distraction, I know he does—and Mr. Drummond is just the sort of man to feel what the novels call 'the true lasting love which endures to the very end.' I am sure they have both been splendid all the time I have been ill."

"Yes!" I smiled a little. "It must almost have made your illness worth while, to find out how much you are wanted. It was almost worth the fright of that awful night, Una, and the burns."

Una shuddered. "Don't remind me of that again. Just think how I might have been disfigured," she said gravely.

I looked at my sister's round, charming face. Her skin was as delicately tinted as a miniature on ivory, and her hair was a kind of dark auburn. No wonder everybody fell in love with her.

"It would have saved you the trouble of this decision," I said slowly.

Una flushed.

"Lesbia," she cried, "you can't think—you don't believe that—that it would have made any difference to them?"

"I am afraid it would have made all the difference in the world," I answered sadly. "Beauty is nearly everything to a girl, Una. Men don't fall in love with the treasures of our minds, priceless though they may be."

"Oh!" Una cried hotly, "it is horrid of you, Lesbia. I won't believe it, either. Fancy being married because one happens to have a pink-and-white skin and a straight nose!"

"*And* hazel eyes," I added, "not to speak of hair the correct Venetian tint of red. I shouldn't wonder if it is your hair which attracts Mr. Drummond—he thinks he has an artistic eye for colour, I believe."

"They can't help it," Una murmured.

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Una jumped up and paced the lawn indignantly with unusual energy. It was the middle of August, and I don't know how she could. I looked at her admiringly, acknowledging to myself that, even in brown holland, Una looked charming, and that, although she was neither tall nor stately, she was very graceful—but that is nothing; any girl can look graceful who makes a study of slow movements, if her skirt is long enough, and she doesn't tread on it.

"You are wrong," she said, "you are wrong, and I am going to prove it."

"You can't do that," I said, shaking my head.

"Indeed I can," Una said quickly. "Look here, Lesbia! You think that if my face had been badly burnt and scarred, neither Charlie nor Mr. Drummond would have wanted to marry me."

"I didn't go quite as far as that," I replied, half wishing I hadn't said anything at all, and wondering rather uncomfortably what Una had got in her head now; "but I don't believe they would have fallen in love with you in the first place."

"Very well," replied Una with a grim determination that was atmost comic, "we shall see. I will put them both to the same test, and then I shall know which of them really loves me the best. If one of them is the real Red Cross Knight, he will pass unscathed through the ordeal."

I was beginning to get very uneasy.

"Una," I cried, "for Heaven's sake don't do anything rash. If you don't take care you may lose them both."

"You needn't worry," said my sister calmly. "Luckily I have more faith in them than you have. And now I am going in—it is too hot outside for anything."

Without another word she went, leaving the humble offerings of fruit and flowers and chocolates for me to collect and bring in as usual.

* * * *

Oddly enough, in the course of the next few days, Una had letters from both her admirers, and they were both more or less to the same effect. . . . They were so glad, they said, to hear that she had almost recovered from the shock, and was nearly well again, and that she was allowed to see people at last. "Might he venture to call upon her soon?" Mr. Drummond wrote. "He had a question to put to her which meant everything in the world to him." . . .

Charlie (who is our cousin) expressed himself rather differently, and ended up by saying he was "jolly well coming now whether he was allowed to or not."

"I thought something would happen soon," Una said. "Now is my opportunity, Lesbia. Now, my dear, we shall see."

She sat down at once and answered both notes, and presently she handed over the first one for my inspection.

It was addressed to James Drummond, Esq., and this is how it ran:

DEAR MR. DRUMMOND,—Thank you very much for your note and for all the nice things you have so kindly sent whilst I have been ill. I shall be very pleased to see you to-morrow if you care to call, but I feel it only right to tell you that you must expect to see a great change in me; indeed, I think it would be better if you did not try to see me, for I am afraid I shall shock you very much when you come.

With kind regards, sincerely yours,

UNA STANDRING.

I put the paper down without a word.

"Charlie's is just the same," she said lightly. "What do you think of it?"

"I think you will be very sorry if you send those letters," I replied slowly. "I think you are very, very wrong. No good will come of this, Una. It isn't fair to any man; it certainly isn't a proper test."

"Yes," said Una gravely, "it is perfectly fair, and I hope I shall live and die an old maid if all my chances of future happiness are to depend on my looks."

And when Una spoke in this tone I knew by experience that remonstrance was useless, and that my headstrong sister would go her own foolish way regardless of me.

"It isn't likely that any young man could come triumphantly through such an ordeal as that," I said to myself. "Una will lose them both if she isn't careful. They are both much too good to be trifled with in this way."

"Una," I said gravely the next morning, as she stood before the looking-glass, making herself perfectly hideous with grease-paint, "you ought to be able to make up your mind without this. You oughtn't to promise to marry any man unless you feel that you can't possibly live without him."

"But I feel like that to both of them," Una answered sadly, tying a large linen bandage over one eye, "that is why it is all so difficult."

When she had finished the result was too terrible to be described. She had screwed her pretty auburn hair into a flat knob at the back of her head, and put on a painfully unbecoming cap.

"All my hair has been burnt away," she said, laughing at my disgust, "and I have to

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wear a bandage over my left eye because my sight is injured by the flames. Oh, Lesbia! *did* you ever see such a perfectly revolting sight in your life? I shall never dare to go down like this—I am almost inclined to—Shall I wash it all off, Lesbia, and not let the wretched thing go any further?"

"Oh, do, do!" I cried unwisely. "Do give it up before it is too late? I know you will be sorry for it—it isn't fair, Una; to yourself or to—to them."

I ought to have known that a little opposition was all that my sister wanted to clinch her determination. These hasty words of mine settled everything.

"My dear Lesbia," she said, "it will be the wisest thing I have ever done in my life. If every girl had the sense to try her lover in some such way as this—"

"No girl would ever get married," I murmured.

Una laughed—and presently going down into the drawing-room, carefully arranged herself in the darkest corner of the room. Both the blinds were down; Una had wisely chosen one of Auntie's frequent shopping days in town for the trial of devotion, and she had explained her peculiar and bandaged appearance to the servants with a simple story of neuralgia and earache, while she took care that they did not see the horrible painted marks on her cheeks. I was perfectly miserable myself—I knew that this ridiculous plan could do no good to anybody, and I couldn't help the feeling that it was desperately unfair to all of them.

At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and slipped away from the room on the pretence of keeping the servants as much out of the way as possible.

"I ought to do something," I told myself as I went across the hall to the dining-room. "I ought to take the law into my own hands—Una is very determined, but I am not going to let her lose her lovers in this ridiculous way. But what on earth can I do?"

I sat down heavily in the nearest chair and tried to shake my brains together sufficiently to find a feasible idea.

"The only thing I can do," I said disconsolately, "is to tell them both the whole truth. And, if I do that, she will be furious with me, and everything will be as uncomfortable and undecided as it was before. Una is ridiculous about her Red Cross Knight—there are no Red Cross Knights nowadays, only very ordinary young men, and they ought to be treated only in very ordinary ways."

So I sat down and thought, and thought, till I had given myself a racking headache; but I came to no decision at all, and then all at once the front door bell rang a loud peal, and I knew that my sister's last chance of retreat had gone.

It was Mr. Drummond, and he was standing patiently in the porch with a large parcel of books in his hand as usual, and a very serious expression.

"What a good face he has," I said to myself as I watched him from my muslin ambush. "He would make a splendid husband for Una—he is so strong and reliable and so very, very clever. If she had any sense at all she would have chosen him at once, without another thought for poor Charlie. Charlie is all very well—and he is the best company in the world, but—as Una herself said, Mr. Drummond is a perfect rock."

"Show Mr. Drummond in here," I whispered hurriedly to the maid as she crossed the hall, and the next moment I was shaking hands with him and agreeing heartily with his remarks about the great heat.

"I will tell him everything," I said to myself, "and then he will behave to Una as if nothing had happened, and she will discover that he is the real Red Cross Knight who loves her devotedly, in spite of her lost beauty."

The difficulty was to know how to begin.

"How is Miss Una?" was the first thing he said.

"Una is still very weak," I said slowly; "she has to be kept from any excitement. Mr. Drummond, you won't mind my asking you something?"

"Of course not"—very quickly and anxiously.

"You said in your letter," I went on, hesitating a little for the right words, "that—that—you had something important to ask Una—I am so afraid of her being upset—if you could give me any idea—"

His pale clever face grew almost crimson, and for a moment he seemed to be lost in thought.

"There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you," he said at last. "And you must certainly have seen yourself—how—how much I was attracted by your sister. I didn't speak to her before, because I was not quite sure—I had an idea that Miss Una was fond of her cousin."

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Then your sister had that awful accident with the lamp, and when I heard that she had

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been in danger I found out how much she was to me—I am very unhappy and unsettled in my mind, and to-day I thought—"

"You thought you would ask her if she cared for you?" I said, gently, trying to help him.

"Yes!" he said in a low voice, "I thought I would put an end to my doubts for good and all. Miss Standring, *you* surely know! Is there any hope that your sister will say 'yes' to me?"

He looked down into my face with eager brown eyes, and I told myself again that, charming as Una was, she did not deserve such a lover as this.

"I know no more about Una's heart than you do," I answered slowly, "or, indeed, than she does herself."

And then I told him everything. I told him of Charlie's attachment to Una, and of her great liking for them both, and of her ridiculous plan to put their devotion to the test. Mr. Drummond looked a little sad, I thought, when I told him about Charlie, but his face brightened when I showed him what a pull he had over the poor boy, now that he knew everything, and was able to be on his guard when Una showed him her disfigured face.

"And now," said I, when I had told him all, "you had better go upstairs and try your luck. You have my good wishes at any rate."

He thanked me, and went slowly upstairs and was alone with Una for at least an hour. I didn't see him again, and when I went into the drawing-room after he had gone, Una's face—or what I could see of it for paint and bandages—was radiant.

"Clever, clever Lesbia!" she cried, dancing about the room with her invalid shawl hanging by one shoulder: "You see you were wrong after all. Mr. Drummond is an angel—I'm almost sure I like him the best—he didn't seem a bit disgusted."

"That was strange," I murmured, feeling guiltily that if this was how Una was going to take it, I had played it very low down on Charlie.

"He wants *me*," she went on triumphantly. "He isn't in love with my face, he says, but with the real me. He says he has watched my beautiful mind growing and developing ever since he first saw me. *You* didn't know I had a beautiful mind, did you, Lesbia?"

"Mr. Drummond hasn't known you as long as I have," I answered calmly. "You are a ridiculous little humbug, Una. I suppose, then, that these raptures mean that you are engaged to him?" I questioned.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Una quickly. "There is still Charlie to come. I am going to give Mr. Drummond my answer next week. Lesbia," she went on doubtfully, "I can't help having a few tiny doubts about Charlie. I can't help feeling that it is just barely possible that he won't stand the test. He always thought so much about mere beauty, didn't he? He always was a perfect donkey about a pretty face."

"All men are," I remarked wisely—then, remembering suddenly—"except Mr. Drummond, of course. If Charlie fails you, Una, it won't matter much, will it? You have the real Red Cross Knight to fall back upon, haven't you?"

"Ye-es," said Una. "But this paint is so sticky and nasty, and Lesbia—"

"Yes," I said.

"I wish it was all over, don't you?"

"It would have been a great deal better if it had never been begun," I answered sensibly. "As it is, you had better make the best of it. You may think yourself uncommonly lucky that you have kept even one of your young men."

"You don't know what real love is," cried Una hastily, and I smiled a little as I thought of something which didn't belong to this story and which Una had no part in.

Charlie didn't come till five o'clock. Una, I supposed, was asleep in the drawing-room, and when I heard his jolly voice in the hall I almost felt inclined to play a fair game after all, and put the final spoke in Una's wheel; undeceiving him as I had undeceived Mr. Drummond.

"It is hard on him, poor boy," I murmured, as I waited for him at the top of the stairs. "It isn't likely that he'll make love to her in that frightful disguise, with all those bandages and horrid paint. He is sure to feel disgusted and disappointed, and then he'll show it, and then Una will think he has never really loved her. He hasn't had a fair show. I have a good mind to tell him, and leave her exactly where she was before—but no—better leave it as it is. Mr. Drummond will make the best husband, and Una's happiness is more to me than anything else just now."

Charlie was twenty-five, tall, fair, and handsome. He had the finest pair of grey eyes I have ever seen, and he came upstairs three steps at a time, as usual.

"Hallo, Lesbia!" he cried, when he saw me, "how are you, and how is Una? What's all this nonsense about a great change in her? I suppose she means she's weak and run

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down, and that sort of thing. I heard that she was hardly burnt at all—I suppose it is the shock which has upset her?"

"When you go into the drawing-room you will see what she means," I said gravely, and his handsome face fell at my tone.

"You don't mean—?" he said quickly. "She didn't mean—that—that—she is disfigured? Lesbia, she isn't scarred, is she? She isn't disfigured for life? Her pretty hair—"

"I can't tell you," I answered hurriedly. "I can't tell you—you must go to her, and see for yourself; and, Charlie—"

"Yes?" his bright face had grown quite gloomy, and he seemed to shrink from the revelation which was waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Try to hide your feelings as much as possible," I whispered. "Don't let her see it if you are very much disgusted."

He looked frightfully upset, and for the hundredth time that day I bitterly regretted Una's deception.

"I felt that I really couldn't."

"Go at once," I said, giving him a little push. "You had better get it over quickly." So at last with what was evidently a violent effort, he opened the drawing-room door and went in.

I wondered, as the half hour grew into an hour and the hour into two, how he could bear to sit and look at Una's altered face all this time; and when at last, at twenty minutes past seven, I heard the hall door bang, I ran eagerly down to hear the account of the second interview and how lover number two had stood the test.

When I got inside the door I fell back against the velvet portière and stared. And well I might. My sister was standing by the open French window, looking out over the garden with absent eyes, and a happy smile on her pink, unpainted face. She wore her primrose-coloured frock, the prettiest and smartest garment she possessed, and apparently the whole hideous paraphernalia of cap, bandages, and paint had vanished for ever.

"Una!" I cried, "what has happened?—the paint? the bandage? the cap?"

Una laughed. She looked absolutely radiant; but for a moment she seemed at a loss for an answer—and I don't wonder.

"I got rid of all that before Charlie came," she said, looking a good deal ashamed of herself.

I stared. For the moment speech failed me.

"When it came to the point," she went on slowly, "I felt that I really couldn't. I wasn't going to risk losing him."

I sat down and literally gasped.

"And what about the Red Cross Knight?" I asked slowly.

"I am going to be a sister to the Red Cross Knight," said Una.

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CAP AND BELLS

An Englishman, whose business took him to the North of Spain, was much annoyed by the noise of the wheels of a bullock-cart which passed under his window early every morning.

"Why don't they use cart grease?" he muttered to himself, but he soon discovered that this article had never even been heard of in those parts. He waylaid the driver and detained him while he explained to him all the virtues of the wonderful compound.

Finally he ordered a cask of it to be sent as a sample, hoping thereby to spread its use from this out-of-the-way village to the whole of Spain.

Weeks passed, but as the noise still continued, our countryman ventured to ask the bullock-driver whether he had used the grease.

"Used it? Why, yes; and it was first-class; we all liked it."

"Liked it? Why, what on earth did you do with it."

"We ate it; and as for the waggon, we have kept our dear old music!"

* * * * *

A Yorkshire clergyman had been taking an eager part in a cricket match on Saturday, and next morning thoughts of the stirring contest would creep in, for much to the amusement of some hearers, he said, very solemnly, after the first lesson:

"Here endeth the first innings."

* * * * *

Business-like Precautions.

Smith: "Are you going to leave the office for the day, and let the safe stand open all night?"

Brown: "Of course. Do you think I want burglars to destroy a £200 safe for a few postage stamps?"

* * * * *

She: "Your proposal of marriage was quite unexpected."

He: "So much the better."

She: "Why, pray?"

He: "Because it's the unexpected that usually happens."

* * * * *

Customer: "A month ago you told me this material would wear, and here it is nearly gone!"

Snipps: "Nearly gone in a month? Well, if that isn't 'wearing,' what is?"

WHAT'S AMISS?

As Tompkins drops into his club,
He notices the moon, I wis;
A silver crescent in the sky,
It looks to him like this:

But later, when he's homeward bound,
He greatly wonders what's amiss
With that same moon—or moons—it—they
Looks—look to him like this:

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A Yankee was being shown a lamp by an Eastern priest, which the latter affirmed had not been extinguished for five centuries.

The Yankee gave a vigorous puff and remarked: "Wall, I guess it's out now, anyway."

A Very Proper Pride.

Mr. Pompous, M.P.: "You'd like to be present at the opening of Parliament? Well, my dear madam, I'll see if I can get you an order for the gallery."

Mrs. Tompkins: "The gallery indeed! The idea! If I can't go in the stalls or dress circle, I won't go at all!"

* * *

He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up, he said to the waiter:

"I declare if I haven't forgotten my purse."

The waiter fired up, and hurled big words at him for fully three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came, the stranger continued:

"But I have a five-pound-note in my waistcoat pocket."

The waiter couldn't smile to save his life!

* * *

Robinson (at the window): "Hullo! there goes that woman Brown's so dead sweet on!"

Mrs. R. (rushing up with excitement): "Where? Who? Where? What? that in the gray? Why, George, how ridiculous you are. That's his wife!"

Robinson: "Exactly, my dear!"

(Tableau.)

"It is," said the distinguished foreigner, as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heard-said."

"You mean hear-say, of course, Count?"

"Ah-h, but de story was told me some time ago."

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

Young Widow: "Now, Dolly dear, you know what I'm always telling you. Little girls should be seen, not heard."

Dolly (who had been chattering): "But, mamma, dear, nobody looks at me while you're here."

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"What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has."

"Yes, but they're false."

"False? Why do you think so?"

"She told me that she inherited them from her mother."

* *

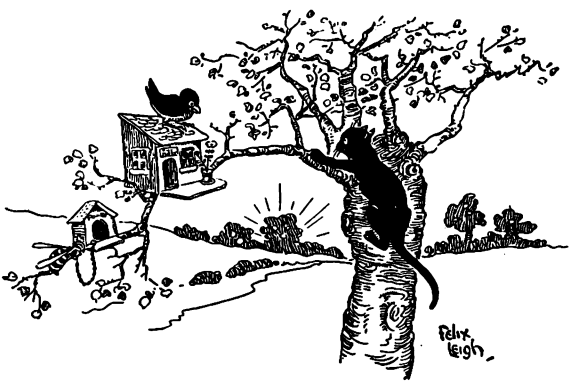
The canary had retired for the night, and Johnnie was sitting watching the headless yellow ball with a certain "speculation" in his eye.

"Mamma," he said, with his eyes on the bird, "do you think I shall go to Heaven?"

Heavenly aspirations on Johnnie's part were as unlooked for as they were welcome.

"I hope so, Johnnie."

"I want to be an angel," said Johnnie, "'cause I always thought I'd like to see how it felt to put my head under my wing."



Mrs. Feathers: "If you don't go about your business, you rascal, I'll let the wasp loose."

"Mamma, said Johnnie, "I don't believe this is really healthy food."

"Why, not?"

"It tastes good."

* *

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed young man of his tailor, as he looked over some cloth.

"I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply, "for I haven't seen any about lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

* * * * *

SHE: "It's no use bothering me, Jack. I shall marry whom I please."

HE: "That's all I'm asking you to do, my dear. You please me well enough."

* * * * * * * *

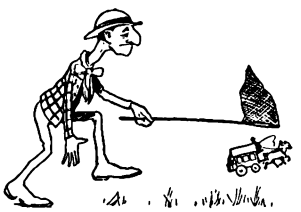
CALOMEL KIT.

I.

Calomel Kit was a curious cuss,
And when the weather was wet
He'd catch a tram or an omnibus
In his brother's butterfly-net.
And he'd take it home to his Pa, a lord,
Who sniggered at *tuum* and *meum*,
And cut his hair with a three-pronged sword
He stole from the British Museum.

II.

Now Calomel Kit once chanced to see
A curious kind of cat,
Which wore its head where its tail should be
(Pray, what do you think of that?);
And he sent this pussy by parcels post,
Wrapped up in his daddy's trousers,
To frighten away the glibbersome ghost
That haunted his friends, the Bowsers.



III.

But Kit's papa was an aristocrat
(You could see his whiskers were green),
And he said, "My boy, you're getting too fat,
I must certainly squeeze you lean."
But he changed his mind when he changed his suit
(All tailors he was the pride of),
And played a tune on a silver flute
That the old cow went and died of.

IV.

This done, he caught up Calomel Kit,
And mangled him nice and smooth;
And said he'd be certain to make a hit
As a Whale in a Penny Booth.
But Kit snatched his rifle and shot the moon
As across the sky 'twas flying,
And sailed away in an air-balloon,
While his dad couldn't laugh for crying.

V.

And when they mention Calomel's name
To his father now and then,
He says that cricket's a splendid game
For boys as well as for men.
And this is the moral he always points
To children he calls together:
"The Jelly fish doesn't have pains in his joints,
No matter how bad the weather."

Henry Edlin.

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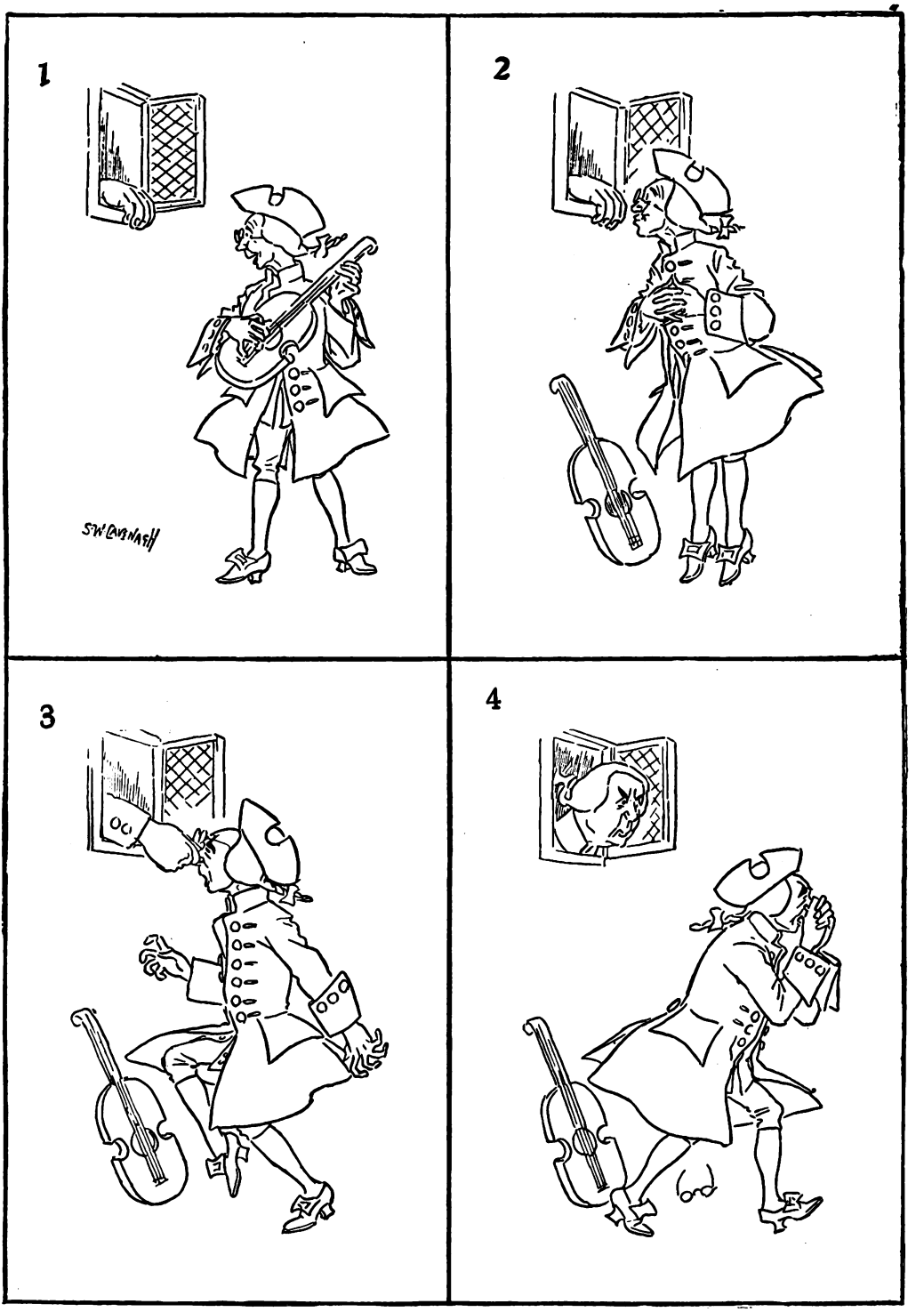
THE SHORT-SIGHTED LOVER.



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QUERY.

"He is a clever liar."

"What do you mean by a clever liar?"

"Why, one who is never found out."

"Well, if he's never found out, how are you to know he's a liar?"

* * *

"If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one."

"What's his particular fault?"

"Do what I will, I can't break him of the habit of telling the truth when we have company."

* * * * *

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millie," said Archie, with a trembling voice.

"Why don't you dare ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'no' in your eyes."

"'In both of them?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative? Oh—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!"

But he didn't.

* * * *

MRS. THOMPSON: "Before she was married I understand she used to dance for money."

MR. THOMPSON: "And now, I understand, if she doesn't get money she makes her husband dance."

* * * *

"I was awfully troubled with insomnia last night."

"Are you sure it was insomnia?"

"Why shouldn't I be sure? I was wide awake at the time."

Tommy (yawning at 6 a.m.): "A river must have a pretty good time, it seems to me, it never has to get out of its bed."

"It is said that a November fog costs London £15,000 a day."

"That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"That both the fog and the money should be mist."

* * *

During one of the great riots in Belfast, an old man and his wife were driving a donkey with a cartful of vegetables along a road leading to the market. Seeing a mob of reckless men and boys approaching, and no means of escape possible, the old fellow handed to his wife five sovereigns, which she stowed away in her mouth for safety. The crowd took possession of the donkey and cart, scattered the greens, and roughly searched the old pair for any loose cash. When alone the old woman opened her mouth and allowed the gold to roll into her hand. "Ah," said the old fellow as he glanced regretfully after the disappearing donkey and cart, "what a pity you didn't put the moke an' all there!"

"Yes," said Muggs, "I've a good deal on my hands just now."

"So I perceive," replied Fogg. "Why don't you try a little soap and water."

She: "Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you?"

He: "There is one way you haven't."

She (indignantly): "In what way is that?"

He: "In silence."

QUITE UNSOLICITED.

The hair upon my upper lip
Drew chaff from each pert girl:—

Whereas to-day, I'm proud to say,
It's long enough to curl.

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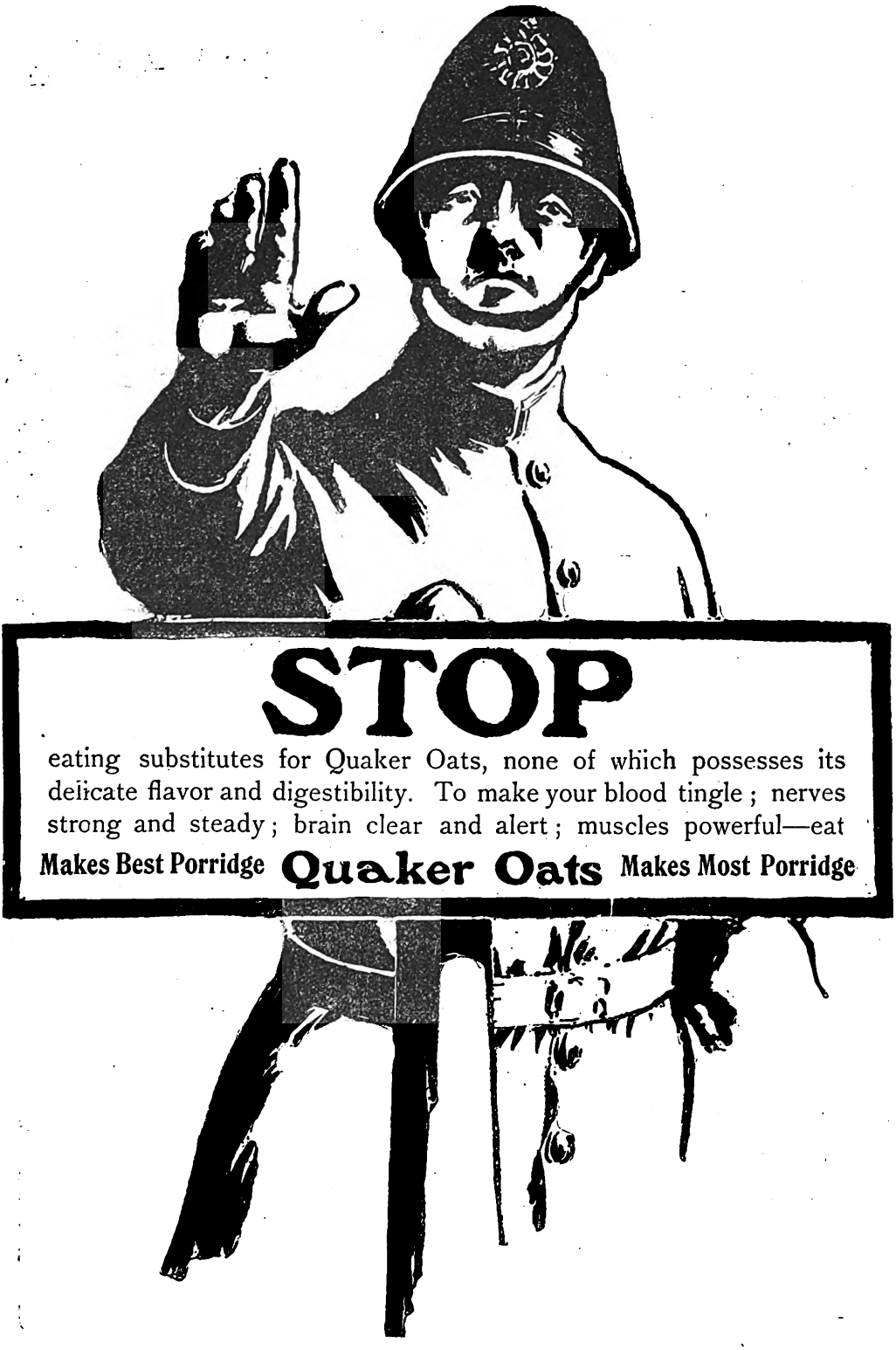
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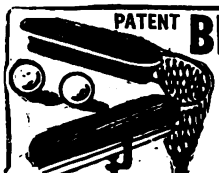

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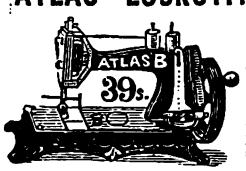

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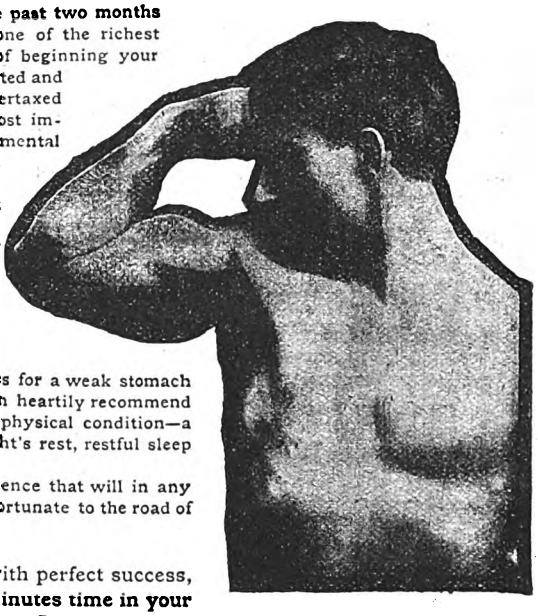

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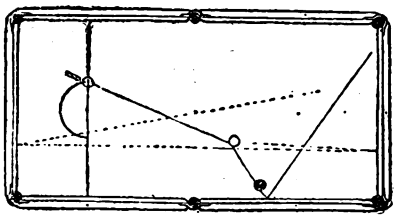

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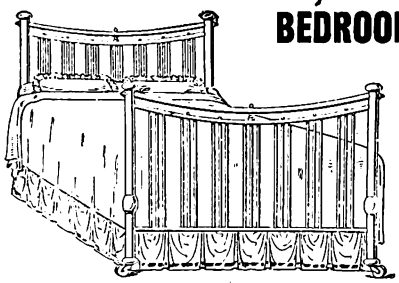

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